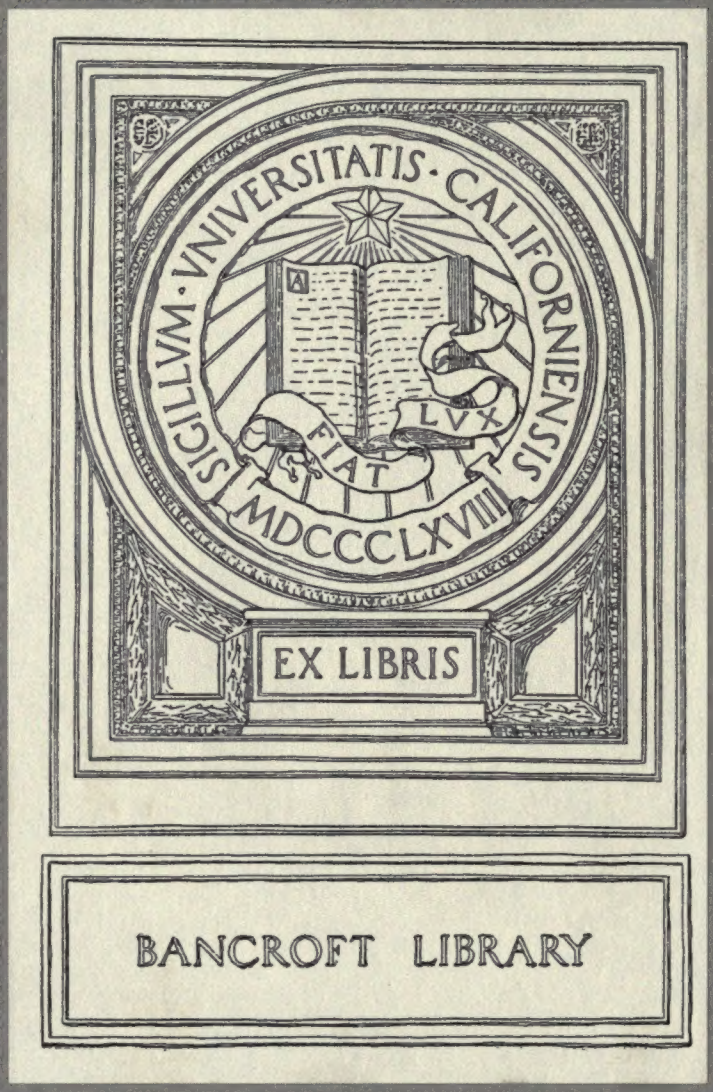


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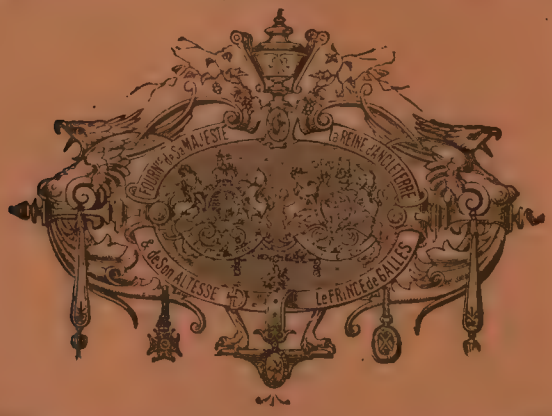
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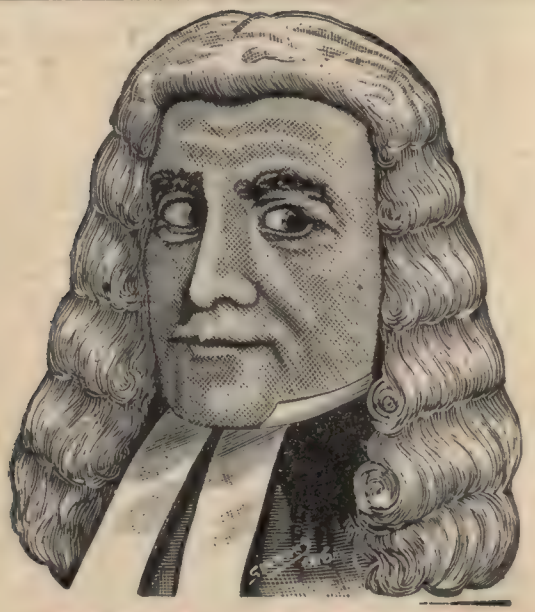
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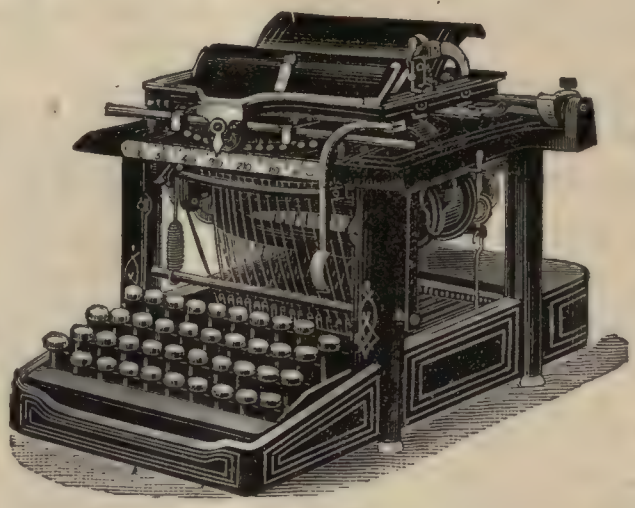
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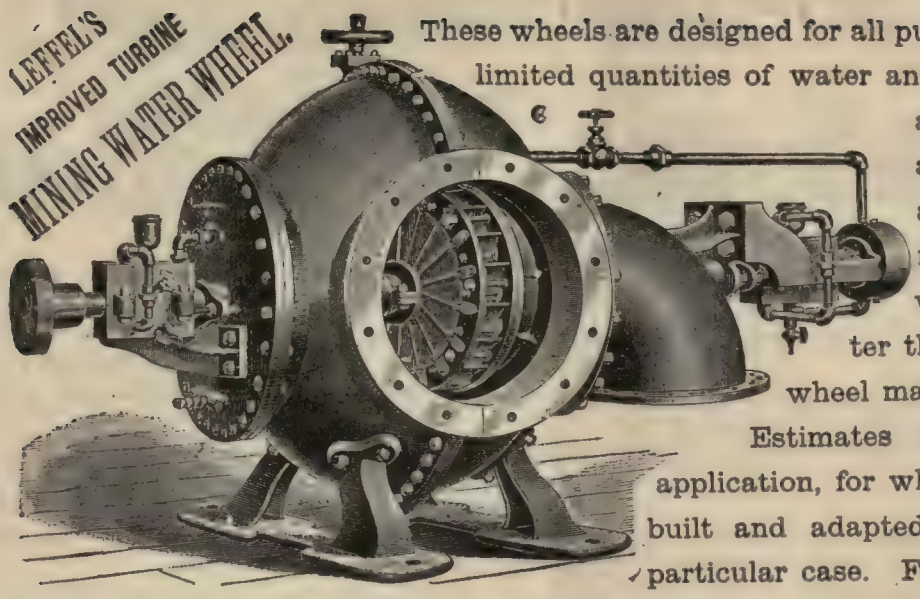
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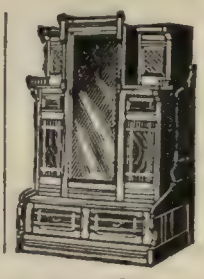
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THE YUMA INDIANS.—II.



As already mentioned, it is very difficult to obtain data concerning the traditions of these people, owing to the natural antipathy to discuss such subjects with the whites. The writer procured the following at the expense of much labor and time, from several of the oldest medicine-men in the tribe, who, spurred to cast aside their unreasoning prejudices by the glitter of sundry silver coins were finally induced to impart their ideas through the kindly services of Interpreter Charlie, who unfortunately has since died.

It is but fair to explain that no two of the medicine-men tell exactly the same story. While differing in details, the different versions, however, indicate a

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common origin, colored, perhaps, to a greater or less extent by the individual imagination of the narrator. It is more than probable that their own crude versions were modified and enriched by the teachings of the Catholic padres who lived and labored among them more than a century ago. But it cannot be denied that there is much of beauty in their simple and picturesque accounts of the genesis of life.

The several medicine-men are also priests by virtue of their office, thus appropriately ministering to both the physical and spiritual needs of their clients. They are aged men, grave and dignified in deportment, and are always treated with profound courtesy and respect. They are not elected by the tribe, but are believed to serve by divine command transmitted through visions.

Standing near the camp-fire, they recount dreams in which, they claim, the Great Spirit relates the wondrous story of his works. The deity is supposed to appear to the sleeper in various guises, but more frequently as a mountain that slowly advances and converses in a low but distinct voice. The priests narrate these things with spirited gestures and a rude eloquence worthy of a better cause. In some instances it is possible that these venerable impostors really persuade themselves into believing that they are telling the truth ; so far as their hearers are concerned their sayings are accepted in good faith, and without question.

The Yumas recognize two deities, — Coh-coh mak and Thouts-e-pahts. While reverenced, they are not feared, for the reason that their influence does not extend to the future heaven, their power lasting only upon earth. Coh-coh-mak is the mightier of the two, and makes his home in the air and sky. He changes his form at will, and often appears as a giant, dwarf, animal, insect, mountain, or whatever shape he may see fit to assume when desiring to visit his children. Ages hence he will die, and leaving his body behind him buried in the ground, will take a single stride upwards into the clouds, never again to re-appear either on earth or in spirit land ; but until the occurrence of this event all nature will flourish.

Thouts-e-pahts is blind, and is in consequence compelled to dwell far down in the center of the world. He rarely meddles with the creation of living things,— that being the special duty of Coh-coh-mak, who never errs in judgment or design, — but when he does he makes sad blunders, as may be seen from the ridiculously webbed feet of the water-fowls and beaver.

Before the creation, these gods dwelt amiably together in the center of the earth, beneath the great volumes of salt water that covered it. Thouts-e-pahts, desiring to ascend to the surface to reconnoiter, was directed by his associate to open his eyes when passing through the water, as otherwise he would not be able to see his way. Following this advice, he became permanently blinded by the salt water, and fell back, shrieking and denouncing Coh-coh-mak's treachery. In due course of time, becoming reconciled, they jointly lifted the mountains until the tops projected as islands. Leaving Thouts-e-pahts to support the immense weight, Coh-coh-mak swiftly rose and the waters gradually receded, leaving behind a waste of mud and clay. He made his appearance some miles north of the Needles, California, the great rocks that form so prominent a feature in the magnificent scenery thereabouts, representing his feet and hands.

The unfortunate Thouts-e-pahts, deserted by his fellow deity, and helpless from loss of sight, remains within the earth, doomed for eternity to uphold his weighty burden. Earthquakes are caused by his shifting to a more comfortable position. A gigantic frog, named Mah-hog-oo-vets, remains with him, and occasionally saunters forth to bring back

news of what is happening in the outer world.

Taking some moist clay and rolling it forwards and backwards in his hands, Coh-coh-mak carefully fashioned the legs, arms, body, features, and complete semblance, of a miniature man and woman three inches high. Blowing about him, he dispersed the waters, and the tiny images, until now devoid of animation, became alive. Rapidly growing they attained their present stature in four days. Touching the breast, back, and sides of the man he named the cardinal points, East, West, South, and North. Seeing that his people needed fresh water and food, and not knowing how to supply them with these necessaries, he drew into his stomach some wind, which had been cooled by a prevailing frost, but decided that it was not good food. Greatly disappointed at the result of his unsuccessful experiment, he bade the man and woman remain where they were until his return. With a single stride he passed many hundred miles to the north, where he found a long smooth stick. This he drove deep into the earth, but found no good water, and trying a second and third time, forced it deeper with each attempt. The last venture more than exceeded his expectations, for on withdrawing the stick a mighty stream gushed forth forming the Colorado River. In the vicinity he found corn, melons, pumpkins, and squash, which with some water carried in the palm of his hand he brought to the mortals who so anxiously awaited his coming.

Up to this time there was no heaven, no sun, no moon, and no stars, and the darkness was profound. Realizing the necessity for light, Coh-coh-mak, having several hearts, plucked one of them from his breast and threw it to the north, but it fell at his feet. Again he cast it to the south and to the west, and each time it returned. Finally in exasperation, flinging it to the east, he commanded it to "sit down," when it immediately became fixed and is now the sun. Thouts-e-pahts, giving one of his hearts, furnished the moon, but these not proving sufficient, Coh-coh-mak looked around him, and seeing numerous lights shining in the ground grasped them, and throwing them away into the sky created the stars.

Satisfied with this, he moulded birds from the foam of the Colorado, which by now was swiftly surging past on its way to the ocean. Fish were made from his saliva; the larger fish on being placed at the bottom of the river ungratefully swam onward to the sea, but the smaller kinds still remain. Horses, sheep, goats, and all living animals, insects, and reptiles, were also formed from saliva, and life was put into each of them by breathing upon the spittle.

He then constructed a male and female of every race of mankind from clay, gave a name to each pair, and scratching the surface of the earth at various points, placed some of the whites in the east, others in the west, and all the Indian tribes in the center, each and every sect occupying a distinct portion of the world. The Yumas were assigned to the east bank of the Colorado River in what is now Yuma County, Arizona, the deity designating as their boundaries Castle Dome on the north, the northern portion of the Cocopah Indian country on the south, the present site of Gila City on the east, and the river itself on the west.

The land proving unproductive owing to the salt that thoroughly impregnated it, Coh-coh-mak, upon hearing the complaint of his children, caused the river to overflow, which it has annually done ever since. After two days the water subsided, and vegetation of every description sprang up spontaneously. The trees and bushes though covered with the greenest of leaves lacked flowers, and so, perspiring water of different colors, notably blue, red, purple, pink, and yellow,

the Great Spirit passed his hand over his body, and flipping the perspiration upon the plants, commanded the beautiful and fragrant flowers to appear.

The Caucasians, they say, obtain their knowledge and better information from books, while the Indian, lacking this essential possession, cannot help his ignorance in many things. Coh-coh-mak presented the former with a curiously shaped stick, with which they wrote in the sand. When the Indians demanded a like gift they were refused, and this accounts for their inability to read and write. In partial compensation, however, they received a knife, ax, and bundle of rags; but the whites commencing to cry, the gift was taken away and given to the latter to appease their childish grief. Without the writing stick the Indian cannot reason concisely and clearly, and the whites with all these advantages make the most of them in use and resulting benefit, while the Indian is set at a disadvantage.

Indignant at the injustice of the Great Spirit, the Yumas set about manufacturing such articles as were absolutely needed from what they could find in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Breaking off willows and arrow-weeds they made bows and arrows, and endeavored to make bowstrings from the fiber of mesquite bean pods, but these lacking the requisite strength were discarded. With sharp flints, in lieu of axes and knives, they made short clubs with which they killed a deer, and the sinews from the animal admirably answered the purpose. Finding themselves naked on account of losing the bundle of rags, the women modestly constructed short kilts such as they still wear.

Another explanation of the difference between the Indians and Caucasians, believed by some, is that both races were formerly identical, similar in color and general appearance, speaking the same language and using the same weapons and agricultural implements. One dark night a number of them, after a serious disagreement and altercation, stole the mutual property and decamped with it to the north. From this loss the Indians never recovered. They attribute their dark complexions to their living where the earth's crust is ever warm, the idea originating in all probability from observing the gradual change in the color of their pottery when under fire. The Caucasians are fair-skinned because they have long lived in a cool country.

Coh-coh-mak sometimes resides in caves in the Castle Dome or Chimney Peak mountains, which are often visited by members of the tribe, who assert that the footprints of the god are plainly visible at the entrances. Certain clouds are specially sent by him to spread contagious diseases at irregular intervals, the reason being that were there no sickness the rapid increase of population would eventually overcrowd to such an extent that all would die.

In the beginning thunder was smoke floating noiselessly in the air. The Great Spirit, not liking the silence, rolled a massive rock about, causing a deep, rumbling sound, which he transferred to the smoke. Thunder is the parent of fire, as is evinced by its close proximity to lightning. The mountains and everything thereon were given to other tribes by him, which accounts for the fact that the Yumas live upon the bottom lands. Willow, mesquite, and cottonwood trees were donated solely for their own use with the exception of the flowers which were reserved for the whites. All animals were able to converse at one time, but the dog, fox, and coyote, became such great tattlers, exposing the misdoings of the individual Indians at every opportunity, that Coh-coh-mak grew angry and caused the skin to grow over the nose and mouth, thus effectually silencing them.

Yuma superstitions are many; the few following will serve as fair samples:

With rare exceptions they strenuously object to being photographed, for they believe the accuracy of the pictures due to something taken from them whose loss will soon cause death. Many will not allow themselves to be viewed through field-glasses, as they imagine their nakedness is exposed notwithstanding their clothes. If a dead person had in life been accustomed to share the food of his relatives, the latter, during feasts and other ceremonials, set apart a portion for burning, for fear the deceased would otherwise upbraid them in dreams for their selfishness. The smoke of the sacrifice is consumed by the shadow of the dead. For the same reason death and kindred subjects are seldom mentioned, and the names of the departed pass the lips under no circumstances. The woodpecker is never killed, because the slayer will immediately be stricken with blindness. Children are often frightened into good behavior by allusions to a birdlike ghost resembling a monstrous owl, called Toh-kah-lot, capable of inflicting awful calamities upon the disobedient. The dead sometimes communicate with the living through an owl's hooting. The bird itself is the pulse or heart-beats transferred temporarily, and comes at night to convey good or bad news. Whatsoever happens, whether natural or accidental, must soon be duplicated. For instance, if an Indian dies, two more will follow; if it rains, two rainy days may be expected; and should the wind blow hard, there will be two days of storm. On seeing an eclipse, they believe the planet sick and trying to sleep. Should it not awake, the Colorado River would dry up and bring sickness and death upon them, and so the tribe assembles to clap hands, shake rattles, and shout, to assist it and indirectly themselves out of the predicament. Shooting stars are messages from Coh-coh-mak, communicating to the Indians the death of one or more white men.

Faro is to us what *toh-toh-oh-tho-yeh-buk*, the stick game, is to the Yumas, and many evenings are pleasantly passed around the camp-fire unraveling its intricacies. The bets are arranged by covering each coin with another of equal value, and spreading them in pairs on the handkerchief of a trusty referee, whose decision is final. It is played by eight persons, four on a side, who squat opposite each other in a kneeling position. The challenged party take the initiative by receiving four black and four white sticks, apportioning one of each color to the respective members. A short string is fastened around the middle of each stick, and hiding them under a cloth, unseen by his opponents, every player ties the sticks to his wrists, and withdrawing rapidly, folds his arms, still keeping them concealed. Then, accompanied by the spectators, they unite in the musical cry, "*oh-oh-kah-ah-vah! oh-nah-veh-oh-nah!*" and finish abruptly with "*ha-ha-ha-ha!*" meanwhile bowing their heads nearly to the ground. Immediately their opponents answer, "*say-oh-a-ah! say-oh-a-on!*" ending suddenly with "*ho-a-ha!*" The latter, one after another, signify their readiness to guess upon which of the adversaries' wrists the colored sticks are fastened, by rubbing the palms, clapping hands, and pointing one finger to indicate the choice of white, and two when meaning the black. The sticks are then uncovered, and if the player has chosen correctly he takes both sticks, receiving in addition a counter from a pile of fifteen that had been previously placed between the contestants. This is continued until he errs, when a partner takes his place. When all the sticks are in the possession of the challengers, the sides change places, the game ceasing only when one side has obtained the fifteen counters. The winnings are divided in proportion to the number of counters held by each of the victors.

Oh-toor, the pole game, is very popular.

It requires two light poles from twelve to fifteen feet long, and a small hoop bound with rags, called *kep-a-choor*. Two players, grasping the poles, run swiftly after the rolling hoop thrown by one of them, and attempt to cast the pole through the hoop. This requires quick sight and dexterous manipulation.

Cha-tah-sah, played by as many as twenty at a time, is one of the most exciting of their sports. The participants are provided with long curved willow sticks, nicely smoothed and stripped of bark. The crook at one end is made by bending the wood when green to the requisite curve and tying it in place until completely dry, when it permanently retains the desired shape. These sticks are light but strong, and well adapted to the purposes for which they are made. The ball consists of tightly rolled cloth of the size of a large walnut. The method of playing reminds one of our own "shinney." Sides are chosen and the ball tossed into the center by an ancient enthusiast who acts as umpire. Upon the signal, each player frantically endeavors to force the ball over the enemy's line, the goals being about three hundred feet apart. The clashing of sticks, shouting of spectators, and rapid dodging of the contestants, — who are closely watched by their wives and sweethearts, and encouraged with applause or shamed with derision according to the expertness or clumsiness of each, — the half naked players arrayed in clinging undershirts and breechcloths, showing smooth rounded limbs and hardened muscles, the bright calicoes of the excited women and children, and the waving feathers of the male spectators, make it a lively and picturesque sport.

A peculiar football in which they much delight requires two wooden balls, similar to those used in croquet, but considerably heavier, placed ten feet or so apart upon a line in front of the two players. Discarding all superfluous clothing, they run towards the balls assigned to them, and forcing the toes of one foot into the sand under the ball, throw it as far ahead as possible. In this manner they cover the allotted mile, victory falling to the one who first lifts the ball over the goal. As footgear is dispensed with, injudicious kicking would prove a painful experiment. It is against the rules to touch the ball with any portion of the body save the feet, under penalty of forfeiting the game.

The women are inordinately fond of assembling in groups and tossing painted sticks into the air. If the marked side appears uppermost, the thrower wins; if otherwise, she loses; and according to her luck collects or pays the amount wagered.

Horse and foot racing, wrestling, kicking, and swimming matches, and many other athletic sports find ardent votaries among them. Card games resembling the Mexican monte are common, and are played with modern cards and decks of their own manufacture. Both sexes are inveterate gamblers, and every game is played for valuables. They do not hesitate to bet their beads, money, clothing, horses, or whatever else they possess, and individuals are often beggared by a single race.

When possible three distinct celebrations are observed annually, called the Mesquite, Harvest, and Mourning festivals. The first named is purely for pleasure, enjoyment, humor, and frolic, and attends the gathering of the ripe mesquite beans, the Yumas' chief article of food. The second is a festival of rejoicing when the harvest of their farms is great, and involves, also, reminiscences of the dead. The third is exclusively devoted to grief, sorrow, and lamentations for the loss of relatives and friends who have been cremated during the year.

Like all other vegetable products the

mesquite crop varies in quantity, proving greater in some years and less in others. In the former case it is made a matter for universal congratulation, and about the latter part of June, when the bean is thoroughly ripe, the outlying districts are promptly notified of the date of the ceremony through fleet-footed runners. When sufficient have assembled, a large open shed is built, and at sunrise each morning the young and the old of both sexes wander into the mesquite groves, where they fill huge baskets with the beans. These are brought to the shed, and prepared by first discarding the useless seeds, saturating the edible pods with water, and burying the sticky masses in the ground. In a day or two they are taken up, much shrunken and almost solidified, and stacked in piles beneath the shed. When enough is gathered for winter storage, a light brush fence is built around the building, and the bundles of beans are removed and piled in different parts of the enclosure, in sets for each district represented.

In the evening an Indian possessing a powerful and sonorous voice takes his station in the now empty structure. About him the old men arrange themselves; then come the younger people, and finally the third and outer row is formed by the women. The singer chants a monotonous ditty, wherein he humorously criticises the individuals present, each being called by some part of the mesquite tree, or else he draws comparisons between it and them. For instance, taking a crooked bean and holding it aloft, he calls out to a bowed and withered woman: "This, old mother, is as crooked as thou; the outside of the pod is as dry as thy skin; the fibers, coarse as thy hair; and the beans within, like unto thy teeth in color."

The Indians also amuse themselves by dancing, singing, frolicking, or at games, and many are the marriages that follow the love-making of the young men and women during the merriment of the happy festival. On the last day the participants collect outside the frail fence, and at a given signal dash through it towards the bean piles, each seizing as many bundles as possible, and at the same time good-naturedly endeavoring to prevent his neighbor from getting a share. This, of course, means total destruction to the fence and building, but that is a part of the programme, and they shoulder their bundles of beans and depart for their respective homes.

If the harvest is abundant, the chief or some other prominent personage summons the tribe to a prearranged point, and bids them bring as much corn and as many pumpkins, melons, and squashes as possible. This generally occurs about the middle of July, and twelve days and nights are devoted to the festivities. After all have congregated at the rendezvous the farm products are assorted and stacked in great heaps, from which every one may at any time help himself when hungry. No work is done, and the days are passed in games, feasting, and other amusements. When night falls the old people build fires, and gathering around them indulge in lengthy pow-wows or talks. In these they agree upon the date of mourning for the dead, who in life participated in the joyous harvest feasts because the Great Spirit had so commanded, and because the custom had been universal from time out of mind. This settled, the civil government and all the attending conditions existing in the tribe, including its prosperity, reverses, and necessities, are gravely discussed, and suggestions are offered with a view to further the mutual interests. Then, too, the dreams of the veterans are dismally chanted and their probable influence upon future events carefully considered, the medicine-men, as usual, being the most forward of the prophets. In these confer-

ences the young take no part. When the provisions are consumed the festivities abruptly end.

During full moon, and in the autumn, when the plants are slowly dying, the mourning festival, the saddest of their ceremonies, is held, to last without cessation through four days and nights. All attend as it involves weeping for relatives, friends, and acquaintances, who have died during the year. If it happens that the scarcity of provisions prevents them from holding the "grand cry," to which surrounding tribes are invited, they defer until more prosperous seasons when supplies are ample. Though delayed for months after the proper time, it is never neglected.

A large brush shed is built upon a cleared spot. To the supports, highly colored rags are fastened that flutter in the breeze. Handsomely decorated bows, arrows, and pottery, and strings of beads, are hung here and there, while from every available portion of the roof and sides, trinkets, clothing, food, and knives, are suspended. These are contributions of relatives and friends and are not only intended as marks of respect, but are also destined to be burned to provide for the needs of the departed in paradise. Similar presents are donated by visiting members of other tribes. Festoons of red and blue calico hang from the roof, while numerous slender poles are planted in the ground from which white and red pennants float.

The exercises are opened with harangues by local orators, who feelingly allude to the virtues of the dead, the mourners squatting around outside. In the center of the building stand the presiding chief and his assistants, the medicine-men and the near relatives, some of the latter wearing white gowns, with red, cowl-like caps, elaborately feathered and beaded, and carrying long reeds in their hands. The medicine-men are also strangely arrayed, and undoubtedly act as directors. The leader wails dismally and the refrain is caught by the crowd, swelling and falling from hundreds of throats like wind soughing through a chasm or waves beating upon the sand. This is continued by those sitting some distance away, sounding weird and uncanny, but displaying withal true sorrow and heartfelt anguish, the hot tears welling down the furrowed cheeks of the aged or the smooth skins of the younger people. Then sinking it dies away into total silence. The leader again resumes the wailing dirge-like chant, and the celebration proceeds as before. Tearful speeches are delivered at intervals.

An imposing feature is the formation of opposite lines of Indians, who in the day-time march to and fro over the open ground. One group is provided with grotesque clay images, as hideous as the ancient stone statues of Central America, fixed upon poles and carried high in the air by young bucks. An old squaw walking backwards casts handfuls of corn upon the images, thereby invoking the Great Spirit's blessing upon future abundant harvests.

Horses are slaughtered and eaten. At night the families assemble around camp-fires, the dense smoke of which, rising in clouds on high, spreads like a sable coverlet. Passing from fire to fire, shriveled hags remind such of the mourners as have ceased lamenting from physical weariness, of the dead, and by appealing to their sympathies, never fail to cause fresh demonstrations. Other squaws walk about and console the wailers by touching them with tiny clay dolls, thus keeping them mindful of the fact that children will again be born to fill the places of those who have gone. The older individuals seem to mourn more constantly than the younger, who appear at times to consider the monotonous proceedings as something of a bore. Yet the sight is touchingly pathetic in its very simplicity.

Sham fights on horseback and on foot occur, to illustrate the proficiency of the deceased warriors in battles, which are exceedingly interesting as dramatic delineations of savage warfare. The native weapons are deftly handled, and the spectators become intensely excited as one or the other proves victorious, their shouts blending with the awful whoops of the combatants. At four o'clock in the morning of the fourth day the building is fired from the four corners simultaneously, and while burning the mourners consign their wearing apparel and most of their personal property to the flames, leaving the women with girdle and kilt of bark and the men completely naked save the breech-cloth.

The admirable training school established by the government, May 6th, 1886, to which the old military buildings are devoted, has already made rapid and substantial progress in raising the children from absolute barbarism to a state of civilization. Two unsuccessful efforts had previously been made to found similar institutions, but the Indians did not believe that their children could be taught to read and write the language of the whites, and consequently refused to allow them to attend. United States Inspector Purcell eventually overcame the scruples of the late Chief Pasqual, and succeeded in so interesting him as to the feasibility of the proposition that he agreed to send sixty children the first year if certain conditions were complied with.

The twelve buildings, comprising separate school-rooms and dormitories for the sexes, refectory, kitchen, laundry, sewing rooms, teachers' quarters, hospital, and physician's quarters, are neatly furnished, scrupulously clean, and present a homelike, if somewhat martial, appearance. Eighty boys and fifty-one girls attended in 1887. Quite a number of instructors are employed, including a superintendent, principal and two assistants, matron and assistant, seamstress and assistant, cook, industrial teacher, and carpenter. The boys and girls are taught the elementary common-school branches. In addition, the former are instructed in carpentry, gardening, and care of stock, while the latter are taught hand and machine sewing, crocheting and fancy needlework, cooking, house keeping, and washing and ironing. All take singing lessons. Surprisingly creditable specimens of needlework and carpentry are made by the students. Their latent love for the artistic is carefully fostered by the teachers, who may well be proud of the success already attained. Nearly all the



GOVERNMENT SCHOOL BOYS.

clothing worn by the children is manufactured on the premises with the assistance of the girls, they also taking turns at cooking and general house keeping. The boys help repair the buildings, cut wood, and make themselves useful in many ways. In fact the government strives to inculcate habits of order and cleanliness with practical experience of the advantages to be gained thereby, which, with the schoolroom studies, will eventually lift them from the degradation attending their tribal methods.

It has been found altogether impossible to reform the adult Yumas, who retain their ancient customs from sheer force of habit. "What was good enough for our fathers is certainly good enough

for us," they say. The desired result will indirectly be accomplished, however, through the present generation, who will



A SENIOR, FORT YUMA SCHOOL.

transmit the teachings of civilization to their descendants.

The students are provided with plain but healthful food, and with all the necessary educational appliances. Corporal punishment is avoided; for patience, gentleness, and judicious praise are far more effective. The children are very ambitious to excel in all their undertakings and great is the rivalry displayed among them. Indeed they would favorably compare with white children of the same ages (seven to seventeen) were the conditions identical.

The chief difficulty to be overcome by the teachers is the universal disposition to destroy whatever they lay their hands upon. They much prefer to enter the buildings by the windows instead of the doors, and are prone to innumerable other eccentricities of a like character. These failings are gradually disappearing, as well as their former saucy and impertinent bearing. To the astonishment of their parents many read and write quite nicely. There can be no doubt that the present good work will do much towards elevating the tribe and that, too, before many years have elapsed.

Dr. P. G. Cotter, the government physician, has treated over four hundred cases within a year. His unqualified success is breaking up the pernicious practices of the medicine-men, for the Yumas are beginning to appreciate the efforts of government to alleviate their physical as well as mental defects.

It is not within the intent of this paper to enter into speculations concerning the probable destiny of the tribe, but although they have succeeded in maintaining their numerical strength for the past thirty or forty years, it would appear that their existence as a united people is seriously threatened. Until recent times their country was virtually ignored by the whites, who erroneously believed that Arizona and Southeastern California were deserts incapable of sustaining life. This impression has since been proven totally incorrect, as is now attested by the flourishing Yuma gardens, productive ranches, and extensive irrigation enterprises in progress along the Gila River. Government land is preempted at an unprecedented rate, and the hitherto unoccupied valleys are rapidly filling up. In due course of time the constantly increasing population will encroach upon the outskirts of the Indian ranges to the extent of forcing the weaker race to adopt the habits of the stronger and by assimilation to lose their identity, which will naturally follow the destruction of tribal customs and traditions,—the only influence that unites them. It is especially fortunate



A YUMA SCHOOLGIRL.

that the government is already preparing the younger generations by judicious practical training for the coming struggle for life.

It may not be inappropriate here to

describe the method of collecting and collaborating the data embodied in the preceding pages. The Yumas are extremely reticent about their personal affairs, and it became necessary to approach them with extreme caution. Discovering that the meager abilities of the interpreters were altogether insufficient to cope with the translating of abstract subjects, the writer was compelled to study the language for the purpose of supplying the missing words,—an undertaking in itself of no mean magnitude. The notes were gathered at various times during the past eighteen months as circumstances permitted. Frequent visits were made to the various districts, where the principal men were interviewed again and again, and every fact subsequently verified by two or more persons at separate hearings before final acceptance. Necessarily, many interesting items from loquacious and unreliable individuals were discarded and only those retained that could be thoroughly substantiated.



A YUMA SCHOOLGIRL.

Captain Charley, or Zoo-mitz-con-neh, meaning "He who keeps straight," was the most intelligent and useful of the interpreters. His recent death will greatly complicate further research among this interesting people. Acknowledgement is hereby gratefully made to Messrs. Emil Riedel, Dr. J. H. Taggart, Dr. P. G. Cotter, Hon. J. H. Dorrington, O. F. Townsend, and others, for valuable aid and many courtesies extended while collecting material and information.

Eugene J. Trippel.



WHO DIED AT WEISSTHURM?

It is not strange that, being of a practical, retiring nature, I should deliberate seriously before giving to the world an experience that would justify my most intimate friends in doubting my veracity, if not my sanity. Having thought of little else for the past months — in fact, ever since I was in Europe — I have finally decided to publish the exact circumstances of the case, in hopes that some student of metaphysics may be able to offer a reasonable solution of what is wholly inexplicable to me.

Many of the members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco will undoubtedly remember Adrian Sears, who was one of their number a few years ago. His tragic death in the spring of 1883 must have indelibly stamped his memory on the minds of such, even if the remarkable personal characteristics of the man failed to do so. I own to having felt an exceptional interest in him from the first. Take it all in all, I have never before or since met one who struck me as being so singularly unlike the generality of men. It was not long before I was conscious that he exerted an extraordinary influence over my son Eugene, who was then barely twenty-five, while Sears, though looking much younger, could hardly have been less than ten years his senior. The rare conversational gifts, superb physique (Eugene, to his eternal chagrin, was a small man), and unaffected disregard for conventionalities, that were conspicuous traits in Adrian, had a peculiar charm for the other, whose imagination supplied in his friend any absence of those finer mental colorings that verge on the region of spirit. There was always an undefinable something in Sears that jarred on my instincts, and often caused me to regret their intimacy, though I admired no less his originality of thought and attractive manners.

We all knew him to be a deeper thinker than most of us, and in looking back to our almost daily association with him, I am convinced that there was not one of us, not even excepting that dear old dogmatic Nelson, but would fairly acknowledge that in more or less degree he was swayed by the irresistible magnetism of this man. He was the centripetal force, for instance, that drew us all at that time into the maelstrom of mysticism, embracing the entire range of occult phenomena, psychological, cosmical, physical, and spiritual, from Egyptian mysteries down to the latest marvel in modern spiritualism. He had evidently spared neither time nor expense in his efforts toward the elucidation of these so-called supernatural problems. In his extensive travels he professed to have been eye-witness to certain feats performed by the naked, semi-barbarous sons of the East, compared to which the ingenious tricks of professional wizards in other lands would be the merest child's play. The most extravagant statement appears not altogether improbable, when made in the cultured voice of one of recognized judgment and brains, who unhesitatingly prefaces it with the assertion "I saw," or "I heard."

While not prepared to accept his individual deductions, we always found a mutual enjoyment in such conversations. My own mind had been trained from earliest years in the direct line of exact and positive science, and therefore was not readily deluded by what I conceived to be a bold and fascinating philosophy, devoid of other foundation than is found in a vivid and diseased imagination.

"And yet," Adrian would affirm with impatience, "it is just such men that occultism needs to record and classify her numerous facts; but the neck of science has a permanent crook, from her endless dissection of inert matter. To her obscure vision the *akasa* of the kabalist means nothing more than a tangible core to the whole."

I recollect one evening in particular that has some connection with the strange sequel of our acquaintance with him. A half dozen of us were lounging around the club parlors after the rest had gone home. The rain outside whipped the window panes, rushed in torrents over the eaves, and rolled a turbulent flood along the street gutters. We were not inclined to venture forth in such an avalanche of water, so we refilled our pipes, piled more coal in the grate, and told Adrian to go ahead. He stood with his back to the fire, which now and then snapped viciously at his heels, and was finishing a narration of how an Indian fakir in Thibet made a mango seed grow from a sprout to maturity in less than twenty minutes.

"And this was done in the presence of myself and companion, in my own room, the mango stone being planted in one of my flower pots, that I had first filled with common garden mold. And more," he added, his brilliant eyes searching ours, and in some mysterious way fixing the gaze of each simultaneously, "we both ate of the fruit of this magical mango, and can emphatically attest its genuineness."

Then he went on to give his reasons for thinking this supposed miracle could be effected within the pale of natural law. He compelled us to climb with him the steepest heights, tread the maziest pathways, and leap the dizziest chasms, in the whole labyrinth of the occult philosophies, racing on from one to another with a versatility and rapidity that made us pant visibly.

I never knew any other dead man that left so *living* an impression behind. I recall him as he looked then, with an accuracy that is electric. His tall form is lean almost to gauntness, and shows an exaggeration of nervous fiber, through which his rich vitality gives play to each supple joint and taut muscle; not an ounce of flesh to spare, and his every movement, even to the lightest gesture of his long, flexile hand, is made with an alertness that betrays the instant subservience to his will of every atom of his body. Such perfection of motion makes an ordinary man curse himself, for being in comparison but a mass of articulated wooden blocks. His excitement does not tinge the pallor of his complexion, but rather deepens it to a dead white, out of which the piercing dark eyes seem to grasp you with the insistence of actual hands. His luxuriant red beard is carefully parted at the cleft in the chin, and a full moustache barely conceals the pale lines of a cruel, passionate mouth. The abrupt shelving of his forehead to form the cliff-like brows, is partly relieved by the abundance of his fine, straight hair. Its color is of so light an auburn that it reflects grayish tints. The light from the chandelier makes it appear positively white. This specter of my memory repeats also the exact words that fell from his lips on this occasion:

"We are not justified in limiting human capacity, which experience proves surprisingly elastic at times. If the sages of the Orient are right, we have all lived through previous existences, and in our present Karma are heaped the results of acts committed eons ago in the past."

Just here Holland interrupted him by drawlingly remarking: "I believe, old fellow, you are about right, and I insist that a visible re-incarnation is taking place in you at this moment. You speak with the tongue of Apuleius, and your hair is already bleached like his venerable locks. Of a verity we hail the author

of 'Du Dieu de Socrate' in the once youthful Adrian!"—with a melodramatic flourish of voice and hand.

Sears received this good-natured sally with unexpected warmth.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?"—while an unmistakable look of terror swept over his face.

Of course, poor little Holland apologized for his unintentional offense, and Adrian, not without an effort, regained his equipoise.

"I don't mind death, you all know," he said, as though unwillingly forced to offer an excuse for his irritability, "but to be *old* would be too severe a penalty for even my sins."

I never doubted his lion-like bravery then; I do not now; but this ungovernable fear of the inevitable seemed to me absurdly unreasonable and childish. Did it spring from inordinate vanity, or from some superstition connected with his peculiar beliefs? The inharmony caused by this incident vanished with the return of his graceful tact and incomparable charm of manner, and we all parted for the night with the best of feeling.

I do not think that it was long after this that we met Davelle Garsey at one of Mrs. Vincent's delightful Wednesday nights. Mrs. Vincent had taken quite a fancy to Adrian Sears, and it was through him that Mrs. Garsey had been introduced to so select a circle. She was the widow of an English naval officer, herself of French extraction, and had but recently come to this Coast. No longer young, she yet possessed that far more dangerous attraction that comes to a few women in the noon of life, and but increases as the shadows lengthen toward a mellow sunset. One had only to look into her proud, dusky eyes, to be sure that somewhere down in their depths there was hidden a remorse or sorrow that serpent-like had coiled around the flower of her life and crushed out all its perfume. She spoke little, which was a pity, I thought, for her voice had a rare quality of melody that was sweeter than the singing of most women. I was puzzled to define just wherein she reminded me of Adrian. Certainly the similitude did not lie in face nor figure, but more nearly approached that "like in difference" that is often seen in two who have long been intimately associated.

During their first evening together Eugene hardly left Mrs. Garsey's side. He behaved like one who had been drinking champagne. His drollery and wit made him the life of the party. In the month that followed he was depressed and gay by turns, and was altogether so restless and unlike himself that it was impossible longer to observe the regular habits that we had shared alike ever since the grave of his mother closed all other interests for me but those that centered around our boy.

This companionship had built up a stronger tie between us than is common to father and son. My practice was large, and I found his younger brains and energy of great assistance to me. In time I hoped to resign to him all my active duties, and devote the remainder of my days to study and rest. His infatuation for Davelle Garsey did not promise to further my plans. One could not picture her as a suitable wife to a young, conscientious physician. The love a man feels for such a woman is apt to burn out every other consideration in the fierce fervor of its flame. How earnestly I wished that his choice had been any one of the sweet, wholesome girls that we both knew!

Until a certain dinner at Mrs. Vincent's I had no evidence of any bond between Mrs. Garsey and Adrian Sears other than a feeling of good fellowship that is natural to people whom chance had thrown together abroad, and who unexpectedly met again among congenial friends. We were lingering at the dessert when Holland, who was probably reminded of the story by the pickled mango he was eating, begged

Adrian to repeat the "yarn about that awfully precocious mango tree."

Sears laughingly complied, and as a matter of course was deluged with questions. He sat at the right of Davelle Garsey, who was next to me.

"How many mangoes did you say it bore?" asked our pretty hostess excitedly.

"One, I think," he replied, as if doubtful of his recollection.

"Two!" I distinctly heard Mrs. Garsey supplement the word in an undertone.

"No, there were two," he added positively.

My curious gaze was riveted on her face. She was aware of it and flushed painfully. I was then convinced that she was the companion he had before mentioned as with him at the time. It was with a heart-throb of pity that I glanced across at Eugene. His eyes were hungrily seeking hers. Never before had I felt so utterly impotent to influence him. I knew beyond peradventure that love acknowledges but one master, and that is its object.

That night Eugene came into my room before retiring. For some minutes we both sat watching the twisting tongues of flame chase each other up the chimney. Then he turned to me, and I read in his eyes what his lips hastened to confirm:

"You have seen how it has been with me lately, father, and with your unfailing wisdom let me have my own way, for which I cannot express my gratitude. For weeks I have been living alternately in hell and heaven, but it is all over now, thank God! for tonight she promised to be my wife." His voice was a little shaken by his emotion, and sounded solemn in spite of its joyous ring.

Are we ever sufficiently forewarned to prevent the shock of great news? I was pained and speechless. Eugene waited in silence, and finally laid his hand gently on the arm of my chair. At last I said, tenderly enough, Heaven knows, "Are you sure, Eugene, that she is what you need in a wife,—that she will be to you what your mother was to me?"

He broke out passionately, almost brutally, "I am only sure that I love her beyond my eternal soul,—beyond what you are capable of understanding!"

His nervous fingers wrenched at the carved wood. I took his hand firmly in mine and hurried on earnestly, "Eugene, I hardly know how to express what, after all, is little more than an instinct with me; but I would stake my oath on this woman's being something to Adrian Sears,—something we do not like to name even to each other."

He sprang up wildly, throwing off my hand with a look of abhorrence and hatred that almost unmanned me.

"That will do!" he cried harshly. "A word more such as you have spoken and I shall forget that you are my father."

There was a desperation in his words, in his manner, that went to my heart. I replied soothingly, and partially succeeded in restoring his self-control, though he was moody and constrained during the short interval that he remained in the room.

The day following this stormy interview, Sears told us he was preparing to go East, where, he confidentially told us, he was soon to marry a rich cousin to whom he had long been engaged.

I wondered if Mrs. Garsey were aware of this prospective marriage, and determined to sound her at my earliest opportunity. Fortunately I found her in Mrs. Vincent's conservatory when I called. After a few commonplaces, I said easily:

"By the way, our friend Adrian is to be congratulated. He told me only this morning that the real issue of this Eastern trip is his marriage to his cousin Helen in New York."

Her great eyes, unspeakably suffering, were raised for an instant to mine,

and then without other sign than a fluttering motion of her hand to her heart, she fell forward like one stabbed by a death thrust. It may be needless to add that I felt like a brute, and inwardly cursed Eugene's folly, which had led me to take such a cruel advantage of a helpless woman.

It was some time before our utmost exertions could restore her to consciousness. Of course the stifling heat of the room was a plausible excuse for her indisposition, for I alone had caught the glance that laid bare her woman's heart.

Profoundly disturbed and perplexed, I excused myself on the plea of urgent business elsewhere and left the house. Late in the afternoon of the same day, as I was passing Sears's rooms on Bush Street, I saw a woman enter the house whom I recognized even through her thick cloak and veil as Davelle Garsey.

For a second only I hesitated; then hailing a cab, I ordered the man to put me down at my office in five minutes and I would double his fee. We dashed over the pavement at a break-neck rate, and on arriving at our destination, I retained the carriage, sprang up the stairs with an agility that I had not displayed for a score of years, dragged Eugene from his desk down to the cab, precipitated him inside and myself after, calling out to the grinning driver, "Five dollars to take us to the corner of Stockton and Bush streets in as many minutes."

"May be he'll have the grace to die before we get there," remarked Eugene laconically, referring to a supposed patient in a critical condition;—though one of the tenderest of men, he always affected a heartless exterior.

The man promptly let down the steps at the place designated, and as promptly pocketed his fee, while he touched his swollen nose with one grimy finger by way of thanks.

"Queer habit to bring his nose into greater prominence, when nature had made it already impossible to overlook," Eugene said. We were both almost breathless when we reached the number.

"Why, what 's your hurry to get here? He told me that dinner was set for seven," with the first show of surprise.

"I decided to come earlier," I answered shortly, and ringing the bell, told the landlady we were expected; and brushing past her, we both ran up the stairs, pausing only when before the door of Sears's outer room which stood ajar.

Pushing it farther back I stepped inside, still keeping my strong hold of Eugene. Behind the heavy *portière* a woman was saying:

"And why did I consent to marry that boy? Because your money was gone and my little income not enough for both, and you convinced me that as his wife I could better possess myself of enough of his fortune to enable us to renew our wandering life in Egypt. And now you tell me I am old, my beauty gone, and you no longer love me. O Adrian, be merciful and kill me outright!"

There was an indescribable pathos in the mesmeric voice that could belong to no other than Mrs. Garsey. As it first struck our ears, I felt a tremor shake Eugene, but while she went on he remained motionless. His features were set and rigid; only his eyes expressed the anguish of his discovery. My own senses were strung to the highest pitch; I was conscious of no dishonor in our position; I had but one thought,—to save my son from worse than death.

The voice that answered her was Adrian Sears's: "Davelle, be reasonable for once; Eugene is rich, well enough looking, and loves you madly. As his wife you will have an assured position, and I, too, shall begin a respectable career as Helen's—" A smothered cry cut short his words, and we heard the rustle of her dress as she paced the floor, and my eyes seemed to penetrate the intervening drapery and see her beautiful arms tossed about like slender boughs in a ruthless wind.

"For ten long years I have watched you coming and going!" Her voice sharpened to a note of exquisite pain. "Loved you above life, honor, heaven itself, and now, O God! I am forsaken!"

We heard a heavy fall. Eugene sprang from my side, and flung back the crimson folds of the *portière*, and seeing nothing but the prostrate form of Davelle, seized her to his breast, and turning his bloodshot eyes neither to right or left, carried her swiftly from the room.

My heart was hot with indignation toward the man who had wrought this misery. He showed no surprise at our intrusion. I saw that he was pale to a bluish hue, his thin, cruel lips so drawn as to expose the dazzling whiteness of his teeth. As our eyes met, a red light leaped into the dark of his and played upon the pupils in pointed sparks. His appearance was at once so strange and startling that I stood rooted to the spot.

With an imperious wave of his hand he motioned me away, and like one oppressed by a nightmare of horror I went slowly out and down the stairs; when I reached the outer door a close carriage was just leaving the house.

For an hour or more I walked about aimlessly, avoiding the crowded thoroughfares, and finally coming within sound of the water. The night was wet and cheerless; a dense fog pressed on the struggling waves of the bay until they sobbed and moaned like souls in distress. Through the immeasurable blackness stretched out from the city front, scattered lights on ships here and there glared like so many evil eyes; and even the occasional footfalls along the almost deserted sea-wall had a murderous stealth that in my present state of nerves appalled me.

Chilled through and through by the searching mist, I at last started on a quick walk homeward, hoping to find Eugene had already preceded me. I found instead a jagged scrawl from him telling me not to expect him before the morrow. "I am all right, but prefer a room at the hotel where I can be alone."

The next morning there were two items in the paper of special interest to me. One was the sudden death by heart disease of Mrs. Davelle Garsey, and the other was the departure of Adrian Sears for the East.

Before night I received another note from Eugene quite as brief as the former. It simply informed me that he had secured passage on the steamship "City of Pekin," bound for Japan, and would be gone before this reached me. He made but a single allusion to what had passed on the day before. "Forgive me that I could not see you first. My judgment tells me that you were right, and yet it is too soon for me to clasp the hand that destroyed my idol. Thank God, that she, at least, is spared further wretchedness!"

I pass over the next few weeks — anxious and desolate ones for me — to the 3rd of June, when a telegraphic despatch announced an explosion on board the "Fulton," while crossing from Brooklyn to New York. Among the list of those killed was the name of Adrian Sears.

* * * *

Last spring a letter from Eugene, whom I had not seen for five years, brought me better news of the prodigal than I had dared hope for him. It was dated from Bacharach, Germany, and went on to say:

"I am soon to wed the dearest little woman in the world. Madalene is the granddaughter of an old German baron named Shrafl, whose health is failing rapidly. He awaits our union impatiently so his mind can be at rest about her future. There is something queer about the Baron's case that puzzles me greatly. Both Madalene and I often wish for your presence at Weissthurm; your advice about treating our patient would be invaluable to me. You would find this an ancient but almost unknown town, with no end of picturesque and romantic scen-

ery. Cannot you possibly take a vacation for the summer and join us here?"

I was not long in making up my mind to act upon Eugene's suggestion, and forthwith set about arranging my affairs for an absence of several months. I will not detail matters incident to my long journey, as they have nothing to do with what I have to relate, and shall only say of my meeting with Eugene that it had all the keen pleasure one experiences when reunited, heart and hand, with the one dearest to him on earth.

He was looking uncommonly well, and had the confident bearing of a man who desired no greater gift than he already possessed. There was never a prouder, happier face than his as he presented me to his wife — they had been married for nearly a fortnight — and my own face was scarcely less so when I realized that this gentle, lovely creature henceforth belonged to our fireside, to be our highest joy and tenderest care.

Her grandfather, she informed me, was then resting in his room, but later on he would be glad to welcome me to Weissthurm. I questioned them about his condition, and Madalene, with a pleasing simplicity and intelligence, gave me the following account:

"Five years ago on the 3rd of June," — I started and glanced at Eugene; a momentary gloom touched his face, — he too remembered the date, — "he was thrown from his horse, striking his head on a pile of loose rocks by the roadside. He was brought home as dead, but for hours we continued to work over him, and at last detected signs of returning life. Afterwards he spoke to us, but recognized no one, not even me. We thought his memory would come back in time, but it never has. We all noticed the greatest change in him after this accident. Before," she hesitated and looked at her husband as if uncertain whether she ought to go on; he nodded at her reassuringly, and she continued in a lower voice, "he was never known to display any particular energy. Everything went to ruin about the place, and still he smoked his pipe, played with the dogs, and grumbled at our one servant for neglecting to make a favorite dish. He weighed over two hundred pounds, though he is not much taller than you," to Eugene, "and his ambition in life did not extend beyond his appetites. Since his narrow escape from death he has grown very thin and suffers constantly from various ailments. He appears twenty years older, but his mind has developed a vigor, intensity, and activity that were before unknown to him. During the first year or so I have seen him weep like a child when he found himself helpless, through his infirmities, to carry out some project. On these occasions he would sadly repeat the words, 'I am old, old, old!' many times, so that your own tears fell in sympathy. He was ever trying to recall the past and frequently asked me about names and places of which I knew nothing. They must have been imaginary ones, because he never had traveled and was not a man that cared for books or study. After a while he grew more resigned to his position. Though he is always sad, he shows a noble endurance of his misfortunes, and an unselfish regard for others so unlike his former self. He is tireless in his efforts to plan and execute various improvements. The place has never been so well kept as since poor grandfather's illness."

Eugene called my attention to what he had written me about the Baron. "I am at a disadvantage in treating him," he frankly admitted, "owing to a distressing nervousness that seizes the poor fellow whenever he sees me. This is quite inexplicable as he expresses a liking for me, and often assures Madalene of his confidence in my skill. Once when questioned on the subject, he answered with manifest reluctance, "He must belong to my forgotten life, for while my heart is drawn to him his pres-

ence creates an intolerable anguish of mind that unnerves me." This unfortunate illusion of his compels me to make my visits to him of brief duration. I am consequently dissatisfied with my own diagnosis of the case, and would gladly have summoned another physician; but he is strongly prejudiced against the fraternity here, as each in turn has ineffectually attempted his cure. He declares that you only shall take my place."

"How long have you attended him?" I asked, with growing interest in this mysterious baron.

Eugene's eyes questioned his wife.

"It was New Year's day that I first saw you," she said with a charming blush. We both smiled at this feminine readjustment of events to their relative positions in her own mind.

It was Madalene that led me to her grandfather's room, after a most excellently served dinner. As we noiselessly entered, I saw before an open window a figure reclining in an easy chair that stood in the shadow thrown from a great beech tree just outside. As she spoke it feebly raised itself from among the cushions, and I beheld an old man, attenuated, bowed with pain and weakness, yet whose expression showed an energy that contrasted strangely with the decay of his body. There was a piercing sadness in his hollow eyes, and on the careworn face were traces of the conflicts of an essentially lofty soul with an irregular and distorted mind.

He greeted me with a grave and kindly courtesy, and dismissed Madalene in a few low spoken German words. When she was gone, I took the seat directly in front of him. His burning eyes sought mine; he started, passed one ridgy hand nervously across his furrowed brows, and asked eagerly, "Where have I seen you before? Who are you?"

A thought flashed into my mind, "If Adrian Sears had lived to be old he would have been very like this Baron Shrafl!" The resemblance stirred me unpleasantly, but with a determined effort I banished the feeling, as one adverse to my duty as physician. The sanctity of a sick chamber forbids the indulgence of all petty human passions that would even momentarily blur the keen, calm gaze of science. When I replied it was in the benevolent tone one employs when addressing the sick:

"I am Eugene's father, as Madalene but now told you, and am going to do my best to help you, — so you must now tell me all about yourself."

He allowed me to take his hand while he slowly settled back in his chair, still regarding me curiously, wistfully.

"It is no use! I can never bring back the past, and yet I am sure there is something of importance that I ought to remember. It haunts me waking or sleeping, and imposes a burden on my life more unbearable than my physical suffering."

The shadow of the beech tree deepened across his wan face; on his every feature death had all but pressed his icy fingers. This wasted wreck of a man had hardly seen three-score years, yet he bore the aspect of extreme decrepitude. He told me that he had a constant fever, slept little, and felt a sickening aversion to even the lightest nourishment. "It cannot last much longer, and now that my child is happy, I pray that the end may be near. It is hard to be so old,", with a mournful shake of his head "there is so much I would do if I were only young?"

Alas, poor human nature! He had spent in selfish idleness the youth he now coveted.

It was a relief to Eugene to have me take entire charge of the invalid, aided by the tender ministrations of Madalene. For a few days we saw no change in his symptoms, other than a growing disinclination to converse. He would sit for hours by the window, listening to the wordless whisperings of the beeches

marshaled in stately pairs down the long avenue in front.

On the fourth night I sat by his bed reading from Wieland's brilliant pages. I was lost in my book for more than an hour, when suddenly the Baron rose upright, calling out sharply, "Davelle!"

I had never known but one person of this name, and for a moment was bewildered. Then I said cheerfully:

"Who is it you wish? Shall I call Madalene?"

He did not reply but called "Davelle!" beseechingly several times. I moved the light closer.

"Great God! It *is* Sears!" I cried aloud.

His face had undergone the subtle change that often precedes death, only in this instance the younger features of the dead Adrian had supplanted those of the aged Baron.

I was violently agitated. Then appealing to my reason I forced myself to go over all the minutiæ of Sears's death, as detailed by the press and by correspondents to lodges in California. He was not mutilated, and must have been killed by the shock or severe internal injuries; his young wife was almost crazed with grief, and the funeral was attended by numerous relatives, among whom were his mother and two sisters. It would have been impossible to deceive so many as to the identification of the remains; besides, his life was insured in several lodges, both in the Eastern States and in California, and there was no unusual delay in paying over these sums to the heirs. On the other hand, it was absurd to suppose that the Baron's people here would mistake a stranger for the man that had spent a lifetime among them. As the sick man sunk back on his pillow, my eyes measured his length; he could not have been over five feet six, while Adrian Sears stood six feet two in his stockings. The likeness was purely accidental, and his calling of the name of poor Davelle a simple coincidence.

Having reassured myself with this summing up of incontrovertible facts, and seeing that my patient was again resting easily, I resumed my place by his side, but not to read; Wieland's joyous fancies ill harmonized with the mood that painful memories awoke.

Twelve strokes chimed from the little bronze clock on the mantel, and the Baron moved restlessly, and began talking rapidly in an unknown tongue. I could make out only several Arabic or Egyptian names. Sighing heavily he ceased for a full minute, and then spoke distinctly in English, and *without the strong German accent that had marked all his previous language:*

"We'll soon reach the palms, beloved, and under their shielding arms you will no longer feel this scorching sun. See their flowing crests beyond this spacious waste of yellow sand, broken here and there by shapeless mounds of cacti and sun-fed aloes! Had ever another tree at once such delicate grace and kingly majesty? Listen, Davelle! Already I hear the singing of the birds swinging gloriously in their branches, and through the dusk of the green foliage I see the fire of their wings darting in and out!"

A happy smile came to his lips, the smile, like the voice, so like Adrian's! A longer pause, and then he went on dreamily:

"How swiftly the river flows between the spiked reeds starred blue and white with fragrant lotus lilies, on through the silence of the clustered palms outlined like feathered giants on the flaring sky behind! Hear the monotonous droning of the water-wheels, and see along that golden patch of sand a crocodile, scaled, slimy, loathsome, slides all his hideous length towards the stream. Look up, sweet, and behold far off in the vaporous azure the Arabian mountains run down to the Nile like thirsty monsters come from the desert to drink! When I live again, I would be quickened into being by this Egyptian sun, warm and glow-

ing with the very essences of life and love. Here thought has drunk of lotus leaves, and emotion is intensified to the verge of ecstasy."

My excitement grew with his words. They were the old, eloquent picturings of Sears that had held us spellbound on many a night of that memorable winter.

The smile on the pale lips faded into a look of annoyance and perplexity. He questioned me irritably:

"Do you believe the dead return and re-inhabit other bodies?" This theory of the old Egyptian's was senseless to me then, and I treated it with the contempt that I thought it merited. I can never forget the prophetic menace of his face and gesture when he turned from Davelle to me, and said: "Thy strength and beauty have been a curse to the weak and trustful! Thou shalt indeed live again, but old, old, like him thou hast insulted!' Doctor, for God's sake tell me who I was before I got into this sin-sick body?"

For the life of me I could not help replying, "You were Adrian Sears, for whom poor Davelle died of a broken heart, and Eugene became a wanderer over the world."

As I am a living man there was a flash of perfect memory in those dying eyes. "Hartwick," he gasped, "it — all — comes — back — to me, — all the past. I thought I could forget Davelle — and so — cheated Eugene into loving her. After I married poor Helen — something horrible — happened — to me. —— When I woke — from that — eternity of midnights — I was — as you see me — aged, sick, — dying." There was the old, imperative ring in his voice when he called out loudly, "Eugene — bring him quick!"

I rang the bell hastily, and Eugene hurried in, wrapped in his dressing-gown.

My hallucination — if it were such — certainly could not have affected him, and yet as his eyes met the sick man's look of awful expectancy, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Adrian!" and mechanically took the shaking, death-damp hand which made futile efforts to reach his.

The next words were wrung from his lips already palsied by death: "Eugene, forgive — forgive! Thank God, I — know all now. Davelle —" There was a rasping sound in his throat, and with eyes staring straight at the great tamer, he fell back stiff and frozen.

We gazed long at the dead face, now fast losing its youthful lines, and at last into each other's eyes.

"The likeness was never before so marked, though I was always aware of it. Strange that he should speak the name of ——" He broke off abruptly, to clasp to his breast his wife, who had just entered.

After a moment's silent weeping Madalene said in a hushed voice, "Dear heart! he has not looked so like himself for more than five years."

Ninetta Eames.



THE SOUTH REVISITED.[1]

THE reader will pardon me if I make some plain statements which may seem too personal, and yet, I believe, are necessary. In a question that has been discussed with so much passion, and that has been regarded from such opposite points of view, it seems important that the antecedents of the writer and his opportunities for knowing the facts, and ability of forming a true judgment, should be frankly stated.

I was born on a large plantation near the coast of Georgia. Until approaching manhood I lived surrounded by at least two hundred blacks. In early life, therefore, I knew no other relation between the white and black races than that of master and slave. My early experiences of that relation were only of the kindliest and most benignant type. The property had been inherited for several generations, and had grown only by natural increase, none of the slaves having been either bought or sold. I do not, however, mean to deny the great evils that are inherent in the relation, and the abuses of authority that were common and almost inevitable. But these I learned to know only afterwards.

The catastrophe of the war and its disastrous result, of course, completely swept away all that I owned as property. The land remained; but this, partly on account of its situation, but mainly on account of the great predominance of black population in that locality, has never made me a cent from that day to this. Since coming to California, twenty years ago, I have revisited the South several times, remaining each time about two months, and at intervals sufficiently long to mark well the progress of change, perhaps even better than if I had remained. In my last visit, in 1888, I had this question of the New South constantly in mind in all my observations and in all my conversations with others.

Perhaps no one ever wholly frees himself from the effects of early influence and prejudices; but this much I can say with confidence: From earliest manhood, partly by inherited character, partly by conscious individual effort, I have set steadily before me as the chief end of culture, as the highest goal to be attained, the complete purging of the mind of every influence that would cloud the intellectual vision, not on this only but upon every other subject. With this end in view, in 1850 and 1851, while living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, I discussed earnestly but dispassionately the question of slavery with some of the foremost thinkers of New England.

So much it seemed to me necessary to say, in order to justify my right to speak at all on this subject.

The South, as we all know, immediately before the war was completely out of sympathy with the rest of the civilized world,—with the modern progressive spirit. But this had not always been so. Only thirty years before she was fully abreast of the rest of our country in wealth, in enterprise, both commercial and manufacturing, and in literature. Take one single example, the very type of advanced enterprise. Few persons seem to be aware that the first really successful steam locomotive on a railroad in this country was in South Carolina. The history is briefly as follows: The first successful locomotive of

[1] The following article was first given as an informal lecture before the California Historical Society November, 1888, and afterward by request before the students of the University of California. It was afterwards written in the present form.

this kind in the world was on the Manchester railroad in England, in 1829. In the same year there was a successful attempt on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad by Peter Cooper, but it was soon discontinued. In the next year, 1830, a really complete and continuous success was achieved on the South Carolina railroad from Charleston to Augusta.

Had the South, then, gone backward? No, she had only remained stationary, while the rest of the civilized world rushed on. The change was not in her but in the world spirit.

The cause of this arrest of development was, of course, the institution of slavery. Slavery had become an anomaly in the civilized world, and especially in a democratic republic like our own,—an anomaly as great as Mohammedanism and the unspeakable Turk in the Christian civilization of modern Europe. But this again was not always so. Thirty or forty years before the war the antislavery sentiment had not yet developed. Most of the Northern States had indeed gotten rid of their slaves, but only because they were few in number and unprofitable. I verily believe at that time the antislavery sentiment was stronger in Virginia than in New England. But in the meantime, on this subject as on many others, there was going on a rapid change in the world's sentiment; while at the South, as she could not rid herself of slavery without enormous sacrifice, there was a growing sentiment in its favor, and an increasing disposition to justify it. Thus from a common ground the spirit of the world changed in one direction and the spirit of the South in the other, until the two stood in violent and irreconcilable antagonism. There could be but one termination to such antagonism.

There were indeed many very pleasant and lovable things connected with the relation of master and slave, and especially as exhibited on well managed, isolated plantations. I look back with intense delight, not unmingled with regret, to my boyhood on the old plantation, —the ease, the freedom, the refined culture, the unlimited opportunities for field sports of all kinds, and withal the kindly and even affectionate relations with the blacks, — it was indeed a very paradise for boys. It was undoubtedly a noble life, and cultivated many noble virtues. Weighing now the old with the new, and in the subsequent change the loss with the gain, it is hard to say which way the balance inclines. But it matters not now. Evolution goes not backward. Slavery was a mere survival from an extinct world, and therefore more and more an anomaly in the modern world. As such it *must go*. It did go in convulsion and agony and blood. Whether there might not have been found some wiser, more gradual, and more peaceful way of going, it is bootless now to discuss. Probably it could not have gone in any other way.

But slavery is now dead. There is not a ghost of it remaining in the imagination or heart of the Southern people of today. It is dead unregretted. There is not a corporal's guard in all the South who would for a moment consent to revive it. They are glad to be rid of it, even though with it was swept away nearly their whole wealth. They feel the joy of sympathy with the rest of the world. The situation has been completely accepted, — yes, though many at the North seem to doubt it, — it has been accepted absolutely, unreservedly. But do not misunderstand me. I do not mean that the South has repented as of a sin, that she is in any wise ashamed of her record either before or during the war. On the contrary, she glories in her record and she honors her leaders. She would do the same again under the same conditions, but *she does not desire the same conditions*. Let each side glory in its record, as each tried but to do its duty. But let this be done quietly, unostentatiously, not flauntingly in the face of the other.

Now that the old is put off, how goes the putting on of the new? How goes on the readjustment, mental, industrial, social, and political, to the new conditions? I answer, the mental readjustment is already well nigh complete. The minds of thinking men were always in some sense prepared for the change. There was always an uneasy sense of false position before the world. After the first agony and prostration there was a sense of relief, and even joy, as in the removal of an incubus. This is the true reason for the prodigious energy with which the South immediately took up the work of recuperation. The industrial readjustment is slower, because of the want of sufficient capital, but is now rapidly progressing. The social and political readjustment is still slower, because complicated by the race problem. I shall treat of this readjustment under four heads, viz., industrial, educational, literary, and social and political. I can of course touch each one only lightly, but shall dwell a little more on the last.

I. *Industrial.*—War and emancipation left the South almost powerless through extreme poverty. I do not mean that such poverty was the necessary result of emancipation. Slavery is only a form of labor, more reliable, and in so far more productive, because compulsory. It is property in labor not in men. Under favorable conditions, therefore, and if the labor were still reliable, emancipation would not have been loss of property in the same sense as the burning of a cotton mill. The value of a certain amount of land, with slaves enough to work it, is obviously determined by the net income. Now if the slaves be set free, but continue to work faithfully for wages instead of for support, I think no one will doubt that the net income of the property would be at least as great as before. The property would be therefore as valuable as before. In other words, *the whole value of the slaves would be transferred to the land.* Nevertheless, emancipation was in fact at first equivalent to an almost complete loss of wealth; but only because the labor was completely demoralized and worthless, and has since recovered its reliability only very slowly. In this recovery industry has been not only restored on the old lines, but has developed on new lines. The change has been largely an increased diversification of pursuits.

In the old South, as we all know, the planting of cotton, rice, and sugar-cane with slave labor overshadowed all other pursuits. It was the open way to the highest social consideration, and almost a title of nobility. The planters were indeed a kind of aristocracy, with the virtues and vices of all aristocracies. In its best examples it was a noble life, and developed a real nobility of character; but it overshadowed and discouraged other pursuits, and worse than all else, it degraded labor by making it servile. For this reason, the stream of immigration which built up the wealth of the North and West scarcely touched the South. For this reason skilled artisans were few. For this reason a sturdy middle class, forming the backbone of communities elsewhere, hardly existed there. For this reason the class of poor whites were the poorest and most shiftless to be found anywhere. The cracker class is peculiar to the South, but there are different grades even among crackers. Those of the mountains, where there are few or no negroes, are sturdy and self-reliant, not very different from mountaineers in other parts of the country, except that they are perhaps more ignorant and less ambitious of improvement; but those of the low countries, where slaves abounded, were in every way degraded, and despised even by the slaves. It is a curious fact, however, that the *free negroes* were similarly despised by the slaves.

Now, however, the monopoly of planting has given way to greater diversity

of industrial pursuits, and the planting itself has changed in character. The manufacture of cotton fabrics and of iron, and the mining of coal and metallic ores, have greatly increased, and only need sufficient capital to compete with any other part of the country. This is so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell on it. It is well to note, however, that in the manufactories the labor employed is almost exclusively white, and the effect of this employment on the cracker element is very wholesome.

But as already said, the planting, too, has undergone a change. Cotton is still king, true, and the production of cotton has even greatly increased since the war, but a diversity of farm products is much more common than formerly; and what is still more important, a scientific, intensive culture is far more general. Under the old slave-labor system, the tendency was towards an extensive but crude system of culture, but with free labor and worn lands such culture is found unprofitable. The system, therefore, has become *in*tensive instead of *ex*tensive. Thus the large plantations have been largely broken up into smaller farms.

Those who have thoughtfully watched the gradual change in agriculture and in the character of farm laborers, from the small farms and sturdy farmers of New England, to the great ranches of the West, with their ever changing laborers, cannot but feel uneasy concerning its effect on the future population of our country. With the great improvements in agricultural machinery, it has become more and more profitable to cultivate on a large scale. As long as the soil is fertile, the larger farms swallow up the smaller ones, and become larger and larger. It is cheaper to cultivate roughly, wear out, move on, and buy more. It is easier and cheaper to rob and ravish the virgin soil, leave it desolate, and move on to repeat the same process, than to make fair return to the soil, and thus perpetuate its fertility. The tendency of all this is, as in all other applications of machinery, to make two widely distinct classes, viz., large landholders and mere farm laborers, — and what is worse, most of these hired only for a limited time, as in harvesting, and then discharged. The large farms thus become veritable manufactories of tramps.

Now in the South the tendency, it seems to me, is all the other way, viz., the breaking up of the large plantations into small holdings; and this again leads to the formation of a sturdy middle class of small farmers. I look also with interest and hope to the rapid increase of fruit culture in California, as tending in the same direction; for fruit culture requires labor all the year round, and very intelligent attention. A good income may be made on very few acres.

II. *Educational.*—In the antebellum South, the schools were wholly private. The public school system had not been introduced there. Now, no one who is well acquainted with the results of the private or voluntary system, whether in the South immediately before the war, or fifty years ago all over the country, will deny that they were excellent. I have never seen better schools anywhere than the old preparatory grammar schools of the South. There was no quarreling about religious influence, nor about ornamental and useless studies, nor about salaries of teachers, for all this was decided by patrons of the school. But with all these obvious advantages there was this fatal objection, viz., that as a necessary correlative there were also the "poor schools." It was almost impossible to get the poorer classes to attend these schools, because they were a charity. This of course again tended to increase the separation of the community into two widely distinct classes, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated.

Now, however, the public school sys-

tem has been introduced everywhere, and the attendance by both whites and blacks (but in different schools) is very general and constantly increasing. So much has been written on these lower schools that I shall not dwell here.

In the higher education of the college and university, I would note the following changes. In the old South, until the war, the college was the traditional college, with its close curriculum, universal or almost universal throughout the country fifty years ago. This traditional system had been modified in the Northern States by the introduction to a greater or less extent of the elective system, and also by the introduction of scientific and technical schools, with laboratory methods of teaching. None of these modifications had been introduced at the South except at the University of Virginia, where the elective system had been very early introduced by the far-reaching foresight of Thomas Jefferson.

This traditional system, especially at the South, was regarded not so much as an arming for the battle of life, (What had the students to do with the battle of life? Were they not most of them already sheltered in bomb-proofs?) It was regarded and pursued purely as culture for culture's sake,—as an accomplishment befitting a gentleman,—as a preparing for intellectual activity of all kinds on a higher plane,—as giving respect and influence with intelligent neighbors,—and perhaps fitting, if need be, for public life. It was undoubtedly a high ideal, though perhaps not the highest.

Now, on the contrary, the higher institutions of learning have fully imbibed the modern spirit and introduced the modern methods. Now, the elective system, the scientific and technical schools, and the practical idea of fitting for life, are fully introduced, perhaps even more so than in many old Northern institutions. The reason is obvious. After the utter prostration and impoverishment by the war, the first necessity seemed to be to build up the *material* resources.

III. *Literature.*—Fifty or sixty years ago South Carolina and Virginia were little, if at all, behind the foremost States of the Union in literature and art. Among poets the South had her Poe; among artists, her Allston; among philosophical writers, her Calhoun; among brilliant essayists, her Legare. But before the war she had dropped back, or at least had not kept pace. Why?

First:—The spirit of her education undoubtedly contributed to this result. Nowhere else were refined taste and culture and ability to write more common, but it was culture and taste for the sake of the refined pleasures of culture and taste,—forgetful that even the highest culture can be obtained only by impressing that culture on others by literary activity. To appreciate the Southern people it was necessary to know them. They must be judged, not by what they *had done*, but by what they *were*. They were sufficient unto themselves, and careless what the rest of the world thought of them. They lacked the spur of ambition.

But the second and main reason undoubtedly was her *intellectual isolation.* The institution of slavery put her out of sympathy with the civilized world. She was simply ignored. Even if she wrote it would be unrecognized. "Can any good come out of Nazareth? Hath any prophet arisen in Galilee?"

Now, however, she feels the impulse of touch and sympathy, and we all know the result. Now her work is generously, eagerly, perhaps too eagerly, recognized. It has even become the fashion. The materials of literature are so abundant and fresh, the phases of life so peculiar, and the dialects, especially the negro dialect, so characteristic.

IV. *Social and Political.*—The readjustment here has been slow, very slow, and its final result is yet far from

clear. The reason is that it is complicated with the dread *race problem.* The extreme gravity and yet the difficulty of this problem no one appreciates as do the Southern people themselves.

At the very outset of the discussion of this subject, I would lay down a fundamental proposition. Given two races widely different in intellectual and moral elevation, especially in capacity for self-government, in other words very different in grade of race-evolution; place them together in equal numbers in such conditions that they cannot get away from one another, and leave them to solve for themselves the problem of social organization, and the inevitable result will be, *must be,* that *the higher race will assume control and determine the policy of the community.* Not only is this result inevitable, but it is the best result for all parties, and especially for the lower race.

To illustrate: Suppose there be cast by shipwreck on a desert island one hundred grown-up people and one hundred children of ten years of age, but, having no blood relationship whatever and a community be there organized. Is it not inevitable, is it not best for all parties, but especially for the children, that the grown people should assume entire control of the policy of the community? Is not this just? Is it not right? Talk about rights! the sacredest of all rights and the most liable to be neglected, is the right of the weak and the ignorant to the control and the guidance of the strong and the wise.

Or suppose a thousand Anglo-Saxons and a similar number of Australian blacks be put together in the same place, and a Chinese wall be built about them so that they cannot get away from the experiment. Is it not certain that the founding of a civilized community is strictly conditioned on the substantial control of the higher race? The disparity between the two classes is fully as great in this case as in the last, but the problem would be far more difficult, because of the physical strength and the violent passions of the Australians, as compared with the physical weakness and especially the docility of the children. But in some way, peaceable if possible, forcible if necessary, the higher race must determine the policy of the community.

Now, the condition of things at the South today, though certainly not identical with that described above, is similar to it. The result therefore must also be similar, though again not identical. As a broad general statement, control of some kind must be in the hands of the higher race. I do not say, in any case, that the best form of control would be slavery. In the case of the South I certainly do not think so. If it ever was the best it is not so now. Under slavery and by *means of slavery* (for in no other way was close and peaceable contact of the two races possible) the negro has been developed *above* slavery. What is now the best form and degree of control is just the problem to be worked out by the South, and she will work it out if left alone. But some form or degree of control of the policy of the community by those alone who are capable of self-government is just now the absolute condition of civilization.

But it will be objected that elsewhere, for example in England and New England, negroes are treated much the same as people of other color. Yes, but it must be borne in mind that *relative number* is a prime factor in the problem. If there be only a few of a lower race scattered about in a community, we can afford to recognize, nay, more, to patronize, to pet, or even to lionize them. But where numbers are equal, where there is a struggle between the two races for control of the policy of the community, the case is very different. The laws must be made and the state policy must be determined by the superior race. There is not a civilized community in the

world that would not under the same conditions act exactly as the South does. The Hindu visitor to England is respected and even lionized, but in Hindustan the race line is as sharp or nearly as sharp as in the South. And yet the Hindus are a Caucasian, aye, an Aryan race. See again the relation of the white with the Australian when they are in close contact. This is not a matter of party. Republicans, also, settling *permanently* in the South, take the same view.

But it will be objected again that any relation involving any kind or degree of control, any relation but that of perfect equality, is in conflict with fundamental law and the recent amendments of the Constitution. I hope not. I hope and believe that there may be devised some just and natural method of solving this problem, which will not be in conflict with fundamental laws. But if not,—if there be indeed a radical discordance between the two,—then so much the worse for the fundamental law and the constitutional amendments, since it shows that these are in conflict with the laws of nature, and therefore unjust. If it be so, (which I do not believe,) then the South is very sorry, but it cannot be helped. There is a law of self-preservation in communities as well as individuals. Law itself being judge, this law takes precedence of every other. It is a higher law, if you like. In 1850 Massachusetts too preached the doctrine of a higher law than the Constitution. If ever there were a case in which there was good ground for higher law, it is surely this. It is true that Socrates (not to mention a still higher and diviner example) subordinated the law of self-preservation itself to the law of the state, and we reverence him for it. But remember this was done on the high *ethical*, not the legal ground. And not only so, but here, where the question is the preservation, not of the individual but of the community, of civilization, of the interests of humanity, undoubtedly the right of self-preservation stands on ethical as well as legal ground.

The whites desire earnestly, more earnestly than most of us at a distance can imagine, the real best interest of the negro. They earnestly desire their elevation by education and by acquisition of property; they would grant, I believe, every just right; but all on one condition, viz., that the whites control the policy of the state. That this is a necessity *at present* and *until some better solution is devised*, until some better line be drawn between the capables and the incapables, is plainly shown by the disastrous effects of the brief reign of carpet-baggers sustained by the negro vote after the war.

But it will be objected again that all this, though natural enough, is the result of race prejudice, and a remnant of a sentiment growing out of the old relation. You may call it a race prejudice if you like, but not a remnant of the old relation. Any other people would feel the same. In fact, I believe there is less race repulsion at the South than elsewhere. But race repulsion and race antagonism is not a wholly irrational sentiment. It is an instinct necessary for the preservation of the purity of the blood of the higher race.

But it will be said again, and finally, that education will solve the problem in a few years. I answer, education will not solve the problem in this generation nor in many generations. Education, i. e., school education, book education, is regarded by many as the panacea for all the evils of society. The experiential philosophy of the last and largely of the present generation, would make the whole intellectual and moral capital of the individual the result of his own personal acquirements. But one of the most important recent modifications of our philosophy of life, forced upon us by the theory of evolution, is the recognition of the large amount we all receive

through inheritance. In animals all, or nearly all, is inherited. In man part is inherited and part individually acquired. The higher the race the larger the proportion of individual acquirement; but in all the inheritance is very large. In a word, education of the individual is one thing, education of the race another. The one requires but a few years, the other requires centuries, perhaps millenniums. Now it is not so much individual as it is race education, or better, race evolution, that determines the power of self-government.

What, then, is the solution? Some propose the complete mixture of the two races. I do not believe any American writer has proposed this solution, but some very thoughtful English writers see no other possible solution. I answer, such a mixture would only debase the higher race. There is a mixture of varieties that strengthens the stock physically, and especially intellectually, but this is not one of them. The effect of cross-breeding is to produce better results, and increasingly better, with increasing difference up to a maximum, beyond which the good results decline and rapidly become bad; until finally nature shuts down and forbids the bans by producing sterility where the difference is great enough to constitute species. Now the differences between the primary races and especially between the Anglo-Saxon and the negro, are far beyond the limits of good results. The results of such mixture are undoubtedly bad.

But some, even here in America, have thought that whether we like it or not, whether the result be good or bad, the problem is going to solve itself in this way. I think they are mistaken. The mixing of the two races is less today than ever before, and is becoming less and less every day. In proportion as the blacks become more self-respecting, they withdraw more and more from close association with the whites, and even, in some degree, from the mixed breeds. The mixed breeds are not increasing. They will either die out, or be absorbed into the stronger extreme races. In this regard, therefore, the color line seems to be permanent.[1]

But politically; shall the color line be permanent here also? This brings me to another proposed solution.

Some imagine that the problem must be solved by breaking up the Solid South. Parties must divide, as elsewhere, on other lines than the color-line. Yes, eventually they must so divide, but not now, *nor until a better line is made and recognized.* The South is not solid against the North nor against any party as party, but she is solid for self-government by the white race, as being the self-governing race, and as a whole the only self-governing race. Until some just and rational relation between the races which shall substantially secure this result is recognized, or better, until some other and more rational line between those capable and those incapable of self-government than the color-line be established, she is obliged to be solid. That some better and more rational line separating the capables from the incapa-

[1] It has been common recently to exaggerate the difficulty by the statement that the blacks are increasing at much higher rate than the whites. In fact, if we are to believe these statements and the statistics on which they are based, the blacks will soon not only overwhelm the whites of the South, but take possession of the whole country. I do not believe these statements. They are based on a comparison of the census of 1870 and 1880, but the comparison probably leads to an erroneous conclusion. The error occurred in this wise. The census of the blacks for 1860 was accurate, probably more so than for the whites, because intelligent masters made returns of their slaves. But the census of the blacks for 1870 was too low, because the ignorant blacks suspected some trick. The census of 1880 was again accurate, but comparison with that of 1870 necessarily showed too large increase. On this supposed increase has been based calculations for the future. This will probably be corrected by the census of 1890. It is possible that the birth rate of blacks may be greater than that of whites, (though even this is doubtful,) but the death rate is undoubtedly much greater. This is the natural result of the withdrawal of the intelligent care of masters.

bles will be found, I have no doubt. But until that time the South will be solid. For, suppose a moment if parties there should now divide on some other line: the certain result would be that the two parties would bid against each other for the ignorant colored vote, and there would follow a degree of corruption such as has not yet been seen in our country.

But the question returns: — What, then, is the solution? By what means shall we secure government by a self-governing class? In answer, I would say, there is no solution possible except by a limitation of the ballot, by a qualification both of education and property. This would be perfectly just and perfectly rational. It would of course include many, very many, blacks, but only such as ought to vote. It would also exclude many whites who ought not to vote. I say both educational and *property* qualification. Perhaps most will agree with me as to the former, but I regard the latter as by far the more important, because it is a better index of self-governing power. In higher races, and in advanced stages of civilization, there are indeed many men of the highest character who neglect to accumulate property not from shiftlessness, but because they have higher and better things to do. They have no time to make money, they are too busy with higher things. But in a lower race there is no better, I might even say, no other, evidence of character than the steady industry and self-denying economy necessary to accumulate property.

But when this method is proposed, most persons immediately exclaim "Too late, too late!" It ought to have been done, it might easily have been done, when the States re-entered the Union. I well remember that when the constitutional convention met at Columbia, South Carolina, under the call of Johnson, immediately after the war, although not a member of that convention I urged on many friends who were members the extreme importance of opening the franchise to all without distinction of color, but making such a qualification. The convention saw plainly the importance, but alas, had not the backbone even to propose it, because it would disfranchise many whites also, as well as nearly all the blacks. However, it will be remembered that the Johnson reconstruction was repudiated by Congress, and it had all to be done over again. But in any case, I am quite sure that a State constitution containing such a qualification would not have been accepted at that time by the dominant party in Congress.

Has, then, the golden opportunity passed forever? I sincerely hope not. So far as the State is concerned, it was an easy thing then to make the qualification, but the difficulty was in its acceptance by the North. Now, on the other hand, the State governments having been established, the State has the undoubted right to make such a qualification; but alas, it has become now a very hard thing to do. Some such qualification, separating the capables from the incapables, is perhaps the greatest want of our country everywhere. To say the least, it would be easier to accomplish at the South than anywhere else, on account of the dominant influence of the more intelligent whites. May we not hope that it is not yet too late, and that if done it will become an entering wedge to accomplish the same all through the country?

If this qualification should be made at the South, immediately the solid South would be broken; immediately parties would divide there, as elsewhere, on political issues alone. It seems to me that the Republican party has now a rare opportunity of conferring a signal benefit on the whole country, by leaving off the bootless task of fighting against the laws of nature, and openly encouraging this, the only rational solution of the race question. If the South felt assured that she would be let alone to work out

this problem for herself, — the national government perhaps looking on to see that no flagrant injustice be done, no constitutional provision violated,— I feel sure that the problem would in some way be justly solved, and we should be really, what we all are anxious to be, a completely united people.

But in the meantime, while uncertainty prevails on the point of possible interference, the people of the South are all at sea. The most thoughtful cannot forecast the outcome. The people simply meet emergencies as they arise, and hope that the problem will gradually solve itself. As an example of such partial solution, but perfectly just, I would mention the law passed in some States, which conditions the exercise of the franchise upon the payment of a small poll-tax of one or two dollars. This law practically disfranchises nearly the whole of the blacks.

Meanwhile the relation, especially the personal relation, between the races as far as I have been able to observe, and as far as I could learn from others, is kindly and even affectionate, and becoming more and more so. Meanwhile, too, the negroes in some localities and under favorable conditions are improving in intelligence, in acquisition of property, and in self-respect and respect of others, and therefore becoming more qualified to vote intelligently. I say *in some localities and under favorable conditions*, but in other localities the very opposite changes are going on, and the difference of conditions in the two cases emphasizes every word I have said above. Wherever the white population is in excess, so that there is no doubt about the controlling element in shaping the policy of the community, the negroes are improving in all the respects mentioned above. But wherever the negroes are largely in excess, so that the control of the superior race is lost, as, for example, in parts of Louisiana and the coasts of Carolina and Georgia, the negroes are rapidly retrograding. Here, as in Liberia, Hayti, and wheresoever else they are withdrawn from the personal controlling influence of the white race, they are rapidly relapsing into barbarism.

Joseph Le Conte.



"HIGH EXPLOSIVES."

THE steamer Santa Inez left San Francisco on her last voyage on the 15th of December, 18—. I went aboard at nine a. m., and about a quarter of an hour afterward we got under way, and soon passed Fort Point and crossed the bar, bound for San Diego. The water was quite rough on the bar, and many of the passengers sought the seclusion of their staterooms, not emerging again until afternoon. So for a time I had the deck almost to myself, and walked up and down, gazing at the Cliff House on its rock by the sea, and afterwards at the rugged California coast, that loomed somewhat hazily on our port beam.

A man of stooping figure and singularly pale, unhealthy complexion occupied one of the seats on deck. A small black satchel hung from his shoulder by a strap. He was reading a book, which he held with trembling hands. I looked at him with some curiosity, and at last, happening to find his lack-luster eyes fixed upon me, I addressed him.

With a swift, almost stealthy movement he shut the book and thrust it in an inside pocket of his coat, but not before I had caught a glimpse of the strange text, which I thought was Greek. He rose in a quick, nervous way and replied to my remark in English, but slowly and with difficulty. He then asked me if I spoke French, and seemed gratified at my answer.

"With your permission," he said, "I will walk with you. This breeze is rather cold."

We walked for some time, but he seemed taciturn, and had not an occasional sentence, pointed and intelligent, fallen from his lips, I should have considered him a dull companion. The passengers now began to reappear, with various degrees of discomfort expressed in look or tone, for the sea was rather heavy. A portly gentleman in black broadcloth and a silk hat passed us, looking at us with cold, austere eyes. His lips were thin and firmly set, and his iron-gray whiskers were trimmed in a severe, business-like fashion. He went forward and engaged in conversation with the captain. A dark-complexioned young man, evidently a mechanic on a journey, stood at the rail smoking a cigarette and glancing occasionally at the austere gentleman and the captain. Two or three middle-aged men were talking loudly about grape-vines, olives, and oranges, despite the bleak whistling of the ocean wind. A few Chinamen appeared from the murky region of the steerage and reeled dizzily about on the forward deck, holding their hats on and catching hold of things about them. Some unhappy ladies were sitting in the cabin or, as it was ironically termed, "Social Hall," —an apartment neither large nor luxuriously furnished on the Santa Inez, and on the present occasion showing no symptoms of sociability.

My companion seemed to take no notice of these people. He gazed at the deck and walked with his hands clasped behind him.

"Are you never seasick?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "You, too, seem to escape."

"Yes; my father was a sea-captain, and I suppose I inherit his immunity," I said.

But my companion did not perceive my clumsy little joke. He remarked that that was a very singular thing, and worthy of investigation.

"My father was—" he paused, and I listened—"*not*," he added slowly, "and yet I never suffer from *mal de mer*."

We turned and walked forward again

and met the captain, whom I knew. The austere gentleman was now perusing a newspaper on the lee side of the deck.

"Do you know that man?" said the captain to me.

"I do not," I replied.

"He owns five thousand miles of railroad, more or less, and this line of steamers, besides a small kingdom in land, and coin enough to load the Santa Inez to the guards. About twenty thousand of his employés are out on a strike now."

"Is that really Elijah Q. Gurrell?

"That's the man," said the captain. Then he looked sharply at my singular companion, who was gazing listlessly seaward.

"What is your opinion of the strike, Captain?" I asked. "Do you think the demands of the men are just?"

"I don't pretend to judge the case," he said. "I will say just this: Civil war is a bad thing. The workmen will take all they can get, and there is not a wealthy employer in the country but fully understands the vast difference between a dollar and ninety-nine cents." The bronzed captain half closed his eyes and nodded, and then hurried away, for the wind was piping up shrilly and the waves began to buffet the Santa Inez rudely.

"I love this gracious wind, and the motion of the vessel is soothing to me," said my companion, when I suggested that the shelter of the cabin would be agreeable.

"Not many on board will share your feelings, I fear," I said. "This breeze is a south-easter, and at this season it sometimes means trouble."

As he did not answer, I left him still gazing out to sea; but when I reached the cabin door I looked back and saw him holding his book with trembling hands and reading intently.

I picked out a corner of the cabin where the most light entered, intending to read a work on high explosives, which I was to review for a weekly journal. The cushions of the settees were covered with crimson and white striped linen, and were divided into convenient seats by curved rods of iron covered with maroon plush, — very reassuring to grasp when a huge wave dandled the steamer; at least, so seemed to think the dainty little lady who sat opposite me across the cabin. I changed my mind about reading; there was really no hurry.

Mr. Elijah Q. Gurrell sat beside her, and a wonderful change had come over his face. A look of affection shone in his eyes, and his severe lips were relaxed in a smile. She was not more than sixteen. Her eyes were very beautiful, — clear, pure, and deep, like pellucid gems irradiated with the light of a soul. She seemed to be asking her father if there was danger, and upon being reassured snuggled down at his side with her head against his coat, and his arm about her.

I could not but look with reflecting curiosity on this great money king in his paternal aspect. I felt that the little youthful maiden he clasped so affectionately was more to him than all his gold.

Just then the captain sat down beside me, before I had noticed his entrance.

"Are we going to have a rough night?" I asked, in a low voice.

"O no," he replied, "nothing bad. Say, who is that man you were walking with on deck?"

"Haven't the slightest idea. He speaks French, but intimated that he is not a Frenchman. I never saw him until today."

"Ah, I thought you knew him."

The captain soon hurried away again, and I had my doubts about his assertions regarding the weather, for the wind seemed to increase and the sea became rougher.

Just before dinner I took another turn on deck, and in a few minutes discovered my eccentric friend of the day on the lee of the pilot house, talking to a

Chinese in his own tongue. I began to have a deep respect for the linguistic acquirements of the gentleman, and like the captain, was inclined to wonder who and what he was. He had not been nearly so communicative with me as he now seemed to be with the saffron-hued Mongolian.

I soon descended to the dining saloon, whither the brazen clatter of a bell had summoned the passengers. Mr. Gurrell and his daughter left the table before I did. The dark-faced young man, whom I had set down as a mechanic on his travels, sat opposite me, and soon become communicative. His name was Collins.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked, leaning forward and nodding mysteriously toward the retiring figure of Mr. Gurrell.

"I saw him for the first time today, but his name has been familiar to me for some years," I replied.

"I know him," said Collins, "though I don't suppose he knows me from Adam. I 've worked in his railroad shops four years. We 're out on a strike now, and I 'm taking a little run while we 're waiting. I 'm a striker from way back."

"Ah! You don't seem much the worse for it," I ventured.

"No–o–o," he said slowly. "I 'd a good deal rather be at work though. I soon get tired loafing, and a feller spends a good deal, too."

"What was your reason for striking?" I asked.

"The walking delegate ordered it."

"Was not that a little arbitrary?"

"Perhaps so; but we 've got to hang together, or the game is up."

"You merely struck to support another strike?"

"Yes; we had nothing to complain of."

"Are you sure that the original strike was a just one?"

"I don't know just the facts, but of course it was. Everybody knows what old Gurrell is."

"Yes," I assented, "and with such an example before you, I suppose you workingmen are careful to avoid anything like tyranny on your part."

I "fired and fell back," for I had made no study of the labor question, and had no desire to argue it with my friend, the striker. So merely expressing the hope that the costly dispute would soon be settled, I rose from the table.

It was now dark, and after remaining a few moments in the cabin I went on deck to smoke a cigar. It was quite cloudy, and the wind had not subsided in the least. When my eyes had become a little accustomed to the darkness, I discovered a figure standing at a window gazing into the cabin. The rays from the lamp inside soon enabled me to perceive that the person was the strange passenger. He seemed entirely oblivious of his surroundings; his whole being seemed thrown into his eyes. If I had not conversed with him before, I might have suspected that he was slightly off his mental balance. I made an attempt to attract his attention, but not succeeding, I addressed him.

"You seem fond of the deck, monsieur."

His gaze remained fixed, but he heard me, for immediately he said in a tone of intense interest, almost awe, "Is that a phantom or a living child?

I stepped forward to the window, and saw Mr. Gurrell's daughter sitting alone with clasped hands, and apparently lost in thought; for unconscious of being observed, she was gazing upward with a look that was really angelic, — as mortals imagine celestial things.

"No phantom, but a lovely idol of clay, I replied. "She is, I believe, the daughter of Elijah Q. Gurrell, and I never thought him rich until today. Let us take a walk."

"No, no!" he said in a strange, husky voice, without removing his eyes from the girl, and he grasped my arm with a powerful and nervous hand. "Ah," he

said, in tones of indescribable melancholy, "for a moment I imagined that *she* had come back to me, — the pure spirit of one who — who — *died in Russia.*" The tone in which he spoke the last words was enough to make one shudder. Never had I heard such horror, rage, and grief, expressed by a human voice.

Up to this moment he had not taken his eyes from the girl, but like lightning his manner and mood changed. Dropping my arm he darted his hand frantically into the breast of his coat. I imagined he was about to pluck out a pistol or bit of cold steel and become *felo de se* on the spot. Not so. He brought to light a large antique gold watch, and glared at it for the fraction of a second, — then thrust it back and flew away towards the stern of the steamer as if possessed by a demon. I was considerably surprised and puzzled, and watched my eccentric fellow-voyager with unadulterated curiosity.

Halfway to the taffrail he wheeled and came rushing back like some strange projectile. I believe that I actually took a position of defense. As he passed me he said something which I did not clearly understand. I thought it was: "*It is too late. Follow me.*"

"While he was yet speaking he vanished through the cabin door. I hurried after him, and entered just in time to see him stoop and lift Gurrell's daughter in his arms and dash out of the opposite door. I heard the girl's terrified scream as she was borne out into the night, and the door slammed behind them. In the name of the nine devils, what horrid tragedy was that madman about to perpetrate?

Mr. Gurrell was just coming up the stairs from the dining saloon. He gave an agonized shout, and though I had started in hot pursuit, the father passed the doorway first. Instinctively we looked overboard, but we saw nothing but the frothing waves and heard nothing but their dashing. Then I became aware of a disturbance at the bow, and we hurried forward in a body — for many other passengers had joined us — to the narrow space before the pilot-house.

The watch on deck were gathered there in an astonished group, and the light of a lantern fell on the dainty figure of Miss Gurrell, who stood erect, very pale, and very much frightened. Just before her in the gangway stood the strange passenger, whom she was entreating to permit her to pass and return to her father. The sailors were beginning to glower dangerously upon him, but he seemed to take no notice either of them or of the girl. He stood like a bronze man, calmly contemplating the antique gold watch which he held in his hand.

Mr. Gurrell had just reached him, and had raised a hand to push him rudely aside, when the strange man thrust the watch in his pocket, drew forth a scarf or sash of russet silk, and in an instant had wound it round and round the girl's head before she could lift a finger to help herself.

"You scoundrel!" said Mr. Gurrell fiercely, seizing the stranger's arms.

The man wheeled swiftly and faced us. With a haughty look he raised his hand, and said coldly and distinctly:

"*Wait.*"

We did not have to wait long. Hardly had the words passed his lips when a tremendous explosion shook the steamer. It was not so much a heavy sound as a fearfully instantaneous *crack* that seemed to split everything into ribbons. I was knocked down, and became so deaf that I could hear nothing for some moments. Many thought we had been struck by lightning.

I sprang up instantly, and saw a number of men lying on the deck or slowly rising to their feet, but, strangely enough, Miss Gurrell stood erect engaged in releasing her head from the folds of the scarf. I stepped up to help her, and

told her not to be frightened,—and was much startled at not hearing my own voice. She looked around her in astonishment, and I think, said something, which of course I could not hear. Then her father took charge of her.

There was an undeniable panic on board, for no one knew exactly what had happened, or the extent of the damage that had been done, but officers were stationed at all the boats, and the people soon became quiet.

The captain's stentorian voice was the first sound that revived my stunned hearing, and presently I accompanied him aft to ascertain what damage we had suffered. We found the stern of the vessel badly shattered, and the water entering in a torrent. The captain said she would sink in less than half an hour.

We found a few wounded persons amongst the *debris* in the staterooms and cabin, but so far as we could ascertain no one was killed. They were taken forward and placed in the boats, and the embarkation then began, with strict order and discipline enforced. There was no time to lose, but some fresh water and provisions were placed in each of the four boats, and we made another careful search for wounded.

So there we were in open boats on an angry ocean at night, and saw the green light of the Santa Inez disappear in the sea like a quenched star. The gale increased, and the waves rose high, and the drenching rain poured down, and we were driven we knew not whither,—each boat on a wild way of its own.

When the angry dawn broke at last, we could only see more plainly the fierce rush of black cloud masses across the sky, and the monstrous waves that menaced us, white-maned and bristling. I looked to see who were my companions in distress, for in the hurry of embarking I had not observed who entered the boat.

In the crepuscular light I saw Mr. Gurrell supporting his daughter. Beside him was the young striker, in the act of offering his coat to protect the pale girl from the spray. The boat's crew consisted of the second officer, purser, and six sailors. Another dark figure appeared in the bow. I partly rose to see who it was, and easily recognized the mysterious passenger. His satchel hung from his shoulder, and he was bending low over his book, which he held with shaking hands. It occurred to me that there was something uncanny about the man.

The water became more broken, and the officer seemed very anxious. I had not the least idea where we were, and I doubt if he had. At any rate we were all thoroughly startled when a gigantic cliff, scarred and frowning, loomed out of the mist close at hand. Huge billows burst against it with hollow thunder and flew in creamy spray half way to the top. Presently we saw that it was a high, isolated rock, but away to the left we saw a long, sandy shore on which the surf was breaking tremendously, line after line, for half a mile out.

The sailors pulled away frantically to avoid being thrown on the rock, but in escaping that danger we became more and more enveloped in the breakers. Every moment we were in imminent peril of shipping a sea that would swamp us. Under these circumstances, the crew were ordered to pull for a little cove which appeared between the cliff and the sandy beach. Waiting until an extraordinary roller came along, the sailors gave way vigorously, and we rode in on its crest with great rapidity. Unfortunately, when the wave rolled from beneath us our boat came down on a pointed rock, which stove it irremediably just amidships, and while thus dismally spitted, a monstrous billow buried us all in its green bosom.

We all wore life-preservers, and so we all came to the surface in various states of preservation. I struck out for the beach not far distant, and as we had

passed the worst of the surf, and as a current seemed to set in shore at that point, I soon reached the land. Several of the sailors were already ashore, and were preparing to aid the others, who were struggling in the water. I saw Mr. Gurrell swimming strongly, but heading away from the shore, and a feeling of horror came over me as I failed to recognize among the swimmers the fair head of his daughter.

I was about to plunge in again to aid the father in his search, when it occurred to me that the girl might have been carried into the little cove near by. I ran along the beach, which curved in sharply and was covered with driftwood. I had gone perhaps twenty rods, scanning anxiously the troubled waters of the cove, when a calm voice said in French, "She is safe, monsieur."

Turning quickly, I saw Miss Gurrell lying apparently unconscious beside a pile of driftwood, and the strange passenger kneeling beside her, and evidently trying to restore her. I hurried up to them, but as I approached, the girl sprang up and ran to me, seized my arm, and cried in a frightened voice :

"Where is my father? Take me to my father. Don't leave me with *him.*"

It looked as if she had been feigning insensibility, being horribly afraid of her rescuer.

He had already begun to gather materials for a fire, and there was a look of desolation on his face.

"Come then," I said, for I believed that Gurrell would not leave the surf until he had found his daughter. "Let us run, for your father is searching for you."

I took her hand, and we ran along the beach. As I thought, Mr. Gurrell was still battling with the breakers, but when he caught sight of his child, he swam feebly in, and was pulled ashore more dead than alive by Collins and the sailors.

All of our party were now safely ashore, — a miserable and half-drowned group. We knew not what spot of earth we had been thrown upon. There were but two prominent features in the landscape ; one the high rock near which we had landed, and the other a lofty hill, which rose to a rocky pinnacle about half a mile from the beach. We had reason to fear that we had been thrown upon an island of no great size.

A column of blue smoke began to ascend from the cove, and we hurried in that direction to dry our clothing and warm our bodies, chilled by the water and the piercing wind. A heap of driftwood was blazing cheerfully, but the strange passenger was gone. How he had found means to kindle a fire after such a thorough drenching in the sea was a mystery to me.

When my clothing was partially dry I left the steaming group at the fire, and set out for the lofty hill to take an observation. The exercise was grateful, and by the time I reached the summit the warm blood was tingling in my chilled limbs. The wind was now subsiding and the clouds were breaking away, and it took but a glance from the bleak, storm-beaten pinnacle to assure me that we were on a small island. I could see the entire circumference of beach, for the land sloped away irregularly in every direction from the spot where I stood. A brook bordered with stunted willows flowed in a little ravine and emptied into the cove near our fire.

While gazing somewhat disconsolately at the prospect, I suddenly perceived that I was not alone. Beside a rock near by sat the strange passenger, reading intently as usual. He had contrived to keep the salt water from his fascinating volume, whatever it was. Over his shoulder hung his satchel. I approached him. He at once put up his book, with the same swift, half-stealthy motion, and turned to me with something like a smile.

"You perceive we are insulated for

the time," said he, "but this hill will be an excellent point from which to signal passing vessels."

"It was a very singular accident that destroyed the steamer," said I. "How do you account for it?"

"It was terrible, indeed," he said, "yet not so very singular in this age. Evidently an explosive substance had been placed in some part of the stern of the vessel. The most singular part of it," he continued slowly, "was the way in which I was affected by it. You will recollect that just before the explosion occurred I stood at the window looking at that beautiful child in the cabin. For a moment I gazed upon her as upon an angel returned from the shades, for she is the likeness of one who — *died in Russia.*" Again that spasm of rage, horror, and anguish, wrenched him.

I was touched. Who was it that had died so mournfully in Russia? Wife or daughter, doubtless.

"My friend," I was impelled to say, although the sentiment was trite and the question a rash one, "we all must die. Do not you hope to see again that departed one whom you seem to have loved so dearly?"

He looked at me wistfully, and said in a husky voice, "You do not know — you do not realize how we die in Russia."

Dreadful tales of Russian prisons came to my mind,— dungeons, chains, torture, and wretches mad from long captivity.

"I was about to tell you my curious experience," he said, returning to his natural manner. "While gazing at the girl, as I said, a strange presentiment of danger suddenly came strongly upon me. A powerful impulse, either from without or within, took complete possession of me, and I acted according to its dictates, fully aware that my reason was dormant for the moment, and not caring to take the responsibility of opposing my will to this mysterious impulse. Perhaps you had doubts of my entire sanity for the moment. But surely you have known of these mystic impulses?"

"Sometimes called emotional insanity?" I suggested.

"I do not understand that term," he said doubtfully; "but, believe me, it was not insanity; it was wholly in my power to resist the impulse had I wished to do so, in which case you and I and that beautiful girl would have been mangled by the explosion."

"After the explosion took place I had no doubt of your complete sanity," I said. "But after transporting Miss Gurrell to the bow so precipitately, you seemed to consult your timepiece, and then enveloped her head in your scarf just as the explosion occurred,— was that also a mystic impulse?"

"Explain it if you can," he said calmly. "All was impulse up to the moment I turned and told you all to wait. That was all I could say, for I felt that something would soon happen to give a sufficient reason for an act that I had performed blindly. Now listen, and I feel that you will not doubt me. I am a sick man, near to death, whose only happiness is to obtain a moment's release from almost constant pain. I am a Russian by birth. I resided in St. Petersburg for many years, amid scenes of elegance and wealth, until I was sent to Siberia for so-called political crimes. I toiled for years in deadly mines, where death set his mark upon me. Men do sometimes escape from that dreadful place; sometimes eastward through Kamtchatka, sometimes southward through China, sometimes downward through hell. If I had strength, I could tell you things that would horrify you; but I dare not even think of them. If they were told, you would not believe them. Can you wonder that a shattered being like me should be affected by subtle influences that stronger organizations would not feel? I have been frank with you, and have touched upon a subject very painful to me, because I value the regard of all good men."

I left my singular companion and returned to the beach somewhat perplexed. His actions had excited grave suspicions in my mind, yet it was possible that I had wronged him. As I approached the fire, I heard the authoritative tones of Mr. Gurrell, who was addressing his officers and sailors.

"Remember," he was saying, "that you're still in my employ just the same as if you were on board one of my steamers. I expect to signal a vessel within twenty-four hours. Your pay will go on just the same, although you may lose some time. So, Mr. Second Officer, you will set your men at work putting up a cabin on the beach near the fire. Here's a plenty of driftwood you can use, and you can cut a lot of willow brush from the creek yonder to make the roof. Mr. Purser, you will prospect along the beach and the rocks, and see if you can find anything fit to eat."

Mr. Gurrell had fully recovered from his struggle in the surf, and his characteristic vigor and ability were cropping out. His daughter was sitting on a timber by the fire, looking quite warm and rosy, and prettier than ever, with her long brown hair falling on her shoulders. Near her was the young striker, who was saying something to her at which she laughed.

After giving orders to his men, Mr. Gurrell saw me, and at once took me aside, with a serious look on his face.

"You are Ponsonby Playfair Monk, the writer," he said. "I know you by reputation although I've never met you before. You have been up the hill yonder. We are on an island, I suppose,—neither land nor sail in sight, eh? Well, I shall hoist a signal on the peak presently. Do you know what island this is?"

"My geography is wholly at fault," I replied.

"You are well acquainted with Ivan Sevruga, I believe," he said with a keen look.

"The name is entirely strange to me."

"He is that bilious-looking fellow who swam ashore with Ione, my daughter," explained Gurrell.

"Oh, indeed, I did not know his name," I said. "I never saw him until yesterday."

"What is your opinion of that explosion?" asked Gurrell, bluntly.

"I'm rather at a loss for an opinion," I replied. I then related to him the explanation Sevruga had given me of his singular behavior at the time of the disaster. Gurrell looked incredulous, and said:

"It's all a lie, depend upon it. He's a dynamite crank, but I've got him now, and he shall not escape."

"But dynamite cranks do not usually trust their precious carcasses in the steamers they demolish," I suggested. This seemed to make a profound impression on Mr. Gurrell, and after scowling for a moment, he said:

"That's so. Of course it might have been done impromptu when he found that I was on board. Still, I believe he's innocent after all. Then it must have been the other one."

"Who?" I asked in surprise.

"Collins," murmured Gurrell, "that young fellow at the fire. He's one of my striking employés, confound him. Now, here is my other supposition: If Sevruga is a dynamiter he is probably a skillful one, and would not commit any blunders. If he placed a bomb in the steamer, set by clockwork, of course he would give himself time to get off at the first port, which is San Pedro, and the bomb would explode after the vessel had continued her voyage. Now, I believe that is just what Collins intended to do, but being a bungler, his fireworks went off prematurely. I know positively that Collins intended to land at San Pedro, while Sevruga was booked for San Diego."

"You seem to be well informed regarding these men."

"I have seen Collins at work in my shops," said Gurrell, "and the purser's book told me the rest. I discovered who you were in the same way."

"I am perplexed regarding this affair," I said. "Sevruga's story, although strange, seemed wholly sincere; but yet I think you wrong Collins by your suspicions."

"No, sir," said Gurrell, decisively, "depend upon it, he's the man. At the same time I wish that I had access to the telegraph and telephone for an hour; I should search for the personal history of Ivan Sevruga. Our situation here has its disadvantages, you see."

At that moment the six sailors approached us in a body, and we perceived that they had not yet commenced work on the cabin. The second officer stood at a distance looking in our direction. The sailors came up with a firm but embarrassed air, and their spokesman said:

"Mr. Gurrell, I hope you'll hear what we've got to say without any hard feelin's, 'cause in our present sitiwation we don't mean no harm by it. We all belong to the Seamen's Ironclad League, and at the last meetin' the League decided to strike on this very day for five dollars a month more wages, and we all took the oath to strike and stand by it. So we've got to strike, you see. Perhaps you'll stand the raise, Mr. Gurrell."

Mr. Gurrell's reply would not look well on paper. It was loud, vigorous, embellished with quaint figures, and wound up with anything but a blessing. He was very angry. When there was a lull, the sailor said:

"Hope you won't be angry, sir. We've got to stand by the strike, but we won't quarrel while we're aground here. We're goin' to put up a cabin beside the fire just to amuse ourselves, and we don't care who goes into it, — you can if you want to."

"You'll build no cabin for me," said Mr. Gurrell, emphatically. "I discharge you all, so make yourselves scarce."

"That'll have to be settled with the Ironclad League, not with us alone," said the spokesman. "We don't bear no ill-will, sir, but we've got to keep the oath."

"You can keep it till you're gray-headed," said Mr. Gurrell, waving them away. The sailors went down the beach a hundred yards, where they built another fire, and began erecting a shelter. Gurrell watched them for a few moments, then turned to me and said suspiciously, "D—n it, I wonder if *they* had anything to do with it."

Just then his glance fell upon the young striker at the fire, who was chatting away merrily with Miss Ione, and she was bending forward with evident interest, and smiling as she listened. Gurrell gave a sort of dissatisfied growl.

"I must go and hoist that signal," he said. "I will leave Ione in your charge while I am gone."

He hastened to the fire and asked Collins to help him in the matter of the signal. Then he said to his daughter:

"Ione, we're going to hoist a signal on the peak. You stay here with Mr. P. P. Monk. Mr. Monk is the author of that little novel called 'Nip and Tuck,' that pleased you so much not long ago."

Presently Mr. Gurrell, the second officer, and Collins went away toward the peak, carrying a long stick with them. The purser was out on the rocks, looking like some strange sea-bird in pursuit of its prey, and I was left with Miss Ione.

"Is n't this delightful, Mr. Monk," she said. "Just think, to be actually shipwrecked in this romantic way! O, I'll have a thrilling story to tell the girls when I get back to the seminary."

Mr. Gurrell and his daughter seemed inspired by the same sanguine courage. To them this dangerous shipwreck was but an incident; they fully expected to be in San Francisco again in a day or two. For my part, I had been seriously contemplating the prospect of residing

on this desert isle for ten years at least.

"I should have asked father to let me go up to the peak with them, but he called me 'Ione,' and I knew it was n't best to say a word," she went on. "Did you really write 'Nip and Tuck'? I was so interested in it that I sat up till midnight to finish it, and failed in physiology next day. What a character Tuck was! I felt like clapping my hands every time he appeared on the scene. What is that young gentleman's name who was talking to me just now? Do you know him?"

"His name is Collins. I am but slightly acquainted with him," I replied.

"Collins? Well, he reminded me of Tuck sometimes, he was so amusing. He said he was one of the strikers that I read about, and told me such comical things about their meetings and the funny speeches that some of the strikers make, that I could n't help laughing. He does n't look like a striker, does he? I always supposed that a striker was a ferocious, intoxicated ruffian, with a club in one hand and a torch in the other; but Mr. Collins was quite well dressed before his coat was shrunk with salt water, and he is really polite and entertaining, and certainly not drunk. He said, though, that I must consider the circumstances in which he is placed, — on an island where prohibition seems to be strictly enforced. But I do not believe that he was ever intoxicated, do you?"

I replied that I certainly hoped not.

"What became of the man who brought me ashore?" asked Ione, after a slight pause.

I told her he was on the peak.

"Do you think my father is safe?" she asked, with some alarm, unconsciously drawing nearer to me.

"Perfectly safe, I think. You seem to fear Mr. Sevruga."

"Is he a friend of yours?" she asked, her eyes opening wide.

"O no. I know but little about him. Why do you ask?"

"I think he knew that the steamer was going to blow up," she whispered. "He terrified me nearly to death when he seized me and carried me out of the cabin; and as he hurried along the deck he kept telling me to cover my ears with my hands, and not to be frightened. I thought he was going to throw me overboard."

My grave suspicions of Ivan Sevruga began to revive.

"Mr. Monk," said Ione, "I feel as if the dinner bell ought to ring. Let us go down to the beach, and see if we can find some lobster salad or something."

"I am afraid that limpets and mussels will be the extent of the *menu*, unless we can get into the good graces of some of the local sea-nymphs, and induce them to bring us some deep-sea delicacies, or even that bag of hard bread that was in the boat."

"That reminds me of Mr. Collins's ridiculous slang. He said that the purser was out on the rocks trying to 'make a mash' on a mermaid. I detest that expression. O, Mr. Monk, have you a fishing line?"

I was obliged to regret that, as I had not anticipated a Spartan picnic on a desert island, my fishing tackle was safely stowed away at home. However, we went down to the beach, and poked about among the briny sea products.

In a few moments we saw Sevruga approaching along the shore. Ione was much alarmed, and begged me to stay close beside her.

"He will not harm you," I said. "He is an unhappy man, and you remind him of some one whom he loved dearly, and who is now dead.

"Is that so," she said softly, and looked at him with pitying interest. Sevruga came up and offered us some curious berries, which grew on a low, thick-leaved plant in the sand, and which he called *tenita* berries; but we were not yet hungry enough to like them. The

tide was going out, and Sevruga said to Ione:

"Mademoiselle, wherever we go in the world, Nature provides us food." And after calling our attention to little indentations in the sand near the edge of the water, which looked as if the tip of a finger had been lightly pressed upon it, he took a short, sharp stick and dug up eight or ten large clams at a depth of about six inches.

Ione suddenly became quite gracious to him, and took great delight in unearthing the big bivalves; she seemed to have lost her fear.

Mr. Gurrell raised his signal, and laid a heap of brush on the peak ready to set on fire when a vessel appeared. When he and the rest returned, we erected some primitive shelters of driftwood and willow boughs around the fire, and dined on clams and mussels baked in the coals. The sailors remained at their own camp-fire, and their employer seemed to ignore their presence. Sevruga and Collins became rivals in entertaining Ione, — each in his own peculiar way, — while Gurrell watched them both with suspicious eyes. During the night we took turns standing guard.

We remained on the island five days, during which time Sevruga read his book, the sailors kept watch from the peak and held mysterious conferences, the second officer, the purser, and Mr. Gurrell planned a raft, with a sail of woven willow bark, I studied the geological formation of the island, and Collins made love to Ione, — to her father's intense indignation. We all became dismally weary of baked clams and mussels.

One morning about ten o'clock a sailor came running from the peak shouting "Sail ho!" It was like an electric shock. Sevruga and Gurrell each caught up fire on pieces of driftwood, and flew up the hill as if running a foot-race. The rest followed in a body, and Ione called out to me to help her up the hill.

When we reached the summit a tall column of smoke was ascending. Away to the northwest was the vessel, her sails shining in the sun. She seemed to be keeping steadily on her course. We brought up armfuls of green brush to make a dense smoke, and swung our coats in the air, but in half an hour it became plain that the ship was fast leaving the island astern.

We were in despair. Sevruga had been one of the most active in signaling, but now he stood in gloomy apathy watching the receding vessel. Ione began to cry silently, and hid her face on her father's arm. The Russian looked at her sadly. Suddenly he said vehemently:

"All go back to camp. I vill try 'nother way to call the ship."

Gurrell looked at him suspiciously.

"No time to lose," said Sevruga. "Go down, and come not back till you hear f'om me."

He seemed so earnest that we went down to the camp, leaving him standing statue-like on the pinnacle, his satchel over his shoulder, — a weird figure. We halted on the shore and looked back toward the peak. Sevruga had disappeared, but the fire still sent up its tall column of smoke.

Suddenly the bald pinnacle reared itself into the air, and immediately the sound of a terrific explosion burst upon us. A cloud of rocks and earth rose on high, and descended like a gigantic hailstorm. Some of the fragments fell near us and even endangered us. Sevruga had made his signal!

Presently I saw something fluttering and circling toward the earth. It fell on the beach, and I ran to pick it up. It was a fragment of a book rudely printed in the Russian language. Not being acquainted with that tongue, I could not discover the character of the work, but I knew that it was the book that I had seen Sevruga perusing so often. Where was the Russian?

Gurrell was already half way up the

hill with material for another fire, and by the time we had another signal smoke ascending we perceived that the vessel had changed her course and was standing in toward the island. The explosion had been heard by those on board.

In the place of the rocky pinnacle of the hill was a large crater made by the explosion. The little black satchel of the Russian must have contained an explosive of prodigious power.

We called Sevruga and searched for him, but we never saw him again. That night the boats of the whaling bark Mystic took us from the island, and a day or two afterwards we were transferred to an Australian steamer, which brought us to San Francisco, where we learned that the other boats of the Santa Inez had been rescued.

I have sometimes fancied that Ivan Sevruga is yet alive. Knowing, perhaps, that he was suspected of blowing up the steamer, he preferred to remain on the island, trusting to fortune to send another ship to his rescue. In that case he would be very willing to have us believe that he perished by the explosion. Yet his beloved book that he always carried with him and studied so intently came fluttering down out of mid-air blown to fragments.

I submitted the fragments to a Russian gentleman of my acquaintance, and was surprised on learning that the book was a translation of the very work on high explosives that I was about to review when I took passage on the Santa Inez. Wherefore was the translation so rudely and quickly printed? Was Sevruga the translator? Who was Ivan Sevruga? I read some time ago of a dangerous escaped lunatic, a Frenchman, who believed himself a persecuted Russian prince, and whose eccentricities took the direction of dynamite. Is it possible that Sevruga was he, or was the strange passenger really a shattered wreck flung out from the dread whirlpool of Russia?

C. E. B.

SHALL UNIVERSITY CULTURE BE MORE WIDELY DIFFUSED?

The University Extension system has become an established part of British education. I will describe its leading features in a few words. The movement originated in the perception that higher culture is confined to too few people. All people cannot go to the university, the university must therefore be brought to the people. University extension consists of a series of lectures on special subjects given by specialists in places accessible to the public. The universities and towns have co-operated in the project. "The university undertakes the educational organization; the town, the funds and local management: the whole constituting a network of local branches, working independently, in association with the universities as a common center."[1] Two classes of persons are reached, those who merely attend the lectures, called the "audiences," and a sprinkling of students who do additional work. "For such audiences and students the movement provides courses of lectures, accompanied with classes, weekly exercises, and examinations for certificates."

Each course upon a single subject consists of twelve lectures, one being given each week. A syllabus containing the substance of the course is printed in pamphlet form and distributed at the

[1] The following quotations are mainly from Mr. Richard G. Moulton's pamphlet, "The University Extension Movement."

opening lecture. It contains, beside an outline of the lecturer's thought, references to books and paragraphs relating to the subject and arranged under appropriate topics. The syllabus also contains an exercise for each work, and this the student is expected to write at home and present to the lecturer for inspection. A class immediately follows or precedes each lecture, and in it the subject matter of the previous lecture is discussed. Those who have prepared their weekly exercises to the satisfaction of the lecturer are given a final examination, not however by the lecturer, but by an appointee of the university. To those who pass certificates are granted for each twelve weeks' course.

An important phase of the extension movement is the connection of its students with the university. By combining single courses an extended plan of study covering three years is formed, and those who successfully complete this work "receive the title of 'Students Affiliated to the University,' and have the right at any subsequent time to proceed to the university, and obtain its degrees with two years' residence in place of three."

Affiliated students are required to complete a special series of courses, a general series, and to pass an elementary examination. The special series is composed of six single courses of lectures, the general series of two single courses belonging to a different group from that of the special series, and the elementary examination comprises Latin and one foreign language, Euclid, books I–III, and algebra to quadratics, unless the student can show in some other way that this preliminary education has been obtained.

The organization on the side of the towns to meet the expenses of the lectures is varied. The funds may be supplied by endowment, by a society with definite subscriptions, by the sale of membership tickets, or by a combination of these methods. The lecturer's fee for a single course is usually forty-five pounds, and if each lecture is repeated the same week at some other extension center the fee is increased by one-half. There are two sessions in the year.

Mr. Moulton says that "where comparison has been possible with work done in the universities themselves, the general advantage of such comparison has been with the extension students." He also cites from the reports of various persons connected with the movement, to show that the new method has obtained a fair footing with the artisan class. On the other hand, one of the leaders of the movement declares that so far as this portion of the community is concerned the effort is a failure.

The first class to reach in America are the well-to-do, or those of some leisure. Some of our present richest people had few opportunities of education when they were young. There are a great number now growing up who cannot very well sequester themselves at a preparatory school and college for six or eight years. If a man is going to make a triumphant competitor in these individualistic days he must begin to work upon his armor soon after he leaves the nursery. He must go through a severe training, lasting many years. But at the same time, society, while opening its doors to the mere rich man, and being amazingly considerate of him in public, and anxious to have its name associated with his or his wife's, is not all admiration of him when he is away; and worthy as he is, he cannot but think on blue days that some of the general love for him is feigned, and dependent on cumbersome external things, not himself. So, if he could combine the right quality of culture and education with his parlor and parks, he feels that he would be able to command the respect due his intrinsic merits. He realizes that if he went through college he might get too much culture, and have his mind taken off the

central good of life, for the getting of actual culture and the getting of millions seem incompatible. But a certain amount of culture he must have, and his sons must have a certain amount of it, just enough to make them at ease at a dinner party of professors, though not so much as to obstruct the money making and money keeping proficiency.

There ought therefore in this country to be no difficulty in getting the university extension system heavily endowed, since it offers learning and cultivation to a class so much in need of them, and so amply able to pay.

Then there is the large class of the comparatively well off, who never expect to be rich but whose love for information is genuine. They cannot send their sons or daughters to college, without that oppressive economy described by Balzac in the family of Eugéne Rastignac. In rather the majority of middle-class families even this deprivation would not pay the bills. Besides, after going through college a son of such a family would be ashamed — and all his friends would be ashamed for him — to take a clerkship for ten dollars a week or a factory position at one dollar and fifty cents a day, although possibly by the time of his graduation the family exchequer would be so drained that the customary legal or medical course would be impracticable. Therefore, since the college man is from the nature of things so raised above every common vocation, it must be a real question of every middle-class family whether their exceptional child can be spared from the humble bread-winning ranks to those of painful and unremunerative culture.

It seems as if university extension had been particularly devised for this class by a special act of creative kindness. Of those who have merely taken a few extension courses, the public will be generous enough not to require brilliant public careers. They may keep their ten dollar positions without humiliation, but they will know more about many inexpensive refinements and pleasures, and will care less about playhouses and secret societies and torchlight processions. Adventitious things will then lose some of their false glamor, and discontent must wane before the perception that riches are the forces and capacities of the individual.

But we cannot be content in this country unless the artisan classes are also reached. Let us see how this can be done. No very large number of the workingmen and women are to be reached by merely planting lecture halls in various parts of a city, and extending a general invitation to the people to come up and be educated. They are tired and indifferent, and want amusement at the end of their monotonous, exhausting ten hours. Moreover, they seem in a certain manner incredulous of the value to them of nice attempts at their cultivation, because all their surroundings are inimical to aspirations after culture.

To win this class the unit of culture should be houses instead of halls. Under the breath it is sometimes admitted, that refined people do not like lectures very well, and we lately heard of a congregation that voted to limit the sermon to ten minutes; but here are people — the laboring people, I mean — who by universal consent have no refinements whatever, except refinements of vice, as temperance women have often led me to infer, and yet we cannot understand why they do not flock gratefully to halls the moment we open the doors and put up a lecture sign. But if in higher circles music precedes and a banquet follows a few remarks to make them palatable, we ought to remember that though we are now of substantially different mould from the masses, and our blood has gone through long ages of straining and purification denied them by Providence and the nature of things, we arose somewhere in far anterior times from the same progenitor, and bear in our constitution

traces of similarity to them. And it is conceivable that this law of recreation is still common to both branches of the original human trunk, and if so, when we go among the ordinary people on our noble mission of mercy and uplifting, pleasure should precede and be ever the companion of set and solid instruction.

An adequate clubhouse would contain, besides a great variety of other things, a hall for lectures, concerts, and other entertainments, rooms for club meetings of adults and young people, a library and reading room, a gymnasium and bath room, apartments for those conducting the work, a dining room and culinary department; but nothing should be adequate at first, and a hall with a picture and piano in it would be a brilliant enough beginning.

The clubhouse must be the center of communal life for the district in which it lies. This is a very simple way of making a neighborhood whose sights and sounds are so oppressive that just to visit it shortens life a few minutes a place to which all sorts of people come in their carriages to be diverted, instructed, or inspired to start a clubhouse of their own. It can transform the most uninteresting and iniquitous spot of the modern city into a social experiment of higher value and attractiveness than is being tried where money flows in rivulets. The well-to-do have no such center for common life, and they too greatly suffer from its absence. The fashionable club approaches the conception; only the several who lay some claims to fashion but cannot pay the fees feel so left out; and the church, when opened at all hours of all days, and supplied with parlors and periodicals and books, as some writer has suggested, will come even nearer to it, because a less number will be left out. I suggest to this advocate of church expansion that he also plead for a church gymnasium, since one of the best prayers and most speedily answered a man or woman can offer is a half hour on the rowing machine. My own fancy leads me to believe that the modern library will have its parlors and gymnasiums, and perhaps become more the nucleus of organic community life than anything else. I am sure the upper people yearn after these experiments in the slums, partly because they feel how little they themselves as yet have learned about the conservation of social energy, and because they mean to profit by the new discoveries.

Some college men have believed that they were more trained by the influences of their secret societies than by the college itself. It would be an education to frequent one of these clubhouses. Those who came would find various proficiencies not possessed by them within their reach, and would want them. The extent to which such houses would open a new world to the tenement population cannot be understood without some acquaintance with tenement-house life.

By this time the people are ready for extension lectures. We need not doubt that they would be acceptable to many under these new conditions, and that they would soon perceptibly raise the character of a wide circle not directly reached by them.

We may be assured that this way of propagating culture is best, from a study of the late manner of treating lunatics. Formerly insane persons were chained in dungeons, but now it is the custom — except in Chicago — to see that sunlight enters their rooms, to supply them with invigorating diet, to put them at easy labor in the open air. Inmates of insane hospitals live beyond comparison more hygienically than inmates of city tenement districts, and the former often recover. So the day has come when social maladies, both of mind and body, should be treated with sunlight and pure air, and a generous diet, and music. A weekly excursion to the country would probably improve the morals of the people of the slums more than a weekly lec-

ture, but if the outing were preparatory to the lecture the latter would attain its maximum of effectiveness. Just as attempts to reason nervous patients into health have given place to direct physical treatment and hygiene, in whatever is undertaken for the artisan he should first be given the opportunity

> To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
> The wind into his pulses.

Hence the perennial importance of pleasure in the schedule of education.

A lady who has been active in work for the young people of lower New York writes: "The dancing evenings are not only pleasant to me for the sake of the enjoyment of the boys and girls, but in thinking over the Guild work in relation to the two clubs [the one for boys and the other for girls], it seems to me that these evenings of all others have had the most satisfactory and refining influence." The other evenings referred to aim at more direct instruction. Thus we shall overcome the difficulties of reaching the artisan class with university extension.

Morrison J. Swift.

THE TOUCH OF FATE.

As Esther stood before the gate
Where sat the king in royal state,
    Knowing that should she vainly sue
    Her doom was death, yet tho' she knew
Content the issue to await:

So stand I here to test my fate,
I, threatened with a loss as great,
Not death, but life apart from you.—
                As Esther stood.

But Esther, love, was bidden straight
To enter, by her royal mate,
    And won because her heart was true.
    So shall not I, dear heart, stand too,
Crowned with success, erect, elate,
                As Esther stood?

Chas. S. Greene.

THE OLD MASTER.

Jack Roselyn's invitation for the autumn shooting had been accepted with a shade of reluctance. The invitation was cordial,—the supplement to the invitation alarming to a man less fond of the sport than of the stir of city life.

"Roselyn Lodge is famous for its game and its solitude. The partridge shooting is unequaled, — Shalto never misses it," he had said with a frankness altogether apologetic.

My appreciation of game rated as moderate; my detestation of solitude as unlimited; moreover, at the last moment Shalto, the Northern-bred Roselyn, declined to accompany me. And yet, in defiance of these subtle protests, Jack prevailed. Although just arrived, I was none the less actually domiciled at Roselyn Lodge, down in the remotest region of old Virginia.

Lighting a cigar, I sat down to await Jack, who became visible ten minutes later, crossing the fields. Half a dozen men armed with fowling pieces, burdened with plethoric game bags, and followed by as many dogs, attested the verity of Jack's assertion in reference to the game. I owned that it might be equally true regarding the solitude. The reflection was slightly perturbing.

Jack dispelled it when he bustled in, calling for lights and ringing for hot water in a cheery, boisterous fashion, pleasant as it was inspiriting.

"Tom, my boy, dress as fast as you can, — we are late. Hallo there, Gabe, you scoundrel, see that Mr. Bellamy has everything he wants," hospitably insisted Jack. "My mother is punctual as the clock itself, — dinner at seven while the gunning lasts, and — well, the fellows are hungry."

"Who are the fellows?"

"Bernard, and Tallent, and fellows that you know, — don't stop, Tom; Patience is already in the drawing room."

"Patience!"

"O, Patience is my cousin; you don't know her, — she has never been off the place. Twenty minutes of seven, Tom," and Jack rushed away as noisily as he came in.

Before dinner was half over I discovered that Mrs. Roselyn singled me out by a delicately implied preference, which would have been supremely charming in beautiful Patience. I found it delightfully beguiling in my diplomatic hostess. We established a confidential footing at once. With no trouble to myself, I evidently made a most favorable impression. Naturally, when we returned to the drawing room I again seated myself near Mrs. Roselyn.

"Take my advice and go to Patience. You won't affront me; besides, I can trust you," she said, with a significant nod toward Patience.

"I may be guilty of any folly," I rejoined, observant that while Jack, in character of host stood aloft, he was attentive to every syllable uttered by his fair cousin. "What beautiful eyes your niece has."

"She is not my niece. She was not Colonel Roselyn's niece. Patience is a distant relative."

She worked away at her crewels a moment in silence.

"Do you know," she began, in a half mysterious, half confidential tone, "that I am tempted to ask your advice, perhaps allow you to point out my error. An old woman, however, never precisely enjoys being convicted in a mistake. There are so few who could do that; but — you are one of them."

"I fear your confidence is misplaced," I interposed, conscious of the flattery.

"My dear Mr. Bellamy, I know you better than you know yourself. Confidence in you is never misplaced. Jack thinks it, and I — agree with Jack."

"Jack is partial. We are such old friends."

"I confess that he is not only very partial to you himself, but he has predisposed me to the same weakness," admitted Mrs. Roselyn with an affable smile. "Did you ever find Jack susceptible?"

"On the contrary, I found him impervious to the charms of the fair sex."

"He wandered over Europe with you for six years."

"Nearly seven."

"He returned six months ago."

"Yes."

"In the six years he never evinced an alarming preference for any woman. In the six months he has gone mad for love of Patience."

My unconcealed surprise was sufficient answer. She pursued the subject, as if it was one of mutual deprecation.

"You will still further share my solicitude, Mr. Bellamy, when I tell you that Jack's father had a morbid horror of a marriage between Jack and Patience, and an equal eagerness for her to marry Shalto. Colonel Roselyn was inflexible in his commands, and this one, I insist, must be obeyed."

She fixed a keen, anxious scrutiny upon my face. A suspicion dawned upon me that Mrs. Roselyn was talking with a purpose.

"I am at a loss to conjecture Colonel Roselyn's objection."

"I can't explain it any more than you can," she replied quickly. "I love the child as if she were my very own. The truth is, Mr. Bellamy, this terrible fear that Jack might marry Patience tortured Colonel Roselyn. It amounted to a mania. It preyed upon his mind. I imbibe his intensified prejudice. I oppose it because he opposed it."

"Your opposition is merely in deference to his wishes?" I interpolated, not willing to confess how befogged I was.

"I share his wishes," was her emphatic reply. "His will was law in this household. If the two were living I could not conjecture the result, for Jack is equally set upon having his own way. Mr. Bellamy, of all others your influence is paramount with Jack, — will you not persuade him to go abroad again?"

I began to see that unanimity of sentiment and Jack's friendship did not exhaust the possible explanations of Mrs. Roselyn's extreme complaisance.

"Is it best?"

She heard me impatiently.

"Yes, it is best, but you don't believe it. Before Jack returned, Shalto came every autumn,— he came constantly. Shalto loves Patience, and Patience loved Shalto until Jack appeared. You know their singular resemblance. They are almost identical. Jack is more resolute and more fascinating: Shalto, his cousin Shalto, a less determined, less charming Jack. The difference is subtle and perilous. We must crush this matter before it advances one step further."

She had at least given me the solution of Shalto's enigmatical conduct.

"Shalto has never spoken, — Jack is still free," she went on rapidly, "I ask no promise of you. Sooner or later you will see as I do. No one else has such influence over Jack as you have; no other person, not even his mother, has so completely his confidence,— you know that."

"Perhaps you are right."

"Exactly. I am right, and be assured that before all is done you will wish you had thrown your influence against Jack in this matter. Go out now and smoke with that party in the chilly moonlight, or go to Patience. I can't be selfish enough to detain you any longer beside a dull old woman."

Thus dismissed, I preferred the latter alternative.

Jack's cousin was just inside the window. Bernard and Tallent, and indeed most of the guests, stood outside, willing to forego Havanas for talk with Patience. Jack was at no pains to conceal the intense interest with which his thoughts centered upon that white-robed figure and sweet face. Jack vindicated the rule of his family. He held to his purpose, and that purpose shaped itself to the most casual observer.

Good nights were said reluctantly, but Mrs. Roselyn spurned a deviation from her own decrees, and the clock had chimed eleven.

Perhaps after the liquid tones of Patience's voice, our own became discordant. At all events we soon dropped off to our respective quarters. Doffing none of my evening costume, I sought solace in another cigar. "After all," I reflected, "Jack is born to luck. He has this great estate — he is to have this lovely girl to wife. True, the one is famed for its solitude, and the other is tacitly forbidden." This little twinge of envy had faded into a thin film of smoke, when Jack unceremoniously threw open the door.

"Tom, old fellow, give me a cigar. I I have something to say before I turn in. Well, Tom, I am determined to marry my cousin Patience."

He paused almost awkwardly, and waited for my reply.

"You are so confoundedly fortunate, Jack. She is the loveliest woman I ever met. Your mother has explained the situation, — is it all settled?"

"Yes, I am fortunate," — the response, syllabled slowly, suggested uncertainty "but it is not settled definitely. To be candid, I have waited for your advice before speaking, although Patience is aware of and returns my affection."

"That is self-evident."

"Very good. Now, Tom, knowing the circumstances as you do, from an adverse standpoint, do you say that any reasonable obstacle bars this marriage?"

"I see none whatever — "

"One moment, Tom. It is not too late to wrench myself free by going abroad again for years. I am not pledged. I have not spoken."

"I understand that, but I see no — "

"Wait!" again interrupted Jack, the intentness of his gaze intensified by a solicitude altogether new in him. "The happiness of another is in question. I wish to do what is right. You are my friend, — you are a clear minded, disinterested third party, possessed of all the facts. I don't deny that your opinion will weigh heavily with me. I am safe to get an honest one. Now I ask if you see any reason why I should not marry Patience?"

"Is your father's objection the only one?" I inquired.

"The only one, — on my honor, Tom."

"Then I call it an absurd whim — "

"Absurd!" broke in Jack — "I call it brutal, — don't advise me to regard it."

He made the request in the tone of one not sure of my acquiescence. Some taint of the father's prejudice marred the son's satisfaction.

Possibly fatigue began to overpower my faculties, for the heartfelt encouragement on my tongue's end seemed withheld of utterance. A sense of appalling responsibility possessed me, — a feeling that my influence must not promote this marriage. Arousing myself from this undefinable sensation by an effort of will, I answered decidedly:

"I say that such a prejudice is a phase of insanity, pernicious and mischievous in its effects. Marry the woman of your choice, Jack. Why should a mere fossilized folly — one may call it — interfere with your life? Marry your cousin Patience in spite of the fates themselves. You will be the envy of the fellows."

Jack brightened perceptibly.

"Thanks, old fellow. Your advice banished the last misgiving. I am safe now to marry Patience, unless she herself says me nay. I wish mother did not share that miserable antipathy of my

father's. You have had the deciding voice, Tom. I shall marry Patience now. Good night."

Jack rose, tossed away the cigar, stretched his fine limbs, and strode off to his own room.

Closing the windows, I made haste to bed. Sleep stole upon me swiftly. The slumbrous calm of the locality conduced to luxurious rest. Whether an hour or a minute had passed I could not conjecture, when a familiar voice seemed to call me.

Starting up nervously, I peered around the chamber. Outside gleamed a cold, bright moonlight. Inside hovered an opaque gloom. Towering trees reared their majestic crests above the mansion. Shafts of moonlight crept down between the giant trunks. Not a leaf quivered. Not a sign of human life broke the silence. There was an incessant wash, wash, of the river, a mysterious whirr of the pines, as their needles stealthily descended to the ground below. A flock of snipe wailed across the meadows to the gleaming stretches of the river. The hush appeared deathlike to an ear attuned to the sounds of a great city.

"No one astir," I muttered, sleepily sinking back on my pillows, while my glance shifted drowsily from the north windows, with their sculptured outlook, to a large west window.

Thoroughly awakened, I sat bolt upright and stared steadily. The figure of a man defined itself outside the window, in the cloudless moonlight. His hands moved over the panes as if in stealthy search of some means of entrance.

"Who are you?" I demanded in threatening tones.

The hands never paused. I rubbed my eyes and stared again. Something in the strength and power of the large frame resembled Jack. The face was scowling, — a clear-cut face, malign, desperate, and handsome withal.

"Confound your insolence: what do you want?" I shouted.

My voice echoed in the great, vault-like room. I dreaded that the household might be disturbed. My fears were apparently groundless. Neither the family nor the intruder paid the smallest heed to the shout.

"Who are you?" I yelled again.

No one answered. The man persisted in his attempts to enter the window. I had time to note the distinctive peculiarity of his attire, — a pale blue shirt front and diamond studs, — also that the lithe, wiry fingers were very white. That I was awake seemed a matter of supreme indifference. My savagely spoken alarms failed of intimidation.

Without more ado I sprang from the bed and ran to the window. The man had disappeared. I flung it open and looked out. He had vanished. A smooth-shaven, grassy lawn sloped away from the house on that side, altogether unshaded by trees. The windows were in the second story, fully thirty-five feet above the ground. I scanned the tenantless lawn, gazed into the remote shrubbery, calculated the distance from window to ground, and uttered a single sentence, more epigrammatic than moral.

Never in all my life had event or even accident confounded me so completely. Mistake or delusion was a sheer impossibility. For some seconds the man had been clearly before me. I ran over the details of his appearance in an audible tone, — the evil, wrathful face, strangely familiar; the wiry, white fingers, capable of a clutch of steel; the azure shirt and diamond studs.

I shut the window, taking care to press down the springs above it; then, somewhat chilled and wholly vexed, returned to bed. Drawing the coverlets over me I might have fallen asleep, had not the door opened and Jack appeared.

"Tom, old fellow, what 's the row? Are you ill, that you are banging and slamming the window at this hour of the night? What has come to you, old boy?"

"What has come to me," I growled, "I don't know what has come to me, but when your thieves are nothing short of acrobats and magicians, a man may be pardoned some noise."

"My dear fellow, you have been smoking too much. My windows are next yours. I have not been to bed — in fact, never more wakeful. Besides, there are neither theives nor tramps within a hundred miles of you. Forget your city precautions and go to sleep," Jack responded in the most skeptical of voices. "It 's the tobacco, Tom. Good night."

He laughed again, and closed the door in his usual loud, impetuous way.

We breakfasted early, and tooled over the road behind four shining bays at a breakneck speed. We were going to the yearly meet on the Bradish place, ten miles away. A dewy aroma of pines and wracks of gray cool mists still hung upon the matutinal atmosphere. Jack held the ribbons, and gave perhaps unusual attention to the team, for he was rather thoughtful, until the excitement of the chase effaced other matters.

"I am glad that you appreciate the sport, Mr. Bellamy," remarked Major Bradish, when, toward sunset, we happened near each other. "Our annual meet always reminds me of my old friend, Colonel Roselyn. Year after year he came out with the hounds. Jack is very like his father, — saving the sky blue shirts and diamond studs," added the Major laughing softly. "The Colonel made a specialty of pale blue shirts."

"Confoundedly queer specialty!" I exclaimed, recalling the distinctive peculiarity of my nocturnal visitant.

"Never wore a shirt of any other color," asseverated Major Bradish. "He was a determined old man. I never knew him to relinquish anything he meant to accomplish; a splendid fellow, but a bit too determined. Here comes Jack — eh — there are the hounds."

In a moment he had spurred his horse and was after them.

"Halt, Tom!" called Jack. "They are sure to double at that hill, — wait here."

I took his advice, and checked my horse, while the baying pack receded swiftly in the distance. We were in a ravine in heavy timber, too dense for undergrowth. The setting sun glimmered through crest and bole of the ancient trees. A shadowy gloom thickened beneath and crept slowly upward.

"I know this spot of old," Jack remarked, as he removed his hat and allowed the breeze to blow on his dark brown head. "Father always halted here when the hounds ran this way. He used to take his stand over at that red oak — God! Who is that?"

We had turned simultaneously. Each followed with his gaze Jack's index finger — neither saw the red oak. In the unlit expanse stood the selfsame figure of the man I had seen at my chamber window, — the identical pale blue shirt and diamond studs; the unchangeable rage and grief depicting itself on the grim features. He glared at Jack in savage fury, — a desperate, voiceless passion, held by some invisible power from venting its seething fire upon him. In petrified amazement we both encountered those furious eyes.

"Father!"

Jack's voice was high and shrill. It seemed ages, and yet before he had syllabled the one word, "Father," the delusion, or whatever it might be, was simply — not there.

Whether presence or spirit, real or impalpable, the desperate, Satanic menace in every lineament sent a shiver through my whole being. Jack straightened himself in the saddle. Just then his face was as stern and defiant as that of the invincible old Colonel might ever have been.

"It is the man I saw at my window last night, Jack," I said, conscious of a certain relief that hound and hunter were running straight down upon us.

"If ever I beheld my father — infuriated as he sometimes became — he was there, under that red oak: but I'll marry Patience," Jack said in reckless resolve.

"We must stop smoking, — that's it," I replied, a shame-faced conviction upon me that we were both absurd.

"Tom,— don't mention this to mother and Patience. They might imagine that — that —" Jack actually hesitated — "his opposition to our attachment — had — well — confound it, Tom,— women are full of fancies, and we expect anything of father."

Plainly a vivid recollection of the tenacious will and hostile fiat of his father tinged Jack's view of the case. The hack of an everyday, prosaic world, I accredited some mental excitement or undue disturbance of the nervous system with the strange effect. Nevertheless, a painful sense of complicity in some crime oppressed me. Twenty times I asked myself of what I had been guilty, and mentally proved again and again that nothing criminal weighed upon my conscience.

We had just time to dress for a very late dinner. A slender figure in white was descending the stairs as I came out of my room. It was Patience, looking more lovely than ever.

"O, Mr. Bellamy, where is Jack?" she asked. "I do so want him to fasten this bracelet, — he knows just how." She held up a smooth white arm, and raised those magnificent eyes, without the least effort at coquetry.

"You arrogate undue sagacity to Jack. I am sure I can fasten it."

My reply was merely a ruse to detain her. She accepted my offer quite simply.

"There now, did I not tell you that Jack was the only person who understood this fastening? He never fails me," she cried out triumphant at finding her boast verified in my failure.

"Then don't you fail him," was my careless reply. "Women always do when a man stakes everything upon them."

"Do they?" she questioned in naïve surprise. "But not when they really care?"

"All the difference lies there."

"I am promised to Jack, and I will keep the promise," she went on with a soft, unembarrassed candor charmingly quaint and sweet. "I'll go into the library,— he sometimes waits there for a little quiet word before dinner."

Patience gathered up her skirt. An expectant light beamed in the fine eyes, her face glowed with color, she moved past me so gracefully that I stood watching her flit down to the library. Then I hurried to the drawing room across where I found not only Mrs. Roselyn but Jack.

Two minutes later the door opened, and Patience stood on the threshold. An ashen pallor overspread her face, — a wild affright glared in her eyes. She shivered violently, and appeared helplessly unable to answer the alarmed inquiries of Jack and his mother.

Mrs. Roselyn at once ordered a glass of wine. "What ails you, Patience?" she insisted, but the girl would only cry out in short, nervous sobs, and bury her face on her aunt's shoulder.

"What is it, my darling? Tell me for God's sake," implored Jack.

She strove to speak, but always ended in ague-like shudderings.

"Drink this wine instantly, Patience. I say you shall."

Mrs. Roselyn spoke peremptorily, and holding the glass to her pale lips, almost forced the frightened girl to swallow the contents.

"Now I insist upon knowing what has happened."

The positive command was not to be disregarded.

"Don't cry out again. You are foolishly alarmed. Answer me at once."

This assumed severity had the effect the wise woman intended, —a diversion of mind.

"Tell us what has happened, — my darling,—"

"O, Jack, — no, no, — not that, — you must not call me that," she gasped, breaking into passionate sobs.

We glanced at each other without a word.

"What is the matter with you?" sharply demanded the elder lady.

"I — I — I — don't know, — in the library," she tried to say, "I can't tell — what — what frightened me, — O aunt, — O Jack, — you must go, — it is wrong."

Mrs. Roselyn's countenance became curiously inscrutable.

"Come, come, child! They must have a better light in the library. You shall take a brandy and soda, — it's the very best thing for nervousness," and the mistress of the house, quick and decisive in manner and movement, abruptly hurried Patience away to the dining room. When they returned the guests had assembled, and the hands of the clock pointed to one minute of seven.

"Come, Mr. Bellamy, you may go in to dinner with me," my hostess said, adding in a lower tone, "and you may sift the mystery of Patience's fright in the library."

"I confess an utter lack of explanation," was my reply.

"If you knew these Roselyns, nothing would surprise you that they might do. They never give up," she retorted irrelevantly.

"Then you think some painful fancy of her uncle's disapprobation"—I began—

"Ah, Mr. Bellamy, I don't know what to think. In life my husband was capable of anything to carry his point. It is beyond your influence now, but for the sake of my poor little gentle Patience, I wish Jack had left her to the second rate charm of Shalto."

That night we took counsel with Mrs. Roselyn in the library. Patience had been banished early to her own room.

"Jack, what is wrong with Patience?" demanded his mother. "She refuses to tell me. Was it your father?"

"She asked the question as if it was the most natural thing imaginable to behold the iron-willed old man again. The potent influence of his mailed presence seemed never to relax.

"Mother, your folly astonishes me!" impatiently exclaimed Jack. "I supposed you of all others too sensible for such absurdity. Patience needs change; say that she may marry me in a fortnight."

Mrs. Roselyn shook her head, in persistent adherence to a negative, upon which that and every argument was shattered.

"No, — decidedly no, my boy. You and Mr. Bellamy may as well give over coaxing the old woman. I cannot forbid your marriage. I will not aid nor consent to it. Your father left me in no doubt as to his mind on that point, and Jack,"— the imperative old lady actually blushed, —"it may be folly, but I believe that your father will make good his resolve in life to prevent this marriage."

Having risen to the utterance of this strange conception, Jack's mother subsided at once into self vindication. "His objection must be mine. I have none for myself. Of one thing I am certain, such an absorbing, haunting dread must have had some strong cause."

In bitter disappointment Jack bent down and kissed her, then walked away to the door.

"Understand me," he said before closing it, "if Patience consents, I will marry her at once."

The next evening Jack stepped into my room on the way to his own.

"We've talked it over, Tom, — it's all right," he announced in pardonable excitement. "We are to be married in a fortnight. Patience has consented. I say, Tom, she is an angel."

Finding no disposition on my part to dispute the assertion, Jack departed, whistling an aria and breaking into occasional loud notes of song. We found Patience quite restored to her gentle vivacity and soft bloom.

"Jack has told you, Mr. Bellamy," she shyly said, when late in the evening we were a moment alone on the piazza. "You said I must not fail him. Do you think I am quite right now?"

Her magnificent eyes were never more pleading or wistful, — her sweet tones never more plaintive. Some intangible obstacle rose like a filmy curtain between herself and her promised husband,— a nameless power, the subtle mastery of a will shorn of its humanity ten years agone.

"I say you are entirely right," I assured her. "If you love him, marry him; there is no cause for delay or —"

In spite of a tremendous effort I could not go on. She was resting her cheek against the trellis. Dark green ivy leaves clustered about her shapely head. One hand toyed restlessly with a loose tendril. Suddenly the beautiful eyes distended in swift terror. The brightness blanched out of every lineament, — the smile was arrested as if she had turned to stone before it had time to leave her lips. She gasped, bent her head forward slightly, and again confronted that visible ideal or fancy recognized as the dead master of Roselyn Lodge.

Just outside the trellis stood that terrible semblance of the old Colonel, — so close, so horribly close, that the writhing rage, the diabolical menace, was appalling. The flickering light seemed to emphasize every detail of his appearance. The baleful glitter of his eyes, the ferocity of his features, the cerulean shade of the shirt-front, the sparkle of the diamond studs,— all forced themselves into peculiar distinctness. His scowling gaze shifted indescribably from the girl to myself. Again that sensation of conscious guilt possessed me. It was an instant of such peculiar fear as seldom falls to the experience of man.

"Take me away," faintly whispered Patience.

Drawing her arm within mine I hurried through the hall to the stairway. She stopped abruptly on the lower step. Drear misery in her countenance stirred the depths of my compassion.

"Uncle Roselyn never gave up," she said under her breath.

"You must have change of scene," I interrupted.

"It won't matter," was the hopeless reply. "Ah, my poor Jack, — good night Mr. Bellamy." She moved on a step, then turned back. "Don't you see?" she added, in the same suppressed, breathless voice. "It could not have been a mere whim. There was some dreadful mystery known only to uncle. I dare not defy him."

She left me with a growing belief that in the end that other Roselyn would triumph. Then I resolved to quit smoking, and thought of how the men at the club would laugh at what must be absurd imaginings. How I would laugh at myself when I left these secluded, fanciful people, and returned to the scoffing, workaday world, and boon companions who accounted nothing real but dollars and cents.

Before the chime of midnight broke in upon our table, a telegram reached the Lodge, summoning me back to New York. My father was dying.

Jack gave a hasty order for the carriage. "You can barely catch the early train by starting at once," he said. "But it is hard on me to have you go just at this time, — you understand?"

A nod of assent signified my comprehension of his meaning.

"Only a long fortnight between myself and happiness," he added, utterly incapable of suppressing his gay spirits.

I envied him more at that moment than at any period of his unclouded career. So handsome, blithe, and rich, and the beloved of beautiful Patience. Just one drop of alloy seemed a bare justice to less fortunate friends.

"The fellows have all agreed to stay until it is over, Tom," he said as we started down to the carriage.

"Jack!" His mother opened her door abruptly. The candle in her hand flickered as she stepped into the draughty passage. "Where is Patience? Why is she so late tonight?"

"Patience, mother? Little Patience has been dreaming these two hours," laughed Jack.

"Dreaming, no doubt, but where? It is so strange of Patience to keep me waiting to say goodnight."

"Pardon her tonight for forgetting it," began Jack with comical significance.

"She is not in her room, — where is she?" demanded Mrs. Roselyn, observing neither manner nor meaning.

"Not in her room?" echoed Jack, a dire alarm leaping into his voice.

"No, the fire is out, the bed untouched, the room empty. Patience is missing," was the concise response.

"Missing? Nonsense! Some of the servants are sick in the cabins, and they have come for Patience. It is always Miss Patience with the servants you know, mother," half irritably insisted Jack.

"She is not in the cabins. Something has happened to Patience."

Mrs. Roselyn made the assertion in her own direct way, a convicting force in its brevity.

"Tom, come at once, for God's sake help me to find Patience," almost implored Jack.

"If you don't find her in twenty minutes, ring the tower bell and rouse the servants," ordered his mother in clear, decisive tones. "Something has happened to Patience."

II.

Sleet and rain splashed in our faces. Mire and mud bespattered horses and horsemen. The steady tramp of the one, and clank, clank of the sabres of the other, ceased their dull monotone. We had halted for the night.

How much of rest might be obtained no one dared conjecture. The reconnoissance had been long and toilsome. The men looked weary and spiritless, the officers just as weary, with an ill concealed chagrin added thereto. Shalto Roselyn closed his field glass and motioned with his shapely white hand toward a forest of giant trees on our left.

"Another blunder. We shall be in luck to reach camp again."

"What do you mean, Shalto."

"There," he replied, with a contemptuous laugh, "is the landmark by which I know that we are at least forty miles off the route outlined for us. Tom, we have marched all day straight into a trap."

"Do you recognize the region?"

Captain Roselyn drew on his gauntlet before making answer.

"That heavy timber to the left is on the Bradish place. On the other side of these pines is the river. Ten miles down the river is Roselyn Lodge. We are the outposts of a force too far in the enemy's country, and mark me, Tom, twelve hours will not pass before they are down on us."

Shalto glanced apprehensively toward the dense pine woods. Their grizzly stems, bristling in natural *chevaux-de-frise*, might conceal the enemy, thousands strong. Every bridlepath was familiar to the habitants of the country side, while we were utterly ignorant of its topography. In our hearts every man of us blamed the general.

The brigade had been sent out from the army of the Potomac with a week's rations, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. The officers were skeptical of any information acquired by the general, but we all agreed upon two facts, which would never be embodied in report or narration. The facts were these: that our commander was a fool, our guide a knave. The general felt satisfied that he had fired the houses of a few simple farm folk, captured a foraging party of three men and an officer, and

vindicated his belligerent intent by shooting them within the hour as guerillas. The general would send in a blatant report, if as Shalto said, we had the "luck" to reach camp again,— and the kindly drapery of military reticence would fall on his blundering folly.

Shalto turned away, abruptly adding in a dejected tone, "My aunt and Patience are in no danger from us, but who could have thought we should ever be enemies!"

Two years of separation and war had failed to efface his beautiful cousin from Shalto's heart. Nevertheless, a certain reproachful bitterness attested how far from sanguine this love of so many years had become.

The fires smoked and hissed in a vain effort to burn in spite of the rain. Fatigue seemed to cast an unusual silence over the officers hovering about our fire. Even Shalto, whose spirits never flagged, puffed his meerschaum in comparative reticence. The smouldering mass of wet fagots struggled into an occasional weak flare-up of flame, which threw a fitful, weird light over the naked trunks of the tall pines and still figures of the tired troopers, with that pelting rain freezing upon boot and overcoat. Captain Roselyn stretched his booted legs to the fire and pillowed his head on a decayed stump, in evident belief that he had sequestrated a comfortable lodging for the night. Luxury is comparative. We had come to think the campfire and a mossy bed on the bosom of mother earth a very enviable ease.

Shalto, oppressed by that omnipresent sense of danger, soon left his damp couch to scrutinize narrowly the priming of his pistols.

"Videttes are on every road and sheep path," he said reflectively, as he strove to peer into the blackness of the December night. "I will make the rounds again, Tom; I can't —"

Shalto's voice broke short off. There was a sudden overwhelming thunder of hoofs — a yell — a volley of bullets cutting the air with hideous whizz — a terrific slash of sabers. The enemy was upon us, riding us down with resistless momentum.

Every man snatched his weapons. Shalto's clear tones could be heard, giving swift orders. The flash of the carbines cast a fiendish glitter upon scores of drawn sabers. Now and then a sonorous voice rose easily above the noise — always unhurried in its commands — always cool, even, and positive. It was the voice of their leader.

We made for the moment a desperate stand. They cut us down like mown hay. The smouldering fire flamed up into an ill-starred blaze, glaring upon the short, sharp conflict.

"Down with them! Remember poor Royal!" shouted the commander. The reminder seemed to nerve the enemy to fiercer onslaught, pitiless, overwhelming, and impetuous.

It ended soon enough, with a result so disastrous as to be summed like all totality, in painfully brief terms. An unusual number of killed, a few wounded, and most of the hapless remainder captured. How could we stand with that mystic cry, "Remember poor Royal!" ringing out in the night, firing their hearts to a barbaric valor that swept everything before it.

The odds scored heavily against us from the outset, but in all the flights of possibility we had never counted the cost of that defeat. It was the work of a moment to strike down my hands and knock the weapons from my grasp. The firing ceased as abruptly as it began. A desultory shot or two at some figure scudding away into the darkness, a rapid securing of horses and scant baggage, followed by a rough hustling together of the prisoners.

"Here they are, major. Three commissioned officers among them!" called out one of the guards, pushing me rudely forward.

In the lurid glare of the camp-fire I became aware that Shalto was beside me, his face blackened by powder and blood on his hands.

"Aye, we'll show them we have n't forgotten poor Royal," answered the deep tones of the major, flinging himself from his horse and stepping into the reddish glare of the flame. "Where are they?"

His glance ran over the group and rested on us. He recoiled with a look so confounded, so horror stricken, that the excited talk hushed, and his men crowded in curious gaze about their leader. In spite of the wet, heavy burnous, the dripping hat, and bronzed face, it was still magnificent Jack Roselyn. The major of the Virginia cavalry recoiling from us in such horror was no other than Jack.

"Shalto! Tom!" he ejaculated huskily. "God! Is it you?"

He brushed the rain from his beard, as if to gain a moment to recover himself; then, in somewhat of the same old pleasant way, held out his hand.

"I would rather have captured any one else, fellows. I won't bid you welcome, for you are not. It's as bad as bad can be," Jack said with a warm grasp of the hand and a wistful regret in his accent, as if he minded him of days, not far agone, when we were best of friends.

"Yes, it 's as bad as bad can be," he muttered, in gloomy repetition, "and no help for it now."

Five minutes later we were galloping madly through the pines by a narrow road to the river. Major Roselyn's *coup* had been neatly and adroitly executed. He neither drew rein nor broke his gallop until after midnight.

A half resentful disappointment possessed me that Jack persistently held aloof from us. The rain, falling for forty-eight hours in such torrents, relaxed its incessant dash. The temperature lowered. Occasional feathery flakes had steadily increased into a light, softly descending snow. After passing their own outposts the troopers permitted their horses to fall into a leisurely trot, and Jack, for the first time, rode in between Shalto and myself. A white coating of snow tipped his shoulders, encrusted his hat, and frosted his long mustache.

"Jack, where is Patience?" asked Shalto in a low voice.

Even in the darkness I fancied a pained compassion legible upon Jack's countenance.

"Patience is at Roselyn Lodge, with my mother," he answered slowly. "I have not seen Patience for more than two years, not since that last night, Tom," he went on in reluctant admission. "She will not see me."

"Why?" Eager animation echoed in Shalto's tone.

The men, talking among themselves and to the prisoners in lively comparison of adventure, appeared for the nonce heedless of our conversation.

"She made her resolve that night. From that moment to this, neither more nor less, has she swerved from her decision."

Shalto leaned nearer. The intensity of long suppressed hope quivered in his voice.

"Jack, is there the smallest chance that I may see her while I am a prisoner?" he asked.

Again the selfsame pained compassion came over the features of Jack. He averted his eyes as if not ready to reply.

"I wish to God you were safe with your regiment, Shalto," was his singularly irrelevant answer. "It 's as bad as bad can be."

"Then she ranges me among her enemies, and is bitter against me?" rejoined Shalto in evident dejection.

"Patience does not think of you as an enemy."

Major Roselyn's horse gave a plunge

forward. The men closed up around the prisoners. We moved on at a brisk pace. Before dawn the Virginia cavalry had reached their camp.

The great roomy barn serving as guardhouse became a castle of luxury in our sight. Even the hard fate of captivity faded into satisfaction at the prospect of rest. Stretching my cramped limbs at full length in the grain bin assigned us, I sank at once into a dreamless slumber. Inexpressible weariness held me in its grip.

The short winter day had waned when I drowsily opened my eyes, conscious in a dim way of a familiar voice greeting either Shalto or myself. It proved no delusion. The speaker was Jack's valet, Gabe, who had been my frequent attendant in the old days at Roselyn Lodge. His mulatto face glowed with pride as he brought water for Shalto, and helped him to present a more tidy appearance.

"It 's Mr. Bellamy, to be sure now!" he exclaimed, seeing me awake. "Yes, sah, Marse Jack he tole me to took keer ob you en Marse Shalto, tell he gits long back. 'T aint much we can guv company now, but I 'll fotch de bes' in de pot."

"Where has Jack gone?" asked Shalto, drawing on his long boots.

"We nebber tells nuffin', Marse Shalto," rejoined Gabe, with all the importance of an aid-de-camp or private secretary. "Me 'n Marse Jack is too ole sojers fer dat. I 'd cut my tongue out afo' I 'd let on as Marse Jack 's done gone to the headdest gin'el long o' dem prisoners. It 's er powerful pity you did n't stay home, — gentlemen like you."

"But you see we never dreamed of being tripped up in this summary style, Gabe," laughed Shalto.

"God-a-mighty!" ejaculated Gabe, stopping short in profound amazement. "Didn't you know my young mastah was in dis army? You mought 'a' knowed you could n't git fur afo' Marse Jack 'd cotch you with his critter regiment. Clar to God it 's pow'ful curus dem folks from de Norf ain't feared to come heah, when dey 's sartain sure dat Marse Major 's about."

"It 's confoundedly true, Gabe, that he 's bagged us," good-naturedly assented Shalto.

"Tooby sho', Marse Shalto," retorted Gabe in triumph. "My young mastah is de blazinest, fiercest fighter libbin'; de debbil hisse'f could n't stan' up afo' him. I 'specs him to fotch in de whole bressed Norfern army. We ain 't got no chiny cups for yo' coffee, gentlemen," Gabe added by way of apology, as he served us coffee.

Our spirits revived after the long sleep and the refreshment of supper. The guardhouse was dry, and in some measure comfortable. The light of pine torches imparted a weird ghostliness to the big, dusty, shadowy building. Down a long aisle or passage-way hung with cobwebs, past grain bins and hay racks, we could see the wagon room studded by groups of officers. Later on, the heavy barn door was flung back, and Jack hurried in.

He had apparently just arrived from a long, hard gallop. Snow clung to his boots, iced his hat, and fringed and balled the cape of his gray coat. He gave undoubted proof of having had neither halt nor rest after the exploit of the night before.

Gabe bustled up in anxious attendance upon his master. Jack waved him away, then flung his own heavy weight into a seat, so wearily despondent in aspect that far back in our remote lodgment Shalto laughed and said in careless comment, "Something has gone ill with Jack."

Major Roselyn's fine proportions, distinctly defined in the brighter light, startled me by the resemblance to Shalto. I thought Jack a trifle the thinner. Two years of camp life had grooved the same lines on both those handsome Roselyn faces. Who knows how nearly identical their heart history might be?

Both loved the same woman. Under the reticence of both breasts, the same disappointment lay concealed. Nevertheless, that indescribable, subtle difference still revealed itself in the predominating expression of each countenance. In moments of repose a pensive melancholy pervaded Shalto's lineaments. In calm moods Jack's features settled into sternness. The resemblance, however, was suprising now, as it always had been.

Speculation as to the strange parallel these two lives traveled, scattered at an abrupt summons from the guard:

"You 're wanted there." He nodded toward the lights and officers.

Shalto emptied his pipe, stowed it away in his pocket, and preceded me through the empty granary, down the dim aisle, to the wagon room. Our captured men were already there. Jack leaned against one of the rough beams. His gaze rested upon us an instant, then shifted uneasily to a group around the writing table.

"Gentlemen, will you be seated, while I make some explanation of the motive of this summons."

An officer with the stars of a colonel upon his collar waved his hand toward seats as he made the request.

"Some days ago," went on the colonel, while a profound hush pervaded the great, dingy place, "your brigade captured an officer and three men. They were for the time detached from their company, which had been sent out to impress forage. The company escaped. The officer and three men made no resistance. It would have been altogether futile. They belonged to one of our crack regiments. It was Major Roselyn's corps. Prisoners of war they must have been, legitimately. Guerillas your commander chose to regard them. They protested their innocence, and exhibited the proper authority. Protestation and proof were brutally disregarded.

"An hour after capture, poor Royal and his men died as guerilla thieves."

The colonel paused and glanced toward Jack. Major Roselyn neither moved nor raised his eyes. As a revelation came back that inexplicable cry, "Remember poor Royal!" ringing out through the darkness, above the rattle of carbine, the clash of saber, and devilish yell of the charge, — a revengeful refrain of a savage drama. None of us understood it then. All comprehended it now. "Poor Royal" had been an officer in Jack's command, and Jack had meant to avenge him.

"Such atrocity as the murder of Captain Royal and his men," resumed the colonel, sternly regarding first the officers, then the captive troopers behind us, "can be checked only in one way. The cause of humanity demands exceptional severity, — unfortunately it often falls upon the innocent. The sole redress is — reprisal. Major Roselyn's regiment suffered the loss of a gallant officer, and three brave men. Major Roselyn's prisoners must expiate the outrage upon his command."

Again the colonel stopped and glanced at Jack. Evidently rhetorical fence only delayed some purpose in view. Just as plainly his fellow officers felt that this sententious speech must in the end fall hardest upon Jack. They would fain have spared their favorite, but an inexorable power drove them onward, as it had driven us when poor Royal fell.

"The reprisal," suavely added the colonel, "demands one commissioned officer and three men. Their doom is death. At dawn tomorrow they will be shot. Major Roselyn delayed the execution to make a last effort to evade the sentence. He has failed. There is nothing left now but to draw lots for the doom. Officers first. Men last."

The colonel's voice dropped out of the stillness. It had not seemed to break the breathless hush while he spoke. No one missed it when he ceased. A soft

unknown sound of the narrow paper strips shaken together in the adjutant's hat became vaguely audible.

Jack moved a step forward. An agony of suspense for one instant accentuated the severe gravity of his countenance. I advanced and drew my lot from the hat. No one contended with me for priority in this matter. The lot was blank.

Shalto came next. With that careless debonair manner — always the same in the thick of battle or quaffing La Fitte at the regatta dinner — Captain Roselyn held up the strip he had drawn. It was not blank. It was death. The lot had fallen upon Shalto.

He turned involuntarily toward Jack. Shalto's face flushed slightly, — Jack's whitened swiftly.

"God!" he ejaculated, "I could not prevent it!"

They looked at each other — those two Roselyns — of same blood — of same feature — between whom no enmity existed. Nevertheless, in the chances of war the one unwittingly brought the other to an ignominious death. Jack turned away — the fierce, angry pain unbearable — and strode through the crowd, out of the barn.

"It is hard luck, but I did n't shoot Royal and I don't shoot myself," half jestingly commented Shalto, as we returned to the granary. "You must tell them at home, Tom, how it was, and some one, Jack perhaps, will tell my cousin Patience. It don't signify at last, if one's life is to end with a bullet, who speeds it and how; but Jack — ah, Jack is hard hit."

Our pipes were soon alight. We smoked for an hour without a word. Conversation is uphill work when one must die at the breaking of day. Reverie seemed equally repugnant. The wagon room had gradually cleared of its officers. The torches burned out, save a single pine knot, which still sent up a flickering, ghostly glimmer, only enhancing the somberness. Captain Roselyn was removed to a smaller and perhaps more secure compartment of the granary. No further instructions environed the condemned man.

"I 'll see you before I go out in the morning, Tom, — *au revoir*," Shalto said as he followed the guard, and the door closed after them.

The night had worn on to the mid hour, when the challenge of the sentry was answered in Jack's familiar voice.

"Tom, I 'm safe to find you still smoking," he remarked, far more cheerfully than at any time since our capture. Indeed I became conscious of a certain elation and buoyancy in Jack's manner, which perplexed me.

"Is there any change in the sentence, Jack," was my eager inquiry.

He shook his head.

"None, — it is immutable, — a fixed fact, Tom," he returned, smiling his old brilliant smile, strangely out of place just then. "I have something to say which I especially wish you to remember, Tom. We may not meet again," added Jack, with a far-off look through the dusty window.

"Why not?" I demanded.

"There is sharp fighting to the front of us," was his reply in a lower tone. "Not your fool of a commander, — something better. In an hour I am to gallop down the northwestern road. My regiment has already gone, — in that hour I have somewhat to say of my cousin Patience."

Evidently Jack spoke of her with great effort to himself.

"How is it, Jack, that your cousin Patience has held to the resolve never to see you again?" I asked.

"When my mother said that something had happened to Patience, that night at Roselyn, some impulse hurried me to the river," he said quickly. "I reached it just as she threw herself headlong into the deep, swift stream. Had I been a moment later poor little Patience would long since have gone to the family vault."

Jack drew a long breath. A suspicion gained upon me that this cheerfulness of voice and aspect merely concealed intense excitement. "When Patience stood on the river bank that night, her brown hair and white dress dripping with river water, she faced me for the last time. Her own words forced me to stand off. Poor little Patience meant to be wise when she said, 'Jack, I can never be your wife, never. I did not fall into the river, I confess that. In my terror of Uncle Roselyn I meant to evade the alternative of breaking my heart as well as my pledge to you, by destroying myself. I meant to end my troubles in the river. You prevented that, — but you cannot prevent my saying now that I can never run counter to Uncle Roselyn's will. We must not meet again. We are both human and could not bear it, and neither now or hereafter nor at any time will I consent to be your wife.' That ended it all for me, Tom."

Major Roselyn twisted his long moustache a moment absently, then went on.

"She will never relent. I dare not ask it, because of the other alternative: 'If this fails, Jack,' she said, 'I tell you solemnly, I will turn again to the river,' — and she will, — poor, dear little Patience. I have blighted her life. She would love Shalto in time, if I did not exist."

"Shalto counts as *non est* even now," I reminded him. "The delusion of your father's infuriate presence could never occur again. I think now we had smoked too many cigars, and your cousin Patience was fanciful."

Jack walked to the window, then back, before making reply.

"Tom, I believe it would occur again. I will tell you what I have never told any one else. When my father was about to die he exacted a sacred promise of me. The promise was not merely that I would never marry Patience, but that I would never interfere with the preference Shalto evinced even then for the child."

"Did he not consider that contingencies might arise, — just as they did?"

"My father was a tyrant by nature, and by a certain immunity granted the will of a bold, rich man; but in this case I admit that he had some reason in his action." Jack stopped, then went on with great effort.

"When I gave that promise I demanded a reason. He pointed to his desk. 'You will find it there in a letter to you. Never let it reach your mother,' he said. I examined the letter. It explained at once his devotion to Patience and his dread of her marriage to me. In years gone by he had killed her father. It was a frightful affair, — they had shut themselves in a room and fought until one of them was killed. Patience remembered the butchery of her father — she cannot speak of him or his death — but she never suspected the butcher. Before the unnatural combat her father made his will. He desired her not to be informed whose hand had stricken him down, except in event of a contemplated marriage with me; he made it obligatory upon his trustee in that case to lay the revolting facts before her. Colonel Roselyn dreaded this; he said prophetically that the innocent would suffer for the guilty; that through Patience retribution for his crime would fall upon his descendants, and that she would shrink from the union with a son of her father's murderer. He was right."

Jack paced back and forth to the window several times, while I pondered this long concealed page of family history.

"How do you know that he was right?" I inquired presently.

"The old Colonel was never more correct in his conclusions," bitterly rejoined Jack. "After Patience left you that night she went to the study, — you remember my den, as I termed it. By some fatality my desk was open, the let-

ter of confession unfolded. She sat down to write me a note, — well, Tom, there is nothing more. Patience read my father's letter, recognizing his hand, and driven on by that same overmastering destiny. She will never marry me, nor trust herself to see me again. In breaking my promise to Colonel Roselyn I have wrecked her life. Is there any reparation in my power?"

Jack's earnest eyes searched my face in questioning anxiety.

"You cannot give her Shalto," I began.

"You think if I could give her Shalto that in time she might care for him?" he broke in suddenly.

"Possibly — yes, — she might love the resemblance to you," was my doubtful answer.

"It would be some reparation to my father and to her for the consequence of my broken faith."

"You have no need to offer reparation, and why speak of it? In two hours Shalto will have paid the reprisal," I said, taking a last whiff at my pipe.

"Tom, my father cannot elude Nemesis, — the innocent suffer for the guilty," he said in a low, even voice. "Good-night, I am going to Shalto."

Jack passed in to the narrow cell where Shalto awaited the dawn. The pine knot burned down and out. Dark figures of the guards, keeping their weary vigil, became barely definable in that chilling darkness preceding the break of day. Low tones of the two Roselyns within drifted out to me.

I stretched myself wearily and despondently in the grain bin, but a light doze fled at once when the door opened.

"Tom," whispered Shalto, "I shall not see you again nor be allowed to speak when we go out. Farewell, old fellow, farewell."

I wrung his hand silently. Poor, light-hearted Shalto, with his gay laugh, and pleasant, debonair manners, his manly beauty and unwavering courage, what could I say to him then? Was there anything beyond a low, heartfelt "God bless you, comrade"? The four words summed all in my power.

Shalto stepped quietly back to his quarters. Sleep for me had vanished. Jack came out and walked rapidly through the granary, down the aisle, and across the wagon room. He whispered the countersign as the guard unbarred the door. Outside I heard him fling himself into the saddle, and immediately the rapid clatter of his horse's hoofs merged into nearer noises.

A dull commotion had pervaded the camp all night long, very perceptibly increasing toward morning. The tramp of moving columns crunching over the snow gave evidence of disturbance. It evoked a thrill of hope that the fight to the front would rescue those suffering by reprisal. I was veteran enough to know that however brisk and sharp the fray might be, it could not at this season verge upon the magnitude of a battle.

The long roll suddenly broke in startling alarum upon the winter night. A regiment swept past at a double quick, then comparative quiet reigned abroad.

I had stationed myself at the window in my endeavor to draw comforting inference from the changeful sights and sounds. A small platoon of men passed close to my post of observation. I counted the muskets mechanically, — twelve, — speculating somewhat upon the small number, when an abrupt, "Halt" sent a sickening horror through me. The fight must have waxed hot, for they had not waited for the first red glow of dawn.

The uncertain flicker of a torch approached along the passage. A cold wind blew roughly through the great double doors. It was strong and high, and chilled one to the bone. The men shook the snow from their feet in frozen balls, while their lurid torch flared and smoked in the fierce gusts which at times almost extinguished it.

In simple obedience to the order, Shalto came out. The vivid resemblance to Jack startled me even then, and the passionate melancholy of his passing gaze haunts me to this day.

"God bless you, comrade," I repeated.

Shalto bent his head in acknowledgment and farewell. He must, perforce, go on. There was no halt for him. The great barn doors fell heavily shut behind them.

They were quite gone when Gabe rushed frantically into the wagon room, down the passageway, shouting wildly:

"Whar 's de cun'el? I tell you, it's my young mastah! Dey 've done took my young mastah! God-a-mighty! whar's de cun'el?"

"Shut up, you fool," angrily retorted the guard. "Major Roselyn has gone to the front an hour ago. They 're having a devil of a brush out there. That was the prisoner Roselyn, gone out to be shot for Royal of ours."

"Dey 've done took my young mastah! I knows my young mastah. I 've followed him sence de day he was born. I tell you it wa' n't no marse Shalto! O Marse Jack! Marse Jack! It 's ole Gabe a-callin' ob you!" shrieked the man, rushing through the barn, out along the snow-covered track. Through the dismal gloom his voice came back in despairing cries:

"O Marse Jack! Marse Jack! It 's ole Gabe a-callin' ob you! I knows my young mastah! Marse Jack! O young mastah! Whar is you?"

For all answer, the shrill, sharp report of musketry cleft the icy winter air.

Darkness still hung in the recesses and remote corners of the gruesome old barn, when orders arrived to move the prisoners hastily to the rear. Hurried out into the dim early daylight, we found a confused throng of wounded and dying blocking the entrance.

I was about to mount, when an officer tapped me on the shoulder. It was not difficult to recognize the colonel, whose aspect and voice made itself painfully familiar the night before.

"This way, Captain Bellamy."

He strode rapidly through the throng, around to a wing.

"Some of our wounded are here," was his explanation as we passed in. On a stretcher rested a figure, — great and grand, but ah me, stark and dead. A scarlet rivulet had trickled down and discolored the snow, clinging to one for whom the "war was over." Across the booted feet groveled Gabe, wailing passionately:

"O young mastah! Young mastah! You 's done lef' ole Gabe! O Marse Jack, I knowed it was you! Why did n't you heah ole Gabe a-callin' ob you?"

A horrible misgiving seized me that Gabe was not mistaken.

"Is that officer your Captain Roselyn?" asked the Virginian colonel in grave but subdued voice.

One glance sufficed.

"It is not Captain Roselyn. The officer dead on that stretcher is Major Roselyn of your army."

It was Jack. He had made reparation to Patience, and — if he owed it — to his father.

"His men are ignorant of the truth of his death," the Virginian said with a stern, pained look. "Your Captain is doubtless with his friends in front of us: he had the countersign, and passed as our officer. Major Roselyn paid the reprisal, — darkness helped the deception. You observe his plain coat, — they could not see it: he would not die in the enemy's uniform, or disgrace his own. God forgive him. He is an irreparable loss to us, but he might have fallen today. For the sake of others, the probability must pass for a fact."

The colonel laid a blanket over the beautiful dead form and features. Gabe sank on the wet, snowy floor, his arms flung around the stretcher and its silent occupant.

"I 'se nussed en follered you sence

you 'se born, young mastah," he moaned in piteous grief; "but you 'se done lef' me. Dere 's no mo' Souf now, — no mo' Souf. My young mastah 's done lef' us. O Marse Jack! Marse Jack! Ole Gabe 's a-callin' ob you."

That was more than twenty years ago. Roselyn Lodge remains still famous for its game and its solitude. The vandalism of capitalist and speculator, ruthless war and penitent peace, may each have its sway abroad; neither one nor the other affects Roselyn plantation. In the seclusion of that remote region its slumbrous calm is unbroken. Shalto is master now. Patience, still gentle and beautiful, is his wife. Jack had reckoned on a certainty, when he asserted that she would care for Shalto if he did not exist.

Shalto alluded once only to the past, then to say in keen pain: "Jack assured me there was no danger to himself in securing my escape. He gave no hint of his purpose."

The prediction of Jack's mother — "One day you will wish you had thrown your influence against Jack in this matter" — has been verified with more or less self-reproach. I do wish it; but is there any man who upon the same premises would have advised differently?

In one of the Northern cities I once met Gabe, — old, but cared for by the family he had served. He had refused to return to Roselyn Lodge.

"I knowed dere would n't be no Soufern Confed'acy," he averred, "atter my young mastah was kilt. Ole Gabe nussed en follered him eber sence he drawed de fust breff, en dere wa' n't no mo' Souf widout my young mastah."

Frances Swann Williams.

A DISPUTE CONCERNING CUSHIONS.

Translated from the Spanish of M. Diéguez.

In the early part of the year 1590 the city of Guatemala witnessed with amazement an event which, in the judgment of many old ladies who afterwards died in the odor of sanctity, was the forerunner of Anti-Christ.

It so happened that the two powers, — namely, the Church and the State, — which, according to the civil law then in force, should have been living in happy union, perpetual peace, and uninterupted harmony, sweetly caressing each other like bridegroom and bride in their honeymoon, were now greatly at variance with one another, and got into broils and quarrels upon the slightest trifles, just after the manner of an unhappy married couple between whom the Devil has interposed with his tricks.

And the fault then was not on the wife's side.

The husband, or if you prefer the name, the civil power, was represented at that time by the advocate Pedro Mayen de Rueda, former Judge of the *Audiencia*[1] of Granada, who had just taken the reins — no, the metaphor of "the reins of the government" had not yet been invented, nor that of "the bridle of the law"; for men had not discovered that, theoretically speaking, there is no difficulty in regarding the people as so many horses. Let me say then, casting aside all metaphors, that Lawyer Mayen de Rueda had taken charge of the governorship of the kingdom on the twenty-first day of July, 1589.

[1] A sort of Court of Chancery.

And the histories relate that this Don Pedro Mayen de Rueda had a more depraved nature than any man that had ever occupied a ruler's chair in the world. Crafty, high-tempered, of ferocious instincts, an avowed enemy of his superiors though fond of violating the rights of others, he soon caused the people to hate him; for we must remember that the people, being often deprived of other resources, are wont to pay either with hatred or with love the ill or good that they receive.

The wife—that is, the ecclesiastical power, in the mystic marriage above referred to—was personified by the Very Reverend Father Gomez Fernandez de Cordova, a grandson of the Great Captain, and bishop of this diocese since 1574. This prelate was a man of very superior virtues and the idol of his flock. Poor and humble as the first disciples of Jesus, benevolent as a St. Vincent, this bishop appears in the sixteenth century as the living reality of two great ideals of the nineteenth century, ideals that are called Monseigneur Bienvenido and the Priest of Pilar de la Oradada, of whom Campoamor says, describing their poverty in one sentenee, that, "as they give away everything, they have nothing left."

The Prelate of Guatemala attended the third Mexican Council in 1585, erected some buildings, and founded a college; but in spite of all this, I will not ask the stern genius of history to canonize him as the friend of progress, for I am inclined to think that our forefathers were not acquainted even with this sententious word itself.

It once came to pass that the Governor wanted to take from the monastery a lad that had become a novice. The abbot refused, whereupon the Governor grew angry. The former said something like "I stand firm for my rights," which is little better than a harmless bravado, whilst the latter said, "I command it," which is far more explicit and has always been found to be more efficacious. And so many words were exchanged, that at last Señor Mayen, who, as already stated, was of a decidedly peppery temperament, whap! gave Father Salcedo—for such was the name of the abbot—a blow with his fist; and he would have given him two had the latter been more thoroughly grounded on the evangelical doctrines, and turned unto him his other sacred cheek.

The Bishop swallowed the insult in silence, but he never called again on Señor Mayen.

Such was the state of affairs when the holy week of 1590 made its appearance, and with holy week a very grave question, one as important as most questions that are usually discussed by municipal councils.

For some time past the *oidores*, or members of the royal audiencia, had been defending, both with energy and abundance of good reasons, the proposition given below, and which was considered by some of its supporters as the last word of the science of government on the subject under discussion.

The oidores said: "The right of taking rugs or cushions to church for the purpose of kneeling thereon is a privilege of the Captain General, the oidores, and officers of the royal exchequer. Hence, neither common justices of the peace nor the gentlemen of the city, even if they be descendants from the conquerors, can use in church the above mentioned rugs or cushions."

The justices of the peace and the gentlemen of the city had always contended for the opposite proposition.

The leaders of the gentlemen of the city in 1590 were Don Carlos de Arellano and Don Pedro Alvarado. The latter was a descendant of the conqueror of that name, and both were of a turbulent spirit, and very much given to setting themselves against the royal audiencia, a circumstance which contributed not a little to make the dispute wax

warmer on the approach of holy week in that year so sadly memorable.

It must be stated besides, that at the time to which I refer, the *Consejo de Indias* (or Indian Bureau) had not as yet defined for the benefit of the colonies so many and such important rights as it defined afterwards.

How the oidores shall sit; whether the holy water and the *pax tecum* shall be given first to the bishop and then to the president, whether the chief justices may go into the audiencia with swords; what number of prebendaries shall receive the president and oidores when these go into the metropolitan church to attend mass; in what order the high dignitaries of state shall march in the processions; on what occasions may the bishop have his train borne by the train-bearer, etc., etc., were matters on which very wise laws were issued later on, but which at that time were the subject of philosophical disquisitions on the part of the great thinkers of the age. In the same stage as these was the proposition of the oidores on the subject of cushions, for the order of June 26th, 1652, forbidding city justices to take rugs, cushions, or chairs, into church had not yet been issued. The matter, therefore, was still an open question. And the worst of all was that the jurists of the kingdom, who were the proper persons to throw light on the subject, were divided in their opinions, some supporting the royal audiencia, and others the city council.

The crafty Governor took advantage of all these elements of discord. He thought that if the dispute concerning the cushions should carry the followers of either party to open acts, he, Mayen, would obtain the following results: first, the casting of discredit upon the audiencia and the city council, whose reports to the throne had always been a menace to the position of the captains general; second, the wounding of the Bishop's feelings, especially if, as it was not improbable, the vexed question of the cushions was made to bear fruit in the shape of quarrels and turmoils on that Good Thursday and in the very cathedral; and third, the opportunity to come down with the full weight of his authority upon the disturbers of the peace, among whom he would be careful to class his opponents.

It was for that reason that the Machiavellian Governor, whilst feigning great impartiality on the question at issue and asserting that he should not be able to attend the divine service, instigated each party in turn to stand for their rights in regard to the cushions aforesaid.

On Wednesday of that holy week the excitement reached its height, and the gentlemen in meeting assembled resolved: first, that they would listen to the divine service kneeling upon cushions, even if in order to do so they should have to defy all the audiencias in New Spain; and second, that it was incumbent upon them to go prepared to repel, if necessary, violence with violence.

The Governor laughed at all this with a Satanic laugh.

But, in the meantime, what was the Bishop doing? There was going to be bloodshed perhaps within the very doors of the cathedral, and yet the Bishop remained impassible. He also smiled, but with that confidence and unconcern characteristic of people that expect everything from Providence.

That unlucky Good Thursday of the year 1590 dawned at last. The divine service was to commence at eight o'clock in the morning. At seven the temple was surrounded by spectators, eager to see the elite of the city, as they would call it in our day, go by in showy procession.

The city council had had long rows of chairs put in the church, and by their side a corresponding number of cushions intended for the noble knees of the noble gentlemen.

At eight o'clock precisely the retinue left the royal buildings and directed their

steps towards the cathedral. Those illustrious citizens were arrayed in the picturesque costumes of the times. Some of them looked very pale, every one carried concealed weapons, and if we must say it, they all harbored a fear equal only to their vanity. And to think that those gentlemen were going to tear their flesh and break their heads for a few cushions more or a few cushions less! One would be led to doubt whether our forefathers had their brains in the proper place.

On arriving at the door of the temple the gentlemen fixed their eyes on some huge placards posted on the wooden screen and the walls, and written in characters so large that he who ran might read. The gentlemen stopped long enough to read them, and then entered the church. It is even reported that one of the oidores after reading the placard stepped into the cathedral laughing,— but nobody has been able to ascertain why.

When the oidores reached the place that had been set apart for them, the first thing they did was to cast aside the comfortable cushions and to bend their knees on the cold stones of the church floor. All the other attendants did the same, after the fashion of soldiers that execute a movement required by military tactics. And as the divine service was just beginning they all crossed themselves, and tradition tells us that never before had the proud descendants of the Conqueror been known to listen more reverently to the service of Good Thursday. How shall we account for so strange a denouement?

For those that may be unwilling to believe in a Providential intervention, and look at these things "from the roof downwards," as we say sometimes, perhaps the following edict, contained in the above-mentioned placards, may in some measure unravel the mystery. I do not answer for its accuracy, for it is some time since I read it, and the faithfulness of my memory is on a par with the faithfulness of some of my good friends.

The edict read something like this:—

WHEREAS, his Very Illustrious Lordship has learned with great sorrow of heart that some of the faithful of this flock, forgetting the words of the Apostle which condemn dissensions in the temple (Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians), go about creating disturbances and causing scandal regarding the question of who are entitled to use cushions in the house of God:

THEREFORE, his Very Illustrious Lordship commands that, so long as His Majesty may not ordain anything to the contrary, all those may use cushions in church who, on account of their secret maladies, or lack of bodily strength, or some such cause, cannot without danger of fainting dispense with the said cushions.

By order of his Lordship,

Diego Féliz Carranza de Cordova.

It may be readily conjectured that no one of them was willing to confess that he had secret maladies or lacked in bodily strength. The Bishop knew his countrymen.

This device of the Bishop hurt Don Pedro Mayen so deeply that when after a while the latter lost his reason, one of his ideas was that the Bishop carried him in his pocket and did not allow him to breathe.

Peradventure some reader may not attach to the dispute concerning the cushions all the importance that it deserves. Well, I will give a pair of embroidered cushions to be used at mass in the cathedral to any public man in Central America that will convince me that any of our broils, from the war of independence down to those of our day, has had as its origin less trifling causes than the dispute concerning the cushions.

C. B.

UTTERANCE OF THE DESERT.

If thou hast heard,
In Arizonan solitudes
And lonely lands unmastered yet of man,
The eerie swish and whisper of the wind
In all its moods
Thro' sage and cereus, till thy soul was stirred
With thought of Thought ere conscious life began,
And glimpsed the gulf Eternity behind
This prideful atom and his little span,
That boasts the birth and boundary of mind,—
O, then thy spirit caught
The voice sublime
Of utmost space and time,
And all that sound may syllable to thought!

And haply then—
Far gazing o'er the desert sands,
Where, like a wraith of Hunger, travel-sore
The lean coyote limps, and cacti lift
Their wrinkled hands—
Thy fancy saw this deathful realm again
Re-peopled with the myriad life of yore,—
Heard murmuring multitudes in dune and drift
Recount the tale of Time forevermore,
Till thou didst question,—Was this wondrous gift
Of mind inborn with man?
Or did it live,
A formless fugitive,—
Free tenant of the void since time began?

Miles I Anson.



OLIVE CULTURE FOR CALIFORNIA.

THE climate and soil of this State are similar to the lands of the Old World surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, and we can produce in great abundance the semi-tropical fruits of that favored region. The most important industry there is the culture of the olive, which has been grown for its fruit and its oil for thousands of years, its cultivation dating from remotest antiquity. The olive was frequently mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, and is the second tree of any kind named in the Holy Scriptures; but neither the old Jewish nor the more ancient Greek writers refer to the olive as an edible fruit, and the art of pickling it belongs apparently to later ages. Among all the nations of that great region the olive branch was a symbol of peace, and the destruction of the tree by a public enemy was regarded as a barbarous violation of the usages of civilized warfare. Among the Romans the oil was used for many purposes, though not for making soap, an article not known to the Roman toilet or laundry.

The extent to which olives and olive oil are consumed by the people where the tree is commonly grown, cannot be realized by Americans. It is eminently the poor man's tree. It is the richest and most nutritious of all fruits, for upon it and bread alone a man can live and perform hard labor. A handful of dried olives, a piece of bread, and a glass of wine, often make a meal for the Italian or Spanish peasant. A failure of the olive crop in the Mediterranean regions is a public calamity.

The descendants of the Latin race wherever dispersed about the globe retain their love for the olive. This is shown by the shipments from olive lands to various parts of the world. Thus Mexico with its seven million people imports more olive oil than the United States with sixty millions. France with less people than our Republic imports twenty times as much olive oil, in addition to the immense quantities made in her southern provinces. The Argentine Republic and Uruguay with a population of only three and a half millions, use five times as much olive oil as our own country. The little island of Cuba has only one and a half million residents, yet consumes fifteen times as much olive oil as our vast States and Territories. When people are accustomed to the use of olive oil, it is no longer a luxury but a daily food, as commonly consumed as butter or lard.

Three important questions are naturally asked by one who thinks of planting the olive: Will it grow in my locality? Will it be productive? Will there be a market for the fruit?

The answer to the first must be: This tree is now growing in many places in the bay counties, in various localities in the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, and amid their encircling foothills up to an altitude of about two thousand feet. There can hardly be a doubt about planting this fruit almost anywhere in the scope of country just indicated.

The height to which the olive will thrive upon the mountains in this State has not been determined with any degree of accuracy. In the absence of actual trial, the man who is desirous of planting can tell whether his locality is too cold by the following data: the thermometer must not fall below fourteen degrees above zero during the winter. It must not remain that low except for a few days. Snow must not fall more than four or five times during the year, nor

remain on the ground longer than two or three days at a time. An immense area of the lower slopes of the Sierras and the Coast Range will grow the olive, so far as these conditions are concerned.

The fruit to mature requires a certain number of degrees of heat from the time the tree blossoms till the first frost comes. This is equal to 7, 160 degrees, Fahrenheit. It can be determined by taking the monthly mean temperature from the date the olive blossoms, and multiplying this by the number of days during the period stated. We illustrate this by giving the figures for Oroville in Butte County, where much attention is being paid to growing the olive.

In 1888, the tree blossomed on April 20th, and the first frost came on the 27th of October. The figures are arranged in tabular form for convenience.

Months.	Mean Temp.		Days.		Degrees.
April	62.94	×	10	=	629.40
May	62.96	×	31	=	1,951.76
June	74.59	×	30	=	2,237.70
July	79.51	×	31	=	2,464 81
August	80.54	×	31	=	2,496.74
September	74.28	×	30	=	2,228.40
October	66.62	×	26	=	1,732.12
					13,740.93

This gives a total of 13,740.93 degrees of heat, which is almost double the amount absolutely required.

Taking the winter temperature and snowfall into consideration, and making a table similar to the above for the degrees of summer heat, one can readily tell whether, so far as climate is concerned, the olive can be successfully grown or not in his locality.

The requirements of soil need hardly occasion a thought, for this tree seems to accommodate itself to almost every soil we find in the State. It grows in the rich loams of the river bottoms, on the sandy, alluvial soils where so much of our wheat is raised; it thrives upon the thin red soils underlain by hardpan; it bears remarkably well on the red clayish soils where gravel abounds; it lives and bears a fine fruit upon the sandstone and granite soils of the mountains; it does fairly well upon the black adobe lands, if they are well drained; while it cannot be set out upon better soil than hills with from one and a half to three feet of earth underlain by slate rock.

A writer upon this point says:

> The olive, better than any other valuable tree, will grow and thrive on scant soil, and among stones and rocks where cultivation is difficult, and it has been proved that it will grow under such conditions without either fertilization or irrigation.

Another says:

> Of all fruit trees the olive is undoubtedly the hardiest; for scarcely any amount of mutilation, any severity of frost, or even scorching by fire, suffices to destroy the life of the tree. The smallest strip of green wood or living bark enables the tree to live.
>
> It still survives, for centuries after the heart and outer layer of young wood are rotted and gone, and one may often see a large trunk not only hollow in the middle, but split vertically in several distinct stems, all alike flourishing and productive.

The second question, Will it be productive?—can be best answered by the statement of Mr. E. Cooper, the leading olive grower of this State. "From my four-year-old trees I obtain two gallons of berries, from the six-year-old trees I obtain in some instances as high as thirty gallons of olives." This of course would be an exceptional yield for trees of that age. Isaac Lea of Florin, Sacramento County, reported that his five-year-old trees yielded about two gallons of olives to the tree. Adolphe Flamant, the well known grower of Napa County, estimates from six to ten gallons of berries from his six or eight-year-old trees. He estimates the price of the berries salted in barrels at one dollar per gallon, while the cost of picking and salting the same is thirty cents a gallon, leaving a net profit of seventy cents per gallon, or at least five dollars per tree when only eight years old. In Europe the olive is said to be "an infant at eight, in slight bearing at fifteen, and only in full bearing when thirty-five."

In the southern part of this State one

large tree standing fifty feet from all others bore one hundred and fifty gallons of olives in one season. This, at the net price given by Mr. Flamant, would return the owner $105 during one year.

The profits in oil are greater than when the berries are pickled and sold. No other fruit contains so large a proportion of fixed oil. A gallon of the berries will produce from a pint to a quart of oil. The pure oil that has been made by Mr. Cooper of Santa Barbara County brings him, according to his own statement made before the State Fruit Growers' Convention, from $1,000 to $2,000 an acre each year. As he strongly advises his brother fruit growers to plant the olive, it must be inferred that he regards these enormous values as likely to continue.

This brings us to the third question, —Will there be a market for the fruit? The area of olive culture in the Eastern continent is limited to the basin of the Mediterranean Sea, for the tree will not thrive in a very cold nor bear fruit in a very warm or tropical latitude. The area of culture being thus limited, nearly all the oil produced is consumed in the countries where it is made. Thus Spain, while a great olive region, uses eight ninths of all the oil she produces. The southern provinces of France from a very early period have been noted for their olive groves, enriching the whole region, and utilizing land not adapted to the culture of any other profitable fruit, yet France is one of the largest importers of olive oil from other countries. Austria does not produce anything like the amount of oil she consumes. Portugal is famous for her olive groves, yet she imports each year from Spain seven times as much oil as the United States and Canada import from the same country. The oil from the Turkish provinces, from Greece, and from the coast of Africa, is used only for soap and other manufacturing purposes. It will thus be seen that practically the only regions exporting olive oil in any quantities are Italy and Spain. The local consumption in Candia alone is 3,272,500 gallons. Italy has two and a quarter million acres planted to olives, or a larger area than the barley fields of the whole United States, yet it should be borne in mind that Italy lacks much of equaling the size of our single State.

The use of olive oil is not limited as some suppose to the rich salads and sauces of the epicure, for we find that the druggist uses it in the finest of castile and other toilet soaps, in ointments, plasters, salves, and liniments; the physician for burns, sprains, contusions, bruises, corns, colic, worms, gout, and dyspepsia, as an antidote for mineral and vegetable poisons, and for the bites of venomous insects and serpents. It is used by the barber for cleaning the scalp, for ridding the head of dandruff, for curing an itching scalp, for preventing the hair from falling out, and for keeping it from turning gray. It is used by the grocer for keeping sardines, mackerel, and other fish, meats, and vegetables, and is sold by him as a substitute for butter and lard. The cook in Southern Europe considers it a staple article for preparing fish of all kinds for the table. They are not fried as here, but plunged into huge boilers filled with hot oil, where they are cooked in the most delicious manner. He uses it for frying eggs and oysters, for roasting or broiling beef, mutton, lamb, or veal, for cooking peas, beans, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, greens, and for stews and toast. By some it is even used in pastry of all kinds.

In other ways the oil is used; for it is employed for anointing the body, and for improving the complexion; the more common kinds are used for lubricating purposes, for burning in lamps and tapers, and in the manufacture of cloth. Among the rather odd uses that may be named is for dyeing, and placing in pans where coffee is being roasted. It is

used by workers in lead and arsenic to prevent poisoning.

The olives themselves, all know, are delicious when pickled. They are also put up in salt, when dead ripe, for table use, and the ripe olives when dried are a common article of diet in Europe. When the fine oil has all been extracted from the olives, when water has been employed and a second and a third grade of oil has been obtained from the pulpy mass, the refuse is even then of much value. It is very fattening to cattle and hogs, is burned for fuel, and becomes a valuable fertilizer for the olive plantation.

The demand for the oil is immense. This is evident from the excessive adulterations practiced in placing it upon the market. Great quantities of the following oils are used in the adulterations: lard, cottonseed, poppy, colza, sesame, peanut, and cameline. In the city of Marseilles alone over one million gallons of cottonseed oil are used to adulterate olive oil.

So extensive have been the repeated adulterations by means of cheap oils that the olive industry has been crippled. It has hitherto been almost impossible to detect adulterations, except by more elaborate means than fall to the ordinary person. So late as February, 1888, the consular reports from the more noted olive regions of France state that no process available to the ordinary grower had been discovered.

As late as the middle of May, 1888, at a meeting of the scientific society of Marseilles, a prominent chemist declared that the most reliable methods did not detect more than twenty per cent of cheap oils used. During the past few months, however, another French chemist has discovered a method which has been carefully tested by experts appointed by the French Government, and this is declared to have at last solved all difficulties in ascertaining when pure oil had been adulterated, and in finding the per cent of cheap oil used.

This test consists of boiling together a certain proportion of albumen, olive oil, and nitric acid. The glass tube containing these is then plunged into cold water, where an oily precipitate is developed, varying in color from a pale yellow to a reddish brown.

The color determines the per cent of inferior oil used. The pure oil shows a yellow precipitate, while the adulterated oil is of a darker or more reddish hue. The exact amount of cheap oil used can be readily and easily ascertained by comparing the colored strips of paper dipped in the oil examined, and comparing the same with colored slips prepared by the French government, who had the original tests made. These trial papers can be obtained by all who desire to use them.

This discovery will enhance the value of pure oil, by lessening adulterations.

Olive growing in this State is in its infancy, but people are rapidly beginning to realize its importance; in the northern and central part of the State, where, until within a few years, no plantations had been set out, this fruit is now growing in many localities, as at Fresno, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Alameda, Sonoma, Napa, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Oroville, Colusa, Solano, Auburn, Penryn, Coloma, Red Bluff, Florin, Livermore, Mission San José, Los Gatos, Berkeley, Suñol, Niles, and Cloverdale.

That the growing of olives in California will be more successful than in Europe can hardly be a question. The tree will grow more rapidly here than there, it comes into bearing at an earlier age, and it bears larger and heavier crops. We have a warmer and more genial climate, our soils are newer and more fertile, and the tree here will, it is hoped, receive an equally careful and intelligent cultivation.

In California up to the present time but two varieties of the olive, the Mission and the Picholine, have been planted

in any numbers. The choice oil put on the market by Mr. Cooper, and which brings the highest price of any in the world, is made from the Mission olive. The statement has lately been made that no fine oil could be made from this olive in comparison with the best of the European olives. This is discredited by most growers, and will have to be proved by experiments in the future before it will be given any credence.

Among the new olives the Spanish Queen is highly recommended for planting, but it should be borne in mind that this is not a true oil olive. It is used for pickles only on account of its superior size.

The Mission is well adapted for both purposes, and will continue to be largely set out until actual tests made from other trees grown in this State show that another variety superior to this has been found.

A writer, speaking of this tree, has said: "The olive requires less labor and care than any other fruit tree." This statement has been largely copied in this State, and is leading to bad results. It is true that an old olive tree will thrive in spite of neglect and abuse, but to render the young tree productive and profitable, constant care should be given to it. The finest trees in this portion of the State are thoroughly cultivated from three to five times a year. Trees set out here without a drop of water have done exceedingly well where the soil has been kept well pulverized during the summer, and although for dry lands there is nothing better than the olive, to set out the young trees and expect them to survive without care or cultivation would be ridiculous.

The man who plants an olive grove must not think that his task has ended with setting the trees in the ground, for as we have shown they need thorough cultivation, and when the fruit is ready to be plucked more than usual care and skill are required.

In Europe much poor oil is made through a lack of care, and to guard against this the grower must all the time be on the watch. The berries must not be knocked from the limbs, but carefully picked. Mr. Cooper goes so far as to pick and drop them into water to prevent them from being bruised.

If your berries are to be pickled, the process is simple. All that is required is to extract the bitterness from the fruit, and this can be done with lye or with frequent changes of pure water.

In making oil, both judgment and skill are required, and the grower who fancies that he can make good oil without these will find his product ranking low in market, and moderate in price. Capital is also necessary, for presses and tanks are needed, and both cost money. Labels, bottles, and cases, are additional items that amount to quite a sum. As the olive must be dried in order to evaporate the water before the oil can be obtained, and as the fruit will spoil when piled up in any quantity upon a floor, a drying machine of some kind will prove a necessity where there are many trees. It must be remembered this fruit ripens during the rainy season.

Since these items cost so much, the grower will generally find it more profitable to sell his olives to some mill-owner, who will put up the needed machinery, and make the oil for a whole district.

The best results can be obtained where the most care is exercised. It needs as much skill and judgment to make first-class olive oil, as it does to manufacture fine wine. No man should plant a few trees, expecting to make oil; if he sets out any trees, let them number at least five hundred, while five times that would be still better. Even with the latter number he can better afford to sell his fruit than to make it into oil, unless he is far from a mill.

In every neighborhood where a few thousand trees are in bearing mills will

be erected and other appliances prepared for pressing out the oil and putting it upon the market. These mills will purchase the olives as a grist mill does grain.

The soil and climate of central and northern California being so well adapted to the growing of fine olives, it is strange that no large plantations of this tree are to be found here. During the past two years, however, a large number of trees have been set out. This is not confined to any particular locality, though the counties touching the foothills of the Sierras and the foothills of the Coast Range are where the greatest development is being made. The figures for these various districts are not at hand, but something may be judged from the one county of Butte, though Yuba, Colusa, Tehama, Placer, and others, are all engaged in planting the same tree. During the past two seasons there have been set out in Butte County: 8,000 olive trees in the vicinity of Wyandotte; at Palermo, 10,500; in Union District, 3,500; at Paradise, 5,600; near Pentz, 2,000; near Bangor, Hurleton, and Miners' Ranch, 1,000; near Gridley and Central House, 3,000; at Rio Bonito, 5,000; in the vicinity of Chico, Butte Creek, and on Chico Creek, 4,000; and at Oroville and Thermalito, 12,000; making in all about 54,600 olive trees. The oil from the bearing trees in this section has been exhibited at various citrus and other fairs, and has been pronounced excellent by competent judges.

Within two years there will be many thousand trees coming into bearing. The quantity of oil at first will be limited, but each year it will increase as the trees grow in age, and additional ones are set out. Within five years the shipments of olive oil from the Sacramento Valley and its adjacent hill districts will form a valuable commodity.

Children brought up in an olive land readily learn to make the olive a part of their daily food, and so will it be with the young people of this vast district. Years hence, natives of this State will use the olive as they now use butter or lard, and from a health point of view the change will be beneficial.

Those who plant will have but a few years to wait for their trees to come into bearing. In Europe, owing to the greater cold, the tree is of slower growth, and is grown from the seed and grafted. Here the tree is raised from cuttings, requiring no grafting, and grows so rapidly that in four or five years the planter is receiving a profit from his orchard.

We are witnessing only the beginning of a vast movement in setting out olive plantations. The long life of the tree, its few enemies or pests when grown away from the coast, the enormous profits from its fruit, and the great demand for the oil and the pickled olives, all indicate for this tree a marvelous progress in California. While the orange, the fig, and the almond are destined to become very important in this State, they will all be excelled by the olive, which furnishes a food product for the poor man rather than an article of luxury for the well-to-do and the rich.

S. S. Boynton.



"THE GREAT WANT OF ALL CIVILIZED NATIONS."

It has long been a favorite whim of monarchs to pose as the faithful shepherds of their peoples. The providing of green pastures and leading beside still waters has ever proved a seductive *rôle*. Doubly seductive, alas! — to the monarch as imparting an air of virtue to self-interest; to the flock as diverting their thoughts from the shearing and shambles, the readiest road to which ran through those same green pastures and by those still waters. Basely defrauded, silly sheep! Almost persuaded that shearing and shambles were special arrangements for the flock's benefit, how should you know that the aggrandizement and glorification of the pastor was the sole end in view?

Never shall return those royal pastors' halcyon days, ere revolution's shock exploded the dogma of the divinity of kings. Nor mouthings of servile priesthood, nor machinations of wily diplomatists, not all the king's horses, not all the king's men, shall put together again the Humpty Dumpty of Divine Right, fallen from the wall Prerogative. And with what a crash it fell! That kings existed for the good of the people, and not the people for the good of the kings, was deemed an extraordinary discovery. Saint Simon, one of the most enlightened men of his time, was "delighted with the benevolence of the saying, but *startled by its novelty*, and *terrified by its boldness*." Now, how repugnant to reason is the idea of the many existing for the benefit of the one; how subversive of all true Christianity, whose greatest shall be he who best ministers.

And with the downfall of this Humpty Dumpty must come that of his twin brother, the old-time belief in the glory and divinity of war. War is glorious but to the eye of childhood. "You think, boys," says Through-Georgia Sherman, "that war is all glory, but I tell you it 's all hell." "A victory, madam," said the hero of Waterloo to a lady complimenting him, "is a calamity only surpassed by a defeat." The creed of General C.,

> "Wut did God make us raytional creeters fer,
> But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood,"

has met with a generation of scoffers. The Prince of Peace is the object of Christendom's veneration. The god of battles, — the god of our forefathers, — Thor the Great, might reave and steal, and yet be adored as divine by viking cut-throats and Berserk pirates. Such a nonentity is the devil of the nineteenth century, our age has lost faith in a priesthood announcing divine decrees that require armies for their execution.

Viewed apart from any sanction of the Deity, war is seen to be unutterably criminal and hellish; wantonly engaged in by rulers for ends as selfishly personal, as miserly mean, as those impelling the vilest thief or foulest murderer. Gulliver, traveling in the land of the Houhynhyms, where the horse, the intellectual being, rules over man, the vile Yahoo, thus catalogues for the astounded quadruped the causes of war:

"Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land enough, or people enough, to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers; sometimes one prince quarrels with another for fear the other should quarrel with him; sometimes because the enemy is too strong; sometimes because he is too weak; sometimes our neighbors want the things that we have, or have the things that we want, and we both fight till they take ours or give us theirs. Poor nations are

hungry, and rich nations are proud, and pride and hunger will ever be at variance."

Dean Swift, after the manner of deans, here ignores one principal cause of war. Not only in the past has religion been a divider of nation against nation and people against people. Not only in the dark ages could Moslem knight and Spanish cavalier hack and slash for eight centuries, fighting three thousand seven hundred battles, for the honor of Allah or Jehovah. Not only as those dark ages were brightening could myriads of Netherlanders fall in siege, and sack, and stricken field, and forty thousand more at the hands of the common hangman, all because the terrible Duke of Alva's religious views did not coincide with theirs. But *now*, in the darkness of today, see Slavonian divided against Slavonian : Latin Church divided against Greek Church. And divided by what? By the smallest letter in the alphabet, the letter *i*! An iota omitted or inserted, in a single adjective by which finite arrogance and ignorance presumes to define the Indefinable, to comprehend the Incomprehensible. And from such attenuated vapor has gathered the ominous Balkan war cloud, hourly threatening to deluge Europe in blood. Alas for the malversation of the religion of love and peace! With reason does Mr. Frederick Harrison father upon the churches the responsibility for war.

Another writer, the darling of the sex, inculpates the ladies. "If every lady," says John Ruskin, "were to have all her china ornaments broken whenever war breaks out, there would be no more war." Not that the ladies of the present day resemble the viragos in the "Story of burnt Njal," who are endlessly egging on men to fight; but that the army and navy are glorified at ball-room and altar, and personal glorification is a great power in the world. To glorify one man, to inscribe one name, Julius Cæsar, on history's page, there were ruthlessly sacrificed three million human beings, eight hundred towns and villages were sacked and burned, while fire, famine, and plague, desolated half Europe. In a vain attempt at self-glorification, Napoleon III., vanquished at Sedan, coolly proposed to his German conquerors that they should unite their forces for a joint raid upon England : the England with which he was ever vaunting his cordial agreement. What mattered the bloody destruction of three armies? what the solemnity of treaties, imperial faith and honor what, so the Napoleons might once more gain a firm seat on the throne of France? Cæsar might plead the spread of civilization as his justification. Napoleon's criminal wantonness would have destroyed commerce, the civilizer of today.

Apologists for war in the distant past may justly urge accompanying benefits. Seclusion and suspicion formed the foreign policy of many states. War effectually broke down much of the seclusion, — while it fully justified the suspicion. It furthered the admixture of foreign blood and consequent renovation of enfeebled races. Neither of these reasons can now be urged as in palliation of war. Steam and electricity have banished seclusion and promoted race renewal more effectually than all the armies that ever fought. The Yankee tourist, armed with a valise, successfully invades Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australia, and occupies where he lists. The American girl, all glorious within, equipped with half a dozen Saratogas, subjugates alike British duke or Italian prince, binds their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters conjugal. Even the descendants of that terror of France, the great Malbrook, have surrendered at discretion to the strategy of Columbia's *dames seules*, more potent than the sorcery or valor of the maid of Domremy.

The excuses urged by apologists for war in the present day are the extension

of commerce and the interests of "our flag." The fatuous fallacy of expecting to promote an increase of trade by creating a dearth of consumers needs no refutation. It recalls the monstrous folly of Cato, who, to build up Roman commerce, destroyed all rival cities that fell in his power; boasting "that in his peninsular campaign he demolished a Spanish town a day." Commonsense teaches us that cheap production of reliable goods, unchecked by hampering duties, will carry commerce where an armed force would simply be its destruction.

> Peace is more strong than war, and gentleness,
> Where force is vain, makes conquest o'er the wave.

But an idea haunts some business men that war causes markets to become brisk, and makes prices buoyant. A buoyancy of ten per cent today followed by a depression of twenty per cent tomorrow is hardly calculated to affect commerce beneficially. War means the destruction of property, the diminution of capital, the decrease of consumers, and must, therefore, tend to stagnation. The mere preparation for war has the effect today of withdrawing 9,000,000 of European producers from contributing to the world's supply, or adding to its capital. These 9,000,000 enforced military drones diminish the world's wealth further by withdrawing capital from the bread winners for their maintenance, and supply of necessary implements for further destruction. The consequent loss to the world's accumulated capital is therefore utterly incalculable. Progress is retarded; poverty multiplied; religion discredited. And to what end? In the interval between A. D. 1141 and 1889 England and France have been at war 266 years. England yet retains its girdle of blue; the sunshine of sunny France still cheers the French. The sole effect of one war has been to breed another, and another, and another; until Europe has become, as Montesquieu foretold, "a nation of Tartars," each with sword drawn against his fellow; — 30,000,000 of enrolled soldiers. Today the one end towards which the time, thought, wealth, and energy, of Europe is devoted is the accumulation of men to destroy, and means for their destruction.

It is in protest against this wanton prolongation of the "martyrdom of man" that even the warlike race of the Magyars demands the dismissal of M. Tisza. Small wonder that the young life of Italy is all aglow with indignation against a system of vampire militarism which saps the lifeblood of a redeemed nation! And, recoiling in horror from the impending Armageddon, the sons of toil in England and France appeal to free-thinking and progressive America, to take initiatory steps for the institution of a more rational method of settling international disputes. They see, with Milton, that war can breed nothing but endless war; with Lord John Russell and John Bright, that wars are always seen to have been unnecessary a few years after they are fought.

Wearied with the fruitless exertion of centuries of war, disheartened by the barren and reckless waste of national resources, Europeans turn longing eyes towards the attainment of what John Stuart Mill called "the great want of all civilized nations, an international tribunal," which shall settle international dissensions on a basis of right and equity.

To this end, in 1887, a deputation from the English parliament (representing two hundred and thirty-three members of the Commons) and labor societies presented a memorial to President Cleveland, urging him to take steps towards the initiation of such a tribunal. A similar memorial was afterwards signed by over a hundred French senators and deputies. A "draft project" of the proposed tribunal, compiled by the late Professor Leone Levi, was also handed

to the President, and copies thereof forwarded to eminent publicists and jurists of all nations for joint consideration and amendment.

After a preamble setting forth the excellences and past successes of the arbitration method of settling international disputes, Article 5 of the draft provided that "Each [consenting] state should nominate a given number of members, publicists and jurists, or other persons of high reputation and standing, to constitute a Council of International Arbitration.

ART. 6. Such council may be held as constituted, as soon as any two states concur in its organization, and have nominated members to the same.

ART. 7. When duly organized by any number of states, the council will invite other states to nominate their members for the council.

ART. 9. On the occurrence of any dispute between any states represented in the council, or not so represented, the secretaries, at the request of any two members of the council, shall summon a meeting to consider what steps may be adopted for immediately arresting any war measures already taken or about to be taken by any contending states, and for offering, if desirable, the aid of the council in the shape of mediation or arbitration.

ART. 10. When the contending states agree to leave their disputes to arbitration, the council will appoint some of its members, and some other persons specially nominated by the contending states, to be a High Court of International Arbitration, and its award in the case shall be binding on the contending states.

ART. 12. It is not contemplated to provide for the exercise of physical force in order to secure reference to the council, or to compel compliance with the award of the council or court when made. The authority of the council or court is moral, not physical.

Other articles refer to rules and regulations of the Council, and the duty of framing a code of international law after the attempts of Bluntschli and Field.

The substitution of such a tribunal for the antiquated and barbarous arbitrament of the sword should require no urging. As individuals, we have already learned to settle differences by law and justice, instead of by violence and blood. Similar settlement of national dissension is equally possible. The best proof of its feasibility is the fact that in the present century there have been no fewer than thirty-two international difficulties settled by arbitration. In all these cases, save one, the decision of the arbitrators has been cheerfully accepted, and the award honorably fulfilled.

But custom is still the tyrant of humanity. Every rumored case of breach of international comity, every reported "slight to our flag," calls forth howls for blood. Fire-eating journalists lash the public into patriotic fury. Clamor for revenge echoes and re-echoes in countless columns. Calm judgment is deemed poltroonery. The loss of the national temper, the ebullition of simulated passion, is considered dignified and praiseworthy, as in the late Samoan episode. Custom having so long decreed war as the arbiter of all international disputes, a war fever frenzies the nation. The establishment of a permanent international arbitration tribunal would change all this. Nations would submit their cases to such a tribunal with the confidence of individuals submitting to our ordinary courts. A refusal to refer a claim to such an impartial tribunal would be *prima facie* evidence of wrong intent.

The greatest obstacle in the making such a tribunal efficient has been the supposed lack of some sanction, of potency to enforce its decrees. It is yet hardly realized that the most powerful of this world's forces are both invisible and intangible. Gravitation is an intangible force, — it shakes the earth. Electricity

is an intangible force,—it rends the heavens. In all operations of law the real power behind the throne is the intangible sanction of public opinion. Unsupported by public opinion all law is practically a dead letter; while unwritten codes enforced by public opinion are all-compelling. It is by this sanction of public opinion that the awards of the court of international arbitration will be eternally enforced. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

But, equally with the forces of gravitation and electricity, public opinion exists in a diffused state, and needs concentration. Moreover, although so obviously desirable and possible of attainment, the establishment of an international arbitration court, like all projects for social amelioration, has to contend with the arrogance and bigotry of vested interest and the antagonism of apathy. To combat this opposition, and to effect this needed concentration of public opinion, many associations have been organized. Beginning with our national capital, the Honorable John Tyler there presides over The National Arbitration League, which has for its secretary Doctor McMurdy, who persistently keeps the desirability of international arbitration before Congress. In Boston the American Peace Society advocates the cause. Its leading spirit is Rev. R. B. Howard, a brother of Gen. O. O. Howard, the philanthropic hero of Gettysburg. Philadelphia, as its traditions demand, takes an active part through the Universal Peace Union, with its twenty-nine auxiliaries and its appropriately named President Love. While on this coast the Pacific Coast Arbitration Association has the support of such names as Rev. Dr. Stratton, Hon. C. P. Huntington, Presidents Horace Davis, E. S. Holden, A. C. Hirst, Col. H. B. Sprague (of International Code Committee) and others; the present writer being honorary secretary, and David Jacks, of Monterey, treasurer.

Of European societies the International Arbitration and Peace Association of London, is perhaps chief. Its first president was the seventh earl of Shaftesbury, endeared to humanity by his devotion to works of charity. He had the support of Earl Derby (ex-foreign secretary), the Duke of Westminster, and a large number of distinguished names as vice-presidents. "I know," said he to Mr. Hodgson Pratt, the society's chairman of committee, "of no association doing a greater good than yours." London workers also support The Peace Society, of which the late H. Richard, M. P., was the leader; the Women's Peace and Arbitration Association; and the Workmen's, of which W. R. Cremer, M. P., as chief, took the leading part in obtaining the two hundred and thirty-three signatures of members of Parliament to the memorial presented to President Cleveland by Lord Kennard, Sir Lyon Playfair, and others in 1887.

The list of helpers in France includes La Société Française des Amis de la Paix (M. Fréderic Passy, Deputé, M. I. president), La Ligue Internationale de la Paix et de la Liberté (M. Chas. Lemonnier, D. D., president), Le Comité de Paris, de la Fédération Internationale de l'Arbitrage et de la Paix (M. Hippolyte Destrem and M. Auguste Desmoulins), Société de la Paix du Familistère de Guise (the late M. Godin, first president), and La Société d'Aide Fraternelle (Pasteur F. Fallot). Aid is given in Holland by the Algemeen Nederlandsch Vrdebond (Hon. D. Van Eck); in Italy by La Societa Umanitaria Cisalpina, Milan, (Professor Francesco Vigano), La Lega di Liberta, Fratellanza, e Pace, and the Consolato Operaio, Milan, with allied societies in Rome, and the aid of the Italian Freemasons, who have identified their body with the cause. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, also have their auxiliary societies in Copenhagen, Kristiana, and

Stockholm. While the policy of "blood and iron" is withstood in Germany by arbitration associations in Wurtemburg, Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Berlin (the well-known Professor Virchow president).

It will be obvious from this list of societies and the eminent names appended, that the cause of international arbitration has passed beyond the stage of quixotic chimera in which some still persist in regarding it. There is nothing either quixotic or chimerical in the effort to reduce to the realm of law a yet unconquered region of savagery. Personal trial by combat, so far from being now regarded as a divine justification of the victor, would send him to the State prison. No argument is needed to prove that national trials by combat, though the contending banners be consecrated by bell, book, and bishop, are equally criminal.

Moreover, militarism is essentially un-American. It is utterly repugnant to the spirit of the Monroe doctrine, on which our foreign policy is based. This doctrine is entirely antagonistic, not only to any embroilment in old-world affairs, but to the importation of any old rags of European policy;—a policy of "blarney and lies," of red tape, of petty jealousy and petty feud, of existence spent in endless dread of one's next neighbor. A country open to all comers need fear no invasion. A country where every citizen is sovereign can be prey to no usurper. A country furnished with an inexhaustible supply of the "sinews of war" need be under no apprehension as to the ironclads and parks of artillery on which less fortunate nations are lavishing their borrowed treasures.

In furtherance of this humane Monroe policy, and in response to the urgency of the many societies named above, an invitation has been issued by the President to the states of Central and South America, to send representatives to a peace conference to be held this year in Washington, D. C. The conference will endeavor to make an international court of arbitration an established fact. Its attention will also be directed to the establishment of a uniform standard of coinage for all America, and the rearrangement of customs duties, etc. on an equitable and more intelligent basis. Mr. M. M. Estee has been nominated by President Harrison as one of the American commissioners. There is also to be a Universal Peace Congress this year in connection with the Paris exposition.

Thirteen bills or more have been introduced into congress providing for the negotiation of arbitration treaties or the establishment of the proposed tribunal. It rests with public opinion to make any or all of these initiatory measures successful. Myriads of our forefathers faced martyrdom in assertion of their right to a share in public opinion, and their right to express their share. What they bled and died for the present generation is all too prone to value lightly, or cast aside as worthless. When the fiery newspaper man rolls his war drums we act on the creed,

> The side of our country must ollers be took!

There ends the burden of our state cares. We shuffle all responsibility on to the powers that be, adding with John P. Robinson:

> And President Polk, you know, *he is* our country:
> And the angel that writes all our sins in the book
> Puts the debit to him, and to us the per contry.

The majority of the public being thus apathetic, the clamorous classes, journalists, politicians, and military, lead in accordance with their interests, and the country drifts into unnecessary war.

It cannot be too strongly urged that there are no rights without duties. Our right to enjoy the blessings of good government presupposes duties wisely and faithfully performed in constituting that

government. If we permit a government to lavish money on needless military preparation to the neglect of needful internal improvement, on us be the blame. Here in California are millions of acres lying idle for lack of irrigation facilities, which government might readily supply; vast stretches of country unoccupied because of inaccessibility; bridges and roads are needed which government might build. But so that government money is spent, and spent *here*, no one seems to care whether it is fooled away in useless implements of destruction, or reproductively employed in developing our State. The same amount can be expended, the same workmen employed, in either case. The public can judge as to the respective benefits.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error
There were no need of arsenals or forts!

The public no longer professes a piety that expects a miraculous manifestation of the All Wise to interpose between men and the results of their own criminal ignorance, folly, and neglect.

God hates the sneaking creturs who believe
He'll settle things that they run off and leave.

The apostle of nineteenth century culture has simplified Christianity for the public. It consists, he tells them, of a "method" and a "secret." The secret is "Peace"; the method "Sweet Reasonableness." Applied to our subject, the sweet reasonableness of international arbitration commends itself to all candid minds. All sects may embody it in their creed: all parties work for its attainment.

The hour is coming when men's Holy Church
Shall melt away in ever-widening walls,
And be for all mankind, and in its place
A mightier Church shall come, whose covenant word
Shall be the deeds of love. Not "Credo" then,
"Amo" shall be the password through its gates.
Man shall not ask his brother any more,
"Believest thou?" but "Lovest thou?" till all
Shall answer at God's altar, "Lord, I love."
For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer, but Love,
Great Love alone, is captain of the soul.

Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the great American nation, credited by the prophet quoted above with so much political lucidity, may rapidly evolve that degree of "sweetness and light" which not only embodies so desirable an article as international arbitration in its creed, but acting on that belief, breeds live issues, and directs popular action. America has accepted the proud rôle of "Enlightener of Nations." Let deeds rather than words vindicate her claim to so glorious a mission.

Edward Berwick.



FROM AN INVALID'S WINDOW.

It may be wise to explain that the windows are on the second floor of a country house, and to add that one, looking northward, is a double window, which reaches almost from ceiling to floor.

Herein is framed the top of a live oak so covered with ivy that it at once suggests to the invalid the story of Sinbad and the Old Man of the Sea. Between the bars of the little balcony outside, a flowering shrub below can be seen tossing its long white plumes in the spring wind. Then come the tops of the arbor vitæ, (it is all a mass of greenery,) above that the tops of many pines, through whose parting and meeting branches shows a sunny hillside crowned with southernwood and a few windblown oaks. There is a glimpse, too, of a latticed gateway, and when the Invalid sits up in bed she can see part of the great stone stable, ivy-curtained like the trees till only a bit of yellow coping shows above the wide doorway.

From the western window is another oak branch in the foreground, then the smooth hills that help to hedge the valley in, with higher wooded hills beyond, over all a sweep of blue sky. There are no houses in sight but a little white one far across the valley, with low-lying outbuildings and fences.

It is not a lively outlook, but the Invalid finds it very comforting. All through the sunny day the birds come and go in the pine tops, in the oak tops. They float down like brown autumn leaves, they dart zig-zag, and wheel in airy flight, they poise on the very highest twigs, rocking in the wind, they twitter and chirp and sing incessantly. There is love-making, and nest-building, and nest-filling, going on, and little pin-feathery families feeding, in how many places?

The afternoon shadows lengthen across the valley, and white fluffy clouds float across the sky, making waves of shadow over the fields of wild oats. Then the sun goes down with a trail of rosy red behind him, that dies into pink, into gray, into night. The wind rises with a presage of storm in its breath. Inside, the house-mother replenishes the wood fire in the cavernous fireplace, and the great chimney throat roars like a demon, but the flames are friendly enough, and send their reflections to dance on the walls and in the long mirrors, and so beguile the Invalid, who is a fire worshiper.

One star twinkles in the west, and in the little white house across the valley a red light appears that twinkles too, and disappears, and comes again. Presently the house-mother brings a tall candle, since stronger light is forbidden, and sits her down close by the fire, candle in hand, to laugh over the last number of a humorous paper. The candle introduces a new and grotesque element into the sickroom. It throws strange shadows everywhere. One of the Japanese vases on the high mantelpiece seems to have a lid held aloft by an unseen hand, another makes the silhouette of a crouching imp, and the reader's benign face, framed by a fleecy shawl, becomes the head of an ogress. A plain, unassuming bottle of brandy on the dressing table is idealized by the candle-light streaming through it, till its double in the mirror is a slender flask of topaz, shimmering, sparkling, sending out a flame of its own. One looking-glass reflects another, and there is a bewildering interchange of pictures and lights and shadows.

All at once the candle is put out, and

the flame of the backlog resumes its dominion. Outside there is a sudden radiance above the pine tops, then the crescent moon sinks into sight. It makes whiter the white balcony, over which a Romeo might climb in jeweled doublet, and not be out of keeping with the scene.

But it is not of Romeo the sad Invalid is thinking, as she watches the moon droop lower and lower, till its faint light is tangled in the stirring leaves like firefly rays. Rather comes to her mind,

> Yon rising moon that looks for us again,—
> How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
> How oft hereafter look for us
> Through this same garden, and for one in vain!

But the days cannot all be sunny,—nor would we have them so. One morning the fog hangs low over the hills, then lifts and shows real clouds behind it. The clouds themselves seem wavering, and at first only send down a fine Scotch mist. The Weather-prophet says confidently that "It won't amount to anything." Pretty soon comes a sharp little shower to flatly contradict his assertion, then the whole valley is one gray swirl of driving rain.

The Invalid can smell in fancy the southernwood on the hilltop in the damp, sweet air. There is something cheerful and old-fashioned about the homely little shrub. It seems an outcast from the well ordered kitchen garden family of thyme and sweet marjoram, mint and sage, now condemned to thrust down its roots among the hill rocks, and have its strong incense blown about by the sea winds in wild prodigality, perhaps perfume the furry coats of the shy "cottontail," and hare, as they leap through the dewy dwarf forest at daybreak.

The Invalid can fancy, too, though she has not been out into the spring, how all the meadow grasses are swaying and the gay flower cups bending their drenched heads, and on the slopes above the watercourses the fern, and rushes, and vines, make a fairy carpet. A year ago it would have been hard to resist the call of field and forest,—"follow,—follow!"—but one can soon learn the lesson of the impossible. Under the discipline of suffering the desires fade and narrow. People come and go, bringing their petty ambitions, their frivolous work, their scandal or what not. Heavens! did *we* ever care for these? Spring calls, but we are content to follow her in imagination. A favorite book, an easy chair, a saunter on the sunny, sheltered terrace, watching the butterflies and followed by the dogs, days free from pain, friendly letters,—there may be other good things in life, but they are out of reach. So life scales off, bit by bit, its vivid coloring, till the tranquil grays and browns underneath alone are left, and come to be just as satisfying. We take what the gods give, but do not ask for more.

Just as the rain begins to be monotonous the Invalid sits upright to rest, and sees afar into the barn door, where Tiger, the bulldog, stands in bow-legged patience, looking out into the world and wagging his toothless jaws. Finding nothing in this world worth looking at, he takes to gymnastic exercise in the form of a protracted roll on the stone floor,—wiggling and twisting, legs in air, apparently in an ecstasy of enjoyment,—but finally recovers his perpendicular to greet the plumber, who has come out to eat his luncheon.

At first the plumber evidently regards Tiger with more awe than admiration, but amiability wins its way, and they swear an eternal friendship,—the old dog licking his chaps in anticipation of a possible friendship's offering.

It may be that the plumber's luncheon would not be considered by most people a thrilling event, but it interests the Invalid mightily. She has seen the plumber before, and knows him for a stalwart young man with a serious face and soft voice, who comes from the village

hard by. Now he takes out of his wagon two cans, and sits down on a chair just inside the big ivied door. He might be a pilgrim resting on the bench of an old English inn, his surroundings are so picturesque. So is he for that matter, with his hat pushed back and his legs crossed at ease. But the Invalid will never know what those two cans contain. One undoubtedly a beverage,—is it cold tea or coffee, milk or beer? There is white bread, visible to the naked eye, and surely some kind of dessert, and he eats calmly, looking about him with evident interest.

When he has finished he gets up, brushes the crumbs off, draws down his shirt sleeves, puts on his coat, and strolls about in a leisurely way. (N. B. Tiger gets nothing.) Just as he starts back to his work, a pretty bay team with light "Surrey" drives up before the stables, and two men, buttoned to the throats in long top coats against the weather, get out and walk briskly toward the house.

The Invalid's curiosity goes up to 104 (doctor's thermometer). They may be visitors from afar come on the train. In that case what will Drusilla *give them to eat?* That is always the first thought of the hospitable but hard-driven country housekeeper. There is nobody near enough to ask, but after ten minutes or more of this morbid and abnormal excitement the men walk back to the wagon, clamber in, and — drive away, Tiger and the phlegmatic plumber looking on as if such events were everyday affairs.

Drusilla, appearing soon after in the Invalid's room, is also moved to curiosity on hearing the news, and to regret lest the strangers rang the bell and were not heard, and she rushes off to interview the plumber, who avers that the mysterious pair, like the the Lady in Crape, "neither spoke nor smiled," but only strode hurriedly about the garden.

Their errand is as much of a conundrum as the contents of the plumber's two cans, but the Invalid is used to unsolved problems and accepts them philosophically.

All the long afternoon the clouds and showers come and go as coquettishly as the birds; the wind flings off the big drops from the eaves, the western window pane blurs and clears again. The sun tries to struggle out before he goes down, but the sombre waves go over him, and hurry on the twilight and the night. Neither has the slender moon so much as a rift wherein to show her face. There is no star nor red light gleaming from the farm house across the valley, but in the high window of the stable, almost hidden by the ivy, old lame Kaspar, the hostler, has set his lamp, and it shines benignantly, cheerfully, like a tiny beacon for wayfarers beset by the storm.

Once more the morning finds the sun ashine, the sky a sapphire blue, and cloud banks meeting and melting into grotesque shapes. The idle imagination of the Invalid finds no limit in naming these pictures of the air. A white dragon, a falcon soaring down atilt for prey, a summer sea set with isles of snow, a graybeard Mephistopheles, a ruined tower. They do not appear to move, but go almost ere they have come, — satires, it might seem, on the ephemeral visions that fill our mental skies, the dissolving views that lure us to eternal unrest.

The day being a good day in every sense of the word, the Invalid is persuaded to get up and be dressed. This change expands her horizon considerably. The terrace is brilliant with rose bloom; the broad sweep of graveled drive looks warm and inviting, especially in a sheltered corner, where somebody has left a splint-bottomed chair. Kaspar goes limping into the barn with his shining milk-pail; two meek, whitey-gray cats come out and sit in the sun to wash their faces; high up on the terrace old Ah Sing clips and trims the laurestinus hedge. Presently little Ah Lee appears as coadjutor; next comes

the "Boss," and then ensues long converse, chiefly pantomimic, among the three. The plumber and the carpenter go off with their tools, having finished their three days job. A quail calls close by and soon runs across the drive, his black plume nodding and his little mate following. They wander fearlessly almost into the barn and over the flower beds, and finally slip away under the pines.

The pines themselves are never failing sources of refreshment to the Invalid. Their new green spikes thrust aloft from the older upward-curving branches seem sometimes like fingers pointing skyward, sometimes like votary candles held aloft, sometimes like slender spires. A grosbeak perches on the tip of one, and his brown-yellow breast gleams in the sunshine as he swings in mid air; before he is out of sight a red-capped, red-throated linnet tilts and poises on another wind-shaken bough. The young ivy shoots on the front of the stable are constantly stirred by the flutter of wings. It is impossible not to make much of the birds, they make so much of themselves. Was not this spring world, all these leafy curtains, the slender grass seeds, the sunshine, made for them? Of course it was.

When the Invalid tires of the north window she goes to the south, which now gives a sweep of the whole valley, and its dark background of hills with their every outline clear cut against the sky. A gabled roof rising from the foliage at their base, a ribbon of white road leading up the valley, a broad field, dotted park-wise with oaks, wherein half a dozen horses are feeding, and close under the windows again the formal cypress hedges, the rose-starred flower beds, and smooth turf of the garden.

It is all beautiful in the afterglow of the perfect day,—so beautiful, that it brings the inevitable melancholy, the unreasonable pain, that always waits upon the nature-lover when he meets his mistress face to face. Is it scorn of our own weakness, which takes so much and can give so little, or a foreknowledge of the morrow that must blur this picture before it can give us another,—the certainty that no matter how fair and tangible seem the things we grasp they slip through our fingers and are lost forever? Who can tell? and after all, why make ado over this dusk-swept valley? It is only a landscape, there is nothing *human* in it.

A great yellow owl comes flapping past the window and shatters the Invalid's melancholy self-communing. She hears his "Whoo! Whoo!" later in the night, when the white moonlight streams in and touches her as she lies dumbly waiting for sleep.

The moonlight is not as cheery a companion as the firelight, but it brings as many fancies. Now it peoples the house with ghosts; one can hear the rustle of their garments in the long corridors, the whisper of their voices, can see them pacing down the scented rose-walks, meeting on the terrace steps, and finally melting into the shadows of the trees.

The moonlight rises higher and higher like the silent inflowing tide of the shining marshes. The ghosts go, but in their places come visions of poor creatures lying on beds of misery in crowded cities,—cold without fire, hungry without bread, comfortless, uncared for, whose windows look on dark alleys or blank walls, or who have—heaven help them—no windows at all.

Each new picture brings a sense of contrast, of consciousness of "benefits forgot." The Invalid's pain somehow grows less intolerable, the moonlight and the stars are friendly helpers, "the skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer"; rest and content steal over her, and at last the world of reality sinks away and leaves her in the world of dreams.

K. M. B.

THE ANNEXATION OF MEXICO.

Señor Romero addresses the people of the United States in the leading article of the *North American Review* for May, upon the question of our annexation of Mexico.

Premising that there is no present agitation of the subject, he introduces it as a question "of transcendent character," to be considered now expressly "because the public mind is not excited, and reason can have its full sway."

It is not necessary to suppose that Señor Romero anticipates a speedy agitation of the subject, — in fact, the whole tenor of his remarks implies that he does not, — yet when a friend says, "Let us have a calm, dispassionate consideration of a certain matter, now, while we are cool," it certainly conveys the impression that we are liable to get angry, and perhaps inconsiderate. While all Americans will agree that there is not the slightest danger of anything of the sort, the high character of Señor Romero, his exalted position and distinguished services, not only to his own country, but to ours, demand the most careful consideration of the arguments and warnings he has seen fit to address to us.

It is only consistent with Señor Romero's opening statement that the article itself furnishes no further explanation as to why it has been introduced at this time. Possibly, the proposition recently made to acquire Lower California by purchase may have had something to do with it, but it is more probable that the chapter on Territorial Extension, in Bryce's "American Commonwealth," to which we shall allude later, has suggested it. The Mexicans are excessively sensitive upon the subject, and Mr. Bryce's remarks are well calculated to awaken their apprehensions. The fact, which we can never expect them to forget, that we did wage a war of conquest upon them, and obtained over one half of their territory, we are apt to overlook. Señor Romero does allude to that, and that of itself we can accept as a sufficient cause for the warning now addressed to us, — for a warning it is, though it takes also the form of a reassurance to the Mexican people.

> It is very plain [he says] to any statesman, and in fact to anybody endowed with the faculty of anticipating events, how dangerous it would be to the future unity and welfare of this country [the United States] further to increase its territorial area, especially when the new territory is already inhabited by a people of a different race, speaking a different language, and having different habits. . . . The United States has already as much territory as any other free country ever had, and embraces within itself different elements, with different and antagonistic interests, which will in all probability grow stronger every day. The patriotism, talent, prudence, wisdom, and ingenuity, of its best men will be heavily taxed during the next century to keep together the bonds of union which now happily exist, and prevent their disruption.

But what can we expect if we

> increase the already existing difficulties of the situation . . . by adding to them the introduction a whole nationality of twelve millions of people of almost insuperable assimilation . . . a people of a different race, speaking a different language, and possessing very different habits and ideas, two-thirds of whom are pure-blooded Indians, who, although docile, peaceful, and law abiding, are on the whole ignorant, and will, beyond all doubt, present the same social and political problems that are now offered by the colored race of the South.

We are reminded that the United States are now about equally divided in politics between the North and the South, so much so that a single State has often had a controlling vote in the presidential elections. Since the abolition of slavery

the economic question between labor and capital has taken its place. "The Solid South is arrayed on one side, and the majority of the North on the other. If under such circumstances . . . twelve millions of a heterogeneous, dissatisfied, unwilling people, with a representation in the Congress of the United States of fifty-six Senators and seventy-nine Representatives," be added, little less than anarchy might be expected to ensue.

> The annexation of Mexico would revolutionize materially the labor system of the United States, and the objections to Chinese and European pauper immigrants . . . would have tenfold force. At least three million of able-bodied Mexican laborers, whose wages range now from twelve and a half to fifty cents a day . . . would be thrown on the market, clothed with the rights of citizenship, and without any possibility of closing to them the doors of the country as they are now practically closed to the Chinese.

It is then intimated that all the advantages of annexation without any of its drawbacks can be obtained by enlarging "the political, social, and commercial relations between the two republics so as to identify them in great commercial and industrial interests, but without diminishing the autonomy or . . . destroying the nationality of either."

Señor Romero says:

> I have purposely refrained from dwelling on the actual difficulties of the subjugation of 12,000,000 of brave people, proud of their nationality, and ready to fight to the last extremity to preserve it, and on the difficulties of keeping subdued such a large number of people, because, although these considerations are very serious, . . . they have only a secondary importance when compared with the paramount gravity of the others. . . . I am willing to assume that the conquest of Mexico could be accomplished, but I think it opportune to mention that a great military authority has recently said that a war with Mexico now would be quite a different affair from the one of 1846 and 1847, and its consequences would also be quite different. Although it is a law of nature that the stronger can subdue the weaker, there are several factors in the struggle between the two nations which may affect the final issue, and often the result may not quite compensate the magnitude of the effort. . . .
>
> In conclusion, I would express my sincere conviction that the United States desire above all things the increasing prosperity and secured stability of Mexico and the other Spanish American powers, and that they are really anxious for closer and more friendly relations. We have not heretofore known as much of each other as we ought to have done, and our mutual knowledge and understanding are certainly the first step to take before we can reach more satisfactory results.

It is impossible to quote Señor Romero more fully within the limits of this article, but it may be seen that he sets out by saying that there is no agitation of the subject on our part; that "none of the political parties, in fact no sensible man, favors any such scheme, that very few would assent to it even if Mexico proposed annexation." That the Monroe doctrine, instead of being a menace from the United States, "contemplates a defensive and not an aggressive policy."

He points out apparently to his own people, although he is addressing us, that since slavery was abolished the old fundamental principles and doctrines (of peace and equity) have regained control of the country, and then follow the warnings and the solemn prediction as to the fatal results to the victor, even if the stronger nation should subdue the weaker.

Americans who understand their own country know how unfounded is this alarm. Señor Romero professes to do so, but while apparently reassuring his own people, betrays apprehension, drifts into warning, and finally into something almost approaching menace, as when he quotes General Grant, that a war with Mexico would now be a very different affair from the one of 1846 and 1847. The article in consequence may be sharply criticized throughout the United States, and perhaps elicit the unfavorable comment which generally follows unfounded alarm.

But before condemning or even judging Señor Romero, let us see what a still higher authority even than the

Mexican Minister thinks upon the subject. Professor Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," says:

Two railways now pierce Northern Mexico from the United States, the one reaching the Pacific at Guaymas on the Gulf of California, the other crossing the great plateau from the town of El Paso as far as the City of Mexico. The mining regions of Chihuahua and Sonora are already half American, for the capital is theirs, communications are worked by them, their language spreads, their influence becomes permanent. As the mines of Colorado and Arizona become less and less attractive, the stream of immigration will more and more set out of the United States across the border. If American citizens are killed or their property attacked, the United States Government will be invoked, and will find difficulties in dealing with a weak government like the Mexican, which cannot keep order in its own dominions. It is far from improbable that the American settlers, as their numbers grow, will be tempted to establish order for themselves and perhaps at last some sort of government. In fact, the process by which Texas was severed from Mexico and brought into the Union may conceivably be repeated in a more peaceful way. It is all but impossible for a feeble state, full of natural wealth which her people do not use, not to crumble under the impact of a stronger and more enterprising race. All experience points to the detachment of province after province from Mexico, and its absorption into the American Union; nor when the process has once begun need it stop till, in a time to be measured rather by decades than by centuries, the petty republics of Central America have been also swallowed up, and the predominant influence, if not the territorial frontier, of the United States has advanced to the Isthmus of Panama.

If the United States were a despotic monarchy like Russia this would certainly happen; happen not so much from any deliberate purpose of aggression as by the irresistible tendency of facts, a tendency similar to that which led Rome to conquer the East, England to conquer India, Russia to conquer Northwestern Asia. But the Americans are most unwilling that it should happen, and will do all they can to prevent it. . . .

One finds in the United States, and of course especially in Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, many people who declare that Mexico will be swallowed, first in the northern provinces, and the whole in time. It is "Manifest Destiny," and the land and mining claim speculators of these border lands would be glad to help destiny. But the general feeling of the nation is strongly against a forward policy, nor has either party any such interest in promoting it as the Southern slave-dealers had in bringing in Texas forty-five years ago. It cannot therefore be called a question of practical politics. Yet it is a problem which already deserves consideration, for the future in which it may become practical is not distant. It is a disquieting problem. The clearest judgment and the firmest will of a nation and its statesmen cannot always resist the drift of events and the working of natural causes.

The dangers which Mr. Bryce alluded to are fully understood in Mexico, and as Señor Romero says:

Public opinion is divided in Mexico about the best policy to be pursued toward the United States. The Conservative or Church party, as well as a large portion of the people inspired by the recollections of the disastrous war of 1846 and 1847, which General Grant characterized as unjust, and ignoring or overlooking the political changes which have since occurred in this country, are always afraid of annexation, and advocate the policy of isolation from and complete non-intercourse with the United States; while the Liberal party, having the bond of similarity of political institutions, considers the contiguity of territory as a stubborn fact which cannot be ignored, and believes that the best way to prevent annexation is to open the country to the United States, and grant them all reasonable advantages, so as to make annexation useless and even dangerous. In pursuance of that policy the old Mexican land laws have been recently modified, and the most liberal railroad, mineral, and other grants have been freely given to its citizens.

As a consequence of this enlightened policy, American capital, variously estimated at from one to two hundred millions, has been poured into the country. Vast railroad enterprises have been undertaken, some of which have already been completed. The results have, so far at least, generally disappointed the expectations of their promoters. The industrial development of Mexico is as yet very slight; commerce is generally in the hands of European houses, and continues to follow the old channels and ancient methods, at least to a great extent. It is the mining industry that must finally decide the result of American investments, and this is principally in the hands of Americans, it being too uncertain and venturesome to attract much European capital. It was the great Real del Monte mine which long sustained the pioneer railroad from Vera

Cruz to the capital, and the importance of the mining industry can be estimated from the fact that the product of silver bullion greatly exceeds the product of all other industries combined. Practically then, it is evident that the development of Mexico is dependent upon the mines. If they succeed, other industries will follow, and finally, perhaps, greatly exceed them in productiveness, as has been the case in California. Californians know something of the vicissitudes of mining, yet they know little of it as compared with the American miners in Mexico. In California the product is principally gold; in Mexico the output is thirty millions silver to seven hundred thousand gold. This silver is now burdened by a discount of thirty per cent, and though silver is a legal tender in Mexico for all amounts large and small, the depreciation of silver in the markets of the world has to be borne in Mexico as everywhere else, even though indirectly. In addition there are restrictions there of which we know nothing, and obstacles which we could not even realize if explained. As a consequence, in one great mining district with which the writer is familiar, of many hundreds of mining companies, American and foreign, only one has succeeded after a dreadful, doubtful, and most prolonged struggle; all the rest lost every dollar. This is also the record of all "the mines of the North," to which Mr. Bryce makes allusion as "being worked by Americans who come across from Texas and Arizona in greater and greater numbers," and it is true, not only of Americans, but also of miners of all nationalities. The cause of this is that the mines have to endure so many burdens placed by the Mexican authorities, in addition to those inevitably incident to the occupation.

The nature of them is best explained by relating an incident which occurred since the appearance of Mr. Romero's article. The senior of an eminent American commercial house sought the writer, to consult with him in consequence of his long experience in Mexico. They own the property alluded to as the one successful mine out of several hundred ventures. There is no mint in the country where their mines are situated, yet the Mexican government has suddenly decreed that they pay a mint duty of 4½ per cent. Now, in consequence of there being no mint they already pay 2 per cent to transport and import their coin. But that is not all. It is also decreed that the silver shall be considered as fine silver, no matter how great its alloy, and pay duty as such. This amounts practically to an imposition of 8 per cent *on their gross product!* There is no appeal from this iniquitous decree.

The senior asks, "Is it constitutional to decree a mint tax where there is no mint?"

"Certainly not."

"Can we not appeal?"

Appeal to whom or what? Will Señor Romero tell us what chance an American company would have to resist such a decree? There is no appeal. It is an act of pure despotism.

It is not quite two years since the same parties had to appeal, as Mr. Bryce says, to the American government against a much more serious wrong. They had a suit brought against them by an influential Mexican gentleman. He was defeated in the courts, but had influence enough to secure extra judicial interference on the part of some of the Mexican officials. The military were called in, and a number of ruffians terrorized the manager and his officers. After months of suffering and expense the situation became unendurable. Fortunately, the owners were influential enough to secure the active interposition of our government, and the ruffians were arrested and summarily shot.

The writer has suffered from a decree which was declared *retroactive*, and been compelled to pay many thousands

of dollars back duties, notwithstanding that he held the receipts in full of the custom house; and has had his bullion seized at the last moment, after he had closed his correspondence, drawn his drafts against it, and consigned his letters to the express beyond recall. There is at times apparently a malignant ingenuity about the petty despotisms of the custom houses in relation to such matters, which, added to the innumerable obstacles elsewhere encountered, are most disheartening. I appeal to every miner, to every man long resident in Mexico, if I exaggerate the truth or not. I know men, gentlemen, who have been imprisoned in foul dungeons, others placed in front of an armed rabble, and pricked with the point of a bayonet, for no greater offense than refusing a forced loan; and it is rarely indeed that the intervention of our government, to which Mr. Bryce alludes, can be obtained, as many sufferers will bear witness.

The dangers which threaten Mexican nationality are not to be found abroad, but at home. Mr. Bryce, with his remarkable sagacity, has frankly and forcibly indicated their nature, and Señor Romero emphasizes the testimony when he says, "the Liberal party has opened the country to the United States in pursuance of their policy as indicated." Americans are there by *invitation* under this promise, the guarantee in fact "of all reasonable advantages." Our people are mostly miners, and it is only reasonable to ask fair and considerate treatment for this most hazardous and in the main unprofitable of all industries. Only a fraction of one per cent can succeed after sinking hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of capital, and struggling for ten or perhaps twenty years, enduring every privation and hardship.

If, as Mr. Bryce suggests, American citizens are killed or their property attacked, after being promised every reasonable protection and encouragement, it is only natural that they "should appeal to their own government"; and failing that,—or failing all redress,—attempt "to establish order for themselves, and perhaps some sort of government."

But the provocation would have to be very great indeed to lead up to anything of the kind, for great provocations have long been patiently endured. The American miners, though very hardy and self-reliant, are industrious and law abiding. They go to Mexico hoping to obtain a little property, to develop it, and be protected in its peaceable possession. Most of them work for wages while acquiring by location or otherwise a mine of their own; and unless wronged or maltreated make not only good citizens, but in case of need, faithful upholders of the authority which sustains them.

But it would be unwise to ignore the dangers which most certainly will menace both nations, when the inevitable political reaction takes place in Mexico, —when the conservative or Church party, to which Señor Romero alludes, obtains the upper hand, and seeks to revert to a policy of "isolation and complete non-intercourse with the United States." It is too late for such an attempt to succeed, yet nothing is more certain than that it will be made sooner or later. Then will become general the petty tyrannies, the manifestations of race hatred, and the acts of military despotism, which are now happily comparatively rare and exceptional. Then, if ever, may come the danger of a repetition of the history of Texas, and complications such as are suggested by Mr. Bryce, which may "defy the clearest judgment and the firmest will of the nation and its statesmen."

But the loyal and friendly spirit of the American people which Señor Romero so frankly concedes, may be relied upon to consider with prudence and forbearance any such calamity; and it would be showing ungenerous distrust

of the growing friendliness between the two nations to express any doubt of a corresponding spirit of conciliation on the part of Mexico. Americans ask only to be permitted the privilege of reasonable encouragement in the pursuit of their enterprises, and to be permitted to enjoy in peace the fruits which they may win by their enterprise, self-denial, and most toilsome efforts. The ignorant Mexican, when he sees their bullion, exclaims, "See how these greedy fellows are robbing our country?" It is only the very few who realize that the fruit thus withdrawn leaves seed planted in the soil to bear a hundred fold.

As to the American government there surely can be no mistake about its present attitude. Why should Señor Romero fear us and apparently entertain no fears of aggressive European nations? Have we not more than once befriended Mexico? Is not Sheridan almost imprudent in the revelations of his memoirs concerning the movement of his troops at the close of the civil war? It is hardly a fair return to look upon us with suspicion after so signal a service, even granting it not entirely disinterested. Is there any uncertain sound about our defense of little Samoa? We would accept no affront from Chili, exhausted after her struggle with Peru, but we instantly throw a mailed gauntlet at the feet of the giant Germany, although ourselves unprepared. And this, in defense of a principle as important to Mexico as to us,— "of neither entangling ourselves in the broils of Europe, nor suffering the powers of the Old World to interfere with the affairs of the New, and that any attempt to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere would be dangerous to our peace and safety." It is with reason then that Mexico can reserve her fears if not her gratitude for us alone.

But other and some of them weaker nations are showing greater confidence. The project of Mr. Blaine to induce the American republics to a conference for the consideration of how best to promote and protect their common interests, once rejected, will shortly be accepted in the spirit which dictated it, since the long dreaded colossus is discovered to be a loyal friend instead of a greedy ogre.

We trust that Señor Romero will also feel reassured, for despite the predictions of the great philosopher we have quoted, Mexico is in no danger from us. Even great philosophers as well as great statesmen sometimes make mistakes. De Tocqueville made several, the gravest of all when he predicted that the negro and the whites could never live together in harmony unless the inferior race be enslaved. It is clear now to all men that he was in error. He was deceived by the historical argument that it never can be because it never has been.

So too, even Mr. Bryce, who is more practical if less philosophical, errs, we trust, in supposing that "province after province will be detached from Mexico and absorbed into the American Union," as Rome conquered the East, England conquered India, and Russia conquered northwestern Asia. There is a great deal of genuine chivalry beneath the practical character of the people of the United States, as is now becoming apparent; and our government by seeking to act in concert with the Spanish American republics realizes that we may win not only material advantage for ourselves but the proud satisfaction of advancing the fortunes of a struggling people, inheritors of the traditions of a great ancestry, of kindred aspirations, from whose parallel advance in the same glorious career of liberty, we have much to gain, and hope also to have much to give.

Henry S. Brooks.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

It is to be deplored that all life histories cannot be autobiographical. There is a charm about autobiography that biography can never have. A man's own estimate of himself is not only truer in the main, but it is colored — where there is color — by his own individuality alone. And as it is for just this individuality, this personal equation, this distinctive attitude toward life, that biography is rightly read, the less another's individuality is mixed with it the better.

The events in the life even of the greatest man are astonishingly like those of his smaller neighbors. He is born, grows, eats, talks, and dies; and so do they. If, as sometimes happens, he has been a part of the public life of his state or nation, the record of it is a matter of historical interest rather than material, for platting the life of the man himself.

The reasons for reading biography are at once a mixture of selfishness and curiosity. Under what seem to be the same conditions of life, one man does some things better than his neighbors do them. Somehow he has got more out of his surroundings than the others have. It is a natural impulse, therefore, that after his death, his acts, his motives, his personal peculiarities, should be critically overhauled by his contemporaries in a search for the hidden springs of his success.

There is less danger, too, of trivialities where a man constitutes himself his own biographer. Even the most ardent realist would be willing to suppress the querulous details that marred the Reminiscences of Carlyle. Had the great man edited the manuscript himself, instead of trusting the matter to a biographer, these details would never have appeared. In this, as in other instances, it was simply a case of mistaken judgment. Froude's intentions were good, but he failed to comprehend Carlyle's wishes, and the objects for which people read biography.

On the other hand, most really great men have been shy of making written records of their lives. The men the world wants most to know about have as a rule been so busy doing the things that made them famous, that they died before getting around to the setting of them down. So that, as a rule, the personal narratives we cherish are of men who were only in a measure great.

Really remarkable, however, was Solomon Maimon, whose autobiography[1] has just been translated from the German by a Canadian professor of philosophy. It is a picture as wonderful in relation to its times as that of Benvenuto Cellini to the life of the century in which he lived. It is more than extraordinary, and will readily take its place as a landmark in the field of biographical literature. There are few more interesting spectacles than the struggle of a spirit like his, shut off by almost impassable barriers from culture and the finer qualities of life, yet learning to overcome these successfully, and even to lift itself to the rank of leadership in the world of speculative thought.

The life of Solomon Maimon was a constant struggle against almost impossible conditions. He was a Polish Jew, and was born at a time when to be a Jew was in itself inhuman, and to live in Poland to experience the worst treatment that the ignorance and prejudice of the eighteenth century could inflict on that unfortunate nation.

[1] Solomon Maimon: An Autobiography. Translated from the German, with Additions and Notes, by J. Clark Murray. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

His father and his grandfather before him were farmers holding their land from the baronial proprietor on leases of uncertain tenure. Being Jews they were subject to insult from every good Christian who found it to his interest or pleasure to harass them, and the early part of the book is full of incidents of the terror and unrest with which the Jews were constantly filled. As they were robbed and persecuted in proportion as they were prosperous, those who made money were careful to conceal the fact; the whole Jewish population appears to have cultivated, if they did not really possess, an air of squalor and poverty. Maimon himself says:

> My life in Poland was a series of manifold miseries, with a want of all means for the promotion of culture, and necessarily connected with that an aimless application of my powers, in the description of which the pen drops from my hands, and the painful memories of which I strive to stifle.

In Maimon's sixth year his father began to read the Bible with him. At that age his imagination was much stronger than his understanding, and they had got no farther than "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," when with the irreverent skepticism that never left him till his death, he insisted on an explanation of the origin of God, and refused belief in his having always existed.

There was but one way for a pious Jew father to deal with such heresy, and the corrective was promptly and forcibly applied. But though the thrashings temporarily silenced the young doubter, they did not convince him of the soundness of his father's theology. The ultimate result of several such encounters was that the latter, secretly proud of his son's powers of disputation, concluded that the easiest if not the only way of saving him from heterodoxy was to make a rabbi of him, and he was consequently set over to the proper teachers for that end.

The description of his schooldays and his rise from one degree of rabbinical knowledge to the next, until the title of cabalist was awarded him, form some of the most interesting chapters of the book. He possessed in marked degree that power of hair-splitting argument which is the prime stock in trade of the Talmudist, and as he was hampered by small reverence for the sacred books, and above all possessed more than the usual modicum of commonsense, he was able to cope successfully with subtler but more conscientious thinkers, and generally to overthrow them, horse, foot and dragoons.

At the age of eleven he was married. By that time his fame as a rabbi had so spread abroad that there was much contest who should have him for a son-in-law. Having narrowly escaped an alliance with a spouse with a crooked leg, he was betrothed to the daughter of a rich neighbor, who paid down, besides presents, fifty thalers for him in advance. The wedding day was set, when the bride suddenly died of smallpox. As the groom had never seen her he was not inconsolable, and his father refusing to give up the dowry, prepared to sell him again. After many unseemly squabbles he was finally married to the daughter of a thrifty public-house keeper, the contract providing that the bride's parents should board and clothe the young couple free of all expense for six years. Besides other presents the thrifty father received fifty thalers more for him in cash.

At the age of fourteen Maimon's first son was born. His mother-in-law fulfilled only the letter of her contract, and made it so unpleasant for him that he was fain to go out as a teacher to keep body and soul together. From this date till his death, his life was but a repetition of one scene. Although gifted with rare powers, he had coupled with them a selfish egotism and habitual indolence that made him utterly careless of the future. He taught in place after place. His tal-

ents never failed to find him friends, who did more for him than friends outside of the Jewish faith would have done for a countryman. But the end was invariably the same. He could not brook opposition, and if he could not convince, had no hesitation in telling his opponent that the reason he could not understand him was because he was an ass. One after another he alienated his friends, and his life was a constant journey among new faces.

His natural acuteness and a dry sense of humor combined to point out to him the falseness and humbug of the Jewish formalism, and once emancipated he emigrated to Berlin, and at once took place as a formidable thinker in the field of moral and mental philosophy. Later in life he published a long and involved work embodying his peculiar views, which is still a standard though far from being clear.

More than with his work, however, is one impressed with the determination of the man, and the wonderful way in which he overcame the obstacles to success. His mother tongue was a patois of Lithuanian Hebrew. He was so bashful and uncouth and spoke so barbarously, that to his death he was an object of ridicule to those about him. Finding that he could not pursue his inquires in ethical fields without wider culture, he set himself to learn French, German, and Hebrew proper, and accomplished the task without instruction, his only guide being a parallel book on the Talmud which accidentally fell in his way.

Had Maimon had a good, or even an ordinary, education he would have had a place in the niche of fame that is now denied to him. Yet his own temperament was in part to blame. His natural slovenliness of disposition was carried into his written work. He says:

> I have given up, with good result, the habit of making a draft beforehand. You are not, by a long way, so careful about your work when you know that you are going to write it over again; you neglect many a thought, do not write it down, because you believe it will occur to you again in copying out; which frequently does not happen.

This lack of method has rendered most of his work involved and obscure, and in many cases so many side thoughts have occurred to him and been inserted as they came, that the main thought and the sum total are incomprehensible.

There was almost no development in the man except on the side of moral philosophy. Belles lettres he considered trivial, because it could have only a subjective ground. Poetry at first he would have none of. But some quotation in Longinus's On the Sublime awakened curiosity about Homer, and he read him with approval.

> I thought to myself, these are but foolish trifles, it is true, but the imagery and descriptions are really very beautiful. After that I read Homer himself, and was forced to laugh heartily at the foolish fellow. What a serious air, I said to myself, over such childish stories! By and by, however, I found a great deal of pleasure in the reading.

His life necessarily was that of a loveless man. His marriage had had little love in it, though even after he deserted his family and gave his wife a divorce, he never spoke of her without regret. He records but one subsequent love affair, which would be discreditable to him if it were not told with a simplicity that shows how utterly unconscious he was of his brutality.

> The lady, who had been a widow now for a pretty long while, and had, according to her own story, conceived an affection for me, began to express this by looks and words in a romantic manner, which struck me as very comical. I could never believe that a lady could fall in love with me in earnest. Her expressions of affection therefore I took for mere airs of affectation. She, on the other hand, showed herself more and more in earnest, became at times thoughtful in the midst of our conversation, and burst into tears.

They fell into argument about love, and the lady exerted herself to convert him to the sentimental standpoint.

I could not, however, be so easily convinced, and as the lady was carrying her airs to an absurd length, I rose and took my leave. She accompanied me to the door, grasped me by the hand and would not let me go. I asked her somewhat sharply, "What's the matter with you, Madam?" With trembling voice and tearful eyes she replied, "I love you." When I heard this laconic declaration of love, I began to laugh immoderately, tore myself from her grasp, and rushed away.

This love-making was carried to a termination by letters, in which as in other matters he had the last word, and used it more than unjustly.

Of his position in the field of philosophy it is enough to say that he was among the first to point out the affinity of Spinozism with that of early Jewish thinkers; that he was one of the most formidable critics of Kant, and above all things was pleased to be called a genuine Epicurean.

There are several biographies of recent issue for young people, dealing for the most part with subjects from American history. The best of these is Scudder's life of Washington.[1] It is one of the Riverside Library volumes, and with its tasty cover and numerous illustrations is well calculated to attract the rather young class of readers to whom it is addressed. The narrative itself is brightly told, and gives a picture of the Father of his Country that will make him dear to the childish heart.

Not so good either in matter or typographical appearance is Headley's life of Sheridan.[2] It is more gory and less artistically done. It is brightly anecdotal, however, and gives a stirring picture of the warlike times with which it is concerned. The author has allowed his admiration for Sheridan to overcome his critical sense somewhat, and at times spoils his pictures by the fulsomeness of his praise.

For somewhat older readers are the lives of the Presidents[3] and the ladies of the White House.[4] The first is an earlier and well known manual now brought down to date. Like all compendiums it is made up of short, terse characterizations of the men in point, and unlike many of them it is interesting, and more than usually comprehensive. The portraits, which vary somewhat in excellence, are a distinct addition to the text, and on the whole very good.

The ladies of the White House have never had the attention they deserved, for more than once it has happened that an administration has been successful because of the social qualities and tact of the "first lady of the land." Fully as much interest centered in the young wife of the President just retired, as in the man himself, and several of the wives of the early Presidents had a reputation equal to that of the men whose names they bore. A book about them was therefore quite in order, and will be read with more interest than is usually accorded to such collections. The present volume can lay claim to no great literary quality. It is newspaperish in the extreme, the language often degenerating into slang. But it is bright and chatty and thoroughly readable, and aside from some ludicrous mistakes concerning political matters, is both pleasant and instructive reading.

In *Hours with the Living Men and Women of the Revolution*,[5] Benson J. Lossing has gathered together a series

[1] George Washington. An Historical Biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] Fighting Phil. The Life and Military Career of Philip Henry Sheridan. By Rev. P. C. Headley. Lee and Shepard: Boston. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[3] The Presidents of the United States. By John Frost, LL.D. Brought down to the present time by Harry W. French. Lee and Shepard: Boston. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[4] From Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland. By Lydia L. Gordon. Lee and Shepard: Boston. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[5] Hours with the Living Men and Women of the Revolution. By Benson J. Lossing. Funk & Wagnalls: New York. 1889.

of pictures taken from the lives of various survivors of the war of independence. The volume grew from material left over in the preparation of his Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution, and is equally as entertaining and instructive. Mr. Lossing has a keen discrimination in judging of the value of an historical incident, and an eye for the picturesque that makes dramatic each of the scenes that he recalls. It is not, however, historical information that is aimed at, but the personal character of the men and women who were associated with the founding of the republic. It is this endeavor to "deepen the inscriptions which record the names and deeds of those who secured our national independence," which stamps the work as biographical. It goes without saying that the work is well done. The numerous pen and ink sketches are spirited, if not entirely artistic, and will serve to fix the incidents they illustrate with a firmness that would not result from a reading of the illumined page. The text has an air of having been written with a view to youthful perusal, though no limitation to that effect appears upon the title page.

Grimm's *Life of Raphael*[1] is scarcely a biography. It would be much easier to gather from the volume an idea of Mr. Grimm than of Raphael. It is a careful and exhaustive criticism of Raphael's work as an artist, and should not be denominated a life of the great Italian. The biographer is frank in the matter, however, for he says:

> My endeavor in writing the life of Raphael has not been to supply with fancies and conjectures the lack of information concerning his actual career, nor merely to satisfy the curiosity of those who, in the knowledge of these outward experiences, imagine they possess the life of a man. The significance of my task seemed to me rather to lie in finding answers to the following questions: In what relations did this artist stand to the common world around him? How were the radiant pictures received which he gave to the world? Was he assisted in his work or was he hindered? How powerful was this help or this hindrance, and by whom exercised?

To this end he endeavors to put himself in the place of Raphael, to understand and set forth his feelings and ideas in designing and executing his work, and to trace his development as shown in his finished pictures. The result, as might be expected, is that one gets a very clear view of what Mr. Grimm thinks about art matters, and exactly what he would have done if he had been called on to do the work that Raphael did.

One does not lay down the book, however, with the entire conviction that the reasons and motives given were therefore actually Raphael's own.

Of Raphael himself the biography is given after three hundred and twenty-three pages of analysis in the two lines: "Four simple statements exhaust the story of his life; he lived, he loved, he worked, he died young."

But aside from its biographical pretensions, the book is of interest as criticism. No detail is too small, no incident too trivial, to escape the notice of this painstaking German scholar. He takes to his work a judgment ripe from long experience, and a real desire to set forth a matter in which he has a loving and reverent interest. As a result his attitude will have something of the intense to one unlearned in the attitude of the initiated, and frankly, except to the technical artist, the major portion of the book will be absolutely incomprehensible. This effect is largely helped by the absence of illustrations. Few people are familiar with all even of the more famous of Raphael's pictures. But where pages are devoted to discussion of small technical details of minor pictures, in the absence of illustrations, it is not unfair to say that the professional artist will be the only one whose interest will not flag in the reading.

[1] Life of Raphael. By Hermann Grimm. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

RECENT FICTION, I.

The Guardians[1] has first place in this installment of fiction review, because it has waited longest for notice, and also because it has some merits that demand for it a prominent position. It is a composite novel published semi-anonymously; that is, it is "by the authors of A Year in Eden, and A Question of Identity," which is to say, Harriet Preston Waters for the first, and, it is supposed, Louisa Dodge for the second, a book published in the No Name Series.

It relates the story of two young girls left with great wealth in the guardianship of a disappointed lover of their mother and an old judge. One of the girls is saintly and self-renouncing, and the other is of the romantic and passionate type. The younger of the guardians, who has rather selfishly nursed his early disappointment at the expense of his manliness, goes to the war, and there is developed into strength of character and kept conveniently out of the way, while the girls grow up. There is no need to relate the plot of the story, though in this case it would less than usual spoil the book for the reader, because the interest is not mainly dependent on plot, but on the careful character study, and the remarkably crisp and natural conversations. The scene where the boy lover proposes a secret marriage to the younger sister to save himself from being forced to marry the elder sister in accordance with the plans of the masterful Mrs. Rothery, is exquisitely droll. The action also of the same two when a real passion makes the girl regret the childish and clandestine vows is well and spiritedly drawn. A love affair of a very different sort is that of the elder sister and her guardian, but it is not less attractive.

The book is not a great one, and probably was not written in expectation that it would be; it lacks the force, scope, and depth, requisite to a great book; but it certainly is a very pleasant book, one that holds its readers unwearied, and even stands the test of a second reading. It bears no internal evidence of the dual authorship, and the style is uniformly bright, clear, and intelligent.

A book of less strength than *The Guardians*, but marked by something of the same pleasant and readable quality, is *A Quaker Girl of Nantucket*.[2] In plot it is the old and hackneyed tale of the child cast up by the sea, and the babies that are "mixed up," but the dress of the old plot redeems it; for Nantucket is a picturesque setting for a story, and this, though it is almost a child's story in its simplicity, yet takes the reader pleasantly into the company of the Macys, Coffins, Starbucks, Swains, and Folgers, the amphibious dwellers on the venturesome sandheap that braves the Atlantic. The study of Quaker character, both of the strict and the liberal types, is very good, and those that know many of the Society of Friends will readily recognize both Aunt Hepsy and Aunt Dorcas. Of course the story winds up all right, the mystery is cleared away, and both the waifs come to their own at last; but not before the reader has learned to like both boys and the little women, Quaker and butterfly, that he has seen grow up to be brides for them. Little Miriam's stay in New York is but another instance of the well defended

[1] The Guardians. By the authors of a Year in Eden and a Question of Identity. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] A Quaker Girl of Nantucket. By Mary Catherine Lee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

belief of those that know her best, that the carefully brought up New England girl, no matter how narrow the circumstances in which she has been reared, has character and poise that put her at her ease in the most exalted society.

Being fairly *in medias res* we may speak of a shoal of the paper-covered literature of the day,— though a very expansive definition of "literature" must be used to include many of these books. Three are in the blue binding of the Franklin Square Library[1], all reprints of English novels of the second grade, the grade in which the works of Farjeon, Besant, and James Payn stand foremost. *A Dangerous Catspaw* is the best of the three, a detective story, full of crimes and clews. Prickett, the detective who "could n't afford to clog his mind with treacly verses" is one of the most companionable of his genus, and there is less of the painful and repulsive about the whole book than is often found in detective stories. Indeed, there is too little of the repulsive about it; for it is not well to familiarize one's self with crime till it loses its "hideous mien." The pugilistic clergyman, who won his way by "science" among the London toughs, and the old Scotch Doctor Elphinstone, are characters pleasant to have met.

Lady Bluebeard is a curious jumble of romance and geography. The hero is a young Englishman waiting for a dead uncle's shoes, and meanwhile traveling in the Orient to pick up curios for the said uncle, who is of antiquarian tastes, and to find *motifs* for his own dabbling with brush and oils. He meets in the Garden of Eden — where he is having the oldest fig tree chopped down to send to his uncle as the veritable Tree of Good and Evil — with an Anglo-Indian grass-widow of enormous wealth, traveling to forget a crazy husband. They journey on the same steamer to Bombay, picking up much of strange and wonderful, and making love in a somewhat unconventional way, though by the receipt of news of the husband's death by telegram at the journey's end the conventional outcome is duly reached. The conversations are sometimes bright and sometimes stupid, and the author makes his characters lie to each other in so nonchalant a fashion that the reader grows distrustful of all the statements of a writer so regardless of truth.

The third of these books,[1] *A Country Cousin*, is the tale of a young woman of good birth brought up by an over-stern and didactic father. She is told constantly of her awkwardness and other faults until she believes in them, and when on being introduced to London society her great beauty brings its usual homage, my little lady has her head completely turned, and flashes out into a society woman in a way that amazes her father. She marries soon to gain her liberty, and the unhappiness that follows a marriage with no adequate mutual understanding of husband and wife is the theme of the book. It is told with some power of analysis, and works its way fairly into the reader's sympathies something—to compare less with greater —as Black's Princess of Thule does.

The paper-covered books by American authors differ from the English variety. They are less conventional, often taking pleasure in outraging convention of all sorts,— and this while adding something in originality has its dangers; for convention on good models does hold the English novelaster, to coin a word, up to a certain degree of merit, which the American often falls below, though perhaps more often than his English congener exceeding it. Perhaps, we say, for the present lot does not bear out the assertion, the American being distinctly

[1] A Dangerous Catspaw. By David Christie Murray and Henry Murray. Franklin Square Library. Harper & Bros; New York: 1889.

Lady Bluebeard. By the Author of "Zit and Xoe." *Ibid.*

The Country Cousin. By Frances Mary Peard. *Ibid.*

inferior in every case to the English books spoken of. The first to be mentioned is *Hermia Suydam*,[1] because of its local interest. It is not purposed here to add to the weight of vituperation, often in as bad taste as anything in the book itself, that has been poured out on this novel by the local press. Neither is it purposed to defend it, for there is in it little to defend and much that is indefensible. It is sufficient to point out how utterly such books fail to hit the wants of any great body of people. They are not bad enough to please those who seek the sensual only, and they are not good enough to please anybody. Thus in spite of an advertising of the most effective kind, and of the most vigorous efforts to push the book on the local reputation of the author, it has in the brief four months since the OVERLAND'S last fiction review come and gone,—gone so completely that we fear the accusation of digging into ancient history for speaking of it here. It is hardly a venture, to say that in the last month more copies of any of E. P. Roe's books, more copies of the Pilgrim's Progress, more copies of Marcus Aurelius, Thomas á Kempis, or Plato's Apology have been sold in America, yes, even in San Francisco, than of *Hermia Suydam*. It may be that the wish is father to the thought in putting the case as strongly as this; but if that statement is not true for last month it surely will be true for next month. Such a book can hardly be considered as having more claim to serious notice in a literary review than the "Pigs in Clover."

A Woman of Sorek,[2] while not so "risky," to translate the French expression, as *Hermia*, is really not much better. The Dalilah of the story, Marcia Clenton, visits an academy town, forms an entanglement with a student, and flirts with a theologue. Result,—one death, one murder, one suicide, and then Marcia goes home to a rich and respectable marriage. The study of her methods and character is keen, and indeed, all the figures are sharply drawn, but they are one and all repulsive, for even the good girl of the story is repulsively flabby and insipid. The rest are not insipid, but in proportion as they do show strength they are hateful, hypocritical, and malicious, and the theologue is the worst of all. Being a story of students, there is a showing of erudition about the book, but it is of the shallowest sort. It is a struggle to get through with it. If Mr. Gould can write nothing more truthful, helpful, and healthful than this book, it would be well for him to lay aside his pen. Why should he wish the world to gaze upon the ugliness of his morbid characters? It is as wrong as the action of the agitator who some years ago tried to take a carload of Chinese lepers about for public exhibition. The sanitary authorities objected to the lepers, and the OVERLAND, as a moral health officer in the literary commonwealth, serves an injunction on Mr. Gould.

Against *Broken Lives*[3] there is no such charge to bring on moral grounds, unless perhaps that it fails in truth. It is the old-fashioned melodrama,—the sweet and angelic maiden abducted from the loving and likewise angelic hero, by the heavy villain with midnight hair and magnetic eyes. These eyes play no little part in the narrative, being provided with a nicitating membrane, behind which filmy curtain the villain can glare balefully upon the hero and his maiden, without their knowing more of it than the paralyzing feeling which the evil eye exerts. Both hero and heroine go crazy in the course of the story, and it is a wonder that the violence of their feel-

[1] Hermia Suydam. By Gertrude Franklin Atherton. New York: The Current Literature Publishing Company: 1889.

[2] A Woman of Sorek. By Anthony Gould. Supplied by the American News Co: New York: 1889.

[3] Broken Lives. By Cyrus F. McNutt. Chicago: T. S. Denison: 1889.

ings allows them to be sane as much of the time as they are.

One mark about the book leads to the suspicion that Cyrus F. McNutt is T. S. Denison, the publisher, or at least an imitator of him. It is the way in which the eminent and wealthy lawyer receives the homespun young man from the rural districts into business partnership and into the bosom of his family. The same thing occurred in Denison's "The Man Behind." Now, either our suspicion is correct, or the Hoosier jurist of eminence is a differently constituted person from those of other States; for it is not common for these to ask young men hardly of age and but just admitted to the bar to conduct murder trials for them, to accept an equal share in the business, and to marry their daughters. In *Broken Lives* the young man reconciles himself to receiving such favors by the pious promise to himself that when his benefactor grows too old to work the partnership shall continue just the same.

The story is what children sometimes call an "I story," meaning one told in the first person singular, and purports to be the autobiography left in the hands of Mr. McNutt as executor of Felix Munro, the hero. In the introduction explaining this, the faults and virtues of the tale are set forth with commendable frankness, and with a large measure of truth; the reader will readily find all the faults mentioned and add some not mentioned, and if he likes that sort of a book he may find some of the virtues claimed for it.

A dainty little book in its rough brown paper covers and its fine paper and typography is *The Maid of Bethany*,[1] "a story of the Christ," but alas, it is a Dead Sea apple, nothing within bears out the fair exterior. It is a painful struggle all the way to treat a theme too great for any mind even of the most exalted genius. And Mr. Hardy is not a genius, not even a writer of English, as witness this,

> "Peradventure, so hath all of us who art fashioned by the God of our fathers," said one.

Having brushed aside this swarm of ephemeridæ, we turn to more satisfactory work. First, there is a translation of a pretty German story by Golo Raimund.[2] A young German returns to his native land from America, wealthy, of course, as all who come from America are, and in the ruins of his hotel, burned on the night of his arrival, finds the charred leaves of a young girl's diary. The diary causes him to wish to find its author, and that is not strange, for it is a charming record of a fine character, amid grievous disappointments and misfortunes. This diary is the best thing in the book. He seeks his relatives, and the rest of the narrative is taken up with the strife between the rival claims of a pretty but designing cousin and a maiden not fair to see but of much modest merit. Modest merit wins, and of course proves to be the unknown writer of the diary, and the story ends with virtue triumphant. Slight enough for a framework, but sufficient to carry much of the simple and pleasing narrative often found in German tales. True, it reminds one of *eau sucré*, but that is because stronger waters have vitiated the taste. *Eau sucré* ought not to be unendurable, unless it is too sweet.

A Girl Graduate[3] is another attempt at the statement of the high school girl problem, the same that The Breadwinners dealt with, but from an entirely different standpoint. This is more cheerful in its view, and is much more true to life as it is seen in its every day aspect. The maiden it takes as its heroine, just

[1] The Maid of Bethany. By Albert H. Hardy. Author's Edition: Springfield, Mass.: 1889.

[2] Sought and Found. By Golo Raimund. Translated by Adelaide S. Buckley. New York: Funk & Wagnalls: 1888.

[3] A Girl Graduate. By Celia Parker Woolley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co: 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

on the eve of her graduation from the high school of a small Eastern city, is not very interesting to begin with ; indeed the first feeling is one of positive dislike for her shallowness, vanity and flippant disregard of her hard-working parents. But if the reader does not lay the book down in disgust at the petty flirtations of the early chapters, for all these high school maidens have their beaus and "engagements," — he will first endure, then pity, and finally like pretty well, the young woman that gradually emerges from this "green apple stage." The energy that at first makes her restless and discontented finds its proper channels, and the lover at first badly treated, — and hardly deserving much because of his faint-heartedness, — carries her off at last.

The solution of the problem is the old and perhaps only possible one, marriage, and her studies, except as they have tided her over a waiting time by enabling her to teach school, benefit her only in the enlargement of her horizons and development of character that gives her at last to her husband, a companion, and not a drudge, and to her children a guiding mother and not merely a nurse. And who shall say that these ends do not justify the means, the sacrifices of the parents, the discomfort of the transition period, and the strained family relations resulting from parents and children being on different social planes ? For small as the high school amount of culture is, it does result, in families of the entirely unlettered class, in making a social gulf that requires wisdom and forbearance to bridge over.

The provincial life and thought of the small city is well pictured, and if at times uninteresting, that is just because of its truthfulness. The characters are in good relief, and several, Miss Graham, the sister Helen, and the engineer father, are worth knowing. The book as a whole shows careful work, and the reader echoes the thought of Miss Graham, when she says of the heroine in conclusion that she liked her better than she at first thought she should.

Cressy[1] has many passages, even whole chapters, that will be read with delight by the lovers of Bret Harte's early work ; for nothing of his recently published approaches so nearly to the perfection of style and felicity of description that won his fame. But these chapters, it is sad to say, are confined to the earlier parts of the book. It is as though the master's hand grows weary, and the sure touch that plays on the heartstrings of his readers till they throb only as he wills loses its power, and but the mechanic necessity of completing a task begun holds him to his work. So when the "copy" has grown to suitable length for a book he drops his task in most undignified haste, and leaves the reader in a hopelessly bewildered state of mind, amid a whole maze of quandaries.

The old school-house, where wild nature and child nature, not so very different after all, mingle in blessed companionship, will be a permanent picture in many minds, and the Filgees, D'Aubigny (otherwise "Dabney"), the feud wager with his longing for "kam," and yes, Cressy herself will fit into congenial fellowship with the famous old friends that Mr. Harte has created. But it will always be a mystery why Cressy did as she did in the final chapters ; for, acknowledge the realism of it as we may, such total inconsistency and irrelevancy is not pleasing in fiction. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Harte had his plot worked out before he began to write, or that half way through the book he intended any such denouement as he chose at last. Rather it seems as though that event were adopted as an easy method of cutting a knot that was growing too complicated for the patience of the author.

[1] Cressy. By Bret Harte. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samue Carson & Co.

As compared with The Argonauts of North Liberty, *Cressy* is vastly better,—more real, more artistic, more moral, more worthy of Bret Harte.

It is pleasant to have in permanent and enlarged form Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Story of Patsy*[1]. This pathetic tale of the Silver Street Kindergarten is so well told and so full of the spirit of charity and true religion, and withal so bright and entertaining, that it deserves the pretty dress it has now received. To San Franciscans especially it will be dear for its local color, and to many of them for its author's sake.

A book hardly claiming notice in a purely fiction review, notwithstanding its form, is *Lang Syne; or, The Wards of Mt. Vernon.*[2] It is written by a lady descended from Washington's sister, and so steeped in tradition of her great kinsman that she writes of Revolutionary times with a simplicity and naturalness of one to the manner born. It is history rather than fiction, history of the kind not always given by graver historians, yet nevertheless pleasing and valuable. Washington and Franklin and many others of the fathers of the Republic figure on her canvas in the familiar aspect. An essay on The Women of the Revolution closes the book, and contains many facts and anecdotes that could not be incorporated in the narrative.

[1] The Story of Patsy. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] Lang Syne. By Mary Stuart Smith. New York: John B. Alden: 1889.

TWO PIONEER RECORDS.[1]

Of the surviving pioneers of California, according to Mr. William Davis, Mr. Alfred Robinson, now living in San Francisco, over eighty years old, is the first of all, the pioneer of pioneers, having come here in 1829; Jacob P. Leese second; J. J. Warner third; and Mr. Davis himself fourth.

William Heath Davis is the son of William Heath Davis, who was the nephew of General Heath of the Revolutionary war; and this elder Davis was a shipowner and captain in the days of Boston's East India and China trade, and traded between the Sandwich Islands and China, taking cargoes of sandal wood from the Islands, where it was cheap and abundant, to China where it was much in demand for religious, ceremonial, and other uses, and bringing back cargoes of silks, teas, and lacquered wares.

In 1816 he tried the experiment of disposing in California of such part of this return cargo as had not been taken in the Islands and in the Russian possessions. His ship, the Eagle, was perhaps the first Boston ship that had tried the California trade, and his success probably stimulated others. A record of the arrival of vessels from 1774 to 1848 mentions scarcely more than a dozen American vessels of any sort at California ports earlier than this. Captain Davis made several other visits to California, and in 1831 the younger William Heath Davis first reached this coast, which has been his home almost continuously since,—fifty-eight years, or in round numbers sixty. He married a wife from one of the native Californian families,—the Estudillos of San Leandro,—and became thoroughly identified with the old Cal-

[1] Sixty Years in California. By William Heath Davis. San Francisco: A. H. Leary. 1889.

California, '46 to '88. By Jacob Wright Harlan. The Bancroft Company. San Francisco: 1888.

ifornian life before the gold discovery; not as a ranchero, like Bidwell or Sutter, but as one of the small colony of American merchants in the sea-ports.

The larger part of Mr. Davis's book is taken up with this early life, into which the young supercargoes and other stray Americans seem to have settled with great friendliness and good will. Their intercourse with the native families was of the most delightful, and Mr. Davis cannot say enough of the hospitality, integrity, and fine courtesy of these now displaced and neglected proprietors of the soil.

In trading through the country and traveling from point to point, it was customary for travelers to stop at the missions as frequently and as long as they desired. This was expected as a matter of course by the priests, and had the traveler neglected to avail himself of the privilege it would have been regarded as an offense by the good fathers. On approaching the mission the traveler would be met at the door or at the wide veranda by the padre, who would greet him warmly, embrace him, and invite him in, and he was furnished with the best the mission afforded at the table, given one of the best rooms to sleep in, attended by servants, and everything possible was done to make him at home and comfortable during his stay. On leaving he was furnished with a fresh horse, and a good vaquero was appointed to attend him to the next mission, where he was received and entertained with the same hospitality, and so on as far as the journey extended.

The supercargoes of the vessels that were trading on the coast, of course, had occasion to visit all the settlements in the interior or along the coast to conduct their business with the people, and to travel back and forth and up and down the country. In visiting down the coast they usually went on the vessels, which had a fair wind most of the time going south; but on coming there was usually a head wind which made the voyage tedious, and the supercargoes then took to land and came up on horseback, accompanied by a vaquero, stopping along from one mission to another, or at some rancho, where they were always welcome, and where they were supplied with fresh horses whenever they required them, free of charge, by the fathers or the rancheros. These horses were furnished as a matter of course with entire freedom and hospitality by the farmers and the padres. When the traveler reached another stopping place he was provided with a fresh horse, and such a thing as continuing the journey on the horse he rode the day before was not to be thought of, so polite and courteous were these generous Californians. The traveler had no further care or thought in regard to the horse he had been using, but left him where he happened to be, and the padre or ranchero would undertake to send him back, or if this was not convenient, it was no matter, as the owner would never ask any questions concerning his safety or return. It would have been considered impoliteness for the guest to express any concern about the horse or what was to become of him.

The women were exceedingly clean and neat in their houses and persons, and in all their domestic arrangements. One of their peculiarities was the excellence and neatness of their beds and bedding, which were often elegant in appearance, highly and tastefully ornamented, the coverlids and pillow cases being sometimes of satin, and trimmed with beautiful and costly lace. The women were plainly and becomingly attired, were not such devotees of fashion as at the present day, and did not indulge in jewelry to excess. Their tables were frugally furnished, the food clean and inviting, consisting mainly of good beef broiled on an iron rod, or steaks with onions; also mutton, chickens, eggs, each family keeping a good stock of fowls.

The people were sober, sometimes using California wine, but not to excess. They were not given to strong drink, and it was a rare occurrence to see an intoxicated Californian. The men were good husbands generally, the women good wives, both faithful in their domestic relations. The California women, married or unmarried, of all classes, were the most virtuous I have ever seen. There were exceptions, but they were exceedingly rare.

During my long and intimate acquaintance with Californians, I have found the women as a class much brighter, quicker in their perceptions, and generally smarter than the men. Their husbands oftentimes looked to them for advice and direction in their general business affairs. The people had but limited opportunities for education. As a rule, they were not much educated; but they had abundant instinct and native talent, and the women were full of natural dignity and self-possession; they talked well and intelligently, and appeared to much better advantage than might have been supposed from their meager educational facilities.

The priests at the various missions were usually men of very pure character, particularly the Spanish priests. The first priests, who established the missions, were directly from Spain. They were superior men in point of talent, education, morals, and executive ability, as the success of the missions under their establishment and administration showed. They seemed to be entirely disinterested, their aim and ambition being to develop the country and civilize and Christianize the Indians, for which purpose the

missions were established. They worked zealously and untiringly in this behalf, and to them must be given the credit for what advancement of civilization, intelligence, industry, good habits, and good morals pertained to the country at that day, when they laid the foundation of the present advanced civilization and development of the country.

After the independence of Mexico and its separation from Spain, the missions of California passed under the control of Mexican priests, who were also men of culture and attainments, generally of excellent character, but as a class they were inferior to their predecessors.

The native Californians were about the happiest and most contented people I ever saw, as also were the early foreigners who settled among them and intermarried with them, adopted their habits and customs, and became, as it were, a part of themselves.

Among the Californians there was more or less caste, and the wealthier families were somewhat aristocratic, and did not associate freely with the humbler classes; in towns the wealthy families were decidedly proud and select, the wives and daughters especially. These people were naturally, whether rich or poor, of a proud nature, and although always exceedingly polite, courteous, and friendly, they were possessed of a native dignity, an inborn aristocracy, which was apparent in their bearing, walk, and general demeanor. They were descended from the best families of Spain, and never seemed to forget their origin, even if their outward surroundings did not correspond to their inward feeling.

In my long intercourse with these people, extending over many years, I never knew an instance of incivility of any kind. They were always ready to reply to a question, and answered in the politest manner, even the humblest of them; and in passing along the road, the poorest vaquero would salute you politely. If you wanted any little favor of him, like delivering a message to another rancho, or anything of that sort, he was ready to oblige, and did it with an air of courtesy and grace and freedom of manner that were very pleasing. They showed everywhere and always this spirit of accommodation, both men and women. The latter, though reserved and dignified, always answered politely and sweetly, and generally bestowed upon you a smile, which, coming from a handsome face, was charming in the extreme. This kindness of manner was no affectation, but genuine goodness, inward as well as outward, and commanding one's admiration and respect.

The native Californians are not naturally gamblers. I have seen some of the lower classes gamble for small sums with cards, but have never known the wealthy rancheros, or the higher class in towns, to indulge in gambling, except on special occasions, like feast days of the saints, or at a horse-race.

The merchants sold to the rancheros and other Californians whatever goods they wanted, to any reasonable amount, and gave them credit from one killing season to another. I have never known of a single instance in which a note or other written obligation was required of them. At the time of the purchasing they were furnished with bills of the goods, which were charged in the account books, and in all my intercourse and experience in trade with them, extending over many years, I never knew a case of dishonesty on their part. They always kept their business engagements, paid their bills promptly at the proper time in hides and tallow, which were the currency of the country, and sometimes, though seldom, in money. They regarded their verbal promise as binding and sacred, relied upon their honor, and were always faithful. This may be said of all their relations with others; they were faithful in their promises and engagements of every kind. They were too proud to do anything mean or disgraceful. This honesty and integrity were eminently characteristic of these early Californians. As much cannot be said of some of their descendants, who have become demoralized, and are not like their ancestors in this regard.

The material of Mr. Davis's book is very little arranged, either by chronology or topic; it is simply a great amount of interesting reminiscence and record, thrown together as it came to hand in the writer's own memory. The index is full, but not classified, and it is therefore difficult to follow out any particular topic. The chapters abound in accounts of primitive California customs, of rodeos, and bear hunts, and social gatherings. The style is everywhere simple and straightforward, the tone modest and prepossessing. When it comes to the stirring events of the American conquest and the gold period, no attempt is made to encroach on the field of the historian, and only Mr. Davis's own experiences are recorded. The land troubles of the following years came especially near to him through his wife's family, and his account of them is important as being one of the few in which an American is thrown naturally into sympathy with the Californian side. Yet it is evident enough that however shrewd and eager in land projects, the leading business men of the period were not the oppressors and defrauders of the native proprietors:

the squatters, and jumpers, and cattle thieves, and sharpers in land claims, (even though some of them are now rich and influential,) were a totally different class.

There are many interesting detached reminiscences; the never-failing entertainment of stories of Yerba Buena, — how Mr. Davis picketed his horse for pasturage where the block between Pacific and Jackson, Montgomery and Sansome streets, now stands; how Rincon Point was a favorite resort for picnicking parties; how thousands of elk lived on Mare Island and the main land, and Mr. Davis once sailed on the schooner Isabel through a band of about a thousand of them, swimming from the island to the shore, and how the rancheros killed elk like cattle for their hides and tallow.

In common with all the Americans in California at that date, Mr. Davis always expected the country to fall ultimately into the hands of the United States, and indeed he records that the Californians themselves looked forward to it with resignation, though regret, as manifest destiny. When Nathan Spear, the first American merchant in California, steadily refused to become a Mexican citizen in order to receive a grant of eleven leagues of land from Governor Alvarado, because he would not renounce his own country, the Governor would urge: "Don Natan, it is only a question of time when this country will belong to your government. I regret this, but such is undoubtedly the ruling of Providence." How easily a generous people, such as described by Mr. Davis, already half resigned to the inevitable, might have been made valuable members of the new régime by a conquest generously made and followed up, instead of as exasperatingly as possible, it is only left for posterity to reflect with regret.

It is interesting to note in this connection how certain all the original pioneers were of the great value of the country and its enormous possibilities. All the facts about it that even up to the very latest "boom" have been coming as discoveries to the world, they knew all along; put themselves on record for in their earliest letters home. It is perhaps this chiefly that gives all old pioneers their sense of peculiar exultation in the fame of California: their spirit is, "I told you so." Even the discovery of gold was no great surprise to them; it had always been known there was gold somewhere here.

The first discovery of gold in California was in 1840, in the valley of San Fernando, in the present county of Los Angeles. It was made by some Mexicans from Sonora who were passing through, going north. They were familiar with the gold placers in their own country, had their attention attracted to the locality, and made the discovery. A good deal of gold from this source found its way to Los Angeles into the hands of the storekeepers. Henry Mellus, in trading along the coast, used to visit Los Angeles, his vessel lying meanwhile at San Pedro. In his business with the merchants there he collected about $5,000 in gold dust, which was of fine quality, in scales as from placer diggings. Other merchants also collected some. Mellus remitted $5,000 in gold dust to Boston by the ship Alert, and also made other similar remittances. I saw at Yerba Buena, and handled, some of the dust which Mellus had obtained. That year and the next probably eighty to one hundred thousand dollars worth of gold dust was taken from these diggings. The finding of gold continued there for several years, up to the time of what is known as the big gold discovery of the Sacramento valley, but the results were small.

The existence of gold in the Sacramento valley and vicinity was known to the padres long prior to what is commonly known as the gold discovery of 1848. . . . Sometimes on returning to the mission after a visit of this kind, an Indian would bring little pieces of shining metal to the priest, approach him with an air of mystery indicating he had something to communicate, and display what he had found. The priest was to the Indian the embodiment of all wisdom and knowledge, and naturally the one to whom he would disclose anything of importance. Probably he had a suspicion that these shining bits were gold, having some indefinite idea of the value of that metal. He would be asked where he had obtained it, and would name the spot, a certain slough or river bottom, where he had picked it up, or say that in digging for some root he had unearthed it. Upon getting all the information the Indian

could give, the priest, with a solemn air, would caution the Indian not to impart to anyone else knowledge of the discovery, assuring him if he further divulged such information the wrath of God would be visited upon him. Having the most entire confidence in the priest, . . . the Indian never uttered a word in regard to finding the gold. . . .

In my business trips about the bay of San Francisco and neighborhood I visited the missions, and became intimately acquainted with Father Muro, of the Mission of San José, and Father Mercado, of the Mission of Santa Clara. Both these priests always welcomed me. . . . The priests naturally had confidence in the merchants who supplied them with goods, and whose position gave them influence, and it was through them that they had communication with the world outside.

Father Muro, while I was visiting him along in 1843 or 1844, at the time I was agent of Paty, McKinlay & Co., at Yerba Buena, mentioned to me his knowledge of the existence of gold in the Sacramento valley as a great secret, requiring me to promise not to divulge it. I have never mentioned it to this day to anyone. Afterward, in conversation with Father Mercado, the same subject was gradually and cautiously broached, and he confided to me his knowledge of the existence of gold in the same locality. Both of the priests stated that their information was obtained from Indians. . . . After he had imparted the news of gold in the Sacramento valley, I would interrupt the discourse, and for the sake of argument suggest that it would be better to make the matter known, to induce Americans and others to come here, urging that with their enterprise and skill they would rapidly open and develop the country, build towns, and engage in numberless undertakings which would tend to the enrichment and prosperity of the country, increase the value of lands, enhance the price of cattle, and benefit the people. He would answer that the immigration would be dangerous; that they would pour in by thousands and overrun the country; Protestants would swarm here, and the Catholic religion would be endangered; the work of the missions would be interfered with; and as the Californians had no means of defense, no navy nor army, the Americans would soon obtain supreme control; that they would undoubtedly at some time come in force, and all this would happen; but if no inducements were offered, the change might not take place in his time.

I never heard from anyone except the two priests, of gold in northern California prior to its discovery in 1848 at Sutter's mill. In the year 1851, I, with others, made an expedition into lower California from San Diego in search of gold. There information had been given by Indians to priests under similar circumstances.

Another interesting and valuable autobiography, covering a period more familiar to readers, and one that has many more survivors, is that of Jacob W. Harlan.[2]

Since the close of the gold excitement, narratives of pioneer life in California have been freely put upon the market. Many of the Argonauts have felt the importance of their recollections in constructing a history of the State, and have added more or less unbiased evidence to the incidents related by each other.

Few of them, however, have written with the unconscious simplicity of Mr. Harlan. It is like coming upon the experiences of a private in a symposium written by the generals of campaign. He has no idea of having been important in the scenes that made up his life, and tells everything with such frankness and freedom from conceit, that his narrative has unusual freshness and historical value.

He is a typical pioneer. The train with which he crossed the plains was the one from which the unfortunate Donner party split off at Weber cañon, and he is able to throw much new light on the horrible tragedy that resulted. He was one of the two sent ahead into California for cattle and food for the starving and helpless party that remained behind in the Sierra, and later served with John C. Fremont until his treaty with Andros Pico and subsequent quarrel with Kearney.

But by far the most interesting part of the book is the description of life and manners of that turbulent time. He was a shrewd observer, and instead of the accounts of lawlessness and high prices common to such narratives, found room to jot down the condition of the country as he found it, the rudeness of the tools used in agriculture, the scanty methods of tilling the soil, the peculiarities of the California horses and cattle, and more than one shrewd observation on the political differences of the time.

Like all pioneers, he was rich one day and a beggar the next.

Without being bloodthirsty, he speaks with the utmost calmness of taking a man's life where in his judgment the circumstances seemed to warrant it. For instance: In the Alameda land troubles a certain Doctor Powers gained a very unenviable reputation as a jumper. He was ejected, and in the language of the text "went to San Benito County, squatted on more land than he could lawfully hold, and made himself so obnoxious to the neighborhood that some of the neighbors killed him." He then naïvely adds: "Knowing Powers so well, I did not wonder at their killing him, but it was done with cruel attending circumstances which no man can approve."

This type of man—honest, unlettered, courageous, quick in action, and accustomed to be a law unto himself and his neighbor—is dying out with the older generation. Harlan, like most of his prototypes, finally came out of his struggle with the balance against him financially, and with pathetic frankness dates his narrative from one of the county infirmaries.

ETC.

THERE is much gratifying to local pride in the way in which striking need, like that of Johnstown or Seattle, calls out response in this community. Money is given lavishly; it is given promptly, and with a certain ease and warmth of manner that makes the generosity seem more generous. Since war times San Francisco has liked to give magnificently, as it likes to entertain magnificently. Undercurrents of effort or grudging, the creaking of machinery in the hospitality, or self-seeking in the liberality, are hardly to be detected even on the spot; a mass meeting or two, a committee of busy "leading men," who thenceforth unmurmuringly give their time, a wave of public spirit, and the thing is done, and done with *éclat*. It is hard for distant communities to understand how it can be the same San Francisco in which the acting president of a college that was in all its ideals and practice one of the greatest honors to the young State, could go from rich man to rich man, appealing in vain for a moderate endowment fund. Yet the story told in Dr. Willey's book, reviewed last month, is quite as familiar a story here as the other one, of the lavish Californian generosity. *Amour propre* counts for a good deal with us as a community: we like to be fine, daring, generous, and kindly, in the eyes of the world; splendid endowments, picturesque hospitalities, great gifts greatly given, touch our mood, and we are glad to place them on our record. Steady service, long, obscure bearing of burdens in the interest of the public, faithful civic spirit, is another thing; and it is often a surprise to visitors to find by how few people, how ill backed by their community, it is done among us. Many an anomaly in our social, educational, and journalistic conditions, which puzzles the critic of California, is to be explained by this simple trait of the local temper.

A CONTRIBUTOR of our own this month reminds us of a reflection frequently provoked by reading criticisms upon Mr. Howells's criticisms. Mr. Howells frankly disapproves of the method (not, let us note, of the substance, but the method) of the older novelists; and this has been a serious grievance to the lovers of Scott, and Thackeray, and Dickens,—a grievance expressed by many before our contributor, and in every variety of critical essay, newspaper skit, and indignant protest. Possibly much of what these readers value in their favorite novelists would be there just the same if they had written according to the methods of the modern realistic school; not, however, their sentiment, their frank appeal to the emotions, their sympathetic attitude toward their own characters. But whether one agrees with Mr. Howells or not in preferring the realistic to the romantic school, there is one fairness he is entitled to. To say distinctly that his own method is better than some one else's, is not saying or implying that he is a better novelist. He was not the inventor of the method; laudation of it reflects no glory upon him, further than in commending his judgment in choosing it. And if it comes to that, no man who is a craftsman of any sort can express his preference for one method over another without praising his own, for as a matter of course he will belong to that school in his art that he does prefer. It is a curious reversal of cause and effect to intimate that Mr. Howells prefers the realistic to the romantic school because he is a realist; and a natural conclusion that he is a realist because he prefers the realistic to

the romantic school. It is always a somewhat delicate matter for an artist to criticise art; he is sure to be met at every point with some form of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Mr. Howells has had the courage, not to say the audacity, to undertake it, with the effect of much enlivening the arena of literary discussion. He is, one must grant, whether one likes him or not, a sufficiently important figure in our own literature to have a right to speak with some positiveness; and even though often wrong in a critical estimate, he is always intelligent. To our mind, criticism of Thackeray by him does not provoke the same sort of comparison with the critic's own work that criticism of him by Maurice Thompson does: because it is proper that each school of method should be spoken for by one of some real eminence within that school, even though he be not its creator nor its greatest master.

THE annual address of the president of the Civil Service Reform Association, delivered May 1st, is now issued by the association in a small pamphlet, uniform with their other publications. It is the most discouraged in tone of any of these annual addresses that we remember. It concludes, it is true, with the following hopeful words: "It would be a vital error, however, to suppose that the situation indicates profound public indifference to reform. It shows only what we have constantly asserted, that neither party as a party is a civil service reform party. Their declarations of interest, however, are tributes to a powerful public sentiment, which has already exacted from both parties certain great and definite gains for reform. That sentiment is constantly increasing and constantly weakening the force of party ties. . . . . The more plainly these dangers are seen, and the character of the system revealed from which they chiefly spring, the more thoroughly aroused will be the public mind, and the more certain and complete will be the remedy." But the story it has to tell is all of lost ground. It is probable, however, that Mr. Curtis's estimate of the situation is correct: that the public is really increasingly awake to the dangers of patronage-bribery, though politicians grow more reckless. Public revolt under evils long borne with apathy is sometimes astonishingly sudden and decided. Yet it seems to us more and more evident that the civil service reformers did not take hold of their task by its easiest end, nor the one naturally first. The spoils system is simply indirect bribery; not a thing that so promptly shocks the average conscience as direct bribery. Accordingly, in a single year the ballot reform has gained more headway than the civil service reform in twenty. The public appreciate so elementary a morality as it demands; and when it is once established, the path is well smoothed for the reform of indirect bribery, — partly by the education of the public conscience, but more because the money bribers are also the worst brokers in offices, and would be largely deprived of control of these if elections had to be carried without buying votes. The civil service reformers, looking from their own work to the eight rapidly succeeding triumphs of the ballot reform law in State legislatures, may well quote Clough:

"For while the tired waves, slowly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Silent comes flooding in the main."

Yet even in their own work is one quarter from which encouragement comes, and that is the admirable organization of the new commission, and the determined and non-partisan investigations it is now carrying on.

The Study.

The "Study" proves that Scott is dull,
His realistic, commonplace;
And Thackeray and Dickens too —
They only ran to lose the race.

And Jeannie Deans — she plead in vain,
And Becky's weakness makes me blush;
The dear old Colonel was a fool, —
His "Adsum," sentimental gush.

No more the Antiquary's wit
Shall flash beneath a trusty blade:
No more shall heather glad a knight,
Or Perth rejoice in fairest maid.

Down Captain Cuttle! down you go,
And Bunsby, Gills, and Walter too,
Along with Pickwick, Copperfield,
And Sairy Gamp, — a tedious crew.

Whose novels we can love to read,
Is hinted in the Magazine:
The "Study," condescendingly,
Reveals what ne'er before was seen.

John Murray.

A Philosopher Under the Trees.

It is Sunday morning. In the godless city the church bells are clanging, and the man who was out late last night is raining on them his choicest objurgations. The children are crying and quarreling, and all to be dressed for Sunday school. And the coffee is getting cold, and the tired and flurried and cross mother scolds one child for losing the comb, and shakes the baby for swallowing the shoebutton-er, and wishes she never had married. All this unholy commotion every Sunday morning in the average household! In the various boardinghouses strong odors of ham and eggs, or brown bread and beans, tell the sleepy boarders it is Sunday, — that is, the torpid few whom the chimes and bells have failed to waken.

And later on well dressed crowds throng the sidewalks and keep very straight faces, looking with

condemnation at the noisy picnickers, bound for the green fields to the inspiring airs of various German bands. And many think, "It 's stupid business, going to church ! but one must to be respectable." And the preacher discourses on vanity to a congregation of spring bonneted, powdered and curled ladies, and scented and recently barberized gentlemen. And if Christ were suddenly to appear in this genteel and thoroughly respectable assemblage, they would disown him in the style of eighteen hundred years ago, and it 's beyond all doubt that he 'd disown them. But so be it in the city.

Here across the pure air no voice of dissension comes. The tall trees stand like columns for the blue dome above. The sunlight caresses their rough trunks in vagrant beams ; and a patch of wild roses over there in full sunlight on the edge of the wood breathe such perfume from their pink petals as never emanated from a barber shop or Köln. There are plenty of preachers here, but they say nothing of vanity, for they never heard of such a thing.

That demure little cottontail, bobbing along through the grass — what is his sermon ? That for him it 's Sunday whenever the sun shines, and every sunny day is made to be happy on, and to be thankful for the rainy days that stirred the life in the scattered seed, so that bunny could have his green leaves to mumble. And that loud-tongued bluejay ? But we fear he 's a scold, and his sharp iterations remind us that the "I-told-you-so 's" have all times and places for their own. And that saucy squirrel eating his acorn fearlessly a stone's throw up the hill ? It 's his opinion that one must eat to live on Sunday as well as another day, and to that end if the larder is empty it 's right to replenish it on the Sabbath,— which opinion is based on mighty precedent. And it 's wrong to appropriate a neighbor's acorns any day.

But there 's a wicked fellow over there. Look out Bunny and Master Squirrel ! He is n't hungry. He does n't want to eat you. He merely wishes to enjoy the taking of your little lives. How curious that men truly enjoy themselves only when they are hurting something. See, half a dozen little preachers are dangling limp and lifeless from his hand. O forest innocents ! Better for you were he a respectable church-goer in the city !

Here he comes, a tall, finely-made young fellow in very becoming hunter's apparel. He looks a little fatigued ; he has probably been tramping since daybreak.

"Pretty good ?" he says, holding up his game admiringly.

"Pretty bad !" I rejoin savagely. Those little corpses make me melancholy.

"Now why ?" he asks with a twinkle in his eye, flinging himself full length on the grass in an attitude of complete rest. "Jove ! but it 's warm !" pushing his straw hat off a handsome forehead, around which the damp hair clings in cunning little tendrils ; such bright brown hair !

"Makes himself at home," I think. But after all, I don't own the woods. Wish I did ! He should never come into them again ! He seems to expect an answer to his query, so I :

"Were you hungry ?"

"I am hungry now, but not enough to eat raw rabbit."

The monster ! Such a good-looking monster, too !

"Do you ever expect to eat them ?" severely.

"Not all of them."

"Any of them ?"

"O may be, for dinner. Did you," he continues, "see a fellow go up the creek with a fishing rod a while ago ?"

But I am not to be put off. "I don't believe you even like them — now do you ?"

"I like beefsteak better."

"Then what are you going to do with them ?"

"Send 'em to friends, if they keep."

"No you won't ; you 'll throw them away before you get to town."

"Not much ! I 'll take them up to the city anyway to show what I got."

"And those little lives a sacrifice to your vanity !"

"I 'll bet anything," he says wickedly, "you 've got a bird on your best hat."

I laugh triumphantly. "No, indeed ! I practice what I preach."

"I have some lovely humming birds I shot down the country. They 'd be very becoming to you," he says insidiously ; but I am not to be tempted. Indeed, he gives me a fresh text for my sermon.

"Do you think a really refined woman would wear a dead thing ? I know plenty of women who do, but they are only sham. It 's a wicked, tasteless fashion."

"I agree with you. They don't look pretty,— only clumsy."

"And disgusting, sometimes, when their beaks and eyes look mashed and dead. Don't tell me any nice girl wears them."

"That 's just what I say. Now if the girls went out shooting them, there 'd be some sense in that ; I could understand why they 'd want to wear them."

Evidently he 's a hopeless case. As long as he has invaded my solitude, however, he shall have my opinions on him and his unkind kind.

"What pleasure can there be in working evil, and for no end ? For you *know* you can't get away with all those — "

"O what slanguage !" he interrupts softly.

"If a person were hungry ! But to take a life you could never give, — how wickedly unreasonable !" and so on until I am breathless, and discover to my mortification that my auditor is apparently asleep.

"O, men will be men, I suppose," I sigh to myself, "and murderers men will be, and therefore men will be murderers."

"A syllogism gone mad !" laughs my sleepy Adonis. "I thought I should escape a sermon when

I left the city last night but my fate has found me."

"O, I 've stopped preaching; my audience is much like others — goes to sleep."

"I was n't asleep. I heard all you said, only it 's pleasant to shut your eyes, and everything sounds far off, and I felt dreamy and heard the wood things, and the water, and your voice droning along, —"

"I was n't droning!"

"O, no, you were talking quite vivaciously; but my brain was droning and everything blended together. I believe I *was* nearly asleep. Halloa — look there!" And up and off is Adonis to meet one of his kind coming down the stream with a string of flashing trout in his hand. There are many hearty ejaculations and expressions of admiration, and I, feeling almost jealous of the fishing young man, rise to steal off. But I hear Adonis say, "O come down here and be introduced to Daphne — Phyllis — Chloris — Chloe. Come along, you murderous boy!".

Which ponderous rhyme is intended for me, but I 'm out of sight going as fast as I can. And — I hope Adonis feels disappointed!

K. L. Carnarthen.

Las Canastas.[1]

Upon the wall they hang; and on the table
With dainty work inside,
Or, with rare bits of china, in the Babel
Of drawing-room abide.

In lonely ranch house, or in huts of tule,
By fair-haired women bought
Of darker sister, who the value truly
Knew not, of what was sought.

But in her poverty the money proffered
Too sure temptation proved,
Her treasures gravely gave for what was offered,
Though feelings deep were moved.

For bridal favors once were in that basket,
And babies' tiny store,
She wonders vaguely how they dared to ask it,
Yet now 't is hers no more,

But carries with it in the present, ever
A fragrance of the past.
When dusky weavers sighed, mayhap, to sever
The bonds that held them fast.

While patient padres labored in uplifting
Into a higher life
Their wilful charges; from their natures sifting
The seeds of crime and strife; —

Of long ago fiestas, where soft glances
From 'neath rebosos shone,
On favored partners in the stately dances,
And Cupid's dart sped home.

Now all is passed away, the basket only
And mournful mission chimes,
Are left to breathe upon our life a lonely
Refrain from vanished times.

Helen Elliott Bandini.

[1] All through this part of the country the new-comers — Eastern ladies — are wild over the baskets of Indian work which they find in the dwellings of native Mexicans. Armed with a dollar or two in hand, and but one Spanish word, "*Canastas*," on their lips, they penetrate every native dwelling within reach. I never knew so simple a thing such a rage.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Lang's Letters on Literature.[1]

One does not take Andrew Lang quite seriously as a literary critic; indeed he does n't take himself quite seriously: he says, for instance, regarding a former book, "that nobody *would* write so frankly to a correspondent about his own work," as he wrote to his dead authors; and he chooses the epistolary form because it gives room for "freedom and personal bias." The consequence is that there is always a feeling in reading Mr. Lang that there is a touch of affectation about him, and so great a yielding to "personal bias," not to say whim, that he is not held to be quite responsible. Barring this feeling, he is pleasant reading, and chats in an inconsequential and agreeable manner about things new and old, hackneyed and recondite. His correspondents in the present volume are no more substantial, though not so ghostly, as in the Letters to Dead Authors, being purely imaginary or taken from fiction. He writes about modern English poetry, Fielding, Longfellow, Reynolds, Virgil, Aucassin and Nicolette, Plotinus, Lucretius, Bookhunting, Rochefoucauld, Vers de Société, Gérard de Nerval, and Books about Red Men. An essay on Richardson by Mrs. Lang shows that he has a congenial partner in his literary labors, for the

[1] Letters on Literature. By Andrew Lang. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

reader would not have suspected a change of author but for the signature.

Possibly we have put too much stress on the lightness of Mr. Lang's work. Often the reader agrees with him perfectly, and thanks him for a clear and bright expression of a long-held opinion; often too when he shows a neglected corner in the literary garden we walk in the blossom-grown path with sweet content; it is only now and then that a phrase or sentiment makes us doubt the critical trustworthiness of our guide.

Two "Knickerbocker Nuggets."[1]

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series, which continues its way praised of public and critics for its beauty and for the intelligence with which it is edited, comes *The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith*. The wit has been so much quoted that the flavor of age hangs about most of it, and the wisdom oftentimes reads queerly in the light of seventy years or so since it was written. The strictures on America are amusing, now that we can afford to laugh at them, though at the time they must have cut deep. Slavery is the chief gravamen of his charge, and he predicted then a war about the question, failing however to foresee the result,— which he declared would be disruption. Repudiation also calls forth his ire justly enough, but Americans will not like to think that all his charges of dishonesty, of ignorance, and of general barbarism were true even then. The context of his oft quoted question "Who reads an American book?" is of interest:

"In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of America? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow creatures may buy, sell, and torture?"

Appropriate to the constitutional centennial season is *The Ideals of the Republic*. The volume contains, without comment, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Washington's first and second inaugurals and farewell address, Lincoln's first and second inaugurals and Gettysburg oration, and an index to the Constitution. Nowhere else are these documents to be found in so compact and so dainty a shape.

Briefer Notice.

It is a good sign that the American people are beginning to think about the quantity and quality of what they eat. Most people eat too much, and almost no one has a clear idea of the relation of what he eats to the work he has to do. In *Eating for Strength*[2], Dr. Holbrook has gathered much practical information about the relative values of foods and their relation to health and work; together with analytical tables showing the amount of nourishment in specific articles of diet. The vegetarian will rejoice to read, for the doctor has evident leanings in that direction. The general summation is that we eat blindly and too much. Simpler diet, varied only as we change work, is the result to be looked for as we come to eat according to the new scientific economy.——Cassell & Co. have issued in the very convenient form of their National Library, the *Plutarch's Lives*[3] of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Aristides, and Cato the Censor, and Macaulay's *Warren Hastings*,[4] the first in cloth, the last in paper covers. —— *Progressive Housekeeping*[5] differs materially from some previous books by Catherine Owen, in that there is no attempt to weave a story in with the instruction. Neither is it a book of recipes. It tells how to do various things, from lighting a fire to the proper method of dividing the work in a house where there are several servants. The advice is plain and most of it useful. True, a girl *should* learn these things from her mother, but in cases where she, from any reason, has not done so, this book would be a good one to put among her wedding presents.——The design of *Quick Cooking*[6] is to give the busy housewife a collection of recipes that will enable her to make her table attractive and satisfying with the least possible outlay of time: "The greatest waste is the waste of the housekeeper's time," is its principle. The object is a good one, and the book will no doubt be a help in that direction. There is, however, so much difference in the power of rapid motion in different people, that many cooks would require a half hour to do what this author says can be done in fifteen minutes. There are in some cases omissions in the recipes which, no doubt, will be corrected in the next edition.

[1] Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson and Carson & Co.

The Ideals of the Republic. *Ibid.*

[2] Eating for Strength: By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. M. L. Holbrook & Co.: New York. 1889.

[3] Plutarch's Lives of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, Aristides, and Cato the Censor. Translated by J. and W. Langthorne & Co. Cassell & Co.: New York. 1889.

[4] Warren Hastings. By Macaulay. *Ibid.*

[5] Progressive Housekeeping. By Catherine Owen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[6] Quick Cooking. A Book of Culinary Heresies for the Busy Wives and Mothers of the Land. By one of the Heretics. G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



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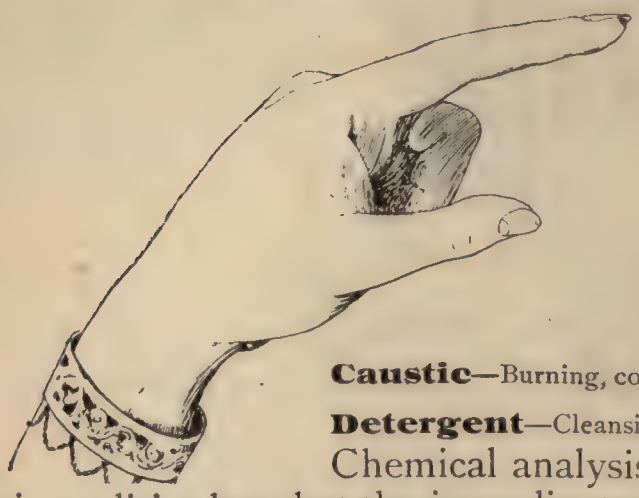
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——See Illustrations on Back Cover.——

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IT HAS JUSTLY ACQUIRED THE REPUTATION OF BEING

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And has been recommended and certified to by a large number of Chemists and Physicians, representing a very high degree of medical science, as

THE SALVATOR FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED,

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THE SAFEST FOOD.

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CHICO VECINO.

Chico Vecino presents such lovely scene,
That to be admired *needs* but to be seen;
And seen but once enamored of the place,
We first admire, then covet, *then purchase.*

In a previous article in the Overland, we have endeavored without too much coloring to present the claim of *Chico Vecino* upon the consideration of those who are seeking homes or investment, whether they be Californian or Eastern people; and in doing so again, while we may reiterate some statements made in said article, we will endeavor to offer some new facts worthy of consideration.

As the name implies, (vecino means neighbor) *Chico Vecino* is designed to be a neighbor to the beautiful city of *Chico*, Butte Co., California, and adjoins it on the north, simply the barns, building, and a small part of the orchard of the Rancho Chico intervening.

Chico Vecino comprises over 1,000 acres, and is of the choicest part of the famous Rancho Chico of General John Bidwell, and we do not exaggerate when we say that no better land can be found within the State of California.



BRANCH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CHICO, BUTTE CO., CAL.

General Bidwell, the proprietor of Rancho Chico and Chico Vecino, was one of the earliest pioneers to the State, having come here in 1841; and during years of service in the employ of General Sutter and the Government, and in which service he was called upon to traverse at different times the entire State, from Oregon to Southern California; he was furnished unusual facilities for determining where the garden spots lay.

While surveying and mapping this sectio in 1844, his attention was particularly attrac ed by the fertility and beauty of the localit and in 1848 he secured the Rancho del A royo Chico by purchase from one Willia Dickey, who held it under a Mexican grant

The title has since been confirmed in Joh Bidwell by United States patent and deci ions of the highest courts.

Possessing this rich body of land, General Bidwell has built up a magnificent property, which is an omnipresent tribute to his ability, progressiveness, and taste.

To assure one's self of the productive ability of *Chico Vecino*, one has but to view the orchards of thrifty bearing fruit trees, noble shade trees, and the magnificent groves of oak surrounding it.

Chico Vecino is divided principally into twenty-acre blocks with five-acre subdivisions; but a small portion has been divided into lots 90x200 feet suitable for building purposes, where a person only wants a residence, and does not wish to indulge in the fruit or other industry.

All of the semi-tropical and many of the tropical fruits can be produced here, and in abundance, and the season just passed has added another link to the chain of evidence in that regard. Three-year-old peach trees have borne as high as one hundred pounds to the tree, and six-year-old peach and apricot trees have borne as much as two hundred pounds per tree.

Other fruit trees, such as cherry, apple, pear, plum, prune, fig, persimmon, pomegranate, and the nut trees, bear proportionately well, and seem to have found here their natural home.

Nearly all varieties of berries, vegetables, melons, etc., vie with fruit trees for supremacy as regards quantity and quality.

A failure of the fruit crop, or a total failure of any of the grain crops, has never been known in this section.

No irrigation is practiced on the Rancho Chico or Chico Vecino, for the growth of fruit trees, and but little for vegetables, and that only during the summer months; Dame Nature so generously consulting our interests and supplying us with copious rainfalls at the proper season, the average ranging from eighteen to twenty-four inches per year.

Owing to the precocity of trees in this section an orchard may be brought into bearing in a short time, peaches and apricots invariably bearing in two years from planting, and cherry, pear, plum, apple, and other trees from three years on.

The nature of the soil in CHICO VECINO — a rich, sandy loam — makes it possible to reduce the cost of cultivation to the least possible minimum, and thorough cultivation does away with any necessity for irrigation.

There is a first-class nursery on the Rancho Chico, and intending orchardists can be supplied with first-class trees, thoroughly acclimated, of a vigorous, healthy growth, and free from insect pests.

Large quantities of these trees are shipped from this nursery every season to different parts of the State, there being a large demand for them, owing to their superior quality.

The approximate cost of preparing the ground, planting an orchard, cultivating, pruning, and bringing it to a three years' growth, is from $60 to $75 per acre, at which time it will begin to bring in an income.

The market facilities for products of CHICO VECINO, and which apply to this vicinity generally, are good, there being a good local market; a large cannery in successful operation on the Rancho Chico, immediately adjoining CHICO VECINO, and which yearly consumes large quantities of fruit; excellent transportation facilities for Eastern green fruit shipping on the California and Oregon, and Northern Pacific, and the Central and Union Pacific railroads and a dry summer

climate free from summer showers, which enables, when necessity demands, a successful drying of fruits, without resort to artificial means so necessary in damper localities.

The facilities afforded for freight traffic apply in equal force to passenger traffic, there being two passenger trains each way per day, carrying mail and express, one train being the Overland from San Francisco, East, via Portland, Tacoma, and the Northern Pacific.

Chico and CHICO VECINO are only 96 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State, and 186 miles from San Francisco, the "hub" of the Pacific Coast.

In the matter of climate Chico Vecino is also favored, there being no better winter climate in the State.

Here we are blessed with an entire immunity from cyclones, blizzards, and extreme cold weather, which even while we write is the order of the day in most of the Eastern and Atlantic States, causing the wreck of thousands of dollars' worth of property and the loss of many lives. The temperature is of such a kindly nature that oranges and lemons thrive abundantly, and are even at this early date—Dec. 10th—ripening, and door-yard plants still bud and blossom to brighten and cheer our homes, and will continue so to do the entire year.

We would again call attention to the educational advantages to be afforded residents in Chico Vecino, by the excellent public and private schools located in Chico, and the Normal School to be opened in the summer of 1889.

The magnificent building dedicated to this purpose has been erected and enclosed this fall, and will be carried on to completion as rapidly as possible.

Excellent churches may also be found in Chico, representing seven denominations; the leading secret societies are represented, and a free reading room and library invites to culture and entertainment.

Summing it all up, we believe Chico Vecino to be an eminently desirable place to locate, to establish luxurious, happy, and profitable homes.

Maps, descriptive matter, prices, etc., furnished upon application, by

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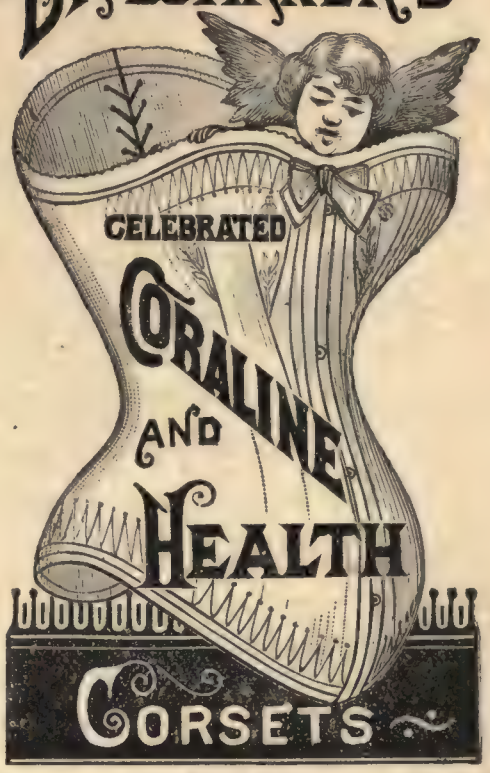
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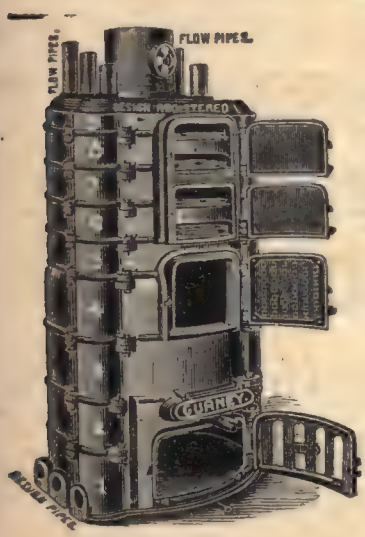


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There is reason in everything, but not every reason given is true. About washing clothes, for instance, common sense and the chemistry of everyday life teach us that certain things must be done, while others may be left undone. Clothes must be made clean, sweet, pure and wholesome, without either injuring the fabric or the hands of the laundress. If these objects can be attained, it does not matter as to what methods are used, and the soap or soap powder, no matter what it is called, that will admit of the most varied methods of use is the handiest. Some things, however, are important to observe. The dirt and all soap must be entirely removed from the interstices of the clothes, and all microbes must be destroyed. The only and easiest way to do this is by heating the water in which the clothes are contained to the boiling point. The boiling water, by constant self-agitation, is forced through the interstices of the fabrics, and thus cleanses them from dirt and disease-breeding microbes, as they can be cleansed in no other way—and without in any manner injuring the fabric. As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any easier, surer or safer way of washing clothes, clean and freeing them from all disease-breeding microbes or bacteria than by using PYLE'S PEARLINE, and to strictly follow the directions accompanying each package. Above all things, avoid any soap or soap powder that does not work to best advantage in hot water.—*American Analyst, N. Y.*



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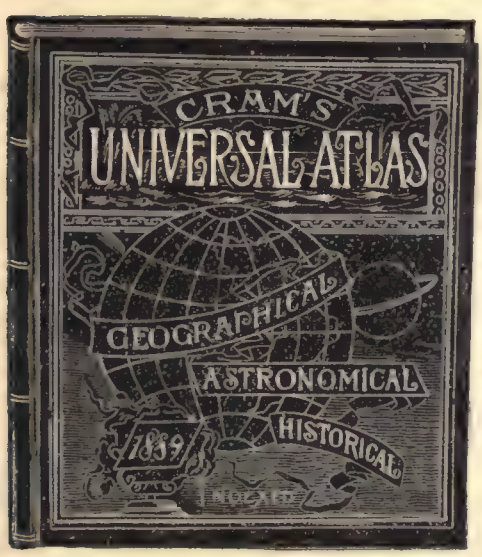
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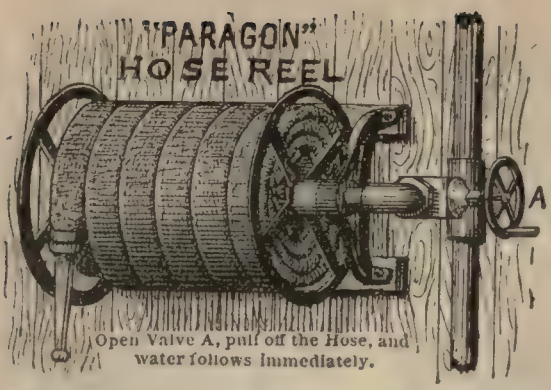
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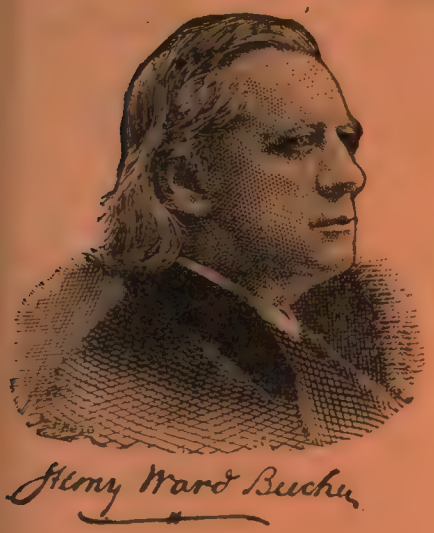
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THE Overland Monthly

AUGUST, 1889.



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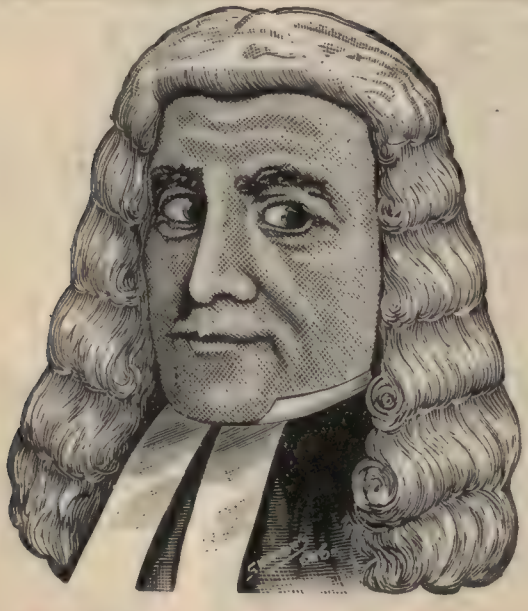
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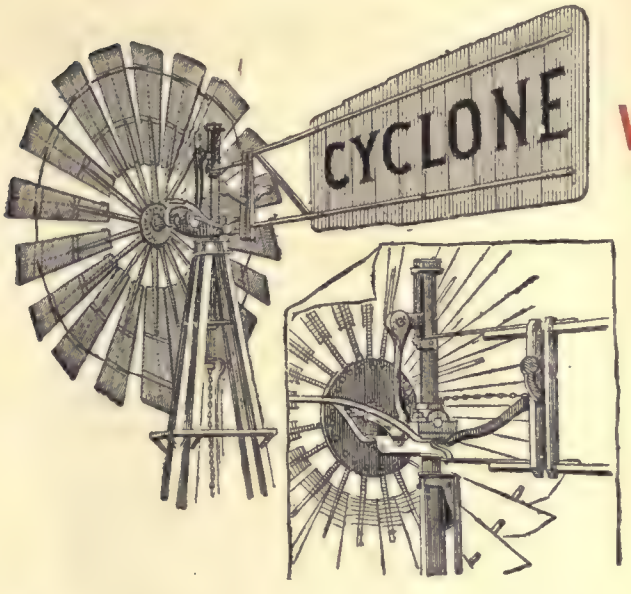
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But as Mrs. Miller has warned them, the first difficulty is the dressmaker. She is accustomed to the idea of receiving from Paris a rigid model of a dress, and forcing the woman into it, not adapting it to the woman. Becoming or unbecoming, into it she must go, crushed down to its size where it is too small, padded out to it where it is too large. To adopt the reverse process, and make the dress to the woman, making it becoming, fashionable, and fit, without violence to the sacred human form inside, is what she has not been trained to.



"O Mrs. Hautton," she says, "I cannot make your dress that way! It will not please you *at all* when it is done, I assure you! And I have my own reputation to consider."

Or perhaps she says sweetly: "O yes, Mrs. Hautton, I can make it very easy and light; I am sure I can satisfy you"; and after a few minutes, "Now just a *few inches* tighter here,— you won't mind?" and, "Now you know I *have* to fill out there, only just a *little*,— it won't interfere with your idea at all,— I never did like to pad people all up as some dressmakers do"; and, "You know you don't want it really *singular*, and if you will just trust me about this drapery—" And when the dress is done, the lady has been inveigled back into all she had meant to avoid.



Or perhaps she tries to carry out the idea of ease and grace; but she has not studied the system or is not naturally an artist in dress, and the dress is awkward and unsatisfactory when it is done, and Mrs. Hautton though she *feels* comfortable in it, is mortified and gives up her body to the steels and pads and weights again, in order to look trim and nice.

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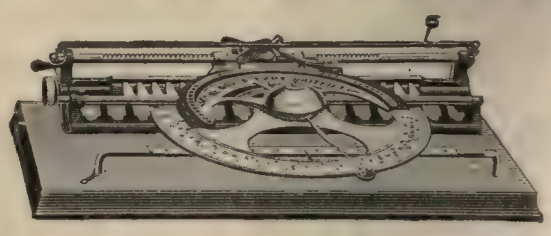
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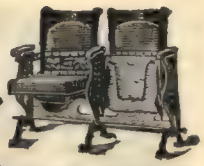


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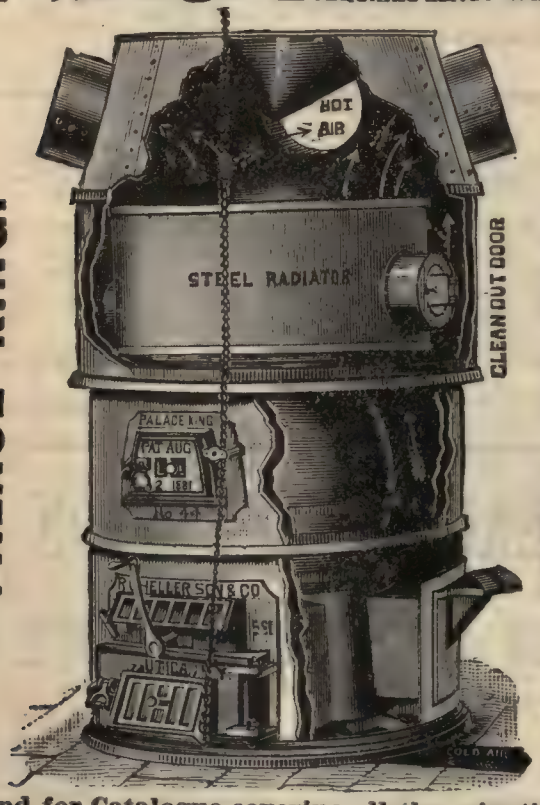
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THE

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THE STONE ELEPHANT OF INYO.



IN all parts of the world are rocks, hills, and mountains, that bear resemblance to the human form or face, or take the shape of some animal, building, or other object familiar to us in the daily walks of life. Though it often requires considerable exertion of the imagination to discover the outlines or shapes that have given many of these objects a local name and celebrity, yet at times by peculiar freaks of Nature, conjoined with the action of the elements, there are rocks and mountains that have been so worn and carved that the resemblance

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they bear to some well known face or form is patent to every beholder.

Again there are pillars, masses, and domes of rock that might as fitly bear any one of a dozen names as that with which they have been christened; still, when that name has been mentioned, our imagination nimbly flows along the channel into which it has been turned, and bodies forth a picture correspondent to the title. For such objects one name is as good as another. To them will well apply the scene between Hamlet and Polonius, if for "cloud" we read "rock." Thus:

Hamlet. — Do you see yonder *rock* that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius. — By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. — Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. — It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. — Or like a whale?

Pol. — Very like a whale.

Thus we see, to use the language of Addison, imagination "makes additions to nature, and gives a greater variety to God's works."

From the earliest times the human race have taken pleasure in tracing in the shapes of mountains, hills, rocks, trees, lakes, and the clouds of the heavens, resemblances to gods, men, beasts, and birds. One of the earliest instances is that of finding Lot's wife in a pillar of salt on the borders of the Dead Sea. Some are of the opinion that no such saline relic exists, but Lot's wife, as transformed, is as much a reality as are the petrified "Maids of the Valley of the Brenz," the "Stone Lady of Wiesensteig," the "Old Woman of Rosario Rock," Canary Islands, or the "Praying Nun" in the Baumann's Cavern, Hartz Mountains.

Josephus mentions the pillar supposed to represent Lot's wife, and it is also spoken of by Tertullian, Justin the Martyr, Clemens of Rome, and many other ancient writers, some of whom go into details and relate many marvels in regard to its preservation, the signs of femininity it periodically exhibits, and the like good and pious superstitions.

Lieutenant Lynch, U. S. Navy, who led an expedition to the Dead Sea in 1848, says the pillar (doubtless the same that Josephus saw) stands at the foot of a salt mountain, about two miles from the south end of the lake. Seen at a distance, he says it showed as "a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm."

On a closer examination he says:

We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea.

Though the pillar is on the wrong side of the lake, Zoar being on the opposite shore, the faith of the many overbalances all such little eccentricities of topography, nor are they staggered at the huge size of the saline remains, for "there were giants in the earth in those days."

In ten thousand places in the old world, faces and figures are seen in the mountains and in the rocks, and in the new we can give them a Roland for an Oliver. Beginning with the "Old Man of the Mountain," in New Hampshire, and the "Old Dead Indian," near New Haven, we have Nature's fantastics all the way across the continent.

On Clear Creek, in Colorado, they have an "Old Man of the Mountains," whose features are much more clearly defined and lifelike than those of the New Hampshire peak. On Magazine Mountain, Arkansas, they have a "Laughing Head." A giant face juts out from Dardanelle Rock, from the huge, spreading mouth of which seems to issue a burst of laughter of Brobdignagian proportions. The people of Pope County are said to be the best natured in all

Arkansas. When a Pope County man lifts his eyes to the laughing head on Magazine Mountain, he claps his hands to his sides, and so roars with laughter that he can be heard to the distance of a mile ; his neighbor hears him, is infect ed, dashes his hat upon the ground, claps his hands to his sides and roars, another and another takes up the laugh, and soon the whole county is in convulsions of laughter. In this risible disorder they are as peculiarly afflicted as were the people of the town of Bray, as related in Don Quixote.

The "Shakespeare Rock," Lake Tahoe shows a face that would pass equally well had the discoverer called it that of Ben Jonson or Daniel Webster.

But no one can ever mistake the "Stone Elephant of Inyo," — will ever be in doubt as to whether Nature intended it to represent an elephant, a buffalo, a rhinoceros, or a hippotamus. In most cases it is necessary to take a particular stand at some distant point when viewing such freaks,— distance lending illusion quite as readily as "enchantment" ; but the Elephant Rock of Inyo is still an elephant, whether we are a mile away or stand directly by its side.



THE WHITE WOLF ROCK, PITT RIVER.

On the line of the overland railway are numerous rocks and cliffs to which names have been given conformable to the objects they are supposed to represent, as "Steamboat Rock," "Cathedral Rock," "Pulpit Rock," "Devil's Slide," and many others ; but all these might with equal fitness have received any one of a score of other names. It is the same in the case of what is known as the "Dead Monk," in the Tyrol ; the profile of Napoleon I. at the rock of the Lorelei, on the Rhine ; and the portrait of Napoleon III. in the Dietharz Valley, Thuringia.

The Stone Elephant is situated four miles west of the village of Lone Pine, Inyo County, California, on the road to Mount Whitney, the highest mountain peak in the United States, south of Alaska. It stands at the mouth of a large dry cañon, amid low, broken, and rocky hills, destitute of all vegetation except sagebrush. It is about ten miles east of Mount Whitney, which is hidden by the mountain range seen in the distance.



THE CAMEL ROCK, HUMBOLDT DESERT.

The rock that has taken the elephantine form is a dark gray granite that is almost the color of the skin of an elephant. The "Stone Elephant" is about twenty-five feet in length by fifteen feet in height. Those who see it for the first time mistake it for a petrifaction, until they find on drawing near that it is composed of granite. The first discoverers thought, on catching sight of it, that they had found a petrified mastodon.

An old Piute Indian, on being asked about the freak, said:

"Yash, me see him many year 'go. Long time Injun no sabe him; now see him all same in big show up Virginny City."

The untutored mind of the poor Indian is not devoid of imagination. He not only sees God in clouds, but also sees gods, devils, men, and beasts, in rocks and hills.

Recumbent on a mountain, up near Pitt River, is a great white rock shaped like a wolf. This "White Wolf" is said to be the father of all the Piutes. He married a princess who came from the south, and the Piutes are the descendants of the pair. The common herd of the Piute tribe say that their father did not die, that when he became very old he returned toward the north whence he came, lay down upon the top of the mountain, and changing himself into stone has ever since lain there looking down upon his children.

The chiefs and medicine-men say that long ago a chief called White Wolf came from the north, and married a princess (or daughter of a head chief) of a tribe in the south. The northern and southern tribes then became one people, and the Piutes are their descendants.

In the speech of the Piutes to this day, abundant evidence of the amalgamation of two languages is found. Many words and phrases have almost the softness that distinguishes the Spanish language, and these are supposed to belong to the language of the people of the princess of the south. All the guttural words are thought to come from the language of the people of the White Wolf.

The only other noteworthy freak of Nature of the kind under consideration in this part of the Great Basin region, is the "Camel Rock." It lies in the edge of the Humboldt Desert, between White Plains and Hot Springs, a short distance south of the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. Seen from the south it presents the appearance of a huge camel

lying upon the sands of the desert, with head erect. A cap of hard rock (as in the case of the image of "Lot's Wife") forms the head. The elements and drifting sand have carved out of the yielding sandstone the neck, hump, and back.

In its resemblance to the camel this rock is more striking than the far more famous "Crouching Camel" of the heights of Hohenstaufen; besides, it lies in a desert, where a camel is more in place than on top of a high mountain.

Dan De Quille.

COLOMBIAN PRESIDENTS.



RAFAEL NUÑEZ, PRESIDENT OF COLOMBIA.

THE history of constitutional government in the South American republics has been a stormy one; and to most Americans that are without personal knowledge of these countries, seems only a chaos of revolutions and self-seeking turbulence. But to those that know the ground there is visible through all confusions a real love of liberty, working toward constitutional order through

the blunders of a people inexperienced in self-government. Nor have there been wanting leaders that were both patriotic and able men. The history of the presidency in Colombia contains more than one notable name, deserving of gratitude in the republic; notably those of the first and the latest presidents,— Bolívar, the "Liberator," and Rafael Nuñez, the great reformer of the constitution.

The struggle for the liberation of South America from Spain was indeed one that tried men's souls. The services of Bolívar, and of his scarcely less distinguished coadjutors, Páez, Sucre, San Martin, O'Higgins, and others, cannot fail to move the admiration of brave men, and especially of lovers of liberty, whenever they are rightly known. And the confirming and establishing of the free institutions for which they struggled so bravely and generously, has called out the unfailing services of sincere patriots at every stage in the constitutional development of the republics. This development had almost inconceivable obstacles to contend with, in deep-rooted prejudices, in the profound divisions of classes and the privileges tenaciously clung to by the aristocratic classes and the clergy, and in the ignorance of the masses. It has made real progress against these in most of the republics: the era of bloody revolutions is fast passing by, and one of peaceful, intellectual and industrial progress seems at hand. This is notably true of Colombia, under the presidency of the remarkable man that now occupies the chair.

The present republic of Colombia was one of the three component parts of the short-lived confederation of the same name that Bolívar, Páez, and Santander created, and Páez and Santander broke up. The coast of the viceroyalty of Santa Fé, or Nueva Granada, was discovered by the earliest Spanish navigators. Bastidas visited several points on the Atlantic side toward the end of the 15th and the beginning of the 16th centuries, and Columbus on his last voyage landed in Veraguas and Portobello. Early in the 16th century the "*Reino de Castilla del Oro*" was formed with the Isthmus of Panamá and with what was then known of the present Venezuela. Balboa (the discoverer of the Pacific in 1513) was decapitated in 1517, at the now almost unknown port of Acla, by order of the wily governor, Pedrarius Dávila. By the middle of the century the Spanish power in the country was established, and there were several Spanish settlements on the coasts and on the mesa of Cundinamarca, where Santa Fé de Bogotá, the capital, now stands; but it was a weak power, inefficient for nearly one hundred and fifty years, against the raids of Drake and his fellow buccaneers. Morgan captured Portobello in 1668, and Chagres in 1670, and then marched across the isthmus and easily made prey of the rich city of Panamá. The depredations of the sea-robbers only ceased late in the 17th century.

Nueva Granada was ruled from Spain at first as a presidency, and by the middle of the 18th century as a viceroyalty. The viceroyalty was composed of two districts, Santa Fé, or Nueva Granada, consisting of nine provinces; and the presidency of Quito (now the republic of Ecuador), which also consisted of nine provinces. Venezuela had been detached from the viceroyalty in 1731, and made a captain-generalcy.

Spain's policy here was as in her other dependencies: the same monopoly of trade, the same effort to crush down the spirit of independence; the same exclusion of creoles from positions of honor and trust in the land of their birth. The Inquisition had its seat at Cartagena. In the last sixty years of Spanish rule it had lost its worst powers,— not a single person was burned at the stake in all that period,— but it continued to keep the people in the grossest ignorance and

superstition. Few could read or write, primary schools being very rare; yet there were several ecclesiastical seminaries, and in Santa Fé two colleges and one university, and the same in Quito, besides a few minor institutions. Instruction in modern philosophy was strictly under the ban of the church,—indeed, the remark was attributed to Archbishop Compañon of Bogotá, the official head of the church, that the creoles should be taught nothing but their prayers, that they might be kept duly submissive.

In 1810, the year in which the first effective attempt at separation was made, Nueva Granada's population was nearly two millions,—70,000 slaves, 140,000 colored freemen, about 315,000 Indians, and 1,400,000 whites; the sister district had a little more than 20,000 slaves, 30,000 free negroes and mulattoes, and nearly 160,000 whites. (Among the whites in both districts are probably included the mestizos, or issue of white and Indian.) Venezuela had about 900,000 population. The military force of the viceroyalty did not reach 4,000 regulars, besides some 9,000 or 10,000 of disciplined militia. The ports of Panamá, Portobello, Chagres, Cartagena, Santa Marta, and Guayaquil, in the viceroyalty, were strongly fortified, besides half a dozen in Venezuela. Land was fairly divided, there being but few holders of large tracts. The supply of foreign manufactures was abundant, thanks chiefly to smugglers. The revenue of the viceroyalty in the latter part of the 18th century netted somewhat under $3,400,000; a yearly deficit of about $200,000 was covered out of the revenues of Peru.

The revolutionary movements that ended in the independence of the colonies had been preceded by the "*revolución de los comuneros*," or revolt of commoners, in 1781, which came to an end through the mediation of Archbishop Góngora, and under pledge of amnesty to those implicated. But despotisms seldom respect pledges to rebels: some of the leaders paid for their credulity on the scaffold, and others in the penal establishments of Africa. A republican plot in 1794 ended in like manner. There were disturbances also in 1800. It will be seen that the people were ripe for revolution, and hardly patient enough to wait for a favorable opportunity.

This opportunity came at last with the despotic course of Bonaparte in deposing the royal family of Spain, to place his brother Joseph on the throne. The people of Nueva Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador refused acquiescence in this. A futile revolution broke out in 1809 at Quito, which ended in the death of a number of prominent creoles. In 1810, on the 19th of April, Bolívar, Páez, and others began their movement, in Caracas, Venezuela; and on the 14th of August the viceroy of Santa Fé was deposed and driven from the country. Venezuela proclaimed her independence on the 5th of July, 1811; but the next year was forced to return temporarily to her old allegiance.

The forces at the command of Spain were overwhelming, and repeatedly frustrated the struggles of Venezuela and Nueva Granada from 1814 to 1816; and each defeat meant vengeance upon thousands of victims, who were put to death, or immured in loathsome dungeons and left to perish of hunger and disease. It is believed that the number that thus perished exceeded 40,000. Morillo, the Spanish commander, declared that only laboring men would be permitted among the creoles; rulers, judges, lawyers, and other professional men, as well as the ministers of religion, should come from Spain. Yet the patriots kept up the fight. Bolívar with a handful of men, whom he had gathered in Hayti, undertook the tremendous task of annihilating the Spanish power in America.

In 1818 he had gathered an army with which he defeated Morillo, and occupied Caracas. Reverses followed, but his

genius and tenacity were equal to the occasion; till with an army of patriots, aided by foreign volunteers, — English, Irish, and others, — he won the battle of Boyacá, and made himself master of Bogotá, as well as of half the provinces of Nueva Granada. In 1821 he demolished the Spanish army on the plains of Carabobo, near Valencia, thus virtually ending the war in Venezuela. Puerto Cabello fell into the hands of Páez, the great *llanero*, in November, 1823.

The patriots had not been so successful in Ecuador; but Bolívar sent Sucre with an army to their assistance, and the royalists were utterly routed on the 24th of May, 1822. Two days after the president of Quito surrendered, and independence was accomplished.

The republican history of Colombia, though with different bounds from those of the present republic, had already begun; for on the 17th of December, 1819, a congress of representatives from Nueva Granada, Venezuela, and Ecuador assembled at Angostura, (the present Ciudad Bolívar of Venezuela,) and constituted the three countries into the "Republic of Colombia." This act of 1819 had been ratified on the 22d of July, 1821, by a constituent congress at Rosario de Cúcuta in Nueva Granada; and the same year the Isthmus of Panamá quietly declared independence, and joined fortunes with Colombia. A constitution had been immediately (August 31, 1821) adopted by the congress; and had organized the government, in imitation of the United States, with three distinct powers, legislative, executive, and judicial, and vested the executive in a president, with a term of four years. In the same year the ecclesiastical authority was declared subordinate to the civil.

Bolívar was chosen the first president. Thus far the parallel between his life and Washington's continued: to the successful liberator fell the task of constitutional organization. Recent historians of the United States have made evident what the earlier ones hardly realized, — how nearly that task proved too much for the founders of the republic, — how near to failure the whole attempt at separate nationality was for a time. That time, in the United States, preceded the adoption of the constitution, and by the time its provisions came to be discussed, the chief needs of the situation were more or less apparent. In Colombia, the hastily made constitution was adopted even before the fighting was over. The great difficulty, over which the North American colonies nearly went to pieces, was that of federating the separate governments under a general one. This difficulty was infinitely complicated in South America: for there was a double series of constituent parts to be managed, the three countries now joined in one having each its own subdivision into states. Bolívar's design, moreover, included the union of the other newly independent countries of South America, Peru, and Bolivia, with the three already already conjoined, and he devoted much of his strength to this effort during his first term, while the internal working of republican government in Colombia herself was still untested. His constitution provided for a consolidation, rather than a federation of the countries, with a highly centralized government. This was from the outset repugnant to many of the leading men, and there was at once a strong "Federalist" party, (of which Páez was the strongest spirit,) whose position was precisely the reverse of the "Federalists" of the United States, being that of opposition to centralization. On the other hand, the agents of the executive department, unfamiliar with constitutional limitations upon executive power, were impatient of them, and always disposed to exceed them. Add to all this the total inexperience in self-government of colonies that had been despotically held, instead of governed under

charters, the many complications introduced by church rule, and by the separation of classes, and the ignorance in which the masses had been held, — and it is plain that a situation confronted Bolívar and his contemporaries that far surpassed the one that the North Americans of Washington's time barely mastered.

While Bolívar strove to bring together all the new nations, the Federalists gained ground, and the tendency to disruption grew in his own. He had placed the executive charge of affairs in the hands of the vice-president, Santander, while he was absent in Bolivia and Peru, in pursuit of his plan of union. Santander was himself more or less in sympathy with the Federalists, and gave them secret encouragement. In 1826, under Páez, they broke into open rebellion.

Bolívar hastened home, promptly assumed dictatorial powers, and marched to Venezuela. Here he came to an understanding with Páez. At the same time, he and Santander were re-elected, and the danger of disruption passed by for the time.

To the dismay of his friends, and against the advice of Santander himself, Bolívar then insisted upon resigning the presidency. His retirement was soon followed by such disaffections among the citizens of the republic, that it was by invitation of a number of these that General Lamar, chief magistrate of Peru, invaded Colombia in 1828, blockading the coast as far as Panamá. It was not until February, 1829, that he was forced (by the "Marshal of Ayacucho,"—Sucre) to withdraw; and Bolívar was then formally requested by congress to resume his office, and did so.

Santander, who had thus far only connived at the disaffection of Páez and the Federalists, had now decided to come out openly upon the side to which he had all along inclined; and had accordingly also resigned office. Upon Bolívar's return to the presidency the differences between the two became open feud; Santander was even accused of complicity in a plot to assassinate the president, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. But Bolívar commuted the sentence to banishment. Santander was really about as strong with the country as himself. At a convention called the year before by Bolívar, Santander had been chosen president, and his faction had practically captured the convention, the adherents of Bolívar being reduced to breaking up the quorum by leaving the hall and abandoning the convention. Under such conditions government was thoroughly crippled; and, in fact, public affairs were fast drifting into chaos.

In 1830, the restiveness of the constituent parts of the republic under the centralized régime came to a crisis. Venezuela and Ecuador seceded. Bolívar, just re-elected again, moved against Venezuela, but hesitated to meet Páez, who was strongly intrenched, with larger forces; and finally resigned the presidency, and retired to Cartagena, where, at the house of a friend, death removed him from the troubled stage, in the prime of his life,—aged only forty-seven years.

Whatever Bolívar's failure as the founder of constitutional government in the countries he had freed, his right to the title of "Liberator," and the veneration belonging to it, is undisputed,—not only by the world at large, but by the very districts that were most unwilling to accept the civil order for which he stood. The Venezuelans celebrated the centennial anniversary of his birth (July 31st, 1883) with great enthusiasm, marking their estimation of his place in their history by unveiling a statue of George Washington on the same day. Lima also has in a prominent place a statue of the great South American hero.

The death of Bolívar put an end to the plan of a consolidated republic. Colombia, as constituted by him and his party, was hopelessly disrupted. Nothing re-

mained but to reorganize Nueva Granada into a republic by itself, with a new constitution. This was done in 1831 and 1832, and nothing shows more clearly how largely the people of this section of the disrupted confederation had been with Santander, than the fact that he returned as soon as he heard of the death of Bolívar, and was at once elected the first president under the new order of things. Thus ended the first republic of Colombia.

Santander was a man of skill in civil affairs, and the reduced territory now under his administration presented a far more simple problem of administration than had the tripartite confederation Bolívar had dealt with. Accordingly, he succeeded, as Bolívar had not done, in bringing about peace and order. Even though his insistence upon recognizing a great part of the public debt created in the war for independence was displeasing to a party of repudiation so strong that they defeated him at the next election, there was no revolutionary resistance. He went quietly out of office at the close of his four years' term, according to the provisions of the constitution; and was succeeded by the candidate of the conservatives. The secession of Venezuela and Ecuador had done away with the "Federalists," and the usual lines between the aristocratic and despotic tendency on the one side, and the popular on the other, had come to divide parties.

The next man of eminence to come to the presidency was General Tomás Cipriano de Mosquera, who was elected for the term of 1845–48. Mosquera had been Bolívar's military secretary. In the interval between his administration and Santander's the country had been in constant disorder, and showed much tendency toward revolution. His administration was a notable one and contributed much to the advancement of the people in constitutional government. Its chief distinction was in industrial and intellectual achievement: it granted the franchise for the construction of the Panamá railroad, which brought about a complete revolution in the trade with the nations bordering on the Pacific; and it paid off a large portion of the national debt.

After Mosquera went out of office, Nueva Granada slipped back into the condition of perpetual disturbance and revolution. In 1857, at last, a man of very high ability was elected to the presidency, Doctor Mariano Ospina, the candidate of the conservatives. But Ospina was not merely the representative of the conservative party, but personally of despotic tendencies. In spite of his undoubted ability, his administration only exasperated the revolutionary tendencies already seething in the country; and at the end of two years he was violently deposed and thrown into prison. He managed to escape and went to Guatemala. Here the rule was completely in the hands of a despotic party, by whom Ospina was regarded as a person of very liberal views indeed.

This revolution was in great part the work of Mosquera; and after the long and sanguinary war that followed was over, it was to him that was due the scheme of re-organization of the civil order that was now attempted. The country was constituted a federal republic under the name of Estados Unidos de Colombia; and a new constitution was drawn up for its government, which was promulgated in 1863. This constitution was intended, in most patriotic good faith, to embody the most liberal and advanced ideas in political and social science known to the world. No one doubted the honesty of purpose of the convention that adopted it, but its extreme radicalism was alarming to the cautious. It provided for the complete separation of church and state, freedom of religious opinion and worship, the suppression of convents, and the confiscation of church property over and above buildings in actual use for public worship. It introduced some extreme innovations

that, especially in a country inexperienced in self-control, threatened to prove destructive to the very existence of government. The presidential term was reduced to only two years, and the frequent elections and rapidly succeeding changes in the personnel of the administration were very demoralizing to order. The freedom of speech and of the press were carried so far as to be left entirely unrestricted by any libel law, and violent revenges and assassination were encouraged: people grossly insulted or groundlessly accused had really no redress under the law, and inevitably took their vindication into their own hands. The federation of the states was very loose: the same excessive jealousy lest any rights of the people should be restricted that controlled the rest of the instrument led it to leave the sovereignty of the states very great, and under it they showed very little regard for the authority of the central government. They even formally declared war against it when they pleased; and war between each other was a common thing. On the other hand, in the loosely defined condition of the relations between them and the federal government, many of the perpetual disturbances were due to meddling interference on its part in the state elections. This happened very often in the state of Panamá, and not infrequently in the others. The abolition of the death penalty demoralized the undisciplined masses,— none of whose training, either under the despotic rule of Spain or in the wars and feuds that followed, had accustomed them to any great reverence for human life; crime became fearfully prevalent, and when committed by men of wealth or influence went unpunished; while under the merit system adopted in the prisons, with the idea of being abreast of the best modern methods of penology, the worst and most dangerous criminals were turned loose after an imprisonment of only seven or eight years, to fresh assaults on good order.

Mosquera had been elected the first president under this radical constitution. In spite of his own share in the responsibility for it, and his own peaceful and successful administration under the former one, he found government under it impossible; and after a vain struggle to restore order until 1866, he gave it up, and resorted to unconstitutional measures,— such as forcibly closing the national congress, and imprisoning a number of senators and representatives. This soon made matters worse, and ended in his being deposed and exiled.

Again followed the dismal history of confusion and disorder, unbettered and without apparent hope of any relief. For twenty years the liberal party remained in power, without accomplishing any permanent condition of civil order and loyalty. If by chance any one able to cope with the situation did appear in congress, it was impossible for himself or the country to learn his powers, for the terms were only two years long,— giving no congress time really to do anything. Re-elections were rare, for the Colombians are averse to re-electing even officials with whom they are pleased,— being suspicious of danger to their liberties, and afraid to let any one learn to think himself necessary to them. Abuses in elections and other corruptions had become prevalent; all political parties admitted these, while neither was willing to risk any party advantage by meddling with them. Much of the revolutionary disturbance in the country grew from these abuses and corruptions. Even among orderly people such conditions can provoke revolutionary action, as in the case of the San Francisco vigilance committees. Twenty years of this anarchy had brought Colombia to the point where her very existence as a separate nation was threatened.

At this point comes to the front the man who was destined ultimately to solve — so far as one may dare to prophesy from all present signs — the appar-

ently insoluble problem of peaceable constitutional government in Colombia. In 1884, during a lull in the stormy condition that had been almost uninterrupted since Mosquera's deposition, Doctor Rafael Nuñez was re-elected president.

Doctor Nuñez was not, even when he entered his first term as president, a new man upon the political stage. On the contrary, he had first made his appearance as a public speaker of great eloquence and force thirty years before, and had since repeatedly filled high state and federal offices; and this was the more notable in view of the Colombian dislike to re-election spoken of above. But it was not until now that he became the controlling power in this country.

Born in historic Cartagena,— Cartagena de Indias, as the Spanish used to call it,— on September 28th, 1825, four years after the last Spanish soldier abandoned its walls, Nuñez was a little child at the time of Bolívar's death, and passed his schooldays during the turbulent period succeeding the close of Santander's administration. His family was one of distinction, and his parents respected and intelligent people, who planned from the first to give their son good educational opportunities. They designed him for a literary career, and his education was directed with reference to this purpose; a training that has by no means been thrown away in his political career, where his skill and force as a writer and speaker have been no mean part of his equipment,— to say nothing of the large range of his activities outside of politics. As a student, the young Rafael was both diligent and clever, giving evidence of the same qualities that have been his distinction in later years.

In 1849, the youth of twenty-four began to be talked of as a public speaker; and from that time his life tended steadily toward political activity. Five years later he was secretary of state in the federal government, although still under thirty. The president at that time was Dr. Mallarino, the last of the more or less unsuccessful men who tried to master the situation in the chaotic time between Mosquera's first term and Ospina's election. After Ospina's downfall and Mosquera's revolutionary return to power, Nuñez returned to the cabinet in the same position, secretary of state. After this second administration of Mosquera had gone to pieces, in 1858, Doctor Nuñez became governor of the state of Panamá, where he had full opportunity to learn the working of the relations between the states and the federal government, as arranged by the Mosquera constitution. In 1859 he was a senator in the federal congress at Bogota, and again in 1880.

From 1864 to 1874, however, was perhaps the most important period in his political education. During these years he was consul for Colombia in New York, in Liverpool, and in Havre. It was inevitable that a keen and patriotic mind, which had already been deeply engaged with the problem of government in his own country, should be profoundly impressed with the experience of these three countries. The United States, naturally, afforded him the most interesting field for constitutional studies; the similarity in general intent between its system and that of Colombia, the generally smooth working of its federal system, the tremendous danger through which it was but just successfully passing at the time of his consulate in New York, and the light thus cast on the necessary limitations of state sovereignty, — these things fell in most effectively with the whole trend of Doctor Nuñez's earlier experiences in public affairs. Moreover, the vast progress of the United States industrially and in power among the nations of the world, was very impressive to him. In France and England the same things were evident; and the scientific, literary, and artistic attainments of these coun-

tries, under stable and peaceable government, were matters of great interest and admiration to him. He devoted himself as a student to the mastery of the laws, the customs, the civic ideas, of these countries; and the fruits of his studies were published in Colombia in a series of very important articles.

Dr. Nuñez, as I have intimated, is a man of a great deal of literary and scientific activity, outside of his busy public life. He is a notable newspaper writer, forcible, skillful, and genial; and a poet as well. He is one of the leading members of the Colombian Academy, within whose walls many of the best historians, and scientific and literary men of Spanish America have met, and from which some of the most notable papers I have ever read have emanated. He is also a corresponding member of the Spanish Academy at Madrid. His works have been published in a series of volumes; and there is no more satisfactory way for any one interested in this remarkable man to become acquainted with his quality than through these books.

His distinction as a statesman has never overshadowed his popularity as a writer. His especial quality is a curt, clear, sharp-cut style, and the power of impressively striking out a point in a way that carries conviction. He has a brilliant imagination and a wonderful memory. At present, in spite of his absorbing occupations, he is a constant reader of the leading periodicals in English, French, and Spanish, — not only in political, but also in scientific and literary matters, and he keeps himself *au courant* with modern literature. Such, then, was his equipment for ten years of study of England, France, and the United States.

On Dr. Nuñez's return to Colombia he was again elected senator; and in 1876 he was chosen president of the state of Bolívar. In 1879 occurred his first term as president of the republic, to which allusion has already been made; and in 1884 followed his re-election.

He found himself in practical alliance with the Conservative party. The Liberal party, as has been said, had now been more than twenty years in power, and had experienced the demoralizations of a long dominant party. Good citizens in all parties recognized that the electoral and other abuses that have been mentioned must be checked; yet neither was any more willing to surrender its immediate party advantage in the interest of reform, than are parties in the United States to set the example of refraining from purchase of votes or traffic in offices. It was evident that demoralization had proceeded far toward anarchy, and that something must be done; but each faction hoped to postpone the crisis till a time at which it might tell against its rival, instead of itself. Doctor Nuñez had for years been an urgent advocate of reform; and he was now the one man who believed the need instant and imperative. In a speech advocating constitutional reform, which produced a profound impression, and has become historical, he used the words: "*Rejeneración fundamental ó catástrofe*," — an expression that has passed into history associated with his name. It now rested with him to carry the words into effect; and he had become convinced that it was impossible to do this through the party by which he had been elected, and with which he had hitherto been allied. His views of the needed reforms in the constitution were such in many respects as he might look to see favorably received by the Conservatives, since they tended to strengthening the central government, and limiting the extreme radicalism of the existing laws; and to them he turned for support.

This party defection was violently resented by the Liberals; and in the then condition of politics this meant war.

Nuñez, however, accepted the conditions of his policy, met the challenge, and

worsted the Liberals in the field. This left him in a position practically to make himself dictator, by announcing the "suspension of the constitution" pending changes.

Here, now, was undoubtedly the most interesting and critical situation in the history of Colombia since the achievement of independence. Nothing but unusual self-restraint, judgment, and moderation in the man himself could afford any promise that this assumption of extra constitutional power should produce freedom and order, instead of despotism. No one whose bent was not so strongly toward constitutional and orderly government, that he would use dictatorial power only as a means to do away with the need of it, could be warranted in venturing on it. Here, doubtless, told Dr. Nuñez's studies of established and orderly foreign governments. But again, in however good faith a dictator might himself be purposing to use his extraordinary powers, it was also necessary for him to inspire the confidence and hold the support of the people until his end was accomplished, — a task of the greatest difficulty in a country of such violent and restless party struggles. It was here that Dr. Nuñez's power and popularity as a speaker and writer was invaluable to him.

In this critical and tremendously responsible position he displayed for the first time his full resources of energy, courage, wisdom, and moral force. He was surrounded by bitter enemies, barely defeated for the present, and ready to take advantage of the least slip on his part or accident that might tell against him. His splendid management of the emergency, splendid both in its disinterestedness and its ability, will make his name shine in history among those who have been benefactors of their native land.

His first step was to call together a council of delegates from the different states, — what would be called in the United States a "constitutional convention," — and secure the adoption of a constitution that absolutely revolutionized the internal organization of the country. The federal system was in part abolished, the government centralized, the states reduced to departments, ruled by governors appointed by the national executive, — just as in the government of Territories in the United States; but some function of statehood and some federal element in the central government was preserved by constituting the upper house of the national congress of three delegates from each department. The change amounted, in short, to abolishing the federal system in the executive department but retaining it in the legislative. The threefold division of government — into executive, legislative, and judicial powers — was also preserved: the executive being vested in the president, whose term was extended to six years; the legislative in two chambers, the senate based on the federal idea, as above explained, with three delegates representing each department, the house of deputies based on the population, — one to every five thousand inhabitants; and the judicial in a supreme court composed of judges appointed during life or good behavior. The power to make war between themselves, or manage internal revolt without interference from the general government, was entirely withdrawn.

These principal reforms were put at once into operation by the exercise of dictatorial power; but the completion of the details of the new constitution was left to a constitutional convention called by President Nuñez after the working of the fundamental changes was fairly assured, and the substantial acquiescence of the people in them had become evident.

As just intimated, the change in the relation of the state and national executive, once forced through by dictatorial power, had no sooner been experienced than its good effects were felt. The

worst and most dangerous abuses disappeared. The state revolts that had kept the country in perpetual turmoil ceased. The cordial adhesion of the country to Nuñez's policy followed. All now recognize that his measures have worked admirably.

All this time, during the suspension of the constitution, while President Nuñez was wielding supreme power, he did so with the utmost moderation, limiting his transgressions of the ordinary legal powers of his station to the narrowest limits possible under the circumstances. There is not another instance in the history of the South American republics where a power of this sort has been used in such a spirit. There is no other instance in which the possessor of such power has simply exercised it until the work for which it had to be assumed was accomplished, and has then laid it down,— not as a military chief withdrawing from his leadership, but as a quiet civilian returning to his legal status, in obedience and respect to the laws he had been elected to execute. President Nuñez is undoubtedly an ambitious man. But he has proved that ambition is second with him to zeal for the good of his country, by his entirely voluntary refusal to retain supreme power. After two years' continuous and most arduous work, the country being in a tranquil and prosperous condition, Doctor Nuñez —although four years yet remained of his term, under the new six-year provision — placed the routine of administration in the hands of his vice-president, and sought a life of quiet retirement. Here, in the country, amid his family and a few chosen friends, he is known at his best, personally.

Although now over sixty-three years of age, he continues a very active and laborious worker. He employs no private secretary, but personally attends to all the details of an enormous correspondence. The extensive reading and scientific and literary avocations of his intervals of attention have been already spoken of; but his principal subject is statecraft. In his conversations as in his writings, he shows intimate acquaintance with the acts and characters of all the leading public men of the time.

President Nuñez's administration has been not only notable for its constitutional reforms, but successful in its economic policies. He has been zealous in promoting the industrial prosperity of the country, and developing its resources. He urges the extension of railroads through the vast, unpenetrated interior, and the necessity of placing the credit of the country on a sound basis, and on a par with that of the most advanced nations,— not failing to point out that the preservation of peace throughout the republic is essential to this. His re-election was a matter of satisfaction not only to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen, but also to the thousands of foreign residents in the republic. It is generally believed by those familiar with Colombia, that the darkest days of the republic are over, and the road of quiet constitutional development and industrial progress fairly entered upon.

F. B. Evans.





A PLEDGE.

As when they pledge with wine a king,
They crash their beakers down,
That never less ennobling thing
The crystal depths may crown.

So here I pledge a heart to you
With love's strong wine brimmed up,
And swear that when the draught is through,
I 'll break the empty cup.

S. W. Eldredge.



THE OLD NOTION OF POETRY.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE in his paper, "What is a great Poet?" contributed to the *Forum* for April, uses these words: "Of late there have seemed to me to be certain signs, especially in America, of a revolt of the mob against our literary masters." Whether or not the clause, "especially in America," lends force to the general statement, the further assertion that the only way to stay the chaos impending is to set up once more the "ancient laws and precepts," is wholly true. Therefore it may not prove amiss to marshal what William Caxton termed "dictes and notable wise sayings" on poetry, and to speak somewhat fully and familiarly on this important subject.

"May the fools get a little wisdom, and the wise a little poetry!" So, with his keen perception of the world's need, exclaims the devout scoffer Heine. "It is indeed a pity," he says, "that our great public knows so little about poetry; almost as little, in fact, as our poets." We can readily believe Landor when he says, "Readers of poetry hear the bells, and seldom mind what they are ringing for," but we cannot believe that often the wise fail to appreciate poetry, that even the poets themselves are wanting in knowledge of it, till we learn how difficult it is to understand.

For a knowledge of the highest, the noblest, poetry, the learned Porson says we must have "generous, well informed, and elevated minds." According to Montaigne, whom Ben Jonson and Shakespeare delighted to honor, "We have more poets than judges and interpreters of poetry. It is easier to write an indifferent poem than to understand a good one. There is, indeed, a certain low and moderate sort of poetry that a man may well enough judge by certain rules of art; but the true, supreme, and divine poesy is above all the rules of reason Whoever discerns the beauty of it with the most assured and most steady sight, sees no more than the quick reflection of a flash of lightning. This is a sort of poetry that does not exercise, but ravishes and overwhelms our judgment."

We have the counterpart of Montaigne's "quick reflection of a flash of lightning" in Thoreau's observation that poetry "is not recoverable thought, but a hue caught from a vaster receding thought." The prince of English critics confirms the Frenchman and the New Englander:

"The critical perception of poetic truth is of all things the most volatile, elusive, and evanescent; by even pressing too impetuously after it, one runs the risk of losing it."

The difficulty of understanding poetry is made plain by implication, in curious Cousin's statement of the power and scope of it. "It expresses," he says, "what is inaccessible to every other art. I mean thought, entirely distinct from the senses and even from sentiment, thought that has no form, thought that has no color, that lets no sound escape, that does not manifest itself in any way, thought in its highest flight, in its most refined abstraction."

I will cite but one more authority, the grand old iron-worker in literature, the brawny blacksmith of letters, Carlyle:

"To know (poetry) is no slight task; but rather that, being the essence of all science, it requires the purest of all study for knowing it." Again, "To apprehend this beauty of poetry, in its full and purest brightness, is not easy, but difficult: thousands on thousands eagerly read poems, and attain not the smallest taste of it; yet to all uncorrupted hearts, some

effulgences of this heavenly glory are here and there revealed; and to apprehend it clearly and wholly, to acquire and maintain a sense and heart that sees and worships it, is the last perfection of all human culture."

It would seem, then, that poetry is not simply hard, but very hard, the hardest of all the productions of the human mind, to understand. We can believe Heine, now, and we shall not be surprised to find the true critic of true poetry as rare as the pichiciego. In Cousin's "most refined abstraction," in the evanescence, the elusiveness, mentioned by Montaigne and Thoreau, and finally in Carlyle's "essence of all science," of all knowing, it is easy to see whence the difficulty springs.

But the every day "dictes" on the subject of poetry, the lesser definitions of it, differ widely from the Caxtonian dictes, from the great definitions. "A rhythmical creation of beauty"; "All literary production which attains the power of giving pleasure by its form as distinct from the matter"; "Poetry is imaginative passion," the dictes of this sort, while they are good in comparison with hundreds of others, do not arouse a suspicion of the difficulty of poetry. They do not stamp it as a high thing, "the supreme of power"; and these are the dictes that the many read and accept. Hence, while so much is said of poetry, so little is learned.

This imperfect understanding, this blurred view of poetry, this indifferent attitude toward it, is naturally, logically, one of the misfortunes of our busy day. In the hurry of buying and selling, of tilling and building, we have lost the meaning poetry had to the leisurely ancients, the importance they attached to it; the large meaning, the supreme importance. We no longer give the poet and the prophet one name; our muses are no longer "those that inquire." When the thousand-eyed press, prevailing over all privacy, informs us that a singer, in some quarter of our vast possessions, is trilling new ditties for the fall market, we do not think of him as boring, as drilling, into the heart, the secret, of life. It is to be feared, indeed, that he is not doing quite this; well, we never give him the benefit of the doubt.

Let us climb back to the source, and see if from the calm height of the olden time we cannot get a clearer, a wider, view. Poetry, like all high and mighty powers, strikes root in the rich black soil of mystery. In the old — really the new — days it was deified, or what is the same to our purpose, devilified. The Greek graciously referred its origin to Orpheus; the Northman styled it the "present, or the drink of Odin." According to Plato, "A poet is a light thing with wings, sacred, unable to compose poetry until he is inspired, and out of his sober senses." Cicero, with Plato and Democritus in mind, says, "I have often heard that no real poet can exist without the spirit being on fire, and without, as it were, a dash of madness." "*Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit*": here Horace and tradition speak together. One of the Fathers, not to be outdone by his pagan predecessors, brands poetry as "*vinum dæmonum*," devil's wine; this, "because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is with but the shadow of a lie." (The Corn-law Rhymer, by the bye, calls poetry "impassioned truth." Let us hope that he has found opportunity in the quiet land of light to win the severe father over.)

The old ideas of poetry, differ as they may in many particulars, converge at this point, viz., that poetry is something beyond, above, the man, entering into him at certain times and under certain conditions, and giving him superhuman force of utterance. Hesiod is not enabled to sing by his own effort. Quietly feeding his lambs at the foot of Helicon, the muses must bring him a laurel bough, and bid him sing. Cassandra

does not wander on the hills of Ate uttering words of her own; she is but the mouth-piece of Apollo. All this attributing of the extra mundane, of the preterhuman, attests the power of poetry from the beginning. Man could not reach its secret; it was above him, from a source far higher and mightier than himself. The ancients worshiped at the shrine of poetry: it was to them a goddess off whose face, divinely fair, the veil was never lifted.

The old, large meaning of poetry was frequently recurred to at a comparatively recent period. From the profound scholar, Sir Thomas Elyot, who died about the middle of the sixteenth century, we have the following quaint testimony:

"Semblably they that make verses, expressing thereby none other learning but the craft of versifying, be not of ancient writers named poets, but only called versifiers." Elsewhere he nobly declares, "And poetry was the first philosophy that ever was known, whereby men from their childhood were brought to the reason, how to live well, learning thereby not only manners and natural affections, but also the wonderful works of Nature, mixing serious matter with things pleasant."

Later, we find Rare Ben, of the Spacious Times, quoting Aristotle to a similar purport: "A poet is that which by the Greeks is called a maker, or a feigner; his art, an art of imitation or feigning, expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony."

It is a pleasure in this connection to mention, among the best sayings on poetry, one of the neglected Blair: "Poetry in its antient, original condition included the whole burst of the human mind."

Such was the old poetry, and such the notion of it; rarely is poetry such, now; seldom, now, is such the notion of it. Were poetry no more than it is now generally regarded, it would be well worth while to marshal the best sayings concerning it; as it was once regarded, it is impossible to find too many of these sayings, nor can they be too often repeated. Three men of our time have held closely to the old notion: Carlyle, Emerson, and Matthew Arnold. With these men poetry is still a thing of infinite worth and beauty, the "unfallen speech"; and the poets are still "God's prophets of the beautiful." "The beauty of poetry," says the fervent Scotchman, "dwells and is born in the innermost spirit of man, united to all love of virtue, to all true belief in God; or rather, it is one with this love and this belief, another phase of the same highest principle in the mysterious infinitude of the human soul."

Again, he says that the aim of poetry is to incorporate the "everlasting reason of man in forms visible to the sense, and suitable to it." Still again, he exclaims, "Poetic creation — what is this but seeing the thing sufficiently?" Life accurately, sufficiently seen, high truth fastened in permanent forms of beauty, this is the old notion. With Carlyle poetry is difficult, supreme, divine; for what is so hard and so high, what so divine among mortals, as the right seeing of truth at its purest, truth in its first, far beauty — the right seeing of the wondrous, the eternal mystery we call ife? "The poet names the thing because he sees it," says Emerson. To see, really see; here we hit the very heart of poetry and of difficulty. Those winged words of Ruskin, what are they?

"The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something, and tell what it *saw* in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion, all in one."

The beauty of poetry "one with all love of virtue, of all true belief in God," says Carlyle. "The poet, or the man of Beauty," says Emerson. . . . "God has not made some beautiful things, but

Beauty is the creator of the universe. . . . The love of truth, the love of good, the love of beauty, these three are equal." "Poetry, prophecy, and religion, all in one," says Ruskin. Is this empty rhetoric, or are poetry, prophecy, and religion, indeed, one and the same? Arnold answers, "The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry." And Emerson adds, "All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology. . . . The religions of the world are the ejaculations of a few imaginative men."

"How to live well"; "Expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony"; the "Incorporation of the everlasting reason of man"; — these best of sayings and that other excellent saying of Emerson, "The poet turns the world to glass, and shows us all things in their right series and procession," we find again in what is, perhaps, all in all, the nearest to a definition of poetry that the world has come: "the noble and profound application of ideas to life, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth."

Our text, then, as we talk by the way, shall be Arnold's words:

"It is important to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life, to the question how to live."

It is only on this old, high definition of poetry that we can pronounce it of first importance, "the supreme of power." It is only on these great terms that Arnold could find the right to declare, "The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay." Only the view obtained from the ancient height enables us to say that mankind cannot rest on what is generally meant by science, by philosophy, by religion, which change with races and with days; that we must have for our stay the "whole burst of the human mind" employed on the great principles of life, with which is no variableness neither shadow of turning, the eternal principles to which every soul that is born into the world clings for his happiness, for his self-preservation — the principles that were, and still should be, first of all, the theme of poetry.

On this high definition, the right seeing of life, expressed according to the immutable laws of poetic truth and beauty, we have in poetry a vital subject: the ruling power of man's mind and heart since time was. We have to deal with man's happiness, his self-preservation.

While poetry has seldom this homage, it meets with universal praise. Whither we turn we hear something good, admirable, of it. Burly Dr. Johnson roars from his dictator's chair, "Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason"; Lowell speaks from his quiet New England corner, "To open vistas for the imagination through the blind wall of the senses . . . is the supreme function of poetry."

Both sayings are true and worth remembering; but while they are larger than Poe's "rhythmical creation of beauty," they are smaller than Arnold's saying, they are included in it. Well may we find out this much about poetry, before becoming glib in enumerating the classifications of it as set down in the rhetorics; and to find out this much is infinitely better than to acquire confusing pseudo-profundity in metaphysical analysis of the powers of the mind that go to the making of poetry. Had the strength expended in attempts to analyze the poet's process been spent in fixing what poetry is, Heine could not have dealt the public and the poets so stinging a blow. In view of the impor-

tance of knowing what poetry is, even though it prove a lesser power than it is here made, is it not an inexcusable waste of energy, weighted with the mail of metaphysics, and flourishing its unwieldy weapons, to dash into this ethereal field as if we were to attack and capture things as tangible and takable as muskets and cannons; to order into line the reason, the will, the conscience, the intellect, the soul, the imagination, and what not, and put them through a variety of ingeniously complicated movements, as if their several existences, their respective shapes and maneuverings, were as easily perceived and followed as those of a squad of State militia? To hurry the trope from war to the peaceful ways of horticulture, the mist, or better, the mildew, the smut, of metaphysics has done its part toward helping us to forget the old notion. It has been gathered down on this bright subject; it has so overgrown it that the one thing first and last to be searched for has been lost sight of. A deal of error on this line and in this method of search has sprung from an attempt, persistent as perverse, to separate inseparables, to divide the real from the ideal. To those unencumbered by the hangings and trappings of the metaphysical armory, what is the ideal, but the spirit, the life, of the real, the very real?

"The true ideal is not opposed to the real, nor is it any artificial heightening thereof; but lies in it, and blessed are the eyes that find it. It is the *mens divinior* which hides within the actual, transfiguring matter-of-fact into matter-of-meaning for him who has the gift of second sight."

This saying of Lowell is better than Goethe's, "The highest problem of any art is to cause by appearance the illusion of a higher reality"; and if it does not contain all we may wish to know, it contains all we do know and all we need to know. "It is not true," says Channing, "that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys."

Poetry has been recently defined as "All writing tending to noble emotion, or reflection leading to such emotion, having for its subject mankind or the rational universe, or both, in relation to God, and using for the most part the vehicle of rhythmical form."

There is much in this saying, but is it not erroneous, fatally false, where it makes poetry solely a thing for the emotions? This saying is to the reception of poetry what Mill's saying is to the inception of it. The poet "is not a poet," says Mill, "because he has ideas of any particular kind, but because the succession of his ideas is subordinate to the course of his emotions." While it is true that the poet's *expression* is quickened by his emotions, that it often hinges on them, to say that his ideas are subordinate to them is to consider only one kind of poetry, the kind directly and avowedly addressed to the emotions, which is not the kind of poetry under discussion — the poetry that sees life aright. The right seeing of so vast, so complex phenomena as life exhibits must come of the "everlasting reason" and come to the "everlasting reason"; it is a matter of mind and for mind. Emotion plays its part, but if the intellect ever leads and controls anywhere, it is here.

"Good sense," says Coleridge, "is the body of poetic genius; . . . poetic composition is the result and pledge of a watchful good sense, of fine and luminous distinction, and of complete self-possession." "Poetry," says Carlyle, "turns on the power of intellect." "The sign and credentials of the poet are," says Emerson, "that he announces that which no man foretold. . . . He knows and tells."

"The truth of poetry," Mill continues, "is to paint the human soul truly," it is the "delineation of the deeper and more secret workings of human emotion."

This is a part of the truth of poetry; the whole truth of it is to adequately see man, and all that is not man, to read aright, to interpret faithfully, and to fix distinctly and imperishably in blazing symbols, the primal laws, the meaning of life. After all, the poet's originality is in inverse ratio to his greatness. The great poet is thus the word for word reporter.

"For poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings, and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and anon a word, or a verse, and substitute something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem."

For this reporting is required the "whole burst of the human mind," and to receive the report is required, as we have seen, a childlike simplicity of vision, widened and strengthened by the severest preparation of which mind and soul are capable. The emotions can give, can receive, a great deal, but not all that was written before time was. Mr. Mill builds on the assumption that the only way to knowledge is through what we commonly call philosophy and science. With him it is the philospher, the scientist, that "knows and tells"; the poet feels, and we that give heed to him listen in order to feel what he has felt before. If not seeing, reporting, what is the labor of the poet as he weighs and balances the competing words, at last accepting those that nearest express what is before the eye of the imagination; accepting these and fitting them into their proper places to form a symmetric structure, a faultless whole? Coleridge, inspired by the presence of his sleeping child, reports certain phases of nature:

> Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
> Whether the summer clothe the general earth
> With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
> Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
> Of mossy apple tree, while the night-thatch
> Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall,
> Heard only in the trances of the blast,
> Or if the secret ministry of frost
> Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
> Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Are we to say that this marvelous reproduction of nature, this exact seeing, this incision and expression to the very life, is possible to one who has no "ideas of a particular kind," that it comes wholly of the coursing of emotions? Truly the young thoughts are rocked in the cradle of emotion, but are they born of it? Mill's saying that poetry is "thought colored by emotions, expressed in metre and overheard," is far better than his other saying. There is a beautiful coloring of emotions in the lines quoted, but the first thing we see is that the poet sees. Sight does not rest upon the course of emotions, it rests upon the eye. Coleridge sees, he "knows and tells"; tells in such a manner that we can see in his few words more than we can see, standing before nature herself. This reach and compression mean sight and mind. Sight and mind so reach and compress, span thought's sky with a single phrase, whisper divinity in a little word. The white thought is tinged with the hues of emotion; but the assertion that emotions are the "links of association" for the "right seeing" evidenced, would seem to be self-refuting. Emotion will not suffice here; much less will it suffice when we come to the right seeing of life at large, in its infinite extent and variety. Arnold says of religion that it is "morals touched with emotion." So we may say that poetry is thought, yes, morals, touched with emotion; but we can not say that the sun of poets rises and sets in emotion.

My dissent from Mr. Mill regarding the emotion in poetry is only partial;

but when he says that the poet "is not a poet because he has ideas of any particular kind," the dissent becomes total. I affirm that it is because the poet *has* ideas of a particular kind that he is a poet; and probably the scientists will only too cheerfully agree with me when I say that the poet's particular kind of ideas is not the scientific kind. The aim of poetry, in the broad sense, is one with that of philosophy and science — the truth; but the method of poetry is not the method of philosophy and science, nor is the order of truth sought by it the order of truth sought by these. Science and philosophy feel their way, poetry opens instantly on the truth. Poetry is literature; and "the grand work of literary genius," as Arnold's saying runs, "is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery." Science is slow, it searches; poetry is swift, it sees: this, in brief, is their difference of method. As to the difference between the kinds of truth sought, the poet's kind of truth lies within or beyond the truth that science toils patiently toward, step by step; the poet's kind of truth is the ideal, the very real.

> For double the vision my eyes do see,
> And a double vision is always with me.
> With my inward eye, 't is an old man gray;
> With my outward, a thistle across my way.

The scientist sees a thistle; Blake, the poet, with his eye on a thistle, sees an "old man gray." The two things seen differ widely, the two methods differ as widely. So wide is the difference of method between the poet and the scientist, that Blake, comparing his method with Newton's, terms the scientist's method a sleep:

> May God us keep
> From single vision and Newton's sleep.

The scientist's vision is single, stopping at the obvious; the poet's is double, stopping not short of the inner, the central truth, the red heart of life. Poetry leaps to the ultimate, essential beauty, the grand unity. *And God saw that it was good:* poetry never drops this note of glory. Amid all the mutation and perturbation of science and philosophy, poetry sees as it first saw. Science and philosophy may hesitate, may grope, may despair, poetry holds to the old vision of joy; it is trustful, it is safe. Poetry is an art. Why? Because of the kind of truth it sees, the truth that is always beautiful, or, to use the old synonym, that is always good; because of its method of seeing, its leaping sight, and because of its glowing report, alive and shining with wonderful words, the perfection of human speech. The poet's kind of truth is in itself pleasurable; his manner of report is correspondingly pleasurable, stimulative of joy.

"Pleasure is not indispensable," says Lessing. That depends on the kind of pleasure. The high pleasure of the poet's kind of truth *is* indispensable; whatever else men let go they cling to this. The Happy Isles are distant, science does not carry that far. Only poetry can safely make the long, difficult journey thither. There is a homely old saying, "The plaster must be as broad as the sore." We are not at ease, we are hurt by the world. Science applies its strip, varying in breadth from year to year, but the wound is not covered. We must apply that that is the "best part of our religion," the balm of poetry, the joy announced so long ago,— *And God saw that it was good.* Mill, finding that the poet has no "ideas of a particular kind," may consistently find Wordsworth's poetry no more than the poetry of culture. We that believe a poet to have ideas of a particular kind, and of the most exalted kind, find Wordsworth a born seer, important, immortal; he has the old note of glory. This, not the part played by the emotions, is the vital

thing to discover; and the longer we speculate upon the emotions, the longer is the discovery delayed. By reasoning too much we fail to see. Mill may out-reason us, but we may out-see even Mill.

We have made the perception of truth the immediate object of the highest poetry. Here we are confronted by eminent authorities, among them Coleridge.

"A poem is," he says, "that species of composition which is opposed to works of science, by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth."

In his remarks on Wordsworth's choice of characters, this statement is re-affirmed: "It seems indeed, to destroy the main, fundamental distinction, not only between a poem and prose, but even between philosophy and works of fiction, inasmuch as it proposes *truth* for its immediate object instead of *pleasure*."

Coleridge opposes poetry to science. So far he is unquestionably with us; we divide ways when it comes to the cause of the opposition. I have endeavored to show that the cause of the opposition lies in the kind of truth sought. Whether it lie here, or in the relative positions of truth and pleasure, will be easier of decision, perhaps, when we get farther along. As to trenching on the ground of the moral philosopher, by putting truth first, I do not well see how a poet can do this. Poetry has for its aim the moral, the good, the beautiful; poetry is also philosophic. "Poetry is the first philosophy that ever was known." To this we add Coleridge's own words: "No man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher." But while the poet is a moral philosopher, it must not be forgotten that he is, besides, that he is first, a seer; employing the methods of the seer, the instaneous method, the method of beauty. Here is *the* difference, the difference of method. I do not see how the poet can trench on the ground of the moral philosopher; for this ground is the poet's by first occupancy. "There are, indeed, both in Arabic and Persian," says Sir William Jones, "philosophical tracts on ethics, written with sound ratiocination and elegant perspicuity; but in every part of the Eastern world, from Pekin to Damascus, the popular teachers of moral wisdom have immemorially been poets, and there would be no end of enumerating their works, which are still extant in the five principal languages of Asia."

Neither, indeed, do I see how the poet can trench on the method of the moral philosopher; for the instant he does this he is no longer a poet.

But is Coleridge flatly against us? "Now," he says, continuing his remarks on Wordsworth, "till the blessed time shall come when truth itself shall be pleasure, and both shall be so united as be distinguishable in words only, not in feeling, it will remain the poet's office to proceed upon that state of association which actually exists in general, instead of attempting first to make it what it ought to be, and then to let the pleasure follow."

All poetry gives pleasure, and the pleasure rises in kind and degree with the kind and degree of the poetry. I speak of the highest poetry, therefore of the highest pleasure; and I submit that the time has come, that it has always been, when high poetic truth and high pleasure are inseparable. The line of Keats that we quote oftenest says exactly this: "Beauty is truth, truth is beauty." And what other power is as potent for pleasure as beauty? It was on the trinity of truth, beauty, and pleasure that Keats built, and built lastingly. The truth of science cannot give the pleasure, under consideration, neither can the truth of philosophy, these being put as the scientist and the philosopher put them; but put as the poet puts them, they must yield pleasure; while the truth of the poet, as uttered by him,

must yield the highest pleasure, the pleasure being twin-born with the truth. The poet's truth and expression form a perfect whole of beauty, and a whole of beauty "is a joy."

Again, Coleridge makes an admission which I will set against his formal declaration regarding truth and pleasure. He says: "The first chapter of Isaiah (indeed, a very large proportion of the whole book) is poetry in the most emphatic sense; yet it would not be less irrational than strange to assert that pleasure, and not truth, was the immediate object of the prophet."

Finally, I add Coleridge's lines to Wordsworth:

> Of Truth profound a sweet, continuous lay,
> Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes.

Coleridge, the poet, — all honor to his name!— sees clearer than Coleridge, the metaphysician. "Truth's own natural notes"—these indeed Wordsworth's are, and they are, too, a "lay," "sweet," pleasurable. It was the high poetic truth that was first with the ancient Hebrew poet; and I am firm in the conviction that poets since have kept truth first just in proportion as they have approached the ancient Hebrew poet's power. For what other reason so much as for this do Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton hold their places of lofty isolation? Yes, truth was first with these, it was first with Wordsworth, first with Keats, the darling of beauty, nursed at her own warm breast; and evenly with their bequest of truth have all bequeathed the inevitable, the identical legacy of pleasure, the possession of joy.

As poetry is something different from science and philosophy, something more than these, so we find it something more than history, more than any of the other arts. Cervantes can tell us why it is more than history, though it was told long before his day, and has been often repeated since. "The poet," is his saying, "may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been." Here we have a return of the ideal, the true beauty, the far, perfect unity. Be the theme nature, it must be the spirit of nature, the life within and behind, penetrated to, trilled, drilled, to — seen, by the eye of imagination, and found *good;* be the theme man, it is man not in his waywardness, not in his weakness, his despair, but man at his best, in his rightful strength, armed with faith, clothed in joy, transfigured in the undimmed luster, the gracious radiance poured from the central sun of truth and beauty. "Poetry," says Plato "comes nearer than history to the vital truth."

And how stands poetry among the arts? As Fuller finely says, "The arts may be said to be arched together." In this arch of beauty, poetry has a longer curve than painting, than sculpture, than any other of the arts, music excepted. I think we can trust sayings of Lessing here:

"If not every trait employed by the descriptive poet can produce an equally good effect on canvas, or in marble, can every trait of the artist be equally effective in the work of the poet? Undoubtedly, for what pleases us in a work of art pleases not the eye, but the imagination through the eye. The same pictures whether presented to the imagination by arbitrary or natural signs, must always give us a similar pleasure, though not always in the same degree."

The reference here is to a single phase of the poet's power, the picturing power. Even under this restriction we shall find that, when the power is pushed to the highest degree, the sweep of poetry is immeasurably greater than that of either of the two great picturing arts, painting and sculpture. The painter puts one picture on his canvas, while the poet introduces innumerable pictures as he proceeds under our very eyes. New visions are continuously opening, not to distract from the central picture, but in sym-

pathy with it, linked with it, circle within circle, to enrich it to whatsoever extent the imagination may be able to receive. Landscape painting, at its best, is defined by Hammerton as a "mindful interpretation of mind; that is to say, an interpretation by human genius of the mind that created the world." Sir Thomas Browne says, "Art is the perfection of nature. . . . In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God." The office of painting, then, is to reproduce by one kind of the art of man the art of God. To see how limited the painter's kind of art is, compared with the poet's, we have but to turn from the best landscape painting to a poet's reproduction of natural scenery:

> The point of one white star is quivering still
> Deep in the orange light of widening morn,
> Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm
> Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
> Reflects it; now it wanes, it gleams again.
> . . . . . .
> Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
> Encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
> Dim twilight lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
> And wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
> And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
> From icy spires of sunlike radiance fling
> The dawn.

Again, turn from any marine painting to this:

> Still as a slave before his lord,
> The ocean hath no blast;
> His great bright eye most silently
> Up to the moon is cast.

Before leaving this part of our inquiry — if the thoughts be not already too familiar — let us note some of Cousin's sayings on poetry as one of the fine arts.

"Art," he says "is the representation of the ideal; this definition gives us a standard by which to compare and classify the fine arts. The first rank should be assigned to the one which, of all others, has the most distinct and intelligible expression,—that is poetry. Next comes music, whose material means, though less determined and distinct than language, produce emotions more profound and vivid than the colors of a painting or the lines of a statue. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are placed last, because their action, more limited, has in view works more special and confined than that of poetry, or of music, and consequently at a greater distance from the ideal."

Cousin has another saying in this connection: "A word, especially a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most energetic and universal symbol."

Cousin is with us: poetry comes first because it reaches nearest the ideal, because, music excepted, it has by far the longer curve of the arch of arts. We have also support for our view of the poet's speech: his words are "chosen and transfigured."

Still keeping on the lower level of natural description, note the magic choice, the transfiguration of the common, simple words in Blake's "Evening Star":

> Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,
> Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains, light
> Thy bright torch of love — thy radiant crown
> Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
> Smile on our loves, and while thou drawest the
> Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
> On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
> In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
> The lake; speak, silence, with thy glimmering eyes,
> And wash the dusk with silver.

He is a poet that sees anything, the smallest thing, sufficiently: he is a great poet that sees life sufficiently. Yet this is not all; for out of the seeing must gush the clear, the flowing, the glowing and glorious utterance. "Poetry requires," says Emerson, "that splendor of expression which carries with it the proof of great thoughts." And it must not be forgotten that a still older word for the poet than the "maker" is the "singer." Nature does not thwart her own plans, nor does she suffer time or circumstance or any power whatsoever to wholly thwart them. She says, "I make

many half poets, few whole poets; the hearers are many, the voices few." We are all partial poets, or the whole poets would speak in vain; their bright singing would be dark riddles to us. In our too gracious moods, or because of our ignorance or our forgetting of what poetry is, we sometimes try to patch up partial poets into whole poets, to make our poets nature's poets; it is an empty endeavor. Time, the gray, dispassionate handmaid of Nature, undoes our work: the partial poets, the poets that "tell" but do not "know," the poets that "know" but cannot "tell," drop away. Only those that "know *and* tell," only Nature's own, remain. It is affirmed that, the thought poetically conceived, the bright-harnessed angel-words wait in order serviceable. This is true of the whole poets; this it is that makes them whole. It is not true of the partial poets; this it is, in turn, that makes them partial.

We have seen how stupendous a matter the sufficient seeing of life is; it demands a corresponding equipment, a stupendous equipment. For this summoning forth of the soul of all things, this incarnation of the spirit, the ultimate good, the ever beautiful, in a becoming body,—for poetry, are required the highest faculties of the mind, and the nicest balance of these faculties. In this "whole burst of the mind" are united high seriousness, which never wanders from vital principles, which reveres and holds to the ideal, the very real; experience the deepest and richest; sympathy, quick to respond to the true, the good, the beautiful, and, as a part of this, the meekness, the humility, Jesus speaks of as the vantage ground of the child; hope, steadfast and triumphant, the trust that refuses any darker saying than *He saw that it was good;* enthusiasm, love, which suffuses with the colors of youth the gray of age and wisdom, which is the flame that plays above the glowing but motionless embers of the intellect; desire, ceaseless, insatiable; severity, severity of thought, and lastly that all may not be lost, severity of speech, the dual severity which admits no flaw, which is perfection—

> for 'tis the eternal law
> That first in beauty should be first in might.

Such is a meager outline of the poet's equipment. In a word, for this working from the inside to the out, for this bringing of the central to the surface, for this blossoming of mind and soul into the full flower — for poetry, is demanded mastery of life unrestrained, welcome comradeship with universal truth, with eternal beauty; the mastery, the comradeship that, with the truth, the beauty, catches the enchanting accent of the primal voice. Life must shine through the word, life must ring through it; it must tremble like the shell with the vast passion of life's immeasurable, invisible, but ever vocal sea. The poet is the master of the live word. In like manner the sculptor has been called the "master of live stone." The saying is just. It was the meaning, the beautiful moving, of life that guided the chisel of the poet-sculptor Angelo. To the eye of imagination, the flow of life informs his marble shapes, winning the victory over their natural fixedness. This artist, writing his dumb poetry in the most solid, unyielding symbols, chiseling his mute songs of triumph from the white stone, had the invisible essence ever in his thoughts. The slumbering blocks of the quarry must wake and come forth in the majestic grace of the spirit; the fluid powers locked in the rigid rock must find again their lost motion, stiff death must unbend and once more answer the passion of the human, of the eternal, soul.

We hear too much concerning originality in poetry; we should hear more of perception, of penetration, of right seeing, of the faithful report. Hawthorne has a saying in point: "An innate perception and reflection of truth gives the only sort of originality that does not finally grow intolerable."

Originality of any other sort is mock-originality, eccentricity. "Originality is not a deviation from, but a recurrence to, nature"; this is another saying, wise as pertinent. Nothing can be truer on whatever plane of art, or to whatever phase of art, the saying be applied. We speak of the poet as a creator, and we speak well; but we speak better when we say that his voice is but the echo of the eternal voice, received into the soul and returned again. The poet's voice is more than the musical answer to the mother-life; it is the echoed melody, the very ravishing harmony of the mother herself. "Poetry was all written before time was"; truly it is so, and to be original is to "substitute something of our own," to "miswrite the poem."

Those holding the Mill emotional theory, the Macaulay magic-lantern theory, the amusement, the drawing-room theory, or any other belittling theory, of poetry, cannot accept its inevitableness, its accuracy; but those that look to poetry as a support, those that lean upon it, that put their preservation in its safe-keeping, must receive it as the very truth, or the nearest approach to it in our power. Right seeing is but another word for accuracy; truth is but still another word for it. Coleridge's master, the Rev. James Boyer, gave him early in life a wholesome lesson on the accuracy, the logic, of what is commonly deemed the loose, wayward method of poetry.

"I learned from him," Coleridge says "that poetry, even that of the loftiest and seemingly the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more and more fugitive causes."

The brilliant, ill-starred Buckle says, "The most accurate investigators of the human mind have hitherto been the poets."

But the best sayings, the very best, comprehensive as they are, after all how fragmentary in the attempt to exhaust, to fasten, the elusive, the limitless, the deathless power of poetry! Bacon may say, "Poetry conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation"; Milton may say, "These abilities [the poet's] are the inspired gifts of God, rarely bestowed, and are of power to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; and to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness." Horace may say, "If the poet be silent, you will not receive a reward for your deeds of glory. . . The muse forbids the noble to die"; Doctor Johnson may say, The poet "must write as the interpreter of Nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over thoughts and manners of future generations, as being superior to time and place"; Carlyle may say, "The poet penetrates the sacred mystery of the universe — what Goethe calls the 'open secret' — open to all, seen by almost none"; Goethe may say, "Who twines from unmeaning green leaves a wreath for merits of all kinds? Who insures Olympus, associates gods? Man's lofty spirit revealed in the bard"; Emerson may say, The poet is a "sovereign, and stands on the centre . . . the poets are liberating gods"; Hegel may say, "The proper business of poetry seems to be a representation of the eternal, the ever important and universally beautiful"; Stedman may say, "The poet's office is to reveal plainly the most delicate phases of wisdom, passion, and beauty"; Voltaire may say, "Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all, of great and feeling souls"; Wordsworth may say, "Poetry is the breath and fine spirit of all knowledge, it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"; Coleridge may say, "Poetry is the blossom and the fragrancy of all human knowledge, human

thoughts, human passions, emotion, language"; Schiller may say, It is the privilege of poetry "to give to humanity its fullest possible expression, its most complete utterance"; glorious Milton, again, rising from sessions of sweet silent thought with Dante and Plutarch, may say, "He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem"; Thoreau, pressing close to the breast of nature, may say, "It is only by a miracle that poetry is written at all"; constellation to constellation, the brightest stars of literature may hallow poetry with their united glory; age to age may pay honor to poetry, joy bringing her choicest offerings, and sorrow worshiping silently at its shrine;—all this may be, still shall we find the reverence unexpressed, the homage poor.

The great poet, the master of high poesy, is, on the testimony adduced, without a peer among God's creatures. A receiver of finest influences and impressions from near and from far, a seer, an interpreter, an historian, a prophet, a devout worshiper at the feet of wisdom and beauty, the best beloved disciple of truth, the voice of life whose melodious messages return again and again to our souls, gentle and gracious as the dews of the morning and of the evening,—this being it is that, of all the sojourners on the shoals of time, lends majestic stature to the shape we wear.

Description of the poet, however, will not suffice; the marshaled best sayings concerning him give no more than scattered hints of what we shall find in him when we know him by experience, know him through his work. We must join with him in his labor of interpretation, endless as honorable; we must follow him into his limitless field where neither time nor space limit nor dismay him; we must stand beside him as his heart and mind open, break outward, like the heart of the flower, as he wondrously unfolds, bursts on the sun of truth — as he sees: this must we do if we would know how he can minister to our most secret need. We must go with him, must reach out and touch his magic staff, must take it in our hand. Then shall we learn how, by the touch of it, the barrenness of our way may gleam with tremblings of imperishable splendor; then shall we know the poet, know how he mediates between our spirits and The Spirit, infusing life and the beauty of life whither we go, wakening, exalting, harmonizing and making whole, igniting and fanning up into permanent burning the sacred flame of wisdom and peace, of hope and love.

John Vance Cheney.



TIME O' DAY.

For some years there were but three, and I therefore remained silent; but recently the fourth mound appeared in place; and knowing the group to be complete, I at the same time knew the seal of secrecy had been removed; for the telling of the story will not disturb their rest, nor the reading thereof cast a shadow upon any human pathway.

I.

Fully nine miles separated our camp from a cabin in the mountains occupied by an eccentric character quite generally known as old Time o'Day; and who as ditch tender had paced those miles twice daily for years, but seldom missing a trip, and always seeming to look lightly upon his task.

That there was a deep mystery connected with his early history, his actions evidenced,—a mystery none believed likely ever to be solved; for he was a moving, breathing conundrum that no one thought of trying to guess the answer to. The water company considered him the most faithful servant it had upon its pay roll; at the same time its officers seldom spoke his name (excepting of course in his presence,) without adding the prefix "crazy."

No one could be found who had ever seen a smile upon his face; and yet he was excellent company, and often entertained his listeners with merry tales, though told with a gravity better befitting the reading of a sermon. And in one respect alone did he appear altogether sane; the sight of suffering or deformity in any child he met enlisted his instant sympathy, his pockets being sure to contain something that would quickly wreathe the child's face with smiles; for he gave with no withholding hand. But if the little one carried a crutch, its condition affected him still more; he would take the child in his arms, caress it lovingly, and dismiss it with a present that would keep it happy for days thereafter.

In fact, there was no one whom the children considered more highly favored than Charlie Greystone, for all the lad never moved abroad but with the aid of crutches. His home was out on the line of the ditch, and Time o'Day had taken him into his especial charge, and seemed never able to do enough for him.

Many believed they could detect a sense of enjoyment in his looks over the surprise strangers were sure to betray on their first encounter with him: be this as it may, it is quite certain his oddest freaks occurred at such times, and his weirdest and most grotesque stories were then told; but all that he did or said was saved from the taint which attaches to much that is done and said in our insane asylums, by a visible if very slender thread of propriety or plausibility on which his performances were strung.

Far from objecting to human companionship, he rather seemed pleased, when making his lonely rounds, to meet any one with whom he might converse. On these occasions he would first unsling from his shoulder a grain-sack dangling there, from which he would produce an ancient octagonal clock, which always accompanied him in this way when on his travels; and asking you if you cared to have the "time o'day reliable to a minute or thereabouts," he would blow the dust and lint from its glassless face, and after gravely consulting the doubtful oracle, announce its decision. Then

placing it edgeways on a level spot, he would seat himself upon it preparatory to an entertaining chat, for his talks were always this, if not exactly instructive.

Many strange stories concerning him greatly exciting my curiosity had reached me before we met, and soon thereafter something much like friendship sprang up between us, so that it came to be remarked upon that all of his spare time in town was passed in my office. I could see he found some enjoyment in being near me, and believing him to be only a poor half-witted creature, to whom kindness was infinitely precious from the fact that so little of it ever came his way, I encouraged his visits, and was glad to render him any service that I could; not once suspecting the truth, that he was simply studying my character in order to make sure before he spoke that his weighty secret could be safely entrusted to me.

Surprises are, however, constantly bearing down upon us; life's happenings dwarfing into insignificance the brain's airiest gleanings. Is it likely, say you, that when deftly framing that beautiful creation, the poet once gave thought that Enoch Ardens did really walk the earth at times?

Time o'Day declined taking his customary seat one morning when he entered my office, and after a moment's hesitation stated abruptly that the creek above his cabin was filled with trout and had not been fished that spring. I had come to understand his ways by this time, and feeling sure his words contained a hidden meaning, I replied that under his guidance I would take pleasure in dropping them a line at any time. The next instant his face was close to mine, and with his hand upon my shoulder he was saying in a beseeching tone:

"Come with me this afternoon, then, will you not? Please don't refuse."

There was no danger of my doing that after taking one quick glance at his face, for if I read the signs I saw there aright, he had little time to lose if he had any affairs with earth he cared to arrange. So I at once assented to his request, and a few hours later he and I were walking mountainward together.

When well clear of the town he commenced leading the conversation in his usual manner, and we made no halt until the "mammoth oak" was reached, a well known landmark in that section. There he paused and looked off wistfully towards a cluster of houses, in one of which I was aware his little friend Charlie lived. But I held no clue to his meaning when he said, "They all stop here and go into raptures over the view in the west, not knowing that I, looking to the east have seen the very gates of heaven swing wide open, though only for an instant, — God pity me, how quickly they closed again!" And a couple of miles were passed over before another word escaped him.

When near his cabin he gave me a momentary surprise by perfectly imitating the crowing of a cock. Instantly a genuine crow was heard, soon followed by the appearance of an overgrown Shanghai, who half running, half flying, came swiftly down the trail, and rising awkwardly in the air, alighted upon the shoulder of his master. But I had heard much about "Billy," and was therefore prepared for making his acquaintance.

Some two years previous, a resident of the town had as a fine joke presented this ancient chanticleer to him for his Christmas dinner, he being even then as bony and muscular as he was aged, — though had he been quite otherwise his life would have continued safe in his new owner's keeping. And it was interesting to know that two years of close human companionship had completely changed the bird's nature, and if the expression is not a shade too strong, partly humanized him, affection for this lone man being quite noticeable in Billy's actions, and I was assured he only

crowed when answering his master's signals.

Supper over, the old man drew his chair near mine, and with a calmness which revealed a wonderfully perfect control over his emotions, told me his story essentially as follows:

"You read my thoughts aright this morning, lawyer," he commenced, "the trout were a mere pretext. I need your help, and have brought you here that I may without fear of interruption tear open old wounds in your presence, thus enabling you to act intelligently in my behalf.

"Only the other day, as it seems to me, I possessed all the requisites for a life of perfect happiness; a loved and loving wife, a boy of wondrous promise, and a comfortable home. Happy I truly was, but not quite content, for I had not forgotten the ease with which I gathered in ounces during my short stay in the mines, and this recollection caused the dollars I earned at my trade to seem paltry return for my labor. No need to dwell upon it; the mines drew me to them again; but I found everything here changed; the rich spots seemed to have all been worked, the gulches were filled with keener searchers for gold than ever I had been, and processes new to me were everywhere in vogue. So the months rolled by with starting-home time still far away, though at last I mailed a letter I knew my wife would value more highly than all the gold I brought, for in it I stated the day for my return.

"I had missed several of her letters during the year, and learning that I had a double in the camp, the man's name being identical with mine, I feared he had obtained them; and therefore wrote her that I would wait for the rest of the delightful home news until we met, saying nothing of my fears, but giving as my reason for thus advising her the fact that I would be moving around and thus might miss her letters.

"I lingered here long after this, lured by a deceptive promise of success, and sent her no word, feeling sure the next steamer to sail would bear me homeward. Sickness followed, when writing was impossible, but at last I found myself standing at the door of my old home only to hear unfamiliar voices within; and an hour later I knew I was alone in the world, without even the sad consolation of a grave to kneel upon.

"Concealing my identity, I soon gleaned all that I seemed likely ever to know concerning them, my only clew to their whereabouts being that they had taken the eastern express; but every one spoke well of *him*, 'he was so kind and considerate to her, acting more like a father than a husband,' one poor woman told me, and I read between the lines of her speech when she raised her hand and tried to conceal a disfiguring mark upon her face; and I almost felt like forgiving him, whoever he was, when I heard how generous and good he had been to my boy, and of how happy the child looked when his new father carried him lovingly in his arms on their way to the station.

"Then ensued for me drifting,—only drifting,—caring naught where the winds and waves of life might strand me; the seasons all became as one to me; the fire in my brain defied winter's fiercest blasts and I felt them not; the deathly chill at my heart robbed the sun's rays of all their power; and thus drifting, and praying for release, I one day found myself in a saloon in a camp near Shasta, staring at a name in an old newspaper I had found there, as if it had been a wraith; for it was *his* name, a somewhat unusual one, and I had stumbled upon them at last.

"For more than a year they had been only three hundred miles away; and I read of how some careless blasters had sent a mass of jagged rock flying through the air, and that it had stricken down my boy, my little Charlie, right in the

doorway of his home, wounding him fearfully; and the account told of what a large sum had been raised to secure him the best of treatment, and of how patient and manly the little hero had been through it all.

"No need to tell you there was no more drifting for me then, but up and away, day and night, with all the speed that might be, to compass those three hundred miles. Nor will I speak of the double errand upon which I was flying, —let all that rest,—for nearing them I found my plans had been completely changed; constant self-argument for and against myself convinced me I had no case. I had virtually abandoned her; she must have had reasons for thinking so, or believing me to be dead; and having let my rights go by default, I alone should suffer. But I would hasten on and see, and be guided by what I saw, that is, if my guidance was under my own control, a fear to the contrary sometimes possessing me.

"Within as well as without was utter darkness, when suddenly a bright light flashed up which I was aware came from their hearthstone. She had changed but little, and was busied at some household task, while he, looking every inch a true man, was thinking only of the book he held; but seeming at that moment first to realize her presence, he threw the book down, sprang to her side, and lifting her as easily as though she had been a child, he placed her in the chair he had just vacated, and leaned over and received a kiss for his reward.

"The next instant a boy that I knew must be Charlie — though not the Charlie of my thoughts and dreams during all those years — came fleetly in from an adjoining room, and pausing a moment playfully to brandish his crutch at him, to the mother's intense delight, hastened to her side, and their joint merriment over this espousal of her cause, sounded my death knell; for though I might continue to walk the earth for weeks or months, I knew that I must remain dead and buried to all human knowledge.

"And yet I could not tear myself away from them, but decided to remain near by, trusting the time might come when through some blessed chance Charlie would stand by my side; and how could harm come from it, or his mother know thereof when he sat upon her knee that night, and she gently stroked his curls and held him to her breast — a way she had of doing — that my touch had lately been where her hands or lips were pressing?

"To keep them constantly in sight I obtained my present situation, though oft fulfilling its requirements mechanically. Quite frequently when night comes I strive in vain to recall a single incident of my day's work; for Mary and Charlie seem to walk with me always now, though for months I walked alone.

"Thinking how apt children are to desert their games to follow any strangely acting creature, I adopted many odd devices to lure the little one to my side without at the same time endangering my freedom; and in this habit have well nigh lost myself, for my mask has become part of my life, my safe refuge when in the presence of my fellows, and I crouch behind it almost continually, even when alone; for I there find some measure of the oblivion the hasheesh victim seeks when he turns to the deadly drug, and when voices reach me from the world in which I know myself to be an intruder, proclaiming me a harmless lunatic, I feel some touch of satisfaction, for I have achieved at least one success.

"At last the time came when Charlie was with the group of children watching for my approach, and not many days thereafter he allowed me to take his hand. He made much of the trifles I gave him, and the stories he carried to his home awakened friendly feelings for me there; for I found him one afternoon standing alone near the ditch look-

ing wondrously happy. As I came up he opened a dainty little basket, and took therefrom what he termed a 'thanksgiving lunch' and placed it in my hand, saying gayly, 'It is a present for you from mother.' Looking toward their home I saw 'mother' scarcely a hundred yards away,—for she would not lose sight of her boy. The next instant I had raised my hat, and her handkerchief was fluttering a response; and thus I found myself looking upon my wife, and exchanging friendly signals with her; but I told you truly my glimpse of heaven was only that, for Charlie was calling out gleefully, 'There comes father, too!' A hundred yards, did I say? Why, I knew her to be more distant from me than is the polar star from the needle which seems struggling to approach it! But my load has not oppressed me since as formerly, for each day now brings to me some measure of peace and content."

I felt sure I interpreted correctly the silence which now ensued. My companion was listening for my acceptance of the trust I saw he wished me to assume; so, disguising with an air of business the agitation awakened by his recital, I said to him brusquely:

"There will be no difficulty, nor need there be any delay in arranging matters in the way you evidently desire. An hour or two at my office in the morning will suffice; no suspicions will be aroused by your making Charlie your heir, for it will be looked upon only as one of your whims, and a natural sequence to your well known fondness for the child, while the end in view will thus be fully attained; your savings will virtually be in her hands. I know something of your son's devotion to his mother, and the lad will be found to the last moment of his life acting, in effect, as you saw him that night, standing by her side and waving his poor little crutch in her defense."

He had arisen and taken my hand, and held it tightly clasped until I ceased speaking, no word from him being needed to convince me I had his orders in full; then saying, "I must have rest," he turned and without disrobing threw himself face downward upon his bunk.

The belief has remained constant with me since that he heard us, but at least he made no sign, though the frequent call of his faithful companion was sufficient to arouse him even had he slept; for Billy, acting as if aware there was trouble on the way, had deserted his perch in the huge fireplace which formed one end of the cabin, and had taken up a position near his master; and sunrise found us two still on watchful guard.

Many times that night I looked up to the stars as if searching their depths for an answer to my wonderment of why that poor creature need to have been so crushingly burdened; and each time when I stepped within and saw his position was unchanged, this prayer flew to my lips:

"God pity him! God pity him indeed, if such sobs as those, evidence of hopeless, deathly soul agony, must for long be the only answer vouchsafed to his prayer for rest."

His mask was again on duty when he met me the next day, and while attaching the name he had elected to be known by to the writing I had prepared, he did so with as little show of feeling as if the paper spread before him was only the monthly pay roll; in fact but one other glimpse of his true self was ever accorded me.

When leaving the office, some boys on the shady sidewalk, intent upon their game, attracted his attention; turning slowly towards me, though probably not seeing me at all, I was aware it was Charlie's father who was speaking, and not the crazy ditch-tender, as he said little above a whisper, "Why, marble time has come again!"

II.

"It strikes me the coyotes are tuning up lively tonight," said one of a party of miners on the river, as, tired of their card game, he left his noisy companions and stepped outside their tent. A moment later the game ended abruptly and, his comrades hurriedly joined him, his sharp call to "keep still and listen!" hinting of something much out of the common taking place.

"It was not the coyotes," he began to explain, when on the instant, loud and clear, rang out the Shanghai's hoarse crow from Time o' Day's cabin nearly a mile away and high up on the hillside.

This climax to the alarm he had sounded caused much merriment at first, but sober visages soon appeared upon all, for they decided but one construction could be put upon it. The sagacious creature, whose peculiarities were generally known, was calling his master, and had been doing so constantly since dark, a thing which had certainly never before occurred, and which must mean that trouble had befallen the old man. It would therefore be but a neighborly act, they concluded, to take a run up there and investigate; so their preparations being quickly made they went scrambling up the steep hillside, trying, though with only partial success, to look upon the whole performance as a grand joke they were putting upon themselves.

The bantering talk which was indulged in at the start toned down rapidly as they neared the cabin, and an element of dread was tinging their speech, one saying it was wrong for an old man like Time o' Day, who was reported to have laid by a snug sum, to live in such an out-of-the-way place alone; and this reminded another that the two men who took dinner with them that day had a very suspicious appearance; they might have been prospectors as they claimed to be, but he now feared they were prospecting for gold at second hand, and cared little if blood-stains disfigured it. They also found themselves closely watching the long lanes of light which their flickering torches formed, for they seemed peopled with countless uncanny shapes, flitting hither and thither as if seeking safety in the darkness from which they had just been routed. These things combined worked upon their feelings more than they ever cared to own, causing them to burst in upon the little flat where the cabin stood on a full run, as if hoping their timely arrival might prevent some dark crime.

They however found the cabin unoccupied, and evidence therein that its owner had been absent since morning; and all would have seemed very quiet and peaceful there had it not been for the intolerable noise sounding marvelously like a cry for help, that came from the dark figure perched upon the ridge of the cabin, for Billy, knowing his master's voice was not among those he heard, kept up his call to him at regular intervals throughout the night, and for a day and night thereafter, when it ceased forever.

It took the men but a moment to decide upon continuing their kindly search wherever it might lead them; and so they at last came upon him they sought, sitting upon the bank of the ditch, his back against the mammoth oak, with a smile upon his face which told of pleasant dreams. God grant they were such, for he had been robbed of his due share.

Lights were soon gleaming in the little settlement, and the burden the men carried so tenderly was left in friendly keeping, while those who watched over it whispered to each other more than once that night, — noting the peaceful smile, — "Surely, this cannot be death!" though knowing too well it was.

The coroner came in the morning, bringing from the town some congenial companions styled by him a jury, who seemed to consider the occasion one from which much legitimate enjoyment might be

derived; but to the great relief of us all their deliberations were soon over,—for my suggestion of heart trouble met their views, and thus a more truthful verdict than sometimes obtains was rendered.

As they were preparing to leave I chanced to hear one of them saying, "They are the most expensive kind made, and my boys will go perfectly wild over them."

But his boys were destined to continue tame, so far as the influence of the articles he was speaking of was concerned. He had taken from them the dead man's pocket; and no doubt thought I was unduly excited when he felt my hand closing tightly upon his arm, and he possibly detected a hint of menace in my voice as I said to him sharply, "You had best give that package to me," for he seemed rather pleased than otherwise to relinquish it.

I had several times that morning seen a pale, tearful face at the window, the sight of which each time thrilled me; and on stepping to the door I was not suprised to find the lame boy still lingering near by. Bending over him that none but he might hear, I tried to reproduce certain tones which seemed part of the message given me to deliver, as handing him the package I whispered softly, "Marble-time has come again, Charlie."

When that noisy crowd had driven away, I called upon Mr. Greystone, and without awakening his suspicions, and with but slight questioning on my part, obtained certain particulars from him, the lack of which had caused me great perplexity. In the course of our conversation he said:

"Though it would be news to all my neighbors, Charlie is not my child; his father was a passenger on the 'Central America' and went down with that ill-fated steamer. I was in New York in the employ of the steamship company at that time, and our rooms were thronged for days with people waiting their turn to make inquiries about missing relatives or friends. And one morning I was so attracted by the deathly pallor of the face of a woman among them, who held a bright little boy in her arms, that I quickly made my way to her, and led her in a half-fainting condition into our private office, when I soon learned her errand.

"There were some who lingered in suspense for months, listening every moment of that time for a step outside or a knock upon the door which never came. But she was spared this, and the certainty that she was a widow descended upon her in one crushing blow.

"Her husband's name had appeared in the published list of passengers, one of whom, a well-known resident of Philadelphia, knew him quite well having made his acquaintance on the steamer; and it was indeed pitiful to look upon her face as she listened to this man's story. For he gave her husband's name in full, the name of the camp in which he mined, and other minute details which fully established his identity; and then spoke of being near him in the water, both struggling for life in mid-ocean, and of his last words ere he sank being a cry to God to watch over and protect his wife and child. And as the last lingering ray of hope faded from her face we all thought for a time that the little boy I held upon my knee, and who had already made friends with me, was motherless as well as fatherless.

"The officers of the company did all in their power to befriend not only the destitute amongst the rescued passengers, but those also who had flocked to the city to make inquiries, paying the hotel bills of many as well as supplying them with free passes to their homes; but I would not allow this little woman to go away alone in her then condition, and therefore had myself detailed to accompany her. As for the rest, she told me frankly her heart was down there in the ocean's depths, but constantly not-

ing my fondness for her boy and his for me, ere the year rolled by her hand was laid in mine, and she consented to walk thus by my side for the rest of the journey."

His wife's entrance was the signal for my abrupt departure, as I found it utterly impossible to converse with safety in her presence. And then, too, there was work to be done that would admit of no delay. So I hastened to put my plans in training, and when some hours later one of the whispers which had been set afloat drifted around to me, to the effect that the ditch tender had ever been a woman hater, and that according to the terms of his will, the lawyer's grip upon his savings would be loosed if a woman's face should appear even in his dead presence, I smiled and held my peace, knowing my henchman was doing his work well,— though somewhat exceeding instructions,— and quite content to let the rumor hold full sway, if only it would stand an impenetrable barrier for a few short hours between those two faces.

It was pleasant to witness the many manifestations of kindness awakened by the occasion, and it was a great surprise to find he had so many friends; for one of the first orders issued to the newly appointed ditch tender was to open the waste gates on the upper line of the ditch, and turn the flood into the river again, there being no demand for the water as the miners had all quit work.

Rough, wayward men many of them appeared, the good in them run wild and not showing much at first glance, being hidden by a growth peculiar to the backwoods, — a growth oft times luxuriant, but which being lightly rooted, a single breath of home life generally withers. Most too much of the caves and woods and fierce contests with wild nature of our ancestors had entered suddenly into their lives. But in that darkened room nothing of this was seen, only the pure gold of rightly attuned hearts being visible; for they exchanged greetings in an earnest, friendly manner, though very quiet withal, which spoke of conscious brotherhood with all there present.

On these sad occasions but little that occurs escapes our notice, the veriest trifles oft claiming a share of our attention. Not that the main current of our thoughts receives the least check thereby, for the brain, like the commanding officer of a moving army, is continually sending out scouts, couriers, and foragers, on their varied errands, though their coming and going may not interrupt the steady tramp, tramp of the main column on whom the success of the march depends.

As I stood guard at his side, my mind busied in reviewing the recent happenings, I yet let no face in the orderly procession which was slowly filing by escape my scrutiny, and thus made more than one pleasant discovery. I learned that lips which oft burdened the air with the fiercest of angry oaths could also tremble with emotion; that hands which could deal out savage, deadly blows, could brush a speck from a dead comrade's cheek with a touch as velvety as the breath of an infant.

I noticed one sad wreck stopping the way, a poor remnant of a man most often addressed by his chums, though in friendly tones, mark you, as "Old Tipsy." The spark of humanity within him not quite extinguished, and this being his last chance, he must perforce render some service to the peaceful sleeper. So seeing a bright object on the dark surface of the coffin, he essayed time after time to remove it. Elsewhere his act would have aroused wild merriment, for all but he knew it was only a tiny fleck of sunshine which had found its way through the closed shutters. But with due soberness the one next him gently stayed his hand and urged him onward; and again the little farewell procession was in motion.

That vagrant sunbeam fascinated me strangely, and I had difficulty in withdrawing my gaze from it as it crept steadily up over the obstruction it had found, utilizing it as a dial plate on which to indicate the world's flight through space.

The mystery of *how* it came there soon became apparent. A worm, cold, pulseless, working in the dark, possibly for months, had pierced the hard wood only to drop into its grave upon the other side; its proper epitaph, toil and death that light might follow.

But *why* that ray of light should be there, the convenient little word chance not presenting itself at the moment, promised to be a more puzzling problem to me; and yet an answer thereto was coming swiftly to the front.

The room became very still, for the master of ceremonies, the well-dressed man in black, came forward to relieve me from further duty, and with a look which plainly said, "Excuse me all, but it must be done," he drew from his pocket his sign-manual of office, a silver screwdriver and bent slowly to his work, I seconding his efforts with this unvoiced cry, "Drive them home, man, drive them home with a will; set them in so firmly that no earthly power can ever withdraw them; for only to iron hearts like theirs should a secret like this ever be intrusted, no human heart alive to humanity's impulses being suited to carry so dread a burden." And with a feeling of intense relief trenching closely upon exhilaration, I turned my back upon the entire scene.

There are some sounds we are powerless to escape from, some voices whose echoing tones seem little likely ever to die out. Many years have gone on their way since then, but I seem to hear his voice as plainly as on that day, when he entered the room somewhat hurriedly, and said, meaning his speech for kindness, "One moment, please; my wife and child."

It is easy to understand why the flames of defiant rebellion flashed up fiercely within me on the instant, but hard for me to recall the fact that I fed them with unspeakable thoughts, forgetting in my puny wrath that my will was not omnipotent. For I was sure it had been wrongly, cruelly ordered; all was going on well; a half minute more and her life's happiness would have been assured; what need then for thus unchaining and turning loose upon them this demon of mischief?

I found myself powerless to turn aside the coming flood of trouble, my faculties all refusing to respond to the demands I made upon them. I could see, hear, and understand, but otherwise was marble, and so became impatient for the end, anxious to have done with it,—to hear her piercing scream of recognition, to see the eager rush of men, as their faces blanched with terror, they bore her lifeless form away; or possibly worse than lifeless, tenantless, the soul having been startled into flight.

Their reunion has been brought about at last. "Mother" and "Charlie" are standing at the ditch tender's side. Tenderly she raises her treasure, more precious to her for his weakness, that he may see how very happy this strange friend of his appears while sleeping; and the lad, in purest love and pity, touches the white forehead with his lips, and *his* farewell is said.

Now the ever true and loyal wife gazes upon the form of her equally true and loyal husband, and prepares to lay upon his breast her farewell offering of just gathered wild flowers, in which act her hand may, as in truth it did, rest on his for a moment.

And yet no sound escapes her! She remains calm and self-possessed! Overwhelmed with amazement, I turn to incredulity in search of explanation. I tell myself that this can only be a delirium-marshaled pantomime, the actors in it phantoms, every one. It is not pos-

sible that she, in the flesh, could stand thus at his side unmoved, her face nearing his the while; no mortal has ever been so constituted as to pass through an ordeal of this nature without least betrayal of unusual emotion; when suddenly my thoughts were sent whirling and eddying through a different channel by what I caught a glimpse of.

The vagrant sunbeam had seemed to leap upward toward her face, from off the coffin-lid, and then I made sure I knew *why* it was there; why that poor blind worm had been given existence, and made to toil on to the end, so aimlessly as it seemed.

The conviction also just then came to me that unseen friends — her happiness their mission — had clustered round her. One lent her strength to face that gaping crowd; another nerved her arm, that with its aid, her boy might waft a kiss to his father, which I have faith to believe reached him, and still another veiled her eyes in a shielding curtain of mist. Each acted well his part; but all was to be made sure; all contingencies had been guarded against; and as the critical moment was at hand, these ministering angels signaled in their chosen way to their waiting ally the sunbeam to act; and it responding had instantly transformed that holy heart-mist into myriads of dancing, blinding points of fire, and thus kept the secret safe.

This her explanation as to her presence there, whispered to me in passing.

"It seemed very heathenish for us all to stay away, even though that was his wish. I think he must have had sufficient reason for feeling as he did. I have from a distance watched the poor, lone creature day after day, as he walked to and fro on the ditch, until my heart went out in great pity for him. That he was a good man is proven by this, no one ever heard him speak an unkind word to a child. Besides," she added, thinking only of her lame boy, and not of him whose name he bore, "Besides, I knew that dear Charlie would be the happier ever after for my coming."

W. S. Hutchinson.

REMINISCENCES OF INDIAN SCOUTING.

Once upon a time it happened that I was ordered to the command of one of the four companies of Apache Indian scouts authorized to be enlisted in the United States army by the war department, as auxiliaries to the regular troops serving in Mexico.

My duties since the close of the war of the rebellion had brought me more or less in contact, at different times, with the majority of the Indian tribes of the great plains and the Pacific Coast, but the Apache had remained, so far, a sealed book to me; and under the circumstances, the detail, an arduous one, was rather pleasing than otherwise.

Military glory, viewed from the general standpoint of scouting field service in that section of the country — the lee side of a mesquite bush on the shelving bank of some steep gulch, as a shelter from burning hot sand *borrascas* or blood freezing snow-storms, — presented but a sorry appearance, notwithstanding her romantic wrappings, and the freedom of an independent commander in the field.

Pleasing or displeasing, cast-iron army orders are issued for the express purpose of being obeyed, and the very best thing the recipient can do is to carry them out as faithfully and intelligently as he can, if it breaks the owners and himself too.

I therefore proceeded without delay to the San Carlos agency, and duly enlisted twenty-five stalwart bucks, principally Sierra Blancas or White Mountain Apaches, who stood up gallantly in a row, like big and small potatoes, and pledged themselves as best they could to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, to serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever, — especially against those of their own color, kindred, and race, if called upon to do so, — and to obey all orders according to the rules and articles of war, for the period of six months, unless sooner discharged; for the consideration of thirteen dollars and one ration per month, and the everlasting thanks of a grateful nation, provided they deserved them.

Having so far accomplished my duty, I marched, knee-deep in Gila sands, my Falstaff outfit to Camp Thomas, thirty-five miles above the agency, presented each man with a Springfield rifle of the latest pattern and forty rounds of ammunition on behalf of the United States, and put the whole concern into military uniform by purchasing twenty-five yards of coarse red flannel from the post trader, which, being divided among them, they wrapped turban-wise around their foreheads in such an artistic, business-like manner, that it transformed them with almost miraculous rapidity from a set of rather mild-mannered cut-throats into as hard-looking a set of blood-thirsty scoundrels as probably the world had ever seen, — so much so that I was afraid of them myself.

I next proceeded to gather and weld together the other parts of my heterogeneous medley.

An independent company of Indian scouts is — or was at that time — a mixed command, composed, first and foremost, of the specified number of Indian warriors, held in hand by a chief of scouts, — some white dare-devil of a frontiersman of the Wild Bill genus, — who is guide, interpreter, and general medium of communication between the Indians and the officer in command; a chief packer, — another specimen of the frontier William order, but less afraid of work than the other, and with his hair cut shorter; and four or five *embaladeros* and *cargadores*, *empaquetadores* and *vaqueros* (for, being generally Mexicans, they love these mouth-filling titles), under his orders as subordinate packers, — in charge of a train of some forty pack mules, to transport the impedimenta; and a detachment of twenty cavalry men, more or less, whose principal duty is to mount guard at night over the camp; and the mules, which are more bothersome than all the rest of the command put together.

A "John Daisy" — the nearest approach that can be made to a correct pronunciation of the Apache term for mule — is inherently bad. He becomes worse as he expands into official life as a public animal, for the general deviltry of a government mule is proverbial, and when he is promoted to the dignity of the pack, and drafted into the train of an Indian scouting company, with the personal equine-asinine equation of distinct mulish individuality, he assimilates at once with his new associates and surroundings, and there is no scurvy trick under heaven of which he does not become at once possessed. He is so dangerously skillful with his heels that the Indians instinctively fear him, and will seldom lend a hand in packing. Once in the pack the Spanish-Mexican *jonghdasy* is a daisy in all kinds of rascality.

The elements of my motley outfit having been dovetailed together into an efficient military entity, I officially appointed myself sponsor, and baptized my Indians over again in galley slave fashion, in order to economize on muster-rolls, — which otherwise would have required a month to make out, — and the "Bird that Whistles on a Bush when

the Sun Shines Brightly" soon became "Number One"; the "Frog that Jumps on one Leg because the Other is Broken" hopped into "Number Two"; and so on, through the whole lot, until I reached the "Dirty Bull that Sits in the Mud," which I brought up standing in a hurry with "Number Twenty-five" as a lariat; and in order that they should not forget their new names I tied around the neck of each a numbered tag, like a tin plate certificate of his specific value and gravity, so as to keep my memory green.

The first assembly after the change was rather a novelty to me as well as to the Indians. After clearing my throat and filling my lungs with a long breath, I began my numerical roll-call with short exhalations:

"*Tagh-laé, Nah-ki, Tagh-hé, Die-hé, Escla-hé, Gous-tond, Goud-si-hé, Tsemp-hé, Gous-ta-hé, Goud-es-non,*— hold your heads up!— *Tagh-sa-ta, Nah-ki-sa-ta, Tagh-hé-sa-ta, Die-hé-sa-ta, Escla-hé-sa-ta, Gous-tond-sa-ta, Goud-si-hé-sa-ta, Tsemp-hé-sa-ta, Gous-ta-hé-sa-ta,*— keep your eyes to the front!— *Nah-tin, Nah-tin-schla, Nah-tin-nah-ki, Nah-tin-tagh-hé, Nah-tin-die-hé, Nah-tin-escla-hé.*"

To this twenty-five guttural "Hughs!" answered successively in mournful intonations, as if grieving over the departed glories of their hardly won and no less hardly tinkered together self-given names, (for Apache patronymics have no descending scale.)

The change for the better in saving time and breath as well as clerical labor worked so well, however, that they soon afterwards returned the compliment — without the tin plate — by discarding my former Apache appellation of the "Tall Nouton with Four Eyes," and consolidating my numerous bodily imperfections and mental deficiencies into the dubious designation of *Cla-la-hum*, — "All Ways at Once,"— to which, after having seen me root up the ground for hours at a time with pickax and spade in search of pre-Apache antiquities, they added, with Indian sagacity and discrimination, the qualifying Spanish epithet of *Tonto*, fool, a combination in which, being a veracious man, I am compelled to state with regret there was far more truth than poetry.

My general instructions were to roam, fancy-free, all over the surrounding country as far as the Mexican boundary, with the double purpose of showing the people thereabouts that the military were not sleeping all day and all night long, as they were rather inclined to believe, and to "jump" any party of renegade Indians *vagamundear—sin casa ni hogar* (which may be translated "without local habitation or name") I came across.

Old Ju—, a Chiricahua Apache chief who had, with his whole band, insisted, despite many admonitions to the contrary, on spreading himself like a wild turkey (Chiricahua being Apache for that same) all over the country on some such roving commission as I myself held, with the exception that I acted *pro bono publico* under regular orders, while he frightened people out of their wits when he did not scalp them, at his own sweet volition in an irregular, filibustering kind of way, instead of being quietly and safely stowed away on some reservation, trying, like the Irishman's horse, to live on sixteen straws a day — was especially recommended to my attention.

My sword, Cincinnatus-like, was tacked on, scythe fashion, to a scientific pruning hook and grubbing hoe, for I was, besides, to triangulate the country as best I might on horseback on my way to and fro, in order to map it, and collect all information obtainable in regard to the flora and fauna of the section, in an illustrated report which might be utilized by the Smithsonian authorities at Washington.

To enable me to do all this, the chart given me by my superiors was a *carte*

blanche. The world — that much of it at least, as was contained in Arizona and New Mexico — was my oyster, which I could swallow at leisure and pleasure, provided old Ju or his likes did not gobble me in the mean time, as his own bivalve.

If my supplies of any kind gave out before I was ready to come back, I was authorized to drop into any military post near my line of march and refit with such astonishing latitude, — for those days of narrow-minded public retrenchment, when Uncle Sam had such a fit of economy on him that he forgot to pay his army for six months for the want of an appropriation by Congress, an unfortunate *lapsus memoriæ* which compelled more than two-thirds of its officers to pawn everything they had to keep themselves and families from starving, — that I could not rid myself of an unpleasant suspicion that somebody wanted to get rid of me by affording me all opportunities and temptations to run off altogether with my whole outfit, and either colonize or capture Mexico, with a view to future annexation.

All things being ready I crossed the Rubicon, like a modern North American Cæsar, by fording the Gila, and started on my winding, scouting way, with a weak possibility of winning prickly laurels as an Indian fighter — provided I found any to fight in the weary flea-hunt of aboriginal warfare—and with a strong probability of catching acute rheumatism or the breakbone fever; for it was January, with snow on the ground and more in the air, and I had nothing more substantial for shelter than a pocket handkerchief of a "dog tent."

The order of march of an Indian scouting company is as composite as its organization. On roads (I soon left them behind me to wander without chart or compass, figuratively speaking, in the wilderness) the officer in command, with his chief of scouts riding alongside, leads the column, followed by the Indians on foot in a sort of happy-go-lucky route step. The packtrain comes next, strung along at unequal intervals like beads on a rosary, with every John Daisy in it grunting and groaning, singly or in concert, at man's inhumanity in overloading them, — with occasional long-drawn-out hee-haws of fiendish exultation as the camp kettles and the tin pans are shaken off the packs, and rattle here and there on the ground, or roll with clattering echoes irrecoverably down precipices in their repeated and almost always successful endeavors to get rid of their loads; lashing, cross-lashing, and interlacing, and round knots, square knots and all other kinds of knots, to the contrary notwithstanding.

The din is increased by the ingeniously constructed, vociferously shouted, loud-mouthed Anglo-Hispano blasphemies of the packers and vaqueros, who, when your hair stands on end and you order them peremptorily to shut up, answer exculpatingly that a scouting pack-mule will not budge an inch, but fall down sound asleep, unless he is sworn at continually in such a horrifying way that our army in Flanders would have stuck its fingers in its ears in consternation.

From actual experience, after months of observation, I know that there is truth in the assertion, that the best packers are those who make the least use of the whip and the most use of their tongues; and in justice to a class of much abused and abusive citizens I record the fact in the columns of the OVERLAND, and it is to be hoped that the other recording angel will take note of it in summing up the poor devils' sins in that respect.

The cavalry detachment acts as rear guard, and it is the only part of the outfit that retains a civilized military appearance, with neat dark blue flannel shirts and campaign hats; for the commanding officer himself gradually becomes so demoralized outwardly by his efforts to assimilate with his mixed sub-

ordinates, that he discards one by one all soldierly trappings, and goes about dressed in buckskin like old Leather Stocking, with Apache moccasin boots on his feet and a crow's-feather war bonnet on his head; with his hair racing in length with that of his chief of scouts.

On a trail, hot or cold, the scouts go first in single file, Indian fashion, followed by the rest of the command in the order named.

Generally, however, the Apaches march with no semblance of regularity; individual fancy alone governs. To the trained soldier, accustomed to the tactics of civilized warfare, the loose, straggling, war-path methods of the Apache scouts appear at first sight startling, if not contemptible; but he soon realizes that a more perfect *éclaireur* does not exist.

On breaking up a bivouac to take up the march there is no falling in in single or double ranks, no breaking of arms-stacks, roll-call, or other delaying formalities. The last mule being packed and ready for the start, the chief of scouts gives a short, jerky order, "*Ugashé*" (Get), and the Apaches start as if shot from a gun, rapidly covering the ground in a rough, shambling gait, which in the long run abolishes distance in a manner wonderful to behold. They go by twos, by threes, scattered by clumps and groups to every point of the compass; but whether singly or in clusters, they move onward indefatigably, with vision as keen as a hawk's, tread as untiring and stealthy as a panther, and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them.[1]

As a rule the Apache scout is not a large, heavy man with big bones, but rather undersized, considered from the Anglo-Saxon standard. In all other respects he satisifies every requirement of anatomical criticism. His chest is broad, deep, and full: limbs well proportioned, strong and muscular, without suggestion of undue heaviness, for his adipose is kept down by the circumstances that regulate his diet. His hands and feet are small and taper, but wiry. He has a well shaped head, and a countenance often lit up with a pleasant, good-natured expression, which would be more constant perhaps were it not for the savage, untamed cast imparted by the loose, disheveled gypsy locks of raven black, held away from the face by a buckskin thong, or, as with my scouts, by a red flannel uniform bandage. His eyes are bright, clear, and bold, frequently expressive of the greatest good humor and satisfaction. More than two-thirds of the time his animals pirits are so exuberant that he is as full of fun and mischief as a monkey; so much so, that throughout my connection with my Indian company I felt very much like a schoolmaster in charge of frolicsome schoolboys, in whose merry antics, when my work and theirs was done for the day, I joined with as much glee as they did, especially when they came across a colony of cactus rats under some saguarra, or other specimen of the grandiflora. I could hardly realize that they were the bloodthirsty, merciless torturers and murderers I had read so much about, and ever since that time I have been a firm believer in the theory that the Devil is not half so black as he is painted by those who probably have never seen him.

Each wore a loosely fitting shirt of red, white, or gray stuff, generally of calico, in some gaudy figure, or the woolen one issued to white soldiers. This came down outside a pair of loose cotton drawers, reaching to the moccasins, which last are the most important articles of Apache apparel. In a fight or on a long march they discard all else, but always retain the moccasins. Before leaving Thomas I had procured a lot of fresh rawhides from the agency, and my scouts had been hard at work at the shoemaking business. The Indian to be fitted stands erect upon the ground, while a companion traces with a sharp knife the

[1] Captain Bourke in *Outing*.

outlines of the sole of his foot upon a piece of rawhide. The legging is made of soft buckskin attached to the sole and reaching to mid-thigh. For convenience in marching it is allowed to hang in folds below the knee. The rawhide sole is prolonged beyond the great toe, and turned upward in a shield, which protects from cactus and sharp stones.

In addition to his rifle the Indian scout carries a canteen full of water, a butcher knife, an awl in leather case, and a pair of tweezers; and a leather belt holding forty rounds of metallic ammunition encircles his waist. The awl is used for sewing moccasins or work of that kind, and he uses the tweezers to pick out each and every hair appearing upon his face.

Many among them carry, strapped at the waist, little buckskin bags of *haddentin*, or sacred meal, with which to offer morning and evening sacrifice to the sun or other deity. Others are provided with amulets of lightning-riven twigs, pieces of quartz crystal, petrified wood, concretionary sandstone, galena, or chalchihuitls, or fetiches, representing some of their countless planetary gods or *kân*, which are regarded as "dead medicine" for frustrating the designs of the enemy or warding off arrows and bullets in the heat of action, — from which may be inferred that the idea of a personal God is pre-eminent in Apache mythology, for each has one personal to himself.

The rate of speed attained by the Apaches in marching is about an even four miles an hour on foot, or not quite fast enough to make a horse trot. They keep this up for about fifteen miles, at the end of which distance, if water be encountered, and no enemy be sighted, they congregate in bands of some ten or fifteen each, hide in some convenient ravine, sit down, smoke cigarettes, chat and joke, and stretch out in the sunlight, basking like lizards.

If they want to make a little fire, they kindle one with matches if they happen to have any with them; if not, a rapid twirl, between the palms, of a hard, round stick fitting with a circular hole in another stick of softer fiber, will bring fire in from eight to forty-five seconds. The two pieces of wood are called the drill stick and the fire block. Any hard and dry stick will do for the former, but the latter must be an inflammable wood with a medium softness and little grain. The drill stick is round, pointed at the end and brought to bear upon the fire block with pressure, while it is rapidly revolved by means of the hands or a string passing around it. A little powdered charcoal, which may be scraped off the trees in most any section where forest fires have raged, sprinkled on the fire block, will greatly assist in the production of the spark.

I have described the practice of the Indians and the theory of the whites; between the two I never succeeded in raising anything but blisters on my hands.

All the scouts paint their faces while on the march with red ocher, deer's blood, or the juice of roasted mescal, for the double purpose of protecting them from the wind and sun, as well as distinctive ornamentation. The ornamentation is a matter of taste and tribal obligation. The other part of the operation is one of necessity, for it is a well known fact that dirt and grease protect the skin against inclement weather. An Indian seldom washes unless he can grease himself afterwards; and with him in many instances grease takes the place of clothing, for he knows the necessity of an equality of the activity of the skin and the calls upon it, and why, when the exposure is very great, the pores should be defended.

When the command reaches camp, the scouts build in a trice all kinds of rude shelter. Those that have the army dog tents put them upon frameworks of willow or cottonwood saplings; others, less fortunate, improvise domiciles of branches covered with grass, or of stones

and boards covered with gunny sacks. Before these are finished, smoke curls gracefully towards the sky from crackling embers, in front of which, transfixed on wooden spits, are the heads, hearts, and livers of the *choddi* (deer) killed on the march.

The art of cookery separates civilized races from savages, and savages from wild beasts. One of the principal things that distinguishes the animal *homo* from the other species is that the former cooks his food before eating, while the latter devours it raw. The savage performs a sort of rude form of cookery, and he thus occupies a middle place between civilized man and the brute.

Reasoning on this basis while sitting near the fire one day, watching my scouts baking their tortillas, I became impressed with the idea that, after all, my cavalry detachment with their mess pans and camp kettles in the field, were fully as important agents in the civilization of the Apaches as the preaching agent with his psalm singing and hymn books on the reservation; for when I was invited to squat down and eat with my dusky warriors, I found the meat tender and juicy, the *tu-dish-ishu* (coffee) clear and strong, and the *zigosti* (bread) excellent. From which I concluded that Indian civilization would advance much faster, if the Indian bureau gave our wards more rations to cook and fewer books to read.

While I was moralizing, my scouts were occupied in preparing their beds for the night. Grass was pulled by handfuls, laid upon the ground, and covered with one blanket, another serving as cover. They generally sleep with their feet pointed towards little fires, which they claim are warm, while the big ones built by the white soldiers are so hot that they drive people away from them, and besides, attract the attention of a lurking enemy.

All this time scouts are posted on knolls commanding every possible line of approach. The Apache dreads surprise. It is his own private mode of destroying an enemy, and knowing what he himself can do, he ascribes to his foe — no matter how insignificant may be his numbers —the same daring, recklessness, agility, and subtlety possessed by himself.

The two great points of superiority of the savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country, and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. Though the rays of the sun pour down from the zenith, or the scorching sirocco blow from the south, the Apache scout trudges along as unconcerned as he was when the cold rain or snow of winter chilled his white comrade to the marrow. He finds food, and pretty good food, too, where the white man would starve. Knowing the habits of wild animals from his earliest youth, he can catch turkeys, quail, rabbits, doves, or field mice, which supply him with meat, in addition to the flesh of a horse or mule that has dropped exhausted on the march, and of which he is exceedingly fond.

The stunted oak growing on mountain slopes furnishes acorns; the Spanish bayonet a fruit that, when roasted, looks and tastes something like the banana. The whole region of Southern Arizona and Northern Mexico is marked with varieties of the cactus, producing fruit and seeds with which he varies his menu. The broad leaves and stalks of the mescal are roasted between hot stones, and the product is rich in saccharine matter, and extremely pleasant to the taste. The wild potato and the bulb of the tule are found in the damp mountain meadows, and he raids the nest of the ground bee for its store of honey in common with the bear. Sunflower seeds pounded between two stones are rich and nutritious, and the whole section is as yellow with the *girasol*

(*helianthus annuus*) as with the glory of the sunset. He boils the sweet, soft inner bark of the pine with the seeds of wild grasses and wild pumpkins and the gum of the mesquite into savory stews, which may not be very appetizing to an Anglo-Saxon's vitiated taste, but are more than welcome to an Indian. The nimble cactus rat is very much the thing in his *fiestas de pólvora* bills of fare, for the pleasure it gives him in the primary catching is enhanced in the subsequent eating of the succulent, silver-robed little rodent.

These are merely a few of the resources of the Apache in his native wilds. The only place where he can starve in the habitat selected by Nature especially for him is within the bounds of an Indian reservation as at present conducted.

After leaving Thomas, our line of travel was up the Pueblo Viego (Old Town) valley, which extends some forty miles southward, with an uneven breadth varying from one to three miles, along the sinuous windings of the cottonwood-bordered Gila, between the wooded masses of the Sierra Bonita, rising in unequal tiers on one side of the river, and the barren, serrated crests of the Cordillera de la Gila on the other.

It is a valley of the order known as *á chapelet*, which, judging from the still visible and numerous unhewn rock foundations of houses aggregated in villages —hence its Spanish name—and the countless fragments of pottery covered in part or wholly by the detritus of centuries in the slow and gradual erosion of the Sierra Bonita, must have supported in pre-historic times a large population, of whom neither the Apache who succeeded them, nor the Caucasians now fast succeeding the Apache, know anything definite. The stone foundations show that the houses were divided into rooms connecting with one another by doors, and the outjutting hearths and chimney bases are plainly to be seen. The upper parts of the structures were probably made of soft adobe or mud and timber walls, which washed out and disappeared with time; but the tell-tale rocks that supported them still remain in geometrical alignment, as evidences of what once has been.

The broken pottery is of three kinds: one pure white, with black line designs in which the Grecian border predominates, and glazed on the inside; another red, with the same black lines (not quite as elaborately drawn as on the white), and the same glazing; and the last, red also, but without figures and unglazed, with a rough surface, granulated or rather indented regularly into a pattern resembling the scales of a snake, from which, in all probability, it was modeled.

On the other side of the Gila, cresting the peaks of the Cordillera, are the still visible remains of watch-towers facing principally eastward, as if to watch that side of the horizon with greater care than the others.

Further on,—after leaving the valley and crossing the divide of a long summit ridge that bounds the Pueblo Viego valley southeasterly, and is turned by the river in a long sweeping bend, in which Bonito Creek and the Rio Del Prieto emerge, and descending once more through the Ash Spring Cañon into the Gila *alamo* bottoms, not far from the road that leads to Silver City, New Mexico, through Burro Springs, at the foot of the northern spur of the Little Burro Mountains,—we reached a *picacho*, or peak, of the *mammelon* order, so symmetrical in its contours as to attract attention as it stands isolated on the river bank, which here boxes into a deep cañon. It overtops all the surrounding country, and the apex of its sugar-loaf looks as if it had been purposely razed and leveled into a mesa for some purpose by the hand of man, and not by gradual natural erosion. Its surface all around is completely bare, with the exception of grass and a few

stunted cedars rising here and there towards the summit.

As I rode towards it, having turned off my line of march to get a nearer view, my attention was attracted by what seemed to be rings superposed at regular distances one above the other, of a darker color than the dark and grayish green of the black and white gramma grass growing like a closely cropped sward all over it. The slope being very acute I found the ascent rather difficult, but succeeded at last in reaching the first ring, which I found to be nothing less than an ancient breastwork, ascending in spiral curves from base to top.

Following this covered way upward I at last stood upon the level summit, some two acres in extent. The view was magnificent. Afar off, eastward, looming up faintly in the misty blue of the far-away distance, rose the peaks and domes of the Miembres, Piños Altos, and Big Burros, hanging in the sky like cumulus masses condensing and dissolving in the lights and shadows of the descending sun. Westward, behind me, stretched the long, sweeping, immense Arizonian *vegas*, seamed with rugged barrancas, or ravines, worn by winter torrents and summer cloud-bursts, and crosscut and zigzagged by chains of serrated mountains, over which the vulture and the eagle soared and wheeled in the eternal silence brooding over it all.

I had left the snow behind me after crossing into New Mexico, and the ground was dry and clean underfoot on that storm-beaten, wind-swept summit. Happening to look down at my feet I noticed the top of a square stone, which appeared as if it had been hewn into shape with some sharp instrument. Scraping the surrounding earth away with the toe of my heavy riding boot, to free the stone and examine it more carefully, I was surprised to see that it was only one of many like it, regularly laid out in some sort of a foundation extending all over the place.

I signaled to my command, which was awaiting me near the river at some distance from the base of the mount, to go into camp where they were; and after looking around for a while I started down and rejoined my party, about to sit down to their dinner. After swallowing hastily a cup of coffee, for I was decidedly interested in what might turn out to be a valuable archæological find, I armed my cavalry detachment with pickaxes and spades, and together we reascended the high knoll and began to dig away, following the direction of the stone foundation, which zigzagged in and out in salient and re-entering angles.

My excavations lasted three days, and at the end of that time the ground plan of a star fort that Vauban would not have been ashamed to claim as his own handiwork was laid bare.

Following the downward course of the covered way (I use this military engineering term technically, to indicate that the breastwork had been originally deep enough to mask and shelter the people using it on their way up and down, and not that it was, or had been, roofed over. A "covered," or "covert," way is a road or broad path outside the fosse or moat of a fortified place, between the counterscarp and the glacis. It is usually about thirty feet wide, and sunk so far below the crest of the glacis that soldiers standing upon it cannot be seen by the besiegers), I came at the foot of the knoll upon a number of large, moss-covered granite blocks, embedded in the ground in natural, irregular positions, in which were deep artificial holes of dimensions sufficient to hold at least one barrel of water. These are called *los algibes* (*the cisterns*) by the Apaches, and "the tanks" by the whites. In them the rain water collects and remains until it is drunk by the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, or evaporates.

Near the rocks I discovered the rough lining masonry of a large reservoir, now completely filled in with the washings

from the knoll, packed as tight with the pressure of centuries as if the original soil had never been disturbed. It connected with the river by a long acequia, by means of which it had evidently been kept always full.

At the bottom, at a depth of fifteen feet, I came upon a *metate* (a curved stone in the shape of an inclined plane, used by the Mexicans for grinding the maize for tortillas, or the cocoa for chocolate), and near it a *chalchiguite* two-headed idol, with male and female attributes. Chalchiguites are stones of the color, and very nearly the fineness, of the emerald. This one was a little more than four inches in length, with a width of about two. It had this peculiarity, that one-half of it, vertically, was light, and the other darker, green, making the two beings — for the idol was really a duality connected one with the other by a sort of Siamese-twin attachment — of two distinctly different colors. The carving had been done by a master hand, and the eyes, of white onyx inserted in the green stone, were almost life-like. My Apaches had never seen anything like it, neither had I, and to learn something definite in regard to it I sent it to a friend of mine in Europe, a noted scientist and connoisseur in that line. He wrote me that it represented the Chinese deity of the secret principle of life and reproduction, and that it was probably as fine a specimen as could be found at this date in Chinese pagodas, from one of which it undoubtedly originally came.

As I rode onward at the head of my column a few days afterwards, pondering upon the relation between cause and effect, with special reference to my late discoveries, I struck upon a theory which entirely satisfied me, whatever it may do for wiser heads than mine. The cliff-dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico did not select their almost inaccessible lairs from choice; they were driven to them. They lived at first in contentment and plenty in open villages, in the then fertile valleys of that sunlit land. Eventually an enemy came from the east, as our race did long afterwards, and still does, with the same effect, upon the North American Indians. One by one, masses by masses, one generation after another, the invaded disappeared under the blows of the invader, — precisely, again, as the red race has done, is doing, and will do until it is annihilated, under the advance of the Anglo-Saxon race, and as it in its turn will disappear before a stronger, still more animal race. The watch-towers of the Gila, like the Moorish *atalayas* in Spain, gazing sternly eastward towards the coming foe, were the first step in trying to ward off the inevitable; and in my fort, and in others like it which I found afterwards, they made their last stand against fate and met it like men. But to what particular branches of the human family invaded and invaders belonged, whence they came, and whither they went, I could not guess, neither could Tiz-win tell me; and yet he knew a great many things, Tiz-win did.

Following the upward course of the Rio Gila on any map of the United States, as far as the point where it leaves Arizona to enter New Mexico, one comes upon a small dot marked "Ruins" put down at the head of the Pueblo Viego Valley. These ruins consist of several tumuli, and traces of long, wide, and deep acequias, constructed for the purpose of conducting the river water and distributing it over that part of the valley. San José, a small, disreputable Mexican hamlet, rises near the ruins, while some miles farther down Solomonville and Safford struggle sluggishly towards the higher dignity of villages, and have made the ancient canals available in part for irrigating purposes.

I required a diagram of the ruins and ditches for my report, and directing my chief of scouts to keep on with the command across the divide and camp at Ash

Spring, I remained behind alone and proceeded with my work. It took me longer than I had expected, and the sun was well down before I got through, with some fifteen miles between me and the camp.

The country intervening was stern and melancholy, with silence and loneliness brooding over it, and the feeling of gloom which gradually creeps upon one traveling alone over it is increased by seeing on each side of the road at frequent intervals cairns of stones surmounted by two sticks tied in the shape of a cross, the graves of wayfarers murdered by Apaches and Mexicans.

As I spurred onward in the gloaming after crossing the summit ridge and descending towards the spring, still some miles away, I perceived in the gloom before me, standing upon a high rock with his figure projected against the sky behind him, an Apache warrior leaning upon his gun and seemingly waiting for me. Swinging the sling of my carbine forward, I pressed the swivel, unslung the carbine, placed it across the pommel of my saddle ready for action, and proceeded with my eyes on him. As I came near he leaped from the rock into the road, brought his left hand in salute, soldier fashion, to his blood-red head-gear, and pointing with his forefinger to one of the cairns near by, addressed me in the mournful intonation of Apache seriousness, "*Nouton* Cla-la-hum, — Chief All Ways at Once, — the last resting place of those who no longer count their *eskongos* (days) on earth, should have warned you not to have lingered behind alone so late hereabouts!"

He was my *Goud-es-non* — my Number Ten — and unthinkingly I asked him his name. The Apache, in common with many savage tribes in various parts of the world, has a superstition in regard to giving his true name to a stranger, If asked for it, he will either give a wrong one or let a comrade answer for him.

None being on hand to render *Goud-es-non* that service he answered promptly with a leer and a lie, "*Tiz-win!*" — whisky. And Tiz-win he remained to me ever afterwards, except when I shouted at him in the vernacular.

He was a Chiricahua Apache, — the bravest offshoot of the parent stem, for they boast even now that they have never been whipped by any civilized power, — and as a medicine man he possessed great influence over his associates. Physically he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. He was noted for his keen-sighted intelligence, and he had many virtues, somewhat neutralized, however, by moral obliquities of vision due to the standard obtaining among his people, for which he was not to blame, — the tree grew as the twig had been bent.

Tiz-win was my instructor in the elements and forms of the Apache language. Not in the *olla podrida* mixture of mongrel Spanish, broken English, and ungrammatical Apache, that passes current among the frontiersmen in Arizona, but in the real *sangre azul* of the Chiricahua academy. He had realized, much to his sorrow, that languages have a life which, like that of an individual, has its periods of growth, maturity, and decay, and that a time comes when they are numbered with the things that were. He feared, with much reason, that the real Apache language, like all the different tribes of his nation, was on its last legs, and he would have liked some record of it to go down to posterity when both should be no more.

His feelings on the language question had been shocked by hearing me say, "*Nah-tin nah-ki eskongos ugashè* and still Chiricahuas *nada*," by which I intended to express in three different languages, in Western fashion, that I had been out twenty-two days and had not yet caught any of the Chiricahuas I was after, (although I had already eaten many of their namesakes). He was de-

termined that I should learn the esoteric Apache and leave the exoteric for those who did not know better. He began his teaching that very night, kept it up throughout the scout, and continued it afterwards when I was inspector of Indian supplies at the San Carlos. And now, poor fellow, were he still alive, — for he was killed like all the rest of them, — he would be heart-broken to know that I have since forgotten almost every word of it, despite his painstaking endeavors to impress it upon my memory.

Time was when the children of nature on the Pacific Coast, although using many different languages, spoke them as purely as the birds of the forest sing their songs. Those of the upper Coast became parrots with the advent of the Canadian *voyageurs* and *courreurs des bois*, and the Chinook jargon, a mixture of Chinook, French, and English, was the result. The languages of the southern Indians underwent the same transformation, with the exception that the Spanish took the place of the French. Among the Mojaves, for instance, *avunyé* means "trail." When the Mexicans came among them they brought ox-carts, which made wider tracks than their narrow trails. When the Indians learned that the Spanish word *carreta* meant "cart," they tacked it on their term for trail, and the compound word *carreta-avunyé* — wagon-road, — half Spanish, half Mojave, came into existence, on the same principle and construction as that other hybrid of the Northwest, *clat-a-wa la bride*, — take off the bridle, — half Chinook, half French.

Tiz-win, when he learned to know me well, (which did not take long, for I was not born deep, and the Apaches are brought up observers,) was very desirous to have me become a chief, — a real Apache *nouton*, not a mere boss over *jonghdasies* and the other *disjecta membra* of my mixed command. After much thinking and deliberating with the other Indians he interviewed me on the subject.

I deliberated on the propriety of accepting the honor fully as much as they did before offering it, until finally, under the impression that my usefulness to my employers would probably be increased while on my present detail, I consented.

But one does not become an Apache chief without going through some necessary formalities. The dignity is reached by successive degrees, as in Free Masonry, — the harder the cross the brighter the crown, but one must be borne before the other is won.

We happened just then to be camped in a crook of the upper Gila, and the weather being cold, with a thin film of ice covering the water when no current existed, the occasion was thought good to put me through my first trial as an aspirant to the degree of an entered apprentice in the trade of chieftainship.

The pole framework of a low wickiup was put up near the river and tightly covered with blankets, with a small opening for a door. All the camp-kettles that could be spared, filled with water, were placed inside in a circle, and rocks and large pebbles were piled outside a short distance away, and dead cottonwood and mesquite limbs and logs thrown over them and ignited. When the pebbles and rocks became red-hot, I was invited to strip to my skin, enter the tent, and squat in the center, surrounded by the kettles. Into these the Indians threw the hot stones as fast as they could; this brought up columns of steam, in which (a blanket having been thrown over the opening to close it) I stewed and simmered, choked and smothered.

The Indians outside, Tiz-win leading, intoned a solemn, mournful chant, which sounded to me, muffled as I was in my steaming, blanket-covered grave, like a *requiescat in pace*, as I did not by any means, for I squirmed and wriggled like a worm on a fish-hook.

When I thought it a matter of utter impossibility for me to stand the torture

any longer without dying, the blanket covering the door was snatched away, and Tiz-win and another cold-blooded scoundrel rushed in, seized me by each arm, and before I could wink the steam and tears out of my eyes, I was pitched head over heels, like a bundle of rags, into the deep, ice-cold river.

The English language, so rich with its stealings from other people's tongues, is too poor properly to express the sensations I went through. I struggled like a cat in and out of a sack, from the bottom of the river to the top of the water, just in time to be lassoed around the neck with a mule lariat, with all the Indians pulling hand over hand at the other end; and almost before I could realize what had happened to me, I found myself in my steam bath again, gasping and choking worse than before.

The operation was repeated thrice, each time with more devilish ingenuity than the preceding one. The second and the third, however, felt easier than the first. I was getting used to it, precisely on the same principle that when a dentist "yanks" out one of your teeth, the others pulled immediately after the first seem to come out easier, owing to the sensitiveness of the nerves being stunned by the first excruciating wrench. My whole system was just like the nerves. I was for the time being paralyzed from head to foot.

When the whole thing was over, I was apprenticed to wholesale misery. I had taken one step toward the temporary dignity of an Apache chief, and at least a dozen towards the eternal beatitude of an angel; for one more dive and bringing up would have shuffled off my mortal coil with that around my neck; and for a week afterwards I stood in mortal terror of pneumonia, which is deadly thereabouts,— especially among the Indians, and I was already one-fourth an Apache.

The next step in fellow-craft was to have my hair, already three times as long as it had ever been worn before, thickly plastered with Gila mud, and I was expected to remain in that state (which is not one of bliss) for three days.

I humbly objected that I carried brushes and combs with large and small teeth, and that I saw no necessity whatever, as far as I was concerned, in the operation, however needful it may have been to my painted subordinates. But Tiz-win, like his namesake, whisky, was inexorable after getting a hold on me. The first step once taken, the others must follow in regular sequences to the end, as far as delirium tremens, and I went, as in duty bound, through the "horrors" in more ways than one. As the mud dried by degrees, I felt as if a gradually contracting red-hot iron pot was crushing my skull and seething my brains, and as if each particular hair was being drawn out by the roots. Like *Jean qui rit* and *Jean qui pleure*, one side of my face laughed for three days at my ludicrous appearance, while the other cried with pain.

The master's degree came next in order, but I came very near drawing the line at cactus rats stewed with lizards, and kicking against the pricks of their porcupine quilled saguarra haunts. I knew all about rats before. Sad necessity had made me acquainted with nearly all the different varieties, for I had been cooped up in Paris during the German siege.

I went through several more degrees with more and more repugnance, — *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*, — and when Tiz-win informed me — who had always despised a snake in the grass, as much as I feared one between my blankets — that I would have to sleep with a rattlesnake, and make a god of it afterwards as a tutelar over my destinies, I threw up the sponge in horror in preference to becoming high-priest of such a chapter, and that is the reason why, among my American brevets and foreign orders, the leather medal of an Apache chief is conspicuous by its absence.

Tiz-win surprised me once and I surprised him back so that we were both even. We were scouring the recesses of the Miembres, and one day, in one of the wildest, came upon the log cabin of a lonely settler, who was in truth lost in the wilderness, and camped on a hillside a short distance above the house. By this time I was so tired of bear meat, venison, and wild game generally, that common pork and beans, of which we were completely out, would have been blessings. Tiz-win had heard my repinings in regard to dietetics, and having seen turkeys in the settler's corral, he determined to surprise me with one of them roasted. I was lying reading on my blanket in my kennel of a dog tent when he came up with a large tin pan covered with a newspaper.

"*Nouton*," he shouted, "get up, *ugashé* right away! Here's a civilized Chiricahua,—eat him quick before him gets cold!" And raising the newspaper he showed me a fine golden gobbler in the middle of the pan, surrounded by a row of nice yellow potatoes swimming in appetizing gravy.

I obeyed my subordinate at once, and one by one the potatoes disappeared and the turkey's size became less and less, with Tiz-win looking on approvingly.

While eating, my eyes happening to drop down on the greasy newspaper, caught a familiar phrase, in which I recognized my own construction, and I picked it up and began to read. I had written, some time before, a ghostly, non-ghastly kind of sketch for the OVERLAND, which some Eastern weekly had reprinted, and here was my gentle ghost in the cabin of one of life's castaways in the wild Miembres, doing its best to make the wilderness bloom mentally while the settler did it physically.

It gave me a good example to follow, and with all the old numbers I could spare of the OVERLAND, which I had brought along as reading matter, together with the newspaper, I started down the hill to the settler's cabin after eating my turkey, in order to pay him for it, and present him with the copies of the grizzly. He was overjoyed at receiving them. He smoothed the newspaper, folded it up neatly, and laid it carefully away upon a shelf together with the magazines. "Stranger," said he, "You 're welcome to the bird and the taters and I 'm blanked glad you 've brought my paper back. I was in a hurry, else it never would have gone up the hill with the turkey through my mistake. There 's a blanked good ghost story in it. It 's none of your bloody-jaws and bare-bones things that break a man's heart by trying to make him believe that after working himself to death to get a living in this world, he 'll have to drag a ball and chain round in the other, and come back here with it on his hind foot to frighten his friends to death. It makes you feel there 's something good a-coming. Sit down and read it and see for yourself?"

I thanked him and said that I had read it already.

"Did you now? Well, what d' you think of it?"

I replied that my opinion might possibly be prejudiced in its favor, for I had written it myself.

The way the man stared at me from head to foot and back again after receiving that information left me no doubt whatever as to his opinion of me. He thought I was the biggest liar in the Miembres.

I did not blame him, for by this time my own mother would not have recognized or acknowledged me for her son. In general outward appearance I had become an Apache from head to foot, and Tiz-win had filled me so full of Indian stories, medicine-man wisdom, and Apache old-folk lore that I felt like one, and was almost afraid to go about alone in the dark, for he had stationed a ghost to greet me behind every rock and bush I came across, — let alone the fact (for

fact it was according to him, and he appeared to know all about it) that if I should happen to be killed in the night I would turn up in the next world as blind as a bat.

On my way back I noticed the top of a saguarra turning yellow, with its lower part of a tender green, with small, red flowers adhering to the trunk; a sure sign that a colony of cactus rats lived underneath among the roots; and I sent for Tiz-win to root them out. One good turn deserved another; he had surprised me with a civilized *chiricahua*, and I would surprise him with an unexpected stew of rodents. He came down the hill on the run with all the other Indians, and the fun began.

An Apache seldom shoots off-hand, never if he can help it. He generally carries a stick which he uses as a rest. He comes to a "ready" by dropping on the right knee with one end of the stick on the ground, and the other held near the top with the left hand in an upright position. He drops the rifle in the angle formed by the hand and the stick, in which it rests firmly, and I never knew one to miss his mark when aiming in that position. When he lays his gun aside he usually retains the stick, cane fashion, for such uses as he may see fit.

They soon punched the rats one after another out of their burrows with these sticks, and tumbled over each other in pursuit of the scampering rodents among the nopals and charambullas, with gleeful, boisterous shouts, like happy schoolboys at recess. A well-directed sharp tap of the stick upon the heads or noses of the little fellows would stun them, and they were picked up by the tails, their heads brought into hard contact with the stiff raw-hide soles of the moccasin boots, and they were hung by the tail to the cartridge belt around the waist.

I happened to see a big fellow skip out of his burrow towards a clump of melocactus, in which he hid himself, watching with bright, twinkling eyes the slaughter of the other innocents, and pointed him out to Tiz-win, who tapped him on the head with his stick and keeled him over. As he stooped and put out his left hand to pick him up, he was struck on the back of the hand by a large rattlesnake, which, coiled up near the dead rat, had escaped our notice, owing to its being of very nearly the same color as the ground.

I was horror-struck, for I thought surely that my beloved instructor in Apache had received orders, through his snakeship, to open an academy for the preservation of the Apache language in the spirit-land.

But my Solon was not even flurried; which proves the truth of the proverb that knowledge is power. Quick as a flash he jerked out a buckskin thong from among his accouterments, wrapped it tightly around his left wrist, caught a rat, just then scurrying past him, with his thumb and forefinger just back of the neck, so that he could not be bit by him as well as by the snake, drew his butcher knife, with which he cut a deep gash in the side of the rat, out of which the blood came in spurts, and he clapped it like a poultice on the back of his hand, with the incision covering tightly the punctures made by the snake's fangs.

By this time we were surrounded by the other Indians, several of whom held live rats, with their thumbs and forefingers around their necks. The rat applied to the wound, whether killed by the gash in the side, or by absorption of the poison of the snake, lived about one minute. Another was applied in the same manner, and he died in an exceedingly short time.

I began to realize what was up, and drew out my watch. The third rat died in two minutes, the fourth in a little less than five, and the fifth in a little more than ten. The sixth did not die at all, but between the gash in his side and the remaining poison absorbed through it

he appeared to be a little sick. Tiz-win, after holding him on his wounded hand for a while, threw him away, and the little fellow hastened, with a skip and a jump, to hide under a bush.

By this time the snake, a magnificent specimen of the *crotalus horridus*, had been killed and skinned, and Tiz-win twined the skin among the folds of his red turban. His fetich was a Gila monster, and he could kill as many rattlers as he chose without committing sacrilege.

When we got back to camp I had my medicine pannier brought and wanted to cauterize the wound and dose Tiz-win with hartshorn and pulverized indigo. He did not want any white man's medicine, — the Indian's was good enough for him. He permitted me, however, to apply an indigo poultice over the wound, to draw out any remaining poison. The poison turns the indigo white, and when it ceases to change color it is a sign the poison has been withdrawn. In Tiz-win's case it remained dark blue as ever, and I pronounced him cured and fit for duty.

To make the matter sure, however, I offered him some whisky, which he accepted at once,— even as white man's medicine,— and he swallowed a whole quart of it, The Western mountaineers place great dependence on strong whisky taken inwardly in cases of snake bites. The action of the poison seems to counteract the effects of the whisky, and a very large quantity may be taken without causing intoxication.

In the case of Tiz-win it made him at first as jolly as could be, and then so dangerous to the whole command that, regardless of his sanctity as a medicine man (a high priest of his tribe), I tied him hand and foot, spread eagle fashion, to the wheel of my odometer turned over flat down on the ground, and left him there all night.

The next morning he was all right physically, but exceedingly sore mentally and morally at the indignity to which he had been subjected, and complained to me about it. I answered that it was one of two things,— he had either to be tied up or killed, for if he had had his rifle and plenty of ammunition at hand when he became belligerent, he never would have stopped until he had killed everybody, *jonghdasies* and all, or had been killed himself. Thanks to the rope he was alive and we too. But I would take good care thereafter, while he was under my control, to keep him and his namesake as far from one another as possible.

As I have said, he was no fool when the two were apart. He pondered over the matter for a moment and answered: "*Nouton*, you are right, *esta bien, esta justo; tiene usted razon; tiz-win* may be good for white man, but very bad for Indians, and d—d bad for Tiz-win."

His tutelar was the Gila monster, an ugly reptile peculiar to Arizona, and as its name implies, most common along the Gila River. It is a sort of cross between a lizard and an alligator, roughly striped black and white on a yellowish background. Its length varies from ten to thirty inches, and a large sized fellow is as thick as a strong man's arm. When prodded with a stick it hisses and thrusts out its heavy forked tongue, raising its head menacingly but scarcely moving otherwise. Its bite is often fatal, the effect depending more or less upon the state of the saurian's temper and the depth of the wound. Its breath in hissing is offensive, and issues from the wide-open mouth in puffs of black vapor or smoke. The Mexicans I have questioned all told me that it was exceedingly poisonous, as much so as the bite if not more, while many of the Americans thought it harmless. Having myself seen a chicken and a small puppy killed by the hissing of one in their faces, I am inclined to think that it is best to keep from coming in contact with it.

Tiz-win never told me the reason why

he selected that especial animal for his *rap-ka-uné*, for he rather avoided talking about it, as if afraid of it, and he would not have killed one of them for anything in the world. And yet I had a suspicion that he himself did not believe one half he told his fellows about the occult world and the spirit land; and I regret to have to say that he displayed openly the same want of faith in the Christian creed, which I tried hard to explain and impress upon his mind. One day, as we were sitting on a hillside under a madroño, he patted lovingly the ground on which we sat, and said:

"*Nouton*, the earth is my mother. To me it is not the cold ground. It is my mother, my loving, darling mother, who gave me life and being, and gives me food and drink, as well as to every living and growing thing on her bosom. I came out of her,— to her I shall return when my time comes to go; but I will come back again to nestle between her breasts the same as before. But it will not be Tiz-win; it will be some other man; but Tiz-win all the same."

After leaving the Miembres and complying with that part of my instructions requiring me to examine and report upon that section of the country, I changed my course due south for the Mexican boundary, in search of Ju's favorite haunts. I soon perceived that my white guide knew about as much in regard to the country we were then traversing as I did about the man in the moon, and that he depended altogether upon Tiz-win for topographical points.

I had some time previously curtailed my "Number Ten" by wiping off the terminal naught, and his loss of nine units had, in an apparently paradoxical manner, increased his numerical value, for his becoming "Number One" had made him first sergeant of my Indian company. *Goud-es-non*, reduced to *Tagh-laé*, had risen to be a man of importance officially in the military hierarchy of my command.

This sudden elevation, however, appeared to have had a bad effect on my Apache Mentor. He was always to be found when he was not wanted, and always missing when he was required. His old reliability disappeared; from a polar needle he had changed into a weathercock.

Between him and the guide we were one half of the time brought up short by cul de sac box cañons and wooded blind alleys, out of which we could not scramble except by going back to their openings, with great loss of time and temper, as well as of vitality and endurance, which required recuperation and caused unavoidable delay. Sometimes I felt as if I was bewitched, for the combinations of adverse circumstances were absolutely wonderful. In one way or another all my calculations came out wrong, until I began to think that a second course of differential calculus and spherical astronomy would have been a much needed discipline.

Bird and beast joined in a conspiracy to delay me on my way to old Ju. Some wretched raven with a bad cold would give three hoarse caws as he flew over and across the head of my column, and Tiz-win and all the other Indians would stop short in their tracks, and beg me to halt and go into camp where we stood; for the black crow with its three mournful croaks was a sure warning that it was best not to proceed farther that day. The next day some abominable John Daisy would roll down a steep barranca while experimenting some new, rascally trick he had been devising, and he would have to be hauled up out of it with engineering feats that required hours to plan and execute, and by the time the *jonghdasy* was out of the ravine the sun would be down behind the hills, darkness coming on, and all Tiz-win's ghosts,— whose names were legion,— on the rampage all around. It was enough to drive a man wild, and I began to emulate my packers in the construction of oaths equal to the occasion.

One late afternoon something delayed me behind alone, and when I came up again with my command I found it encamped in a dry gulch the looks of which I did not at all like, for such places are dangerous to camp in. It was too late to move camp however, and one night might do no harm. Unfortunately the elements availed themselves of that very night to join in the league of birds and beasts against me, and a cloud-burst came down that changed the dry gulch into a raging torrent, and came within an ace of sweeping us all away into a Styx, out of which we could never have scrambled in a hurry as we did out of our mill-race. As it was, I lost a large part of my camping equipage, which was never recovered, and I considered myself extremely fortunate in coming out of it as well as I did, for the torrent carried down bowlders as large as horses.

When I blamed Tiz-win for selecting such a place to camp in, he turned the blame back on me by replying that the place would have been good enough for one night had I not thrown contemptuously away the lightning-riven twig of a *kan* he had been at such pains to procure for me, — an assertion in which all the other Indians joined. He was always making medicine now-a-days, and somehow it was always bad, and the farther I went southward the worse it became.

If suicide is a product of civilization, as has been asserted, the Apache has a right to be classed as a civilizing agent, as far as scorpions are concerned, for his greatest fun, (next to catching cactus rats,) is to compel the *alacran* to commit it. They are very numerous in some localities in that section, being generally found under flat stones, where they can keep cool, but they have roaming propensities like centipedes. In Arizona and New Mexico, if a bath-tub has not been used for some time, and the sponge has remained in it, it is a good rule always to examine the sponge carefully before using it, for, for some reason, they are very fond of hiding in the pores and cavities. I had been stung several times in squeezing one in a hurry, and once had a narrow escape from a big fellow of the most dangerous species, who might have seriously endangered my life, but that he was already more than half-drowned before he stung me. The Apaches make a circle of live coals, in the center of which they throw the scorpions. As these feel the heat and cannot jump over the burning barrier, they circle around frantically until they realize that their efforts to escape are unavailing, when, becoming furious, they turn over on their backs, and curving their tails in order to reach some soft under parts, avoid further lingering tortures by stinging themselves, and dying at once.

One morning Tiz-win brought me two large, dangerous looking fellows, in order to make divination medicine. "See, *Nouton*, big fellow here, Cla-la-hum, — big fellow there, Ju, — now watch." And he threw them both within the burning circle.

Cla-la-hum and Ju began at once to run a race in opposite directions, with their tails curved upward, their eyes glaring, and their claws extended threateningly before them, as if they meant business, but there was no way of getting out. Cla-la-hum gave up the game first. He turned over and civilized himself at once. Ju made for the center of the circle, and began to scratch away for dear life until he had made a hole in the ground deep enough to hide in, into which he crawled well under cover. When the fiery red hot coals became black and cold, he scrambled out of it as well as ever, although a little flurried, and made tracks as fast as he could to get out of the way.

"Eh! *Nouton*, you see," said Tiz-win, looking at me with a pleased grin shining all over his face, and rubbing his hands together in what seemed to me a

gleeful, anticipating manner. "Cla-la-hum gone up, and Chiricahua going away kicking."

"He won't kick long, Whisky," I retorted angrily, as I brought my boot heel down on old Ju, and crushed him into jelly, "and if you make any more of that kind of medicine and lose yourself again among these gulches and ravines, I 'll serve you in the same way. Fall in your red outfit and make ready to go on."

We did, but I might just as well have tried to find a needle in a haystack as to hunt old Ju to cover in those mountains with Tiz-win for a guide.

I received the thanks of the Smithsonian, but never caught sight of Ju until long afterwards on the San Carlos, when he was introduced to me by Tiz-win, who turned out to be his brother-in-law, a connection which explained many things to me.

The old fellow was suffering from a bone felon on his right middle finger, which I lanced for him, and his gratitude for the alleviation of his excruciating pain was so great that he presented me with four Navajo blankets, — which he had probably stolen somewhere, and which I keep in remembrance of that physically magnificent, bloodthirsty old Roman, who broke away with his whole band soon afterwards, and was killed, with my dear, deceiving old decoy duck of a tutor in the Sierra Madre.

A. G. Tassin.

CONRADT.

I FIRST saw Conradt in one of the little second-hand shops that are so numerous in the cross-streets south of Market Street and below Fifth, in San Francisco. I had been directed there by a friend, to look at a bit of carving which she thought of purchasing, but upon which, knowing I had a taste for such things, she first desired my judgment. While I was examining the work — which, after all, proved to possess less merit than I had been led to expect — my attention was attracted to the hero of this sketch.

He sat in a corner of the shop, before a small, black box that stood upon a table. His gray head was bent forward, and with one hand thrust into the front of his shabby coat, and the other half extended, waving in the air with a slow, rhythmic motion, as if keeping time to the strains of invisible music, he appeared lost in contemplation of the object before him.

Presently, as if with an effort, recollecting himself, he picked up a rough cap that lay beside his chair, and arose to go. As he turned about, he presented to the observer a little bent form, arrayed in shabby clothes, patched and worn. He had a face like a winter apple, showing an odd blending of russet and red, as if the storms and sunshine of a late fall had taken turns in determining its coloring. His head was carried well forward, as if he were walking against the wind, and indeed his whole bearing suggested that he had all his life faced wind and storm, until his features had become permanently warped and his form bent in resisting the tempest and sleet. A pair of kindly, innocent blue eyes, peering from beneath heavy, ragged brows, and a shock of wind-blown gray hair, completed the picture.

He bowed to the dealer in passing the spot where we two stood talking, and murmured in broken English what

seemed to be an acknowledgment of some favor received.

"That 's all right, Conradt," was the response. "Come as often as you like." And then, noting my interested gaze following the retreating form, he said laughingly, "That old fellow is actually getting to be one of my store fixtures."

"Who is he?" I asked, for my interest had been aroused by the quaint old figure.

"Just an old Dutch wood carver. They call him Old Conradt. He 's fallen in love with that box yonder, and comes here every few days just to sit before it and beat time with his hand, as you seen him do today. I s'pose, to tell the truth, he 's a little cracked, but he 's perfectly harmless, so I let him come. In fact," the man added, with an unexpected burst of sympathetic expression, "it sort o' makes one feel good to see the old fellow so happy as he is, crooning over that there box."

Naturally I desired to see the object of the old man's fancy, and once it was placed in my hands I forgot entirely old Conradt and his simple pleasure, in my own delight over the curious bit of workmanship. There was no mistaking it. Dusty and battered though it was, and bearing many marks of age and rough usage, its gilded panels with their dainty paintings in oils, each one a perfect bit of art; its curious carved columns, surmounted by exquisitely modeled heads; its vines, and scrolls, and tracings, such as no modern carver seems able to reproduce, and its wonderful inlaid interior, with the chased silver hinges, and antique double lock, proclaimed it was the work of no mean artist. Clearly it belonged to the great German Renaissance period, when the masters of Nuremberg worked with knife and graver's tools, as well as with brush and pencil. Veit Stoss or Krug might have carved those exquisite heads, or Dürer's brush have brought into existence those wonderful miniature paintings in the panels,— paintings whose colors and gilding still shone, though dimly, through the dust of years that covered them. How came this wonderful casket, evidently the jewel case of some high-born lady of old, to be stranded in an odds-and-ends shop, in this most modern of American cities?

The dealer could give no clew. He had bought it of a German sailor whose lines had fallen upon hard places in this city, and who had been glad to part with it for a couple of dollars. It was evident that the purchaser himself had not much of an idea of the value of the box, for he said carelessly that he had had it a long time without being able to sell it. No one but the old carver seemed to care for it.

When I asked the price he named a very modest sum, and then, after the custom of his guild, began to extol the excellence of the workmanship on the casket, in a manner which showed his entire ignorance of its merit, and his desire to secure a customer. He dilated upon the possibility of "fixing up" the box, even offering, for an additional dollar on the purchase price, to undertake that work himself,— a proposition which prompted me to close the bargain and carry my purchase off at once, lest, despite my rejection of his offer, he should attempt its fulfillment.

The next day and many succeeding ones were spent in loving contemplation and restoration of my treasure, which, when cleared of its incrustations of dust, fully verified the opinion I had formed of it. A small scroll and a part of the vine were broken at one corner, but it was plainly a bit of Nuremberg work of the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

It was perhaps a fortnight after my acquisition of the carved box, when the boy announced to me one morning that an old man was below, inquiring for me. Desiring him to be shown up, I was greatly surprised, upon opening the door of my sitting room in reply to a

gentle knock, to recognize old Conradt, standing cap in hand before me. He looked as if he had encountered a heavy storm on his way up stairs, and had weathered it with difficulty.

"If der lady please," he said in a most apologetic tone, "She haf taken der small pox. May I but haf von look at her."

I confess that for a moment I was startled. The statement was calculated to be alarming, particularly as the dread scourge to which he apparently alluded was at that time raging in the city, and I could only stand and gaze at my visitor in amaze and alarm. I had asked him in, however, and as he stood hesitating near the door, he espied the carved box in its position on a low bookcase, and softly crossing the room, he stood before it, speaking in an undertone to himself, and in his native tongue, words that I recognized as terms of praise and endearment.

I think that for the next hour he quite forgot my existence, and after watching him for a few minutes as he stood in rapt adoration, this time with one finger tracing the delicate carving of the casket, and the other hand beating the air as if keeping time to music, I finally resumed my writing and left him to his own devices.

By and by his soft footsteps sounded across the floor, and he stood at my side. As I looked up he said wistfully, "Pardon me, lady, I meant no harm. I so long her to see," and tears actually trembled in his childlike blue eyes.

I could not resist his pleading look. "You may come whenever you wish," I said, "and see the box. I can understand how dear it is to you. I already love it, myself."

His face cleared. "I will only come oc-casonly," — he stumbled a little at the long word. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he took from an inner pocket a little package which he laid on the desk before me.

Opening it I found it to contain several bits of carved wood, evidently intended to replace those that were missing from the box. "It is der broke corners," he explained. "If you would but accept. I haf carved dem exactly as der oders. If only dey might be on der pox. I would so hap-pee be, — so hap-pee."

Much as I had regretted the missing carvings, I do not think that I could have brought myself to allow them to be replaced by an ordinary workman, however skillful, but the old man's love for the box seemed to me to give him a right to contribute this much to its restoration, and with a sudden feeling of kinship for him, I accepted his offering, and even asked him to glue the pieces in place for me. His happiness when, the bottle of glue being produced, he took the object of his worship in his hands, and with loving manipulation proceeded to the work of repairing it, was very touching to witness, and ere his task was completed my sympathy had gone entirely out to him.

After that he came quite often, and little by little I learned his history. It was just such a simple little story as his appearance would have led one to anticipate; the story of a patient, simple soul, always facing the wind bravely enough, but making very little headway against it, after all. He had been a wood-carver in ancient Nuremberg, the city of his birth, and had done well enough in his quiet way, until ambition had tempted his only child, a son, to try his fortune in America.

The young man, with his wife and infant child, being ready for the trip, the old father could not, of course, be left behind, so the whole family had come to the New World, and after some months of wandering had drifted across the continent to this Coast. Here the younger man had been taken ill, and within a month or two after their arrival he died. The young wife made a desperate effort to bear up under her affliction, but sor-

row and *heimweh* combined, were too strong for her, and after a few weeks of patient pining she folded her hands one morning, and went to join her husband, leaving her little daughter in old Conradt's care.

The old man had brought some little means from the fatherland. It was not much, but his wants and those of the child were simple, and moreover, being something of a musician, as well as a carver, he was able to help out their small income by playing the 'cello in the modest orchestra of one of the minor theaters, so they got along very nicely.

Minna, the little grandchild, he told me, was six years old, and getting to be quite a famous little hausfrau, already beginning to help him to keep their little rooms tidy and prepare their simple meals. She filled the place with sunshine, he said, with a loving look in his blue eyes. He rarely talked long at a time, but in occasional bits he told me this much of his story, and later on gave me now and again a glimpse into their lives.

Sometimes (when anything the child might see was on the boards at the little theater) he would take Minna to the play; another time they would make a trip to the park on Saturday afternoon, to hear the band, or to the cliff to sit on the beach and watch the waves. Occasionally on a high day they would cross the bay, and in a little restaurant kept by an old comrade-in-arms, who had also found his way to California, they would lunch royally on Vienna-wurst and sauer kraut, and Minna would have a big piece of cheese-cake, and a glass of Herman's own particular weiss beer.

It was a simple life, a little bit vulgar, perhaps, in its recreations, but they were very happy; and almost the only sorrow Conradt had known since his son's death had been when he supposed he had forever lost sight of his adored Nuremberg box. (I was right, he assured me. There was no doubt whatever but that I had found a genuine bit of old Nuremberg carving.)

When he learned that the box was sold he had persuaded the dealer to give him my address, and had sought me out to beg my acceptance of the bits he had carved for it. I am sure he had never dreamed of being allowed to visit it as of old.

One Saturday afternoon, at my request, he brought little Minna with him to see me. She was a pretty child, with wide-open, bright blue German eyes, and the fresh color of her race. She was attending a kindergarten, and her grandfather's glee over the exhibition she gave me of her small accomplishments would have warmed the coldest heart into sympathy with it.

I remember we had some coffee and cakes in the rooms afterwards, which simple refreshments my guests seemed to consider the height of festivity, and then they went away.

I never can think without sadness of what happened after that. When next the day arrived for Conradt's accustomed visit he did not appear. I waited until the day had twice rolled by, and then began vaguely to wonder what had become of him.

One day, about that time, as I was making up a pile of old papers that were to be carried away, I saw in one the account of a terrible accident that had occurred the week previous. A little girl, the paragraph said, the grandchild of an old German named Otto Conradt, had been run over by one of the cable cars, while on her way with an older companion from school. The article went on to give the pitiful details, after the fashion of such reports, and wound up with a pathetic allusion to the grief of the poor old grandfather. The child, it added, had not been killed outright, but there was small hope for her recovery.

I immediately decided to go and see Conradt. The address given by the re-

port was a certain number on Jessie Street, and thither I at once repaired. I found the place without difficulty, but learned on reaching it that little Minna had died from the injuries she had received, and, in fact, had been buried the day before.

Conradt, they told me, was alone in his own apartments, and refused to see even his neighbors. This information was imparted to me by the occupants of the lower flat of the house where the old wood-carver lived. Not liking to go away until I had seen the old man, I ascended the stairs and knocked at his door. No reply.

At last, just as, after having knocked several times in vain, I was turning away, the door opened slightly, and Conradt's voice demanded, "Who vos dere?"

"It is I, Conradt," I replied, and recognizing me, he opened the door farther and motioned me to enter.

I was shocked at the change in his appearance. His little bent form seemed no longer braced to meet the storm, but bowed low that the tempest might sweep over him. The sunny gleam in his blue eyes was changed to a dull, unspeculative stare, and his poor hands clasped and unclasped themselves with pitiful aimlessness as he stood before me.

"I am so grieved, Conradt," was all I could say. "I know what a terrible loss it is to you."

"Loss?" he repeated in a tense tone. "It is just von deadness to me. De sun he haf gone out, all out. De vorld he haf stopped. Dere is no more live for Conradt. He vos die ferry soon now."

Then, as if overborne by some indignant recollection, he exclaimed in a rapidly rising voice: "*You* know,—*you* haf der comprehend, but dose vomans, oh! dose vomans, vy, dey comes to me in mein own house, ven mein leetle girl vot vos all mein life vos laid det in my arms, und dey tells me dot I should call it goot dat she is gone! Dot mein care vos not de care she should haf had, und dot I dankful should be dot she vos taken und dot I got no more her to work for und be anxious aboud! Dey say dot she vos pedder off, und dot I vos vicked to take it hard und haf sorry for her. Ach, Gott in Himmel, vot does dey know, dose vomans mit dere missioniry? Is it tankful I am to be, mit all mein life crushed out mit dot leetle von? Vot is a leetle anxious ven it is for one's heart's lof? Vot vos vork, even if it takes der fingers' bones, ven it vos for mein leetle girl? Vot dere business vos it at all, I say, ven she vos pedder off, ven she vos so happy mit her old Conradt, und she vos all vot he had?"

This was but a part of his broken ravings, from which I gathered that certain well-meaning, if somewhat severe, ladies of some philanthropic society had visited him, and endeavored to show him the sin of his bitter sorrow for his little girl. Doubtless it did seem to them as if the child must be better off dead than in this humble home, with no one but a queer old 'cello-playing Dutch grandfather to care for her; and who could suppose, judging from a purely utilitarian standpoint, that the love and joy of one small life could compensate the old man for his toil, and make life for him worth living? Yes, doubtless they were right, according to their light, in thinking the child was better off; but perhaps if they had been less rigidly conscientious in rebuking the loving old heart for its rebellious grief, it would not have altogether broken.

For the old man's heart broke, if ever human heart could break. He came once, some days after, the mere shadow of his former self, to visit his beloved box, but he did not come the next week.

Instead came two messengers from the neighborhood. Old Conradt was dying, they told me, and had asked to see me.

Telling them I would come directly, I hastened to prepare for the visit. As I

was leaving my rooms a thought struck me, and turning back I wrapped up the carved box and took it with me. When I reached the little room in which I had before found Conradt, I saw at once that the messengers had indeed spoken truly. He was dying.

It was too late to stay the progress of death, and he seemed unconscious of what was going on about him. Obeying a sudden impulse, I uncovered the box and placed it before him on the bed.

I shall never forget the light that shone in his dying face, as he reached forth one feeble hand and began to trace the outline of his treasure's carved side. His fingers lingered lovingly upon vine and scroll and delicately cut head, while as of old his other hand softly beat the air. Not for many times its value would I have missed bringing that box.

The moments crept slowly by, and presently the hand that had so long kept time to the music of his fancy ceased to move, and fell, as if worn out, upon the carved lid. Then there was a last sudden rally of all that was left in the feeble body of those mysterious forces that resist death; a long, convulsive shudder shook the worn frame. "Minna, meine Minna!" cried the voice that was raised for the last time on earth.

Then silence reigned. Conradt was dead.

Adeline E. Knapp.

MEMORY.

As in the blue sleep of a summer lake
  The mimic world of its engirdling trees
  Blends with the world of their antipodes,
So doth the soul an imaged record take
Of its own days, — the rapture and the ache,
  The times of toil, the hours of mirth and ease,
  Lived and unnoted as the moment flees,
Are mirrored in a sleep; —

  anon to wake
To after-life phantasmal that invades
  At every chink the Present's noonday light;
Till oft the vanished Past's unburied shades
  More real glow than puppet-shows of sight;
And when in dreams the day's distraction fades,
  Lo Memory's kaleidoscope all night!

Wilbur Larremore.

WINE, BRANDY, AND OLIVE OIL.

THESE articles of commerce have been imported into the United States in large quantities in time past, in the absence of any considerable domestic production, but now it may be fairly claimed that California, the natural home of the grape and olive, can produce within a reasonable time all the wine, brandy, and olive oil, required for home consumption.

It is claimed by many, and is perhaps true, that the use of pure domestic wines will do much towards eradicating the taste for stronger liquors; and as the necessity for wine and brandy for medicinal and other purposes than drinking will cause a large demand for these articles continually, their manufacture and sale may be considered as among the legitimate industrial enterprises of the State.

A very large portion of California is eminently suitable to the rapid and healthy growth and unequaled productiveness of the vine and olive tree. A few years ago it was almost the unanimous opinion of the best informed people of California, that the production of wine and brandy would soon overshadow all other industries in extent and profit. That period has not yet arrived, and it seems more distant as time rolls on. There have been many unseen difficulties encountered, and today it is a matter of great concern to vine growers, to find the best way to a more profitable outcome.

The writer as a general business man, and not as an expert in the details of this business, but desiring to see his fellow men prosperous, offers the following plan of co-operation, which, if honestly adhered to, may be of good service:

A corporation should be formed, consisting principally of grape and olive growers, with a capital stock of perhaps two millions of dollars. A plant should be established in the suburbs of San Francisco, where twenty acres or more of suitable land could be obtained at a reasonable price, located if possible on the water front, where the ship and rail may be brought together, and in close proximity to good stone and fresh water in abundance. Suitable fireproof buildings of stone and concrete, of moderate cost, and erected from time to time as needed for the various purposes, would require a considerable capital, — if large and numerous enough to accommodate the bulk of the business of the State. A board of directors and officers should be selected for their general intelligence, and well known honesty, activity, and practical knowledge of the business.

The concentration of the bulk of the wine of the State under a single management would secure innumerable advantages, all of which would tend toward a more economical handling, a higher art in manipulation, less friction in marketing, and increased opportunities of expansion to the vine grower. The mixing and blending could be done through exchange, purchase, or combination and division. All, or a large portion, of the product of the wine from a given grape could be put together, to provide a large quantity entirely uniform in quality, thus producing a wine that would be a standard representative of California's average annual production. In massing the product of a season the proper spirit of emulation in the production of a superior article should be maintained, by ascertaining the comparative value of each lot, and making the division of the combined lot by percentage in accordance with the appraisement. In this manner

each producer can retain the option of selling his own wine when he chooses and at his own price, — as his interest would be represented by a winery receipt calling for a specified number of gallons of the combined product, — or he could leave it to be sold by the salesmen of the winery at a price fixed either by himself or the corporation. The uniform quality of the article thus sold would put all on a level, without preferences, and would reduce the usual friction of competition and seeking after personal advantages to a minimum.

Uniformity of the general product would assist materially in marketing the wine, as it would be less difficult to create a popular taste and desire for one well known standard than for many brands, besides making it possible to fill any order of reasonable size at all times because of the large production.

It is now almost impossible to secure for medical or other purposes unadulterated wines, brandies, or olive oil, in any country at any price, and an honest supervision of the manufacture of these articles would enable the association to give a full and satisfactory guarantee of the absolute purity of their product, and thus secure the world for a market at paying prices.

The cultivators of the soil by combining in this manner can well afford to secure the very best talent in the world to handle and finish the manufacture of their products, and place them upon the market in a condition far superior to what they can do individually; and being thus relieved from the most difficult portion of their present business, they can devote their whole time, thought, and energy, to a more successful cultivation of the soil and plants.

It may be expected that some wine makers, that have been quite successful in producing superior wines and in finding a good market for them, would hesitate in massing their wines with others; and in such cases they would probably find it to their interest to have their wines kept separate for them, to be sold either by themselves or the agent of the company at such price and time as they might direct. Other wine makers, again, may deliver an article unsuitable for blending or massing, and which would have to be disposed of alone on its merits or made into brandy; but in either case the producer could have the power of dictating the course to pursue, and would do better with it than if left at his own vineyard.

By meeting together occasionally and discussing the various questions that would naturally arise in relation to the production, handling, manipulation, and disposition, of their product, the members of the association individually would soon get into line towards a much greater proficiency and success.

By drawing the product together from all parts of the State — combined as far as practicable — it would lessen the expense and difficulty of making sales materially, as buyers would find a less number of lots, larger quantities in each lot, and more regularity in kind and quality each year, and their fear of adulteration would be gone. The sellers in turn would find less friction, acrimony, and competition, among themselves, and more security, regularity, and stability, in the market; and in seeking a market abroad, through agencies or advertising, the expenses would be much less in proportion than at present and more effective, — when done by a reliable and well known corporation.

In the matter of cooperage the advantages would be very great, as all the stock could be bought in the lowest markets of the world, by shipload or otherwise, in large quantities, and manufactured by modern machinery on a large scale at very low cost. This would enable the association to keep an abundant stock of cooperage on hand for their own use, and to loan or sell on moderate terms to those in need. Lumber, bot-

tles, corks, hoop iron, rivets, and other stock could be laid in in the same wholesale way; and the cases, baskets, and other small packages could be manufactured on the ground, and filled, labeled, packed, and shipped, in a better and more satisfactory manner than is possible by present methods.

There are many small vineyards and olive yards, owned by persons of moderate means, that will not justify the construction of vaults or machinery, and so are now without a market of any certainty or regularity for their products. All such grapes and olives could have a fair market value — without much regard to quality or quantity — by forwarding them to a common center, either for sale or for manipulation on the grower's account.

The conversion of the poorest qualities of wine and grapes into brandy on a large scale would leave the better wines secure from the disastrous competition now seen in forcing poor wines upon the market at any price. The manufacture of large quantities of pure and choice brandy under the supervision of the best talent obtainable, and of uniform good quality, would undoubtedly secure a recognition throughout the world for medicinal purposes alone, that would furnish a sufficient market for all that California could produce.

The location of the corporation and winery in the suburbs of San Francisco, so as to be connected with rail and sea, is very essential, as it is the center for capital, transportation, and general business. Capital is plentiful and interest low, when proper security is offered. Wine, brandy, olive oil, vineyards, wine vaults, and machinery, are not good security when scattered all over the State, and personal possession cannot well be given; but all these things in the hands of a corporation could be shaped so as to furnish first class security, and be of great benefit to the holders of it. The storage receipt of a wealthy corporation, with a guarantee that the article stored would be delivered in as good condition in all respects as when received, would make excellent security for the banker or capitalist. So would the capital stock of the winery corporation itself make good security, if managed honestly and properly, while the formation of such a corporation at present by the producers, instead of requiring new capital, would transform their product, now unavailable, into all the capital needed for the enterprise, and much more.

If $300,000 was used the first year in the purchase of land, erection of buildings, and the purchase of materials and machinery, and $700,000 worth of wine, brandy, and oil, stored therein, there would be a total valuation of one million dollars, represented by certificates of stock of the corporation and storage receipts of the same, on which at least 60 per cent of their value, or $600,000, could be obtained as a loan to the individual members, and which would be twice the amount required to give the enterprise a good start. The profits of the business thereafter should be sufficient to provide for the naturally increasing business, and such betterments could be represented by scrip or stock dividends.

The capital stock should be under the control of the producers in as near a proportion as practicable to their relative productions, in order to prevent discrimination, unfair dealing, or speculative manipulations.

Wines and brandies stored in various commercial warehouses have not been popular securities for various reasons, some of which are a failure to provide against deterioration, leakage, evaporation, and irresponsibility of the keeper. Then there has been a lack of frequent public and reliable quotations from current sales, and an absence of recognized standards of value from which an expert might approach the probable value of any of the interminable number of kinds and qualities produced. All of this could

be remedied through the corporation proposed, by keeping the goods in good condition, and reducing the number of kinds and qualities by massing them into a few large lots, that could be publicly recognized as standards of the State's production, and sold, advertised, and quoted as such. With these values the capitalists could soon become familiar, and loan their money intelligently thereon.

The standard wines and brandies of each season would be known far and wide, more or less favorably in contrast with preceding vintages, and thus a national reputation could be earned by exercising a careful and scientific supervision over a large, specific output, — which would be of ever increasing merit, and serve to subdue the present constant apprehension of danger to health and life in using articles that are manipulated and sophisticated in a thousand ways by a multitude of people, who may be to a great extent unconscious of the deleterious nature of their work.

At the official headquarters in the city there should be ample room for the comfortable accommodation of the stockholders, and generous samples of their products. Running accounts could be kept with all the producers, purchases made on their account, and cash received, advanced, or paid out, if deemed advisable. Periodical reports of the condition of the crop could be made up by the association from blank forms distributed among the producers, and made returnable at stated periods. Producers would here learn from the practical experience of their co-laborers what particular grape or olive gave the most assurance of ultimate success, and under what circumstances. They could also gain such a knowledge of the current management of their city business as to detect at once any irregularity, waste, or mismanagement on the part of their officials and employees.

So associated, the producers would be intelligently informed in relation to the supply and demand for their products in the various markets of the world, and they would not be subject to serious loss by the art and caprices of speculators, whose sole object is to buy as cheaply as possible, and manipulate the product with the view of gain, and not of plain, honest purity, or a wholesome regard for consumers.

It is possible that in due time, when the production of the State is large enough, and the quality and quantity of the product widely known, that periodical sales of large quantities at public auction would bring better returns than sales by present methods.

The cultivation of the olive is assuming very large proportions, and covering a wider extent of country, perhaps, than the grape. In fact, the tree seems to do well everywhere, and from present indications the production of olive oil will in the near future be one of the largest and most promising industries of the State.

Olives can be transported safely for long distances by rail and water, and a large portion of the skillful labor required in their preparation for market is of the same nature as that for wine and brandy.

It would encourage the extension of the business very much if olives could be gathered from all parts of the State, and manufactured, bottled, packed, cased, and sold, by an association of good standing, that would warrant the absolute purity of the oil, and attend to the business in an economical and judicious manner.

The great saving from the economical methods that would assuredly follow the operations of the proposed corporation, would place the producers in a position to compete favorably in prices with the producers of other countries, and thus relieve their own market, in the case of over-production, by exporting any surplus.

If it is considered desirable to inaugurate such a corporation immediately, there are, no doubt, large warehouses that could be leased on favorable terms, to which the vintage of the present season could be sent, with perhaps much of last season's crop. On this the necessary funds could be procured, to proceed at once with the idea of securing a permanent property for the corporation in the most favorable location to be found together with the necessary machinery.

The present outlook of the market for this season's production is far from favorable, and the sooner ample provision is made for it, the more money there will be in the business, and more encouragement given to the future.

In fact, it is not creditable to the wine growers of California to allow a business so favored by natural advantages to sink in despond, when if properly managed it should be an abounding success.

If all these things are true, and the good name and fame of the State can be exalted by reason of the greater purity and wholesomeness of her products, and more wealth can be acquired by such methods than is made by the irresponsible present method, then it surely appears that honesty is the best policy in the production and disposition of these articles.

R. G. Sneath.

A SOLDIER UNDER GARIBALDI.

He was really a fine figure of a man, this Guiseppe Domenici, with his tall, straight body, his broad chest, his thoughtful face, and grave, dark eyes; and he had a way of knotting his red silk sash about his waist that accorded well with the easy dignity of his movements, and that lent an indescribable military suggestion to his appearance,—or so thought Miss Agatha.

For the rest, he was quite as dirty and unsavory as the average San Francisco scavenger. Even the red scarf was so begrimed that only a hint of its original color was to be seen, deep in the folds, where it had escaped contact with the greasy cans and barrels and bottles and old rags, that it was his daily portion to handle. It is doubtful whether any of the neighbors, or other prosaic citizens along Guiseppe's route, whose back yards he was accustomed to visit and to relieve of their nauseous accumulations once a week, saw anything uncommon in the fellow. It took a person like Miss Agatha, always receptive to the sentiment that underlies the commonest of commonplace lives, to detect the romance hidden away in the breast of an Italian scavenger.

Miss Agatha herself was such a commonplace little creature that it would seem the height of presumption to push her forward as the heroine of the tamest sort of a romance; yet her life and story had been by no means commonplace. The daughter of a Southern planter, born in the happy days of ease and luxury preceding the rebellion, she was certainly one of the meekest and most spiritless waifs that ever Southern chivalry flung helpless upon the land. There were those still living, who, if they found it worth while ever to remember her at all, could recall her as a blithe and happy girl, as merry and care-free as any Southern girl of her day and generation. But that was before the Civil War, before a conquering army had laid waste her father's plantation; before their

slaves fled, embracing the chance of freedom with the glad inconsequence of children; before her father had brought his shattered health, broken courage, and ruined fortunes to the Pacific Coast, to lean upon his frail young daughter. He had leaned there steadily ever since, more heavily as the years went by, bringing him nothing but repeated disappointment and failure.

Miss Agatha had had her own little romance, which she had foregone and put aside as bravely as a more spirited woman might have done. When she was a girl of sixteen, early matured by the troubles that had come upon her people, and her cousin Weston, a boy two years older, was graduated out of a boys' academy into the heart of the great conflict, there had been, as she would delicately have phrased it, an "understanding" between them; an understanding sealed by a single passionate embrace in an invested house at midnight, a lover's kiss and a woman's bitter tears as she heard the clanking of sabers, the rattling of spurs, and finally the clatter of horses' hoofs sounding fainter and fainter in the distance.

A year and half later the fierce contest was over and Weston a colonel — they made colonels out of such crude material in those days — fleeing across the ocean to escape arrest and imprisonment. But a short time elapsed, and a general amnesty was proclaimed, yet Weston — Weston never came back. Whether he remained abroad because his cosy bachelor quarters and a set of congenial friends that he had found in a gay foreign capital best suited his limited income and an ease-loving, indolent strain that was in him, as other people declared, or whether, as Miss Agatha firmly believed, his sensitive soul was unable to face the appalling changes that had come to his native South, it is not for me to say. Certain it is that twenty years had passed, and although he wrote regularly to his relatives, and never neglected to send a kind and sometimes a tender message to her, he made no allusion to ever returning or making good the protestations of that moonlit summer night.

Agatha found her little stock of ladylike accomplishments, which had fitted her quite handsomely for a society belle, of small avail when she endeavored to put them to practical use in the strange western city. At length she found a place in the primary schools, where her gentle temper and inoffensive ways enabled her to keep her position, but never, as may well be supposed, gained her any promotion. Her salary, never particularly liberal, was on several occasions cut down, upon the accession of new school boards with economical notions, which made it none the easier to provide for her father's increasing infirmities and exactions.

She always wore the ring with which Weston had sealed their betrothal that night; a narrow band of gold, with one great, lustrous pearl mounted upon it. It was quite too magnificent for a poor school-teacher to wear, and she had a trick of turning the jewel out of sight, to escape the children's curious questions, until the worn circle saved her the trouble, and the pearl gravitated beneath her thin finger by sheer force of its own weight. Sometimes she looked at the beautiful jewel and felt that it was sadly out of place on her bloodless, claw-like little hand, and at other times she fingered it caressingly, for it was the one emblem she possessed of what had been sweetest and most precious in her life.

But Miss Agatha, as I intimated in the beginning, is not at all the subject of this sketch, and it is high time we passed on to Guiseppe, who is built of the proper stuff for a hero of romance, and with whom Miss Agatha is only incidentally connected, as the owner of a bit of property that somehow chanced to come into his possession.

He made his appearance the first day they moved into that highly desirable four-roomed flat out on Laguna Street; highly desirable because it combined the three important considerations of proximity to her school, cheapness, and a sunny room for the old father. It is scarcely necessary to mention that her own room was small and dark and meager enough. They moved on a Saturday, so as to avoid any interference with her school duties, and by ten o'clock their small possessions, laden on one capacious wagon, were being transferred to the new abode.

"Man wants to see you in the back yard!" shouted a roguish boy, as Agatha paid the expressman and made ready to establish some order out of the chaos attendant upon a change of a domicile.

The unsuspecting little housekeeper opened the back door, and was dismayed at the sight presented there. Lolling against the high fence, hanging over it, crowded in the rear gateway, scattered about the narrow planked space, were one — two — three — a dozen swarthy fellows, of every degree of griminess and disreputability, scowling fiercely at each other, and breaking into a vicious chorus as they saw her, quite after the fashion in which hotel runners welcome travelers at the Ferry.

"Me taky ashy fi' yea' lady what live he'!"

"He lie! Me ashy man dis place sik yea'!"

"Me come all time Sat 'day, you pay one dolla' mont!"

"No! You taka me. I cha'ge you on'y half a dolla'!"

"He no good. He getta drunk! Taky you ashy down pleece cote!"

These and many similar cries, interspersed with fearful sounding but meaningless foreign oaths and loud laughter, greeted Miss Agatha as she opened her door. In the midst of the turmoil she discerned Guiseppe, tall, dignified, and silent, leaning against the fence, watching the scene with quiet amusement. Miss Agatha saw that it was necessary to arrive at some immediate decision to get rid of the brigands about her, and metaphorically speaking, fled to him as to an ark of safety.

"O dear me! You — *you* come and get my ashes? — I don't care what you ask — won't you? and do please send these other men away."

Guiseppe gave one emphatic sweep of his right arm, and the yard was cleared as if by magic. He did not avail himself of the advantages of his position, however, and Miss Agatha fared better than she deserved after such an unbusiness-like proposition; for when Guiseppe learned that she cooked with a gas stove, and had only the ashes from the grate in the little parlor and the waste from the table to be cleared away, he volunteered to serve her at the lowest rates offered by any of his compeers. He did his work so thoroughly and neatly, — never by any chance leaving so much as a crumb or cinder in the bottom of the ash-can, and always taking pains to gather up any papers or rags that had been blown into the back yard or flung down from the tenements above,— that Miss Agatha had reason to bless the day when she engaged him.

His sad face and dignified bearing impressed her from the first, but it was many weeks before she took occasion to question him.

"Guiseppe, what were you before you came to this country — at home — in Italia?" she asked one day.

He put down the great empty can he had brought into the yard, and touched his tattered felt hat, putting his feet together and giving his body a little jerk, after the fashion of a stiff, old-time military salute. Then he stood erect before her, and his eyes blazed as some old memory lit them like a spark.

"Madam, I will not deceive you. I was soldier under Garibaldi," he said.

That was all his reply, but the recol-

lection thrilled her for many a day. How proudly he had said it,—this defeated soldier of a lost cause! She thought of her own soldier and the defeated South, and her heart swelled with something more than sympathy.

So it chanced that during subsequent weeks Miss Agatha sometimes neglected her household tasks for a few moments, to have a little chat with Guiseppe. The little woman had a queer and very unusual fashion of losing herself in the cares and interests of others, perhaps because it would have been too painful to herself and them to have immersed them in the ever swelling tide of her own misfortunes. That she really felt the warm solicitude she expressed is but a further proof of her deplorable eccentricity, for everybody knows that with well balanced and conventional people, the world over, the tendency of sorrow is to breed a contempt for other's troubles and impatience with their joys.

Guiseppe, being himself of a reserved cast, and only half thawed out of his reticence, gave but half-way confidences, and thus it came about that Miss Agatha learned of his little cottage on the south side of the city, of wife and living children, and the row of little dead bambinos lying out on one of the slopes of Calvary in the shadow of Lone Mountain, while her imagination was left to limn and fill in the details of the picture, a task which it accepted most readily. She could see the neat little cottage, with its bare and polished floors, its quaint tables and benches, its spotless curtains, and the pretty, dark-eyed woman with glossy black braids bound around her head, moving cheerfully about her work or singing by the window. She could see the sturdy boy and pretty girl baby tumbling about the floor. She could see the neat yard with its whitewashed fence, its roses, and perchance an orange tree or two, and a row of limes, stunted by the ocean and bay breezes, but still brightening all the place with their wonderful glistening greens. She could see Guiseppe, returning early from his day's work,—for who ever saw a scavenger on the streets after two o'clock?—making a hasty toilet at the hydrant beside the back door, perhaps knotting a fresh red sash about his waist to delight the baby's eyes, and then taking his way into the house, hearty and helpful, to lighten the little wife's labors and romp with the brown-eyed children.

The only thing she could not understand was the dead babies. The children of these simple people always had such a wonderful vitality, helped on by their wholesome, primitive way of life, that she had thought they never died.

Sometimes she led Guiseppe to speak of Garibaldi, but here again the results were somewhat disappointing, and imagination again had to fill out the details. It is true, the tall fellow's eyes always flashed at the mention of his old commander, and it was easy to see that service under such leadership had lifted Guiseppe to a higher plane of life than his fellows, but his reminiscences were of the most unromantic nature.

"Garrybaldy he fina man. Alla soljas dey be glad die for 'im!" he announced one day with enthusiasm. "Garrybaldy he come round camp lika he alla same common solja. 'Boys,' he say, 'who gotta chaw tobaccy fo' de ole man?'"

"Yes, Madam, he ride atta head de a'my," said Guiseppe on another occasion, as he described a famous charge of the great revolutionary general. "An' a pretta lookin' lot we be datta time! Dirta an' ragged, clothes alla tear up, an' sleep in rain and mud many day. Garrybaldy jus' dirta an' bad dressed lika alla men. Mysef see him bare arm stick out hole in sleeve. Plenta street begga's down town what looka mo' gentil as him. But he fight—he fight like diavolo!"

Guiseppe's relations with Miss Agatha were not without their material advantages to him, aside from the monthly

stipend he received. When he looked sadder and was more taciturn than usual, Miss Agatha soon learned that the girl baby was feeble and ailing, like the little ones that had preceded her. Thereafter many a cup of delicate jelly or savory dish of the lady's own preparation, were tucked away beneath the box that served as a seat in the blue dump cart, and Miss Agatha's heart was alternately saddened and gladdened, as she learned that the little one's ailment progressed or weakened its hold.

Nor were the obligations all on one side. Upon one occasion Miss Agatha, stepping out to water her starveling plants, struggling for existence in the narrow beds that surrounded the planked space in front and back yards, found Guiseppe covering the exhausted earth with a layer of fresh, dark loam. At another time he brought in the sacks of coal left by a careless teamster outside of the back gate, in the absence of the little school-mistress ; and in every possible way, save by spoken words, testified his gratitude and appreciation of her kindness.

Late one evening the Major, Miss Agatha's father, who still laid claim to a military title, as befitted a fine old Southern gentleman, came home a little the worse for the potations in which he had indulged at the corner grocery. Miss Agatha, who had become the veriest slave that ever served the whims of a self-indulgent, irritable old man, was sitting up for him, and drew off his boots and put on his warm slippers, and stirred the fire in the grate to a livelier sparkle. As the Major's heart warmed to its cheery glow, his befuddled brain cleared a little, and he spoke to his daughter with a condescending kindness rare to him in those days.

"O, by the way, Agatha, Weston 's coming back."

"Weston! Coming here?"

The room, the grate, the chairs, the table laden with the monthly reports over which she had been poring all the evening, circled rapidly about her. She put out one hand, clinging to the arm of a chair to steady herself as she spoke.

"Yes, he'll be heah in a couple of weeks now. Reckon you don't remember him, Agatha. Little girl when he went away. Devilish smart young fellah, Weston! Glad see him. Have good times! Ride 'n hunt. Get out old Madeira, 'f those blamed niggahs left any in the cellah!"

He was off in his maudlin state again, fancying himself back on the old plantation, deserted by his slaves, but still hopeful of mending his broken fortunes, as in those first dreadful days of uncertainty when the blow that crushed him had fallen.

The room had stopped revolving now, and Miss Agatha did not need to hold to the chair to steady herself.

When she went to her room that night she held up the lamp to her face and examined herself pitilessly in the small glass that hung above her washstand. There are looking-glasses and looking-glasses, as we all know, and some have a trick of softening features and freshening complexions and artfully veiling the ravages of time. But this one of Miss Agatha's, though small and cheap, was a merciless truth-teller. Indeed, I am not sure but that it went a little beyond the truth, and revealed with microscopic fidelity what was not visible to the ordinary eye, and it certainly had a very unhappy way of imparting a peculiar greenish tint to the countenances reflected in it.

Miss Agatha finally set down her lamp with a sigh. It was idle to cherish weak memories of the past ; not a vestige of the fresh-faced girl remained. And yet, —and yet, if Weston had remembered! If there had been some strange misunderstanding all these years, and he should find her still wearing the pearl ring! The next moment she blushed with shame, and was almost ready to take off

the little circlet and hide it away, for fear he should think she was seeking to remind him. It was one of her greatest humiliations that, except for the occasional kindly messages to which reference has been made before, he completely ignored her existence. His letters were always to her father. For fifteen years he had not once addressed her directly.

A few days later fate settled all question for her, so far as the ring was concerned. Suddenly and unaccountably it disappeared. Miss Agatha could remember taking it off one Friday evening, and laying it on the narrow moulding finishing the wainscotting in the kitchen, as she was about to plunge her hands into a mass of dough. She was almost sure that she remembered putting it on after she had finished kneading the dough and washed her hands. She searched for it high and low, in all sorts of possible and impossible places. She even went so far as to rake over the ashes from the grate before emptying them, and she crumbed her bread carefully before eating it, while she watched the great mouthfuls ground between her father's strong jaws, with a solicitude about equally divided between the fate of the ring and the safety of the major's stomach, in case he should undertake to digest it.

There was nothing dramatic in the meeting of the two quondam lovers, though one might have fancied that each looked for a moment intently into the other's face, searching for something they failed to find. If Weston found his cousin only a faded shadow of the winsome girl he had known, he also had changed. He had grown stout and undeniably middle-aged, and although he was still a handsome, well-preserved gentleman, the look of frank boyish unreserve, a bright enthusiasm of manner and speech, which had formerly constituted his most irresistible charm was gone. Yet I must fain confess that although Miss Agatha's penetrating eyes were quick to observe this change, she saw it with the tenderness of a loving wife, who beholds with sweet pain and loving toleration the departure of the charms and graces of youth which first won her young heart. For the rest, she met him with a gentle welcome every evening when he came up from his hotel, and was never too tired to find pleasure in cooking tempting little suppers for the two men, carefully concealing all evidence of the sensitive pride she felt at accepting Weston's good-natured contributions to their scanty larder on such occasions.

As Weston's visit was prolonged from day to day, the measured reserve with which the Major first met him wore gradually away, and the old gentleman no longer observed any formalities in his presence. Certain restraints that he had for a time imposed upon himself in memory of the decent estate from which he had fallen became too much for the old man to sustain, and one afternoon, when Weston conveniently absented himself from the city, the Major took advantage of the opportunity to get himself into a very comfortable state of inebriation, a proceeding which, it is needless to say, did not add materially to his daughter's comfort. To Miss Agatha's humiliation, Weston, returning a little sooner than he had expected, came in upon them late that evening.

The Major's puffy red face, bleared eyes, and untidy dress, the disorderly room, the beery, smoke-laden atmosphere, coupled with Miss Agatha's distressed face and feeble movement, as if she would bar him out, told their own tale.

"That 's good, ole fellah! Come in, Weston. Right glad to see yo'. Have a drink, Weston. Regret I 've nothing better to offah yo' than beer. Lager beer, Weston. Think of it! An' all that old Madeira in my cellah for those cussed Yanks to guzzle. It 's d—d hard

Weston, for a Southern gen'leman, in his old age, to come to lager beer."

His struggle between the courteous habits of better days, the peevish temper of age, and the coarse instincts of the confirmed toper, was something pitiful to witness.

"O, father!" said Miss Agatha, gently pleading with him, as if to invoke his better self. And "O, Weston! go, go. Please go," she added, under breath.

The old man's cunning ears caught the whisper.

"Damme! Don't you do it, Weston. Sit down an' make yo'self comfortable. What ah yo' doin' Agatha? He 's my guest, I 'd have you un'stan'. Take his hat, girl. An' his cane an' ovahcoat, yo' vixen!" he roared.

It did not surprise little Miss Agatha that Weston should show a disposition to heed her father's invitation rather than her appeal. She was so accustomed to being crossed by fate that it would have surprised her to have had her own way, even in this trivial matter.

So Weston laid aside his overcoat and hat and cane, and became a witness, and even, in a mild degree, a passive participant in Miss Agatha's humiliation, for the old man's temper had been chafing for so long under his unusual self-restraint, that when he finally let himself loose his momentum carried him beyond all bounds. As his feeling of drunken good-fellowship toward Weston increased, his sullen resentment toward his daughter gained ground, and he interspersed his tipsy flights of retrospection and whining complaints to the younger man, with choleric outbursts at Miss Agatha. He stormed at her, and jeered at her, and abused her as he would not have abused one of his negroes in the days of slavery, and when he had exhausted his stock of vituperation he turned to Weston with senile accusations touching her unfilial behavior.

"Can't you see that the fire is goin' out? Stir it up, an' put on the blowah, you hussy! Have anothah glass beer, Weston. Not finish that yet? Yo' don't say! Now, if it was the old Madeira,—but lagah beeah! O, yo' vixen! To sit thar an' see yo' old father offahin' lagah beeah to a friend, an' not one bottle wine to his name, when yo' know yo' got yo' last month salahy yestaday. Yo' can't fool me. Did n't I see the gold when yo' was payin' the milkman this aftehnoon?"

"Hand me tobacco pouch an' pipe, Agatha, an' be lively about it, or it 'll be the worse fo' yo'. Beg yo' pahdon, Weston. Thanks, my boy. It 's me, not you, should be handing round the cigars. But no Havanas for me now-a-days; no Havanas for me with that d—d little snapdragon holding the purse strings. Her old dad, Weston; her old dad, who nevah refused her a dollar so long as he had it! . . . That 's right, bawl away. Always like that! Nevah can say one word to yo' but yo' go to bawlin'."

Weston looked full at Miss Agatha and saw a tear trickling down each faded cheek, while her poor little face worked convulsively. He saw, too, what her mirror had failed to tell her, that the little face, in spite of its thirty-odd years and the troubles that brooded over it, was still fine and clear cut, and delicate as a chiseled cameo. The pathetic droop at the corners of the lips, the look of patient endurance under unmerited reproach, told their own story, could he but have read their meaning.

But Weston only rose to go, with a genial smile and hearty manner, as if getting drunk and abusing one's daughter was a very commendable proceeding, and one quite within the pale of his every day experience.

On the threshold he turned back for a moment.

"By the way, Uncle Henry, I want to have a little talk with you on a matter of business. When can I see you alone?" he asked pleasantly.

The old man, supporting himself unsteadily in the doorway, leered cunningly at his nephew. The word "business" had an agreeably suggestive sound. Perhaps Weston was about to take pity upon his dependent condition and make him a small allowance. At the worst, it opened an easy avenue for striking the visitor for a comfortable loan.

"Come tomorrow, at noon," he whispered. "She 'll be gone then."

About this time Miss Agatha, notwithstanding Weston's amiable demeanor and cordial parting, became conscious, in a confused way, that there were warring elements in the atmosphere, sure token of an impending storm. Womanlike, or more correctly speaking, Miss Agatha like, she accused herself of having been in some way remiss in her attentions to their guest, or tormented herself with a suspicion that she had so changed as to make her presence and companionship positively distasteful to her old lover.

The following day was Sunday, and after her usual custom she hurriedly finished her work and went out to take charge of the class in the little mission Sunday-school where she had taught for a decade of years. She left her father morosely blowing clouds of smoke through the sitting room, after a spell of rare ill temper and fault finding.

No sooner had she gone than the Major, like a cunning old fox, laid aside his pipe and proceeded to brush his hair and clothes, and make himself as presentable as possible for the promised business interview.

Promptly to the hour Weston made his appearance, but he was stern and pale, and had no answer for his uncle's effusive greetings. He followed the old man into the room where he had been sitting, but declined the chair his host would fain have offered him, closing the door and standing up with his back against it. The Major gave one look at Weston's face, and knew that the day of judgment had come for him.

"Uncle Henry," said Weston in a voice whose quiet had a dangerous sound, "What have you been writing me all these years?"

"Why, why, why!" stammered the Major, "I — I can't rightly remember, Weston. But if there's anything in my lettahs — anything yo' don't exactly like, Weston, I'm ready to take it back."

"You have been writing me that your daughter was a sour-tempered vixen. You pictured yourself as a patient, persecuted, brow-beaten old man. Not a letter but was charged with complaints of her," Weston went on, in the same calm, measured voice.

"Reckon I was a little ha'd on her, Weston. But it 's aggravatin' fo' a gentleman who 's always had his own purse an' propahty — "

"To become a pensioner on a woman, but not to abuse her for it!" sneered Weston. "You made her out a sort of combined Goneril and Regan and Xantippe. I always had a horror of an ill-tempered woman. I thought her cross, and soured, and selfish, and cranky. My God! Do you think I have been here three weeks, day after day, and not found out the truth."

"I 'll admit that I stretched the mattah. I did n't do Agatha justice. But I never did her any actual hahm, Weston. There yo' was, thousands of miles away, an' she heah, an' she nevah saw my lettahs; now, what hahm could they do?"

"What harm!" thundered Weston. "What harm? Do you know that she would have been my wife if it had n't been for your lying letters? O, you old reprobate! Why, sir, if you were not an old man, and of my own blood, — " and so much more to the same purpose that it was small wonder the Major quite lost courage and pluck, and pleaded for mercy as a small boy might have done.

Miss Agatha came home to find the

atmosphere mysteriously cleared. Weston was there, his face still flushed with excitement, but exhibiting a considerate deference to her that contrasted oddly with his former indifferent kindness, and confused the little woman's mind. Her father, too, seemed cowed and subdued, and addressed her in a tender and apologetic tone that was quite new to him and sat awkwardly upon him. He even forgot to find fault with Miss Agatha because the Sunday-school was late in being dismissed, or to fret over his luncheon that day.

"Agatha," said Weston, after that simple repast was finished, "I want you to take me for a walk this afternoon!"

It was in Miss Agatha's mind to plead the shabbiness of her gown, but she only said, mildly:

"To the Park? Or perhaps you would like to take the cars out to the Beach? People are fond of going there on Sunday."

"No, no!" said Weston impatiently, for he too was somewhat spoiled by having his own way for so many years. "There are parks and beaches everywhere; and the same sort of people always frequent them. Take me to some out-of-the-way quarter. Show me a bit of life characteristic of San Francisco."

"We might go to where Guiseppe lives," suggested Miss Agatha timidly. "I took his address once."

"And Guiseppe?"

"Is only my ashman. But he is — different from the rest, you know. He was a soldier under Garibaldi. And he has a wife and children that he thinks the world of; — all the more because so many babies have died! I think it will be really very interesting to go there."

"That will suit me exactly," said Weston gallantly. "Let us set off at once for the home of the soldier under Garibaldi."

Two weeks before, a man and a half-grown boy might have been seen toiling side by side along that nauseating portion of the banks of Mission Creek known as The Dumps. The man had a long rake with which he turned over the reeking deposits, stooping every moment or so to fling a bone to the right or to toss a rag to the left; to hurl a decaying carcass on the pile behind him, or a shining tin can on the pile before him. The boy took the debris left after this peculiar process of assortment had been gone through with, examining every lump and scrap minutely, sometimes bringing forth a broken toy or bit of crockery, which he hailed with childish delight, sometimes making a "find" which earned for him his father's commendation.

A cry of unusual excitement from the lad arrested the father's attention.

"What you getta dis time, Joe?" he asked.

Guiseppe's son and heir had been named after him, but the name had been Americanized into this homely appellation.

"A ring, — lady's ring! See! By Jiminy, dad, ain't it a beauty? It'll fetch a pretty figure."

And there in the mess of garbage, imbedded in the very boiled potato peelings into which it had been shaken from he wainscoting, lay Miss Agatha's ring, the great pearl shining with as pure a luster as when it last left her finger.

"My, but ain't it scrumptious!" shouted Joe, sticking it on his dirty little finger, and dancing about with his hand in the air. "Come now, dad! Will you go shares? 'Cause if you won't!" — and Joe, instinct with all the native deviltry of the little San Francisco hoodlum, made a feint of running off and escaping to some safe place, where he could enjoy his booty undisturbed.

"Joe, I say! Give her me dissa minute. Me know the lady what own her. Me see it many time on she litta finga. Joe, you rasca'!"

But Joe still held the bauble safely out of his father's reach. He assumed an injured tone, appealing to the latter in his paternal and conjugal capacity.

"Stuff, dad! An' little 'Gelica sick, an' no money to buy medicine. Just let mamma see it once! My land — she 'll let it go, won't she!"

"Joe!" pleaded his father in a tone wherein command and entreaty were so blended that the boy almost involuntarily released his hold upon his treasure, regretting the concession when it was too late. Both Guiseppe and Joe knew very well that if once the weak-principled, slatternly woman got sight of the bauble, no power of theirs could stay her from obtaining possession of it and keeping it.

Nevertheless the words of his son sank deep into Guiseppe's heart. Little Angelica was rapidly failing. Guiseppe's one hope was in getting her to a physician, famous among his people by reason of some cures he had effected, but whose large fee was altogether beyond the scavenger's humble means. The price of the ring he held in his hand would purchase the great doctor's help.

Guiseppe knew only too well the cause of the row of little graves in the graveyard at the foot of Lone Mountain. Many and many a night he had seen the noisome vapors arise from the steaming dump heaps, a phalanx of ghostly shapes, advancing upon his little dwelling, clutching at it with skeleton fingers, bending over it to stifle the sleepers in its suffocating breath. One by one the little ones had yielded to the malarial vapors. He had hoped to lay by enough to move into wholesome country air, but he could not make a beginning. There were so many funerals. Always a new baby each year, and last year's baby to be buried, and masses to be said for the salvation of its innocent little soul.

There is small doubt that the wonderful physician in whom Guiseppe so blindly believed was a notable quack; but what wonder that the poor father, halting between his agonized desire for medical aid and his ill-sustained ideas of honor, deferred taking any active steps toward restoring the jewel? It was a relief to him that Miss Agatha had been busy, and he had not seen her on the two Saturdays that followed. When he saw her coming towards him that Sabbath day, it was as if his conscience were advancing upon him and calling him to account.

Miss Agatha's walk with her cousin along the tide-laved banks of Mission Creek had been an endless procession of horrors. She shrank from the repulsive smells and sights, from the squalid homes and their degraded inhabitants. Long before they came in sight of Guiseppe's dilapidated cabin she had given up all hope of finding the tidy cottage she had pictured, and was quite prepared for the sight of the petulant, slatternly woman with the dirty, wailing baby in her arms, for the saucy, ragged boy, the wretched home, with its stable-like furnishings, and even for the appearance of Guiseppe himself, dirtier and sadder than on week days, coming up from The Dumps to greet them.

"Yes, I gotta her, Miss Gatta," he said without preliminary or questioning. "My boy Joe he finda her two week. I no see you dissa Sattaday, no see you odda Sattaday, else I give her you befo'."

While he spoke he fumbled in the open throat of his scarlet shirt, bringing to view a somewhat greasy-looking leather case, with whose clasp he was working.

"Some men — all de oddah fellahs 'bout heah, dey keep her when dey finda her. You been gooda to me, Miss Gatta. You been gooda my leetle 'Gelica what me bury soon long side my leetle bambinos; no gotta money getta big docta maka her well. No matta'. I see you many time turn this roun' you fingah, like you tink heap o' her. Mebbee — I don' know — somebody done give her to

you what done die an' getta bury lika my bambinos."

The clasp yielded at last to his touch, and he held out something to Miss Agatha. It was the pearl ring.

"My ring! O Guiseppe!"

A deep flush spread over the little lady's face, but somehow another hand received the ring, and into Guiseppe's hand were pressed some large gold coins that set the simple fellow's heart aglow. More by far than he could have hoped to realize from the sale of the jewel! More than enough to pay the great doctor's fee; enough, it was possible, to move the little family, bag and baggage, to a place in the country far from the noisome vapors.

"It was very good of you, Guiseppe, — very honest, to remember and give the ring back to me," stammered Miss Agatha.

The doubts and conflict of two weeks were things of the past, and Guiseppe's self-respect was restored. He touched his tattered hat, and drew himself erect with the old military gesture.

"Madam, a man what has been soljah under Garybaldy neva fo'get the word honah."

"Bravely said, Guiseppe," said Weston, speaking for the first time; but he laid his hand on Miss Agatha's arm, to draw her away from the ill-smelling place.

The two visitors walked slowly away from the forlorn little home. Miss Agatha's face was downcast, and her eyes sought the ground. In her cry of joy at the recovery of her lost treasure, she felt that she had been guilty of the most shameless self-betrayal. She could never, never look Weston in the face again. She wished that he would leave her now. She should be glad to hear that he was to go away from the city tomorrow, placing miles and miles of distance between them. If only she could hide her burning cheeks and shamed eyes in the darkness and solitude of her own little room!

Weston was thoughtful and silent. The hand that he had placed upon Miss Agatha's arm was now lending it a gentle support, almost like a caress. The other hand was fingering the ring in his vest pocket. All the man in him, and what was left of the gallant, chivalrous boy of twenty years gone by, had been stirred by the evidence of simple, unwavering faith that had been so unexpectedly presented to him. Why should he stop to consider how far his limited income, never quite sufficient for his own tastes, would go in the support of three, when this little woman's narrow stipend had made two people comfortable and enabled her to do gracious little acts of charity besides? It was time his lazy, luxurious life came to an end. Already he had dreamed and idled away the best years of his life, while she — she —

"And you kept it — kept it and wore it all these years!"

Miss Agatha made no reply, while her head drooped even lower. Why should he make capital of her humiliation? It was a sorry jest for her. If she could but sink into the earth! or if only some spark of her old girlish spirit could revive, to rebuke him as he deserved! And why was he leading her away from the squalid dwellings, off from the settled portion of the wretched little hollow, to where the earth was carpeted with the glad green verdancy of January, and golden wild pansies, like fallen stars, were trampled beneath their feet? Yet the habit of submission was so strong upon her that she followed unquestioningly where he led.

Together they climbed a little sunbathed knoll, and he drew her down beside him. Then he took her delicate, thin hand in his, and he held the pearl ring over the finger that still bore its mark upon it.

"Agatha," he said gently, "may I put it on again, — to mean more than ever it did before?"

She trembled from head to foot with sudden gladness. Her girlish capacity for joy and love, so long repressed, seemed to break its bonds and overflow her being; but the eyes she lifted to his were brimming with tears.

"It can never mean more to me," was her simple answer.

Flora Haines Loughead.



HUNTING THE BISON.

TWENTY years ago the whole of western Kansas, and far beyond the Colorado line, was a wilderness of hills and plains, hay-colored buffalo grass, and miniature valleys, which were known as buffalo wallows, because they were made by bison (mistakenly called buffalo), where these animals curried their backs by kicking at the clouds.

These broad plains were inhabited not alone by bison, but also by wild horses, antelopes, coyotes, and lesser game, together with Arapahoe, Cheyenne and Sioux Indians. In the fall, too, the Utes would venture down from their higher lying stamping grounds for fall hunting; and then occurred wars, as the plains Indians regarded the Utes as trespassers upon reserved lands.

The Kansas Pacific railroad was then being built through the heart of this unsettled country, and in the summer of '69 the town of Phil Sheridan was the terminus of the road, while the building was going on beyond to where the town Kit Carson was surveyed for the next terminus.

In the month of September a party of bison hunters left Sheridan for a few days' sport at Cheyenne Wells, a point lying to the west, and my friend Mrs. Baker and I, and little Ida Baker, aged nine, took one of our teams from its labors on the grade-scraper, that we might join the company and become initiated into the mysteries of hunting game more formidable than any we had before pursued.

The ten men had a dozen horses and two heavy wagons to carry the fresh meat and hides — that were yet enjoying life and sensibility; and we three followed in a light wagon drawn by one span of mules.

Our goal was a deserted station, but the wells, or holes, were still there, and we camped beside them for our needed water. Bison were literally swarming over the hills to the north, and away on the plains south, where by the careless observer they might well be taken for groves of trees.

The morning following our arrival was full of clouds and gloom. A fog, uncommon to that region, hung over the earth, and those of us who were novices as bison hunters expected a day of enforced idleness. We prophesied

falsely: the wise ones proposed a "still hunt," so, gun in hand, we strung out in a line, facing north, number two keeping sight of number one, and number three keeping trace of number two, and so on to the end of the skirmish line.

Thus we marched for a long time through the fog, finally crossing the brow of a hill, where we bolted up against a half dozen grazing bison. We were almost near enough to take them by the horns, and by the magnifying effect of the fog they looked like mammoths with the heads and manes of lions.

My breast heaved while I stood looking at the monster before me. I had a fear that he might lift that massive head, and swallow me the next moment. We had crept upon them unseen and unseeing, — and unheard as well. Nothing but the deep breathing and the grinding of the ponderous jaws broke the stillness of the fog surrounding us. I felt that I must sink into the earth for safety. I wanted to scream, but dared not. It was my first participation in a bison hunt, and I realized that meeting the imaginary bison on foot was much less disturbing to one's composure than the meeting with one in flesh and blood at so close a range. I dared not retreat, feeling that there were bison all around me.

Regardless of orders, I ran to the gentleman at my left, and as I did so, I heard a rambling discharge of muskets, carbines, Winchester rifles, shotguns, horse-pistols, and pop-guns. At least I thought I did; and I must have heard something, as the furious fusilade "corralled" a fine four-year-old cow. Some stray bullet had gone to her heart, and we gathered around to inspect our trophy.

Women are cowards, and unwilling liars, and so I said nothing, but as I stood there gazing upon the victim of our fiendish sport, while she lay struggling in her death agonies, I felt ashamed of the human heart that can tolerate a desire to slaughter anything, great or small.

The moment the volley was fired the herd fled in alarm, few or many of the bison wounded, perhaps to linger weeks or months to a final death, perhaps to suffer blindness and await death for want of water. I felt that we deserved retribution from the whole force, even for our sneaking attack upon the one harmless animal grazing unsuspectingly in her own field. What right had we to complain of the raids made and murders committed by the savages, — we who were but savages ourselves?

The gentlemen were gracious to us, as we stood in a huddle around the dead, commenting on the work done. Not wishing to share in the firing, my friend and I had only taken our revolvers, and we were told with more or less assumed seriousness that the deadly missile had been sent by one of our two pepper-boxes.

While the dressing was being done, I turned my back upon the company I dared not leave; and in a little while we returned to camp, each of the men carrying on his shoulders a burden as bloody as the freshly-taken human scalp dangling at the warrior's belt.

After a feast on fresh meat cooked in every conceivable style, as only Mrs. Baker could prepare it, the still hunt was continued throughout the day, the party dividing up into small squads, and going into different ravines, where they found sufficiently large washed out holes in which to lie in ambush, awaiting the bison as they moved up on the windward side. The bison hunter takes this precaution when convenient, as the bison, no less than many smaller kinds of game, has a keen scent to warn him of lurking danger, and so when not approached from the leeward, if he has been hunted much, he may be off in a twinkling.

And yet I have often been astonished at the bison's tameness. While passing

through the Concho valley, Texas, the spring following, we drove a single team in broad day to within a hundred yards of three cows and a half-grown calf; and when they heard the rattle of our wagon, they lifted their heads for a moment's look at us, and then hustled away, much as the half-wild Texas cattle did on similar meetings with them. There, too, they were hunted in winter by the hostile Comanches, as well as by such cowboys or leave-of-absence soldiers from Fort Concho as dared trust their scalps up the valley on such errand. And east of Sheridan, as we returned from our hunting expedition, and took the cars for St. Louis, our train flanked a herd of bison, which spread far over the plain to our left, and contained an immense number of them. Instead of taking fright, as the engine swept along with its train of cars and its screeching alarm whistle, a dozen or more loped under the car windows, seemingly intent on heading us off. The race was continued some time, the bison being capable of both speed and endurance. Some of the passengers had rifles, and for pure wantonness fired upon the game, which was so near that we could almost clutch them by their manes, while sitting in our seats.

On the second day of our camp at Cheyenne Wells the sky and air were clear, and the sun arose in its wonted glory. Only one band of bison could be seen. It was to the south, on a level plain, a bad locality for the hunters to get within a gunshot range of it unobserved. The bloodshed of the preceding day had put the hunters under the excitement of the chase; yet the coolest heads among them knew that we might ourselves become the game of other hunters, a danger which necessitated a little generalship, together with a sharp lookout all around. The hostiles in the country were not to be ignored, and as Indians are never far from bison, it was agreed that two men should remain with my friend and me to guard the camp, while the eight remaining should mount their horses and have a wide-awake hunt; and away they galloped over the plain in the direction of the game, keeping the wind and low ridges as much as possible in their favor.

Our eyes followed them as we stood mounted on our wagon wheels. Soon the firing began. Great clouds of dust arose. We could hear faintly the deep bellowing of the bulls, and the wild shouts of the hunters. Excepting a possible attack by Indians, we had thought of no danger to ourselves and camp, but soon we saw the infuriated herd coming upon us, like an avalanche of black rolling thunderbolts.

Then there was a commotion. The new danger was even worse than attack by an ordinary band of Indians. We leaped from our elevated stand at once. Men and women, indeed, the five of us (Ida included), knew that to save ourselves we must work as we had never worked before. Luckily the four animals remaining at camp were near at hand, or we should have had no time to make them fast. The work of tying them to the wheels without giving them alarm was done in a minute's time; and then, with yells only rivaled in frightfulness by those of the coming hunters, the waving of blankets, and the shooting of pistols, from our post in an open wagon-bed, we succeeded in shying the living mass a hundred yards to the west; and they thundered by, the hunters crazed with excitement, and whooping like savages, heedless of our danger, in their hot pursuit of the game. Our mules snorted, reared, and tugged on their ropes, threatening to slip their moorings, and make wreck of our wagon. On, on, the herd rushed, making the earth tremble, the hunters in the midst of the flying brutes, firing in all directions, and howling like devils incarnate.

We were saved. The herd was leaving us, losing now and then one from its

number, dead or wounded, in a cloud of dust reaching to the heavens, and so dense that nothing could be seen of the unfortunates until the column's trailing skirts were gathered after it in its retreat. Away they galloped, three different species of beasts in one herd, far over the hills to the north, and the moving column gave us their direction long after they were lost to sight by distance or geologic obstruction.

It was several hours after they passed before the first of the hunters returned. He was on foot and leading his horse, which, like himself, was exhausted beyond further exertion. In the meantime, the two men at camp, leaving Mrs. Baker and me to stand guard, had dressed the carcasses of two bison dropped near at hand. And we, without ceasing our watch, prepared a dinner such as we knew the famished hunters would appreciate.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we thought they were all in. As they were reciting their tales of hair-breadth escapes from this old bull, or that fall, etc., and we were preparing to sit down to dinner, some one asked about Charley Baldwin. He went out with the hunt, and was the best mounted man of the eight. Ida was sure she saw him riding one of the big bulls when the herd passed; and one of the hunters had seen him when they were ten miles out. In the midst of these conjectures Jim Field mounted a wagon-wheel, and searching the northern horizon through a field glass, cried out, "Here he comes!"

We all looked, but saw nothing, yet we were agitated. The expression on the discoverer's face told us there was something wrong, even before he added the intelligence that "a dozen devils were in his train."

The few loose animals were haltered, and in five minutes we were, stock and all hands, within the adobe walls of the deserted station. There we waited for Baldwin and the pursuing Indians. Our guns were quickly put in trim to receive the entire cavalcade. They were yet two miles away, and coming down a ridge which terminated in a point nearly a half mile away. The point ended abruptly on either side in a bank ten to twelve feet high. On the east side the distance was thirty feet to the opposite bank, and on the west, by actual measurement, it was sixteen.

Baldwin's black horse had been a winning racer in Denver, but now, after a hard day's work, he was evidently making his best time. The Indians, too, were well mounted. Five of them were only four hundred yards behind him. Baldwin had his Henry rifle, and he was making rapid fire to right and left. The Indians occasionally replied, but they depended seemingly on the leap their game was being crowded into.

It was with keen anxiety we witnessed the race for life, powerless to aid. The two field glasses were in demand, and changing from one to another every minute. When about two hundred yards from the point, the black horse stumbled and fell. This misfortune cast a spell of dread over us all. Swearing Sam began to pray.

"O, my God," he cried, "do save Charley from the scalping knife! Almighty, blessed Lord! Do, please, save him! Do, and —— if I ever forgit ye! Darn my cussed buttons if I do!"

I closed my eyes to shut out the picture, but in a moment the men whooped in chorus, and I knew by their tone that hope was not yet lost. I looked, and there was Baldwin on his horse again, and coming like the wind. Not a yell did we hear from the Indians. They were yet too sure of their game.

We could see that by his fall Baldwin had lost his rifle; and by his rapid looks from right to left, we knew that he understood the danger ahead. The test was at hand. Turning his horse to the west, and uttering a war whoop which would have done credit to a dying Co-

manche, Baldwin threw his arms high in the air, giving the rein to the racer, — and he cleared the chasm like a bird in the breeze.

He had now plain sailing, as the disappointed Indians dared not attempt the feat. From the brink they fired a few farewell shots, and then retired to the north, while Baldwin cantered in, the man and animal receiving the hearty congratulations of us all.

In all this excitement our dinner had not had time to get cold, and when our blood subsided into something near its normal flow, we sat down tailor-fashion to partake of the fried liver, broiled antelope ribs, bison stew, and accompanying viands. All ate ravenously, while Baldwin told how many bison he had slain, and how the Indians were all around him before he discovered that they were not his fellow hunters.

Baldwin was the hero of the evening; and we were not unwilling listeners, though we may have surmised secretly that at least a few of the Indians he said he had killed were imaginary. What if they were? — we had ample proof that he was not a coward. We had seen him display the courage needed in meeting with hostiles, and this fact covered a multitude of harmless falsehoods.

The herd of bison was gone, yet our third day at Cheyenne Wells was not without interest. Indeed at that time we could scarcely have found a day free from more or less exciting incidents on the plains or among the mountains west of the Missouri. While the men were employed in securing the spoils of the chase, and preparing it for transportation, Mrs. Baker and I sat on a high driving seat, scanning the horizon through a field glass. No, the bison were not gone; we could see them swarming over the distant hills.

Looking to the west over the old road we discovered a party of three horsemen. We first feared they were Indian scouts, but soon concluded they were whites. As they came down a hillside we could see that they were following a road, which Indians would scarcely do, and that one of them was mounted on a camel.

In the valley they disappeared from view, and for a half hour the glass made frequent vain exchanges in our anxiety to investigate the mysterious travelers. Then two horsemen appeared, and shortly after they galloped into our camp.

The strangers were from Denver. They were well mounted, and had come to engage in a wild horse chase. One of their party, they said, was then in a ravine to the south, trying to gain upon a band of mustangs feeding in the hazy distance, six miles away.

An hour after the arrival of the two horsemen, the camel was visible on a distant low plateau. He was striding along at a good pace, leaving but a thin puff of dust in his wake. For a while we could see only the camel and rider, then appeared the object of the chase. What before might have been taken for a mixture of bison and antelope, now began to assume the shape of what they were,— a band of wild horses going like the wind, in terror of the camel at their heels.

From ten A. M. to near sunset a cloud of dust marked the course of the pursuer and pursued. Our camp formed the heart of their race-track, to which they were coming spirally, as the camel, able to travel a little faster than the horses, kept enough on the outside to make the horses circle, each revolution being shorter than the last. The object was to wear out the band with fright, exertion, and thirst. Then the two idlers were to rush in, mounted on their fresh horses, and lasso such as they could get.

All day we watched the column of dust, and the camel in the rear going as if by steam. As the wind lifted the dust, we caught glimpses of the leaders or stragglers at the rear of the band, but they kept well huddled together, the

man on the camel not wishing to crowd enough to scatter them.

As they came nearer we could see the band of famished creatures, now tearing through a gulch, then skimming along over a ridge, setting in motion every living thing in their neighborhood. Wolves and coyotes ran to their holes in alarm, while the ravens, disturbed at their feasts on the remains of scattered carcases of bison, circled high in the heavens, crying for peace. Antelope scattered away to be seen no more, and the bison gathered into an ominous position.

The bison were preparing for war. The bulls formed a wide circle, while the cows and calves picked the grasses within the limits prescribed by the living palisade. This sight was grand! Brave hearts! There was displayed reason, bravery, and protecting gallantry, — three noble qualities I had scarcely believed the members of the black mass possessed. Humans, barehanded, could do no better in preparing for an expected attack; and, could I have held the power, I should there and then have exempted all their family from further persecution.

There on the line of Kansas and Colorado was the heart of that stretch of bisón country reaching from northern Montana to Texas, in which these poor brutes roved by thousands, and were constantly being hounded, wounded, maimed, tortured, and butchered.

Where the heart is now it would be hard to tell, but it is safe to say that in the near future the heart, body, and all will be missing.

Near sunset the trial of speed and endurance began to tell on the band of wild horses, and occasionally a mare and colt, or some old stager, would drop out and hustle away into a gulch, despite the efforts of the stallions to keep them all together.

The lasso men now began to seek a position in a ravine where the coming band would pass, and give them a close quarter for beginning their race. The chance came too soon and in a bad place. The bison were massed about three miles to the west of us, and when the horses were headed in that direction the lasso men galloped away, the man on the camel at once withdrawing to our camp, where Ida and I inspected his steed to our hearts' content.

He was tame enough, as he well might be, after all he had done since morning, and he did n't object to a little kindly familiarity. We patted and petted him, and scolded him for chasing the poor horses; and though he did n't lie down, we could see that he was tired. He took no unnecessary steps in grazing, but leaned himself this way and that, and swept his long neck to either side, so managing to stow away a ton or less of sage-brush, cactus, and such unpalatable stuff.

I did n't like it, and yet I suppose it was a glorious sight, seeing the vaqueros, with their long hair flying in the wind, their lassos whirling in perfect circles over their heads, as they sped over the space dividing them from their game. To the wild horses their coming was a new terror, and it quickened their speed noticeably. The man with the camel began to curse and stamp.

"If those fools don't turn that band in two minutes the game 's up," he exclaimed irately.

Sure enough, the men were riding right into the center of the band to select their choice, and the whole bundle of them were so near the now packed mass of bison, that they were liable the next minute to be charged upon by the bulls standing in rank ready for action. The men let go their lassos, and the next moment the band was scattered among the horned herd. One man missed his throw, but the other brought into camp a good solid looking horse, though old, and bearing Major and Russel's brand.

Among the bands of mustangs running between the Platte and the Concho rivers were many horses who had once been domesticated, but freedom, together with the association of wild horses, made them the wildest of the wild. They knew best the cruelties of man.

Our three days at the wells were but the usual sights and excitements to be experienced on the plains in the fall of the year. They were not quite new to us, yet they were thrilling. I don't think I altogether enjoyed them, however. I have a horror of slaughter that makes me dislike chasing a living thing with harmful intent.

Our expedition was not unmixed with profit. We returned to Sheridan with all the fresh meat our team could carry, which we sold for more than our loss in taking the team off the grade-scraper for the time we were gone.

Dagmar Mariager.

GOOD COURAGE.

When the sullen seas come shoaling
Up the beach with thunder and boom;
When the bleak gray mists are rolling
And the night begins to gloom;
I find the sorrowful sunset sweet
With a promise the morrow will make complete;
And which stirs the heart to a quicker beat.

I and fortune are sorry friends,
We are parted many a day;
Hair may frost ere he make amends,
But still I sing by the way.
For the crusts and the crosses alike are sweet
With a promise tomorrow will make complete;
And it stirs my heart to a quicker beat.

When love enters and sweeps his place,
I share in his laughter and tears.
When he departs for a little space,
I fret with no foolish fears.
For his empty house is still subtly sweet
With the promise some morrow will make complete—
And my heart is stirred to a quicker beat.

Francis E. Sheldon.

THE CABIN BY THE LIVE OAK.

I.

In journeying to and from the place where we were working, I had often noticed a small cabin built some way up the hill, under the sheltering branches of a magnificent live oak. There was nothing peculiar about it; it was like any other of the rude structures that then formed the homes of the great majority of miners. There was, however, one thing that had been made the subject of comment more than ever, and that was the fact that we had never at any time caught a glimpse of the cabin's inhabitants. We had even speculated as to whether it were occupied or not; but the sight of a faint smoke on two or three occasions set that question at rest, and we had come to the conclusion that the dwellers therein were men who worked at some distance from their home, leaving it at early morn, and returning only when the shades of night had fallen.

It was past midwinter; the season had been a very mild one, though rain was abundant, and already the surface of the earth began to put forth tokens of approaching spring. With that restlessness peculiar to the genus miner, some of my company were already preparing to emigrate in search of places that would yield more than the regular pittance (as we then deemed it) that by steady toil we had managed to extract from the place we worked.

To facilitate the breaking up of the company, we had been back along the line of ground worked, and cleaned up several spots that had been left, in the eager desire to get as far up the gulch as possible while no others were claiming ahead of us,—for your honest miner of the olden time was terribly inclined to be a little bit "hoggish," so far as the appropriation of mining ground was concerned, and we were neither better nor worse than our fellows.

It thus happened that we had worked later one day than usual, and on the return home I had lagged behind my partners. It was dim twilight when I reached the part of the trail that ran below the cabin under the live oak, and I was passing by with hurrying steps, when a voice from its direction, but near the trail, called me to stop.

I did so, and in a moment more the speaker joined me. So far as I could make out in the dim light, it was a California Indian who had called to me, and who now came up.

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"Dis man up here, nigger man, want to see you."

"Negro man wants to see me?" I repeated. "Then why don't he come where I am?"

"'Cause he sick."

"If he is sick, then of course I will go to where he is," said I, and following my guide I soon reached the cabin, the door of which stood ajar. It was opened by the Indian and we entered.

A feeble light rose from the embers in the fireplace, and on first entering the house I could see but little. The Indian threw some splintered pitch on the coals, and soon a cheerful blaze illumined the interior.

The cabin was furnished in the primitive style of the day, with a few rude seats, a home-made table and a bunk. But the bunk was unoccupied. Instead a bed had been made on the hard earthen floor, and on this bed lay the form of the presumable owner of the house.

He was, as I was prepared to find, a negro, one who, when in health, we

should have termed "coal black." But the ravages of sickness had given his complexion a sallow hue, and while his frame showed him to be in health a man of more than ordinary strength, he was now almost powerless. So far as I could judge, his age was between thirty-five and forty years. I noted these things before speaking to him.

"You sent for me?" I said.

His gaze, which had wandered after the first look, returned to me, and he feebly nodded.

"You need a doctor, my friend; do you not?"

Instead of answering my question he looked at me fixedly for a few moments. I was about to repeat it when he spoke.

"Yo' doan' know me, sah?"

"No, I do not."

"Doan' yo' 'member dat summer on de Consumnes Rio?"

"I was on the Macosme, or Consumnes, as it is called, one summer."

"An' doan' yo' 'member Cun'l Sawyah?"

"Sawyer? Yes; I remember him quite well. And now that you speak of the Colonel, I remember that he had a colored man with his company who was a slave. Are you the man?"

"I is, sah. I didn' talk to yo', sah, fo' de reason I heahd yo' an' de Cun'l argufyin' onct, but I knew yo' all de same when I use to see yo' go by. I 's had Jim heah watchin' for yo' two or free days, but dis is de fust time he could speak to yo' alone."

"That should have made no difference. If you needed help any of us would have come to your assistance."

"But I wanted *yo'*, sah. I 's been pow'ful bad, an' but for Jim heah would 'a' gone clar ober Jordan, I guess. You ax me if I wants a doctor. I tinks no, now, 'kase I feels pretty well, only pow'ful weak. P'raps you can tell Jim what to get dat 's good fo' me now."

I had had some experience in fevers among my comrades in crossing the plains, as well as during the first year after my arrival, and felt myself competent to give Jim the required directions. Some of the articles were in my own possession, and I proposed that Jim should first go to the store while I remained with the sick man, and that I should then go to my camp, leaving Jim in attendance. So Jim started on his errand, leaving us alone together.

"I let Jim go, sah, while yo' is heah, jes' 'kase I want to say a few wuds to yo'. I 's been pretty neah de jaws ob deaf, sah, an' I believe, ef I had died widout talkin' wid some man I could 'pend on, I should 'a' had to come back, shuah. Now, marse, dere 's no hurry. Go home an' get yo' suppah, so 's yo' folk won' be afeared about yo'. Come a while tomorrow 'f yo' kin."

"I don't like to leave you alone, my friend."

"Neb' min' me, marse. I 's all right now, sah, on'y *so* weak. Tomorrow I 'll send Jim to de claim and tell yo' what I wants to."

As he seemed to know his own condition well enough, I felt quite disposed to accede to his suggestions, the more especially as I did not feel disposed to make a supper of such materials as the sick man's cabin afforded. So giving him a strict injunction to send for me at the earliest moment if there should be a change for the worse in his symptoms, I took my departure.

II.

When my partners learned the reason for my delay in reaching home that night, and the promise I had made the sick man, they at once told me to go to him the first thing in the morning, and if I believed my presence necessary to stay with him altogether for a few days. So, when I did go back, I felt that matters would go on in the claim as well without my presence as with it, and had no scruples in preparing to remain at his place the whole of the day.

Evidently the thought that he had met with one disposed to ignore the distinctions of caste and color, had given the invalid a good night's rest. At least, so far as I was capable of judging, his appearance betokened a much improved condition, and I hastened to congratulate him. Much to my surprise, he seemed to take my views in a less hopeful spirit than I expected. It was not, however, until the Indian Jim had finished the little housework necessary and we were again alone, that I gained any clew to the reasons for his despondency.

Expecting that there would be times through the day when the patient would be asleep, or at least resting quietly, I had put in my pocket the last copy of the *Golden Era*, a literary paper of that date in high repute among the mining brotherhood. Seeing that he had turned on his side and was in communion with his own thoughts, I drew out the paper and was soon absorbed in its contents.

I had read for some time when, happening to look toward him, I saw that he was watching me intently.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, laying the paper down, and coming close to where he lay.

"Is dat a new papah, marse?"

"Yes," said I, looking at the date. "It's the last one brought up by the expressman.

"Is dar anytin' in it 'bout info'mation wanted of a nigga name' Abe, a native ob Kintuck?"

I looked over the long column of notices under the head of "Information Wanted," and answered, "No."

"Shuah?"

"Sure."

"Anyting 'bout a runaway nigga ob dat name, an' offerin' money to know wha' he is?"

"Nothing."

"Shuah?"

"Sure."

He raised himself painfully and slowly till, resting on one arm, he looked me square in the face and asked:

"Marse George, do you tink I's crazy?"

"Crazy? no; why should I? Just now you're weak in body and mind. That's all that ails you."

He settled down upon the couch and seemed to be studying what I had said. I was about to resume my reading when he motioned me to come nearer. I complied, and as I knelt on the floor by his side he clutched me by the lapel of my coat and said:

"Shet an' fasten de do', marse. I wants to tole you all about it."

Had it not been that his weakness was so apparent, I own I should have hesitated before complying with his request. But my curiosity was by this time a little stimulated, so I did as directed.

"I doan' tink I's crazy *now*, marse. But I *has* been, an' I know it now. I'll tole you how it come about."

But as his narrative to me was somewhat long, I shall not try to repeat it all in his own words.

He was born a slave, and still feared recapture. His owner till manhood, Mr. Sawyer, was a good man and a kind master. When he died he so arranged matters that there should be no disposition of the property until his wife, too, died. The children could all live with her if they chose.

When Abe was thirty years old he met Julia. She, too, was a slave, owned by Mr. Harcourt, and she lived ten miles from the Sawyer plantation. They soon became attached to each other, but for a long time said nothing about marriage. The reason for this was that they did not know how soon the Sawyer homestead would be sold or divided, or what would become of Abe when that time came.

After three or four years they had grown to care for each other so much, that they decided to do as others of their people were constantly doing and trust to the future. It was agreed that Abe should ask the consent of Mrs.

Sawyer, Julia of her mistress, and if they were willing the marriage should take place at once.

Abe lost no time in speaking to Mrs. Sawyer, and was made happy by her answer. She told him to go ahead and marry, with no fears of the future, for before she died she intended to make him a free man.

Overjoyed, he could not wait till the usual time for his next visit to Julia. That very night, soon as work was done, he took a horse from the pasture and galloped over to Mr. Harcourt's. Julia was not with her mother, and when told he had come, sent word that she did not wish to see him.

He rode back home as despondent as he had before been joyous.

Next Saturday he went there again. He soon saw Julia, and told her what Mrs. Sawyer had said.

"I 's glad, for yo' sake, Abe," she said, "but if yo' goin' to be a free nigga, yo' doan' want a slave wife."

"Julia," said he, "fo' de Lawd's sake, what yo' mean?"

"Dat we mus' give up de 'spectation we had when you 's here last. Yo' missis and mine is diff'unt people. When I tol' Mis' Harcourt what we wan', she say she hab urr views fo' me; dat 'f I wan' marry one ob de men on 'e place I can, but not yo'."

"Wha' den?"

"And den, when I baig wi' her she get angry, and say, 'f I marry yo', she sell me down de riber, and dat ef we have chillen she sell dem one at a time, too, fas' as dey grow big 'nough. Den I get sassy, and she forget dat she was a lady, and hit me. So you see, Abe, we got to gib it up fo' a time. I 's yo' own Jule, dough. I 'll neber marry any oder nigga, — dey may chop me into inch pieces fus'. An' maybe, when you git to be free mahn, you 'll mek money an' buy me."

They had more talk to the same purpose, and he had to acknowledge that she was right. Then they parted, and he had seen her but once since, and that was just before starting for California.

"But I 's tired now, sah, an' I ain' tell yo' all. Lemme rest a little, an' yo' will see why I knows I 's crazy sometimes."

III.

I HAD listened to Abe's narrative so far with a mingled feeling of interest and disappointment, as showing some features of the inner life of a system prevailing in half of the States of the Union at that time, of which I knew nothing except from the colored accounts set forth by its champions or opponents. I was young then, had cast only my first vote, but that vote had been, to some extent at least, influenced by what I had read. I had been interested to hear of the subject from the lips of one who professed to tell an experience wholly his own; but I had been disappointed that the narrative so far threw no light on the motives of the narrator in making me his confidant. His concluding words, therefore, stimulated my curiosity greatly. But as he said them, he had turned from the light and dropped at once into a deep, refreshing sleep. There was nothing for me to do but to wait patiently for the sequel.

I was a rapid reader, the contents of the *Golden Era* were soon mastered; and as there was not a sign of printing in the cabin, I had nothing to do but think, and thus the hours passed on. The Indian Jim had brought up from the store a variety of food preparations, so that getting a meal for myself and the sick man was an easy matter to one who had been taking his turn at "cook week," and like the majority of his kind felt himself as competent to get up a square meal as any woman living, — mother, of course, always excepted.

The air was soft and balmy as in spring

time, and I had thrown open the door and taken a seat upon the log threshold to enjoy the beauties of the day. The occupant of the couch yet slumbered. But one gets tired of doing anything and of doing nothing, and so after a while I rose and walked to the brow of the hill, which commanded a better view of the trail below.

The part of the creek valley that I here overlooked was not being mined at the time, though in later years, when the riches deposited at its head were exhausted, it was torn to pieces; and I saw no signs of life, except where a few burros were placidly munching the bunch grass, which was already sending up tender shoots from the earth.

Turning in a few moments I happened to glance at the cabin, and saw the negro at its door, which he was trying to close. I ran hurriedly back.

"What ails you, man?" I cried. Don't you know that you must keep quiet until you get more strength?"

He had fallen to the bed exhausted. Looking up, he asked in a trembling voice, "Wha' dose oder men?"

"I have seen no other men. There 's been no one here today but myself and your Indian friend."

He passed his hand over his brow.

"But I done see 'em, — no, I done heah 'em, an' see one."

"Where did you see any one?"

"Right dar by de chaparral. He was stan'in' dar, lookin' dis way."

I went to the point he indicated, which was only a few rods distant. There was no person hidden in the chaparral, nor did the softened earth of the hillside give sign that any one had been there.

"You are mistaken, Abe," said I. "You are weak yet, and imagine things. Now try and compose yourself for another nap, and get over your foolish scare."

He tried to do as I advised, but in vain. "Dar 's no use, Marse," he said after a little. "I 's got one o' dem fits on, and dar 's no tellin' when I 'll sleep agin. I kain't help it, an' I mout 's well talk."

He went on to tell me his story. When he told his mistress what Julia said, she was much disturbed, but would only advise him to wait in patienee, and it might be that Mrs. Harcourt would think better of it after a while.

Soon after this the news of gold discoveries in California came, and everybody wanted to go. Then it turned out that old Mr. Sawyer had left a big mortgage on the plantation, which would be sold unless the mortgage was paid. There were three sons, the Colonel, Robert, and Joe. They all talked about the mortgage, and Robert wanted to sell off all the horses, and cattle, and slaves, and pay it that way. Colonel wanted to go to California, and let the other boys manage the farm. Abe had grown interested when he heard that, and had thought that if he could come to California too, perhaps he could find a big lump of gold and buy Julia.

To be brief, it turned out that Colonel and Robert came, leaving Joe at home; and Abe was allowed to come too, on the promise to stay with the young men, and work for them just the same as at home.

They were not very successful, and one day the Colonel had told Abe that he might go to work for himself, promising him his freedom when he had paid a thousand dollars to be sent back to the old home.

Glad of this chance he went to work at once. The boys left the camp and took up a ranch in the valley. Abe sent them money two or three times, but he was n't very lucky, and though he saw men make his price in a week, at the end of a year he was not half paid for.

One day he heard that the Colonel had given up all idea of going back and had sent for his family. He went down to the valley to see them when they

came, in great delight; for with the Colonel's wife was little Ethel, whom he tenderly loved.

She was ten years old, and many a time had he carried her in his arms when she was a baby. She was as glad to see him as if he had been of her own blood, and he had saved up for her the best specimens he found.

Robert and the Colonel did not agree about the management of the ranch. Robert, when the Colonel's family came, sulked for a while, and then said he would go back to Kentucky, the Colonel could have the ranch, and he wanted all that he could claim back there. They finally agreed upon these terms, and then Robert said Abe must go back with him. Then the brothers quarreled. The Colonel said no; their mother had promised Abe his freedom, that was why he had been allowed to work for himself. Robert did n't say much, but it was evident he did n't like it.

All this little Ethel told Abe; and that her papa would keep the bargain with him; but the negro was much alarmed, for he knew that going back to Kentucky meant to lose Julia.

Robert went away and it was thought he would soon go home. But he only went to the city and stopped. Abe went on working for Moses (the Colonel), who soon went away to Los Angeles to get more fruit trees for the ranch.

He had not been gone many days, when Robert came back and brought a strange man with him. They supposed he had come to say goodby before he went away for good. But that night, after all had grown quiet and every one was asleep, Abe heard a tap on his window. He went to it and found little Ethel.

"Lawd bless yo', chile," he said, "fo' de Lawd's sake what 's de matter? Yo' moder sick?"

"No, Uncle Abe," she replied, "but I came to tell you something you ought to know."

Wha' 's it, chile?

"Grandma is dead, back in Kentucky. And Uncle Robert and the strange man have come to take you back there."

The negro nearly fainted with fright. "Who tole yo' dat, Missy?" asked he.

"Uncle told mamma at supper of grandma's death, and asked her if papa knew of it. And afterwards I heard the man ask uncle if that was the boy that took the horses away. And when uncle said it was, he said 'All right, we 'll have him off in the morning before the old woman gets up, and he 'll be on the steamer before the Colonel knows anything about it.'"

"O good Lawd," said Abe, "wha' 'll I do?"

"Go hide somewhere till papa comes, and he won't let them take you."

"Missy Ethel, I 'll do it. Kin yo' git me a little grub?"

She went away and pretty soon came back with a loaf of bread and some raw ham in a flour sack. Abe was dressed by this time, and taking the sack over his shoulder, shook her little hand and was off. He had heard the people say it was fourteen miles to the Sacramento River, and started in that direction. Soon the moon came up and gave light enough for him to make his way through the tules. Before daylight he got to the woods and was not longer afraid of being seen.

All day he lay in the woods, thinking what to do. Being away he determined not to go back again, as it might only make trouble for the Colonel, who perhaps would not be able to keep him from being carried off. He saw the steamboats pass up and down the river, and once some men rowed close to him in a boat. Just at dark, when everything was quiet, he undressed and putting his clothes and what food he had left in a bundle on his head, started to swim across the river. He had looked out for a place to cross before it was dark. He was a good swimmer, but was nearly spent before that broad river was crossed, but at last he found bottom.

Next day he went to the edge of the woods, and could see the snow-caps to the east, but they seemed a long way off. Once there, he knew he would be safe.

"It took me on'y a couple days, Marse George, to reach 'e mountins, and I had de luck to come heah befo' dey was any miners on dis yer creek to speak of. I git Indian Jim to buy me rocker and bring it ober, and de urr tools and all de tings I buy, so nobody knows I 's here."

"And did the bad luck you had while with the Sawyers stick to you?" I asked.

"No, sah; it died out. Marse, I 'se got lots an' slathers o' gol'. I worked by myse'f an' foun' it mighty rich. Sometimes I get a great han'ful o' gol' in a day. Now, I wants a frien', one who will buy my free papers an' buy Jule for me. O, Marse George, will *you* do it?"

IV.

I was not so absorbed in the eager pursuit of wealth that I had remained oblivious to the political condition and history of the State of which I was a citizen. The younger generation of Californians know nothing of the stirring scenes enacted in Congress in those days, save what has come down to them in the pages of history, but the pioneers, the men who made the State, were the living, interested witnesses of the struggle which shook the country from center to circumference, as the friends of California battled for her admission to the Union, which was violently opposed by the slaveholding States, as a violation of the custom prevailing ever since the Missouri compromise of admitting a slave and a free State at the same time. California by its size, its growth to State population in a night, its wealth, and above all by the aggressive and intelligent character of its people, could not be kept out; and yet there was no slave Territory that could be admitted with it to keep the equilibrium of the Senate.

I had listened to the negro's rude narrative intently, with the full knowledge that while there was much to doubt, there was nothing impossible in what he said, and I may go further and say there was nothing improbable.

Believing they had a right to take their "property" into any part of the territory of the United States, many, especially from the border States, had brought negro servants with them on coming to California, and these people found themselves in the anomalous condition of having voluntarily brought slave property into a State which, by its organic law, prohibited slavery or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime. In most cases, the owners made a contract with their former slaves to work faithfully for them for an agreed time, or pay a stipulated sum for their freedom, as Abe's masters had done. The California legislatures came to the relief of the owners, by the passage of laws granting them the power of its courts to enforce the return of unwilling slaves, or "fugitives from labor," as they were styled in the statutes, to the State or Territory from which they had been brought.

The penalties inflicted upon those who from humanitarian motives, or otherwise, interfered with the process of this court, were quite severe, yet I do not recollect of any instance now where a slave was taken back against his will. Generally, those brought here had been favorites at home, and if they did not choose to return, their masters gave them a comparatively liberal chance. In many instances, the mere expression of a desire to be free was sufficient to obtain the boon; in other instances still the slave had family ties at home which attracted him back as strongly as his owner was attracted. Sometimes, but not often, there was trouble

between the two, but these were individual cases, and public sentiment was always found upon the side of the slave.

While placing a good deal of faith in Abe's narrative, I could not help feeling a little doubtful as to the extent of the resources he claimed to have. I knew that to those who, like him, have toiled a lifetime in the sun that others may rest in the shade, a little sum of money oft-times looks like fabulous wealth. So his description of his "slathers of gold" was rather an apocryphal declaration to me. But I thought I would humor the poor fellow, so I asked him :

"Why are you willing to trust me with so much, Abe? You don't know that I won't take what you have, and leave you to yourself again."

"Fo' de Lawd, Marse; but I hain't a bit afeahd o' dat. I wan' a frien'; I mus' git out o' dis trouble or I 'll go plumb crazy, shuah. Maybe yo' is a bad man, sah, but I doan' tink it. I kain't lib dis way, fearin' all de time dey 'll come an' drag me off. I 's seed yo' lots ob times dis winter, an' 'membered yo' from de Consumnes Rio dat summer."

"Well, where is your gold dust, Abe?"

"Step to 'e do', Marse. Doan' yo' see a big libe oak, an' a little libe oak, an' a bush atween 'em wid ashes round it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Four foot souf o' dat bush it's buried. Now, Marse, yo' write back to Kintuck, to Majah Sibley, de lawyah man. Tell him what yo' wants, an' he 'll ten' to it. An' Marse, if dey do cotch me afo' it 's done, promise me dat yo' will hunt me up afo' yo' do anythin' else."

"Don't talk in that discouraging strain, Abe; I 'll promise to do my best, and that 's all any one can do."

"Dat 's 'nough, sah. Now, s'posen' I neber get well, Marse, yo' take dat dust, divide it in free parts; one is to buy Jule, an' gib her a little sumfin'; one part is fo' little Missy Ethel when she gits to be a lady; an' one part yo' keep for yo'self."

While I pitied the poor devil, I could hardly keep from smiling, nay, laughing right out, as he gravely said this. For I, too, now began to think him crazy as a loon. The surroundings of the place were not at all favorable for any contrary expectation to be entertained. But I thought I would humor him in his fancies.

"All right, Abe, my boy. We 'll do just as you want to have us. I don't suppose you have such a thing about the house as a bit of paper and pencil, have you?"

No, he had not.

"Then I 'll bring up one the next time I come, and you shall tell me where to write to that Kentucky lawyer, and find out what is to be done."

"Bress you, Marse, I feels glad now. If Marse Robert doan' catch me pretty soon, he woan' get me 't all. But I tinks ebery little while I hears 'em comin', an' ef dey should, de Lawd hab mercy on me."

The return of Indian Jim stopped any further confidences, and I began to think of returning home. Jim had evidently been mining, for there was a little dust in the gold pan he had brought home with him. Talking with Jim, I learned that he had been with Abe nearly all the time that *hombre* had lived there, and that they had worked together. It appeared from Jim's story that he was not one of the Indians native to that place, which accounted to me for the fact that he did not live in the rancheria. In the mining craze of early years, the partly civilized Indians of the now mining counties shared. Sometimes they would leave their valley homes for months at a time, and by working in the shallow, easily worked creeks and gulches, with bar and wooden bowl make money enough to have a good (Indian) time. Jim understood our language well, and appeared to be steadier and more industrious than the majority of his class.

His information to me confirmed me

in the belief that Abe's boasted wealth was chimerical. According to Jim's account they were not making wages even at the best. I mentioned to the Indian Abe's fear of something without telling him what, and found that Jim had noticed this trait; in fact, Abe's present illness was the result of exposure during a bitter storm when he was hiding from imaginary pursuers.

T. E. Jones.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

RECENT FICTION.—II.

FEWER books are at hand for review this month than last, but of a much higher average of merit. The shoals of summer novels of former years have this year largely passed the OVERLAND by, possibly not encouraged by the treatment they have received. This inures to the benefit of our readers; for it is not very edifying to see petty offenders put into the stocks, and the readers of literary reviews are not of the class that enjoy such spectacles. Far more congenial is it to write and read of books where the word of praise may be spoken heartily, and where the expectation raised of good things will be answered on turning from the review to the books themselves.

Since all the books to be reviewed are good books, the thread of presentation chosen is the chronological one of the time of the story, beginning at the present and going backwards. The thread is a long one, for it reaches back to the time of Charlemagne.

First in this arrangement, if drama should be included at all, comes Mr. Howells's farces,[1] as being essentially of the present in setting and in their spirit. Mrs. Roberts and Willis Campbell cannot be imagined, save with the adjuncts of elevators, Pullman cars, and the current modes.

[1] The Sleeping Car, and Other Farces. By William D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

The volume at hand contains four plays: The Parlor Car, The Sleeping Car, The Register, and The Elevator. All of them have been printed before, and have been found so available for amateur presentation that few of our readers can have failed to see one or more of them, or at least to read them. They require some ingenuity, it is true, to set them with good effect on the amateur stage, but it is not beyond the compass of unprofessional skill to represent the scenes sufficiently well to satisfy the unexacting public for which the amateur caters. The acting calls for more care and intelligence than in most private theatrical plays, but here again the amateurs have not been found wanting, and these plays have been produced in San Francisco, as in the Eastern cities, with the points well made, and the introduction of much clever "business." The reason for this lies in the fact that they are so modern, and the characters and scenes to be represented are so true to Mr. Howells's realistic school, that the society man or woman can be at home in these parts. The amateur fails in heroics and trips over his sword, but he is not awkward in these farces, because he has but to behave as he always does.

Much has been said about Mr. Howells's lack of gallantry, as shown in these farces. One critic has been so carping as to say that Howells's women "make

seven different kinds of fool of themselves." It is true that much of the fun lies in the setting forth of the illogicalities and irrelevances of the woman mind, but if one stops to go over the plays, he will see that the men fare not so much better. In the Parlor Car, if Miss Galbraith catches her dress in the window purposely, Mr. Richards is not a whit more ingenuous in the matter of his nap; in the Sleeping Car, Mr. Roberts shines not at all in comparison with his wife, in spite of her rattle-patedness; in the Register, Grinnidge and Ransome are as ready to eavesdrop as their sister woman; and in the Elevator there is nothing to choose in the matter of absurdity between the men and women till Willis Campbell arrives with his grain of common sense, like the lady from Philadelphia.

But none of Howells's flings are ill natured, and the farces — as farces should — amuse from beginning to end by their lightness and sparkle, their clean fun and clever hits. The mirror he holds up to human nature is true in the main, with just enough of a freakish twist to it to bring a smile at the likeness and yet unlikeness of the grotesque result.

Leaving farce and drollery we turn to more serious matter in Blanche Willis Howard's *The Open Door*.[1] It is the story of a young German officer made a hopeless cripple by an accident,— suddenly changed from the most vigorous activity to lifelong pain and helplessness. The "open door" is the one that stands before every man as the last bitter resource when life presses too heavily,— suicide. The young man gathers in a little black book, as food for his melancholy musings, all the literature he can find on self-destruction, from the words of the ancient philosophers down to clippings of current newspaper accounts of the rash acts of hapless lovers. His mother, who with her pet dog "does" the comedy of the story, is of the suspicious, selfish, "misunderstood" type, and has a regular succession of companions, who arrive with applause and depart in a few weeks or months amid a shower of metaphorical brickbats. The heroine of the story is a young baroness, a distant relative, who comes to take her turn in this insecure position. Of course she and the crippled son soon love each other, though the lady has to do the love-making to overcome his honorable reluctance to link her life with his wrecked one. The time of the story is the present, the scene rural Germany.

So much for the barest outline of the framework of the story, which is managed with great skill. The hero and heroine are kept apart so far by his gloomy humors that it is half through the book before they exchange six words, and another quarter before before they arrive at a conversation in any degree confidential, but of course when the ice is broken events move rapidly. The study of these two main characters is very careful, — his bitter but manly thoughts, and gradual yielding to the softening influence of time, the great healer, — her firmness and pride under the insults heaped upon her by the old Countess, her sturdy resistance to the narrowing dictates of society as represented by the Countess and the parasitic Frau Major, her tenderness for the crippled Count always growing stronger because unexpressed, and her earnest efforts to do the good she finds to do, — all these are drawn with sympathetic and loving touch till the result is a real creation, and Hugo and Gabrielle take their welcome places in that literary world which seems little less real than the living.

The lesser characters are as strong in their way. There is Lipps, the faithful serving man, who turns his master four times a night in the early stages of perfect helplessness, and hides the pistols

[1] The Open Door. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

when the Count's eyes turn to them too frequently, whose devotion finds its fitting expression only when he says, "If being chopped in pieces would do any good, all I'd have to say is, 'Chop'!" There is Bernhard Dietz, the musical stone-cutter, with his philosophical "Why not?" his manly love for Röschen, the pretty serving maid, and the gentle strength that Count Hugo learns to lean on. There is Mousey, the dog, of whom we are hardly justified in speaking as a minor character, so important and imperious is he in the Krönfels household, with his wicked intelligence and fiendish ingenuity in making people uncomfortable. And beside these are many more, all as carefully studied. These characters make up altogether a picture of life and manners that will live and deserves to live.

Miss Howard has chosen a theme not easy to handle, one that goes deep into the human heart, and she has treated it worthily. We praise her for the honesty of her work, for preferring to write few books and good ones. "One Summer" was successful enough to have led many writers into the fatal novel-a-year habit. "Guenn," "Aulnay Tower," "Aunt Serena," all in turn achieved success, and now it may be confidently predicted that *The Open Door* will win equal favor. Five novels in thrice as many years, each of them important, is a good record.

Four novels by Balzac are next to be treated, covering in time the first thirty years of the nineteenth century, but as has been often noted, strangely of today in their tone, the Paris of Balzac's day having many points in common with the present civilization of America. This is most strongly shown in *Bureaucracy*,[1] a novel of civil service reform. Monsieur Rabourdin, head of a bureau in the civil service, and next in succession by reason of present rank and personal talent to the position of chief of division, is a statesman rather than a politician, and conceives a comprehensive scheme for reform. In this scheme, the questions now uppermost in American politics, reform of the civil service, taxation direct and indirect, customs, surplus, pensions, are all given due consideration. Balzac touches no subject that his genius does not illuminate. Hear him on the civil service:

> Certainly a nation does not seem threatened with immediate dissolution because an able clerk is sent away and a middling sort of man replaces him. Unfortunately for the welfare of nations, individual men never seem necessary to their existence. But in the long run, when the belittling process is fully carried out, nations will disappear. Every one who seeks instruction on this point can look at Venice, Madrid, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Rome, all places which were formerly resplendent with mighty powers, and are now destroyed by the infiltrating littleness which gradually attained the highest eminence. When the day of struggle came, all was found rotten, the State succumbed to a weak attack. To worship the fool who succeeds, and not to grieve over the fall of an able man, is the result of our melancholy education, of our manners and customs, which drive men of intellect into disgust, and genius to despair.

Rabourdin's scheme called for a large reduction in the number of officials, with a corresponding doubling and trebling of salaries. To commend this to his minister he makes a list of all the clerks in his division, and annotates it as a guide when the time for dismissals comes. This list is seen, and a stolen copy made by an underling, a cause of disaster to Rabourdin. The chief of division is ill with a mortal illness, and the story of the book is made up of the successful efforts of the *teredos navalis*, boring mollusk, class of incapables to get one of their own number appointed over Rabourdin's head. In this they are almost foiled by the counter strate-

[1] Bureaucracy. By Honoré de Balzac. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Roberts Bros.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

The Magic Skin. 1888. *Ibid.*

Louis Lambert, with Facino Cane, and Gambara. 1889. *Ibid.*

Seraphita, with Jesus Christ in Flanders, and The Exiles. *Ibid.*

gies of Rabourdin's wife, who, faithful to him and his interests, and a noble character, is yet enough of a Parisienne to make the most of her personal attractions to aid his cause.

The scene being Paris, and the story a tale of intrigue, all readers of Balzac will expect to find a disheartening picture of life, and a gloomy ending. Balzac was certainly a pessimist as far as Paris was concerned; of the provinces he took a more hopeful view, and the farther away from Paris, as will further appear when *Seraphita* is considered, the clearer the sky.

Le Peau de Chagrin (not happily translated *The Magic Skin*), with *Louis Lambert* and *Seraphita*, forms what has been called the philosophical trilogy, with which the *Comédie Humaine* ends, and to which all the previous books in that wonderful series lead. They in turn, it is said, were to pave the way for a series of works of pure philosophy, which Balzac did not live to write. Each of these three books is preceded in Katharine Prescott Wormeley's English translation by an introduction by George Frederic Parsons, in order that the reader unversed in the thought and terminology of the occult philosophy may not flounder too hopelessly when he comes to it in the novels. Mr. Parsons does not hope to explain the mysteries of occultism so that such a reader can understand them, — that would require a library of books and years of study, coupled with something of the inward vision of the seer on the part of the neophyte, — the effort is mainly directed to showing that there is something to be understood, and that the world was wrong, and Lambert's wife right, when they differed as to his sanity, when he uttered such words as: "The angels are white," (this without a particle of context,) or again when he says:

> When SUBSTANCE is absorbed in a sufficing number, it converts man into an apparatus of enormous power, which communicates with the essence itself of Substance, and acts upon organized nature, after the manner of great currents which absorb little ones. Volition sets to work this force, which is independent of thought, and, by its concentration, acquires some of the properties of SUBSTANCE, such as the rapidity of light, the interpenetrating quality of electricity, the faculty of saturating bodies; to which must be added intelligent knowledge of what it does. But there is in man a primal and controlling phenomenon which admits of no analysis. Decompose man to the utmost, and we may perhaps discover the elements of Thought and of Will, but we shall also find, without being able to solve it, the unknown quantity, that X against which I vainly flung myself in earlier days. This X is the LOGOS, whose touch burns and destroys all such as are not prepared to receive it. It ceaselessly engenders SUBSTANCE.

It will hardly be wondered after reading this sample that there are 153 pages of introduction to 150 pages of *Louis Lambert*. Some critics have objected to Mr. Parsons's work as words that darken knowledge, but that is hardly fair. Nobody but an "adept" can possibly hear these hard sayings of Balzac's, Parsons or no Parsons, and with Parsons the unilluminated mind may catch such glimmerings as may lead it to suspect that there is a light somewhere that Mr. Parsons perceives that Balzac thinks he sees.

The Magic Skin is one of the most powerful allegories ever written. Raphael, a young student at the point of drowning himself over the disastrous end of a love affair, is given the Skin. It is an ordinary looking bit of shagreen, with an Arabic inscription on it, but it possesses the magic power of granting every wish of its holder, at the terrible expense, however, of a shrinking of its own substance, and when it is all used up its owner must die. In his desperation, Raphael seizes eagerly on the gift, and proceeds forthwith to put it to the test. Then follows a wonderful description of an orgy where the reckless fellow plunges into boundless dissipation. The waking scene in the banquet hall on the following morning, when satiety and disgust are un-

bidden guests, is terribly strong. Let nobody accuse Balzac of being friendly to vice. He draws it freely enough, it is true: he often represents it as triumphing over virtue. This he does from no fondness for it, but because he must as a scientific investigator into the habits of mankind; he calls himself the "secretary of society." In a very strong sense Balzac is no writer of fiction.

But to return to Raphael: during the orgy he tells his friend the story of his life and of his unfortunate love for Fedora (Society), a cold beauty for whom he has often spent his last sou. The early part of this narrative, the life of the young student happy in his garret on a franc a day, unwittingly loved by little Pauline, who mends his linen and gives him more milk than his two sous will pay for, is said to be autobiographical. The lovers of Balzac will certainly hope so. Listen:

"I lived three years in that way," replied Raphael, with a sort of pride. "Count it up. Three sous for bread, two sous for milk, three sous for pork, kept me from dying of hunger, and brought my mind to a condition of singular lucidity. . . My lodging cost me three sous a day, I burned three sous' worth of oil a night, I took care of my own room, I wore flannel shirts to save two sous a day in washing. I kept myself warm with coal, whose cost, divided among the days of the year, was only two sous for each day. I had clothes and linen and footgear enough for three years, but I dressed only when I went to certain public lectures, and to the libraries. These expenses amounted to eighteen sous a day, and I still had two sous daily for unexpected wants. . . . Oh! I bore my poverty proudly. A man who foresees a splendid future goes through a period of penury like an innocent man on his way to the scaffold; he feels no shame."

But the skin has shrunk so rapidly in these reckless days of banqueting that Raphael is terrified. The remainder of the book is the story of his attempts to live without wishing, a morbid living death, inexpressibly painful. A small relief from this painfulness is found in Raphael's visits to the learned men, and their attempts to stretch or destroy the skin. Here Balzac allows himself to make a little fun of the wiseacres.

In *Louis Lambert* the mystical philosophy which runs as an undercurrent in *The Magic Skin* is brought boldly into prominence, and yet here too is character painting and descriptive work worthy of Balzac's genius, the life of the College Vendôme, a school kept by Oratorian brothers, the friendship between the two school chums, so strong that their names became inseparable, and "Poet-and-Pythagoras" are spoken of as if one person, and the beautiful series of love letters wherein Lambert declares his passion for Mademoiselle de Villenoix. At the end, Louis Lambert is in a state resembling cataleptic trance, his wife alone maintaining his sanity. He stands with his back to a shelf on which his elbows lean, rubbing one leg against the other, so that the bones, almost bare of flesh, make a rattling sound. He hears nothing, sees nothing, and gives no sign of life except when once in several hours he puts his foot down suddenly, and with a flash of marvelous intelligence in his eyes, enunciates in a wondrously sweet voice one of his occult sayings, specimens of which have been quoted.

Two categories, thirty-seven propositions in all, are given in the book, and wise must he be that understands them. Mr. Parsons quotes from a letter of Balzac's: "*Louis Lambert* has cost me such labors. I have been obliged to read so many books to write this one. Some day, perhaps, it will direct science into new channels."

But of *Seraphita* he writes as "a work as much beyond *Louis Lambert* as *Louis Lambert* is beyond "Gaudissart." "The toil upon this work has been crushing and terrible. I have passed, and must still pass, days and nights upon it. I compose, decompose, and recompose it." And surely, unintelligible, transcendental, and mystical as it is, — to be comprehended only by one many years' journey

along on the misty path that leads to Nirvana, heaven, insanity, what you will, — it appeals even to an earthly mind as something worth all this labor of so great an intellect.

The setting is surpassingly beautiful, far from the murk and reek of Paris in an ice-bound fiord of Norway. Seraphita, or Seraphitus — for the sex of this creature of almost pure spirit is never determined — is the child of Baron Seraphitz, beloved cousin of Swedenborg. Minna sees the masculine side of this character, and loves Seraphitus, while Wilfrid loves Seraphita. But neither can win a mortal response from a being whose affections are fixed on the heavenly. The old Pastor Becker, type of the material and logical mind, goes to reason with this strange being, and is confounded when she lays bare before him the whole state of his own mind, and the baffling dilemmas that finite reason meets in the attempt to comprehend the Infinite. Swedenborg and his doctrines are made very prominent, but much is drawn from the Orient. It is said that Balzac spent three whole years in esoteric studies before beginning this trilogy.

In the final scene Minna and Wilfrid witness the translation of Seraphita, and their love for her enables them to follow her so far up through the heavenly circles that when at last they return to earth they find themselves drawn to each other by the strong tie of knowledge that they alone possess, and Seraphita's wish that they shall love each other is fulfilled.

As philosophy, Balzac has to rest, as all the intuitionalists do, on unsupported statement. He says he sees these things. Mr. Parsons and others claim to understand what Balzac affirms that he sees. To most minds, they must seem the touch of insanity that often accompanies genius. But however that may be, nobody can fail to admire these books as literature, and few to find in them real stimulus to the moral and spiritual nature.

An historical romance by George Ebers is sure to be a valuable contribution to knowledge of antiquity, as well as to literature: all that he does is thoroughly studied and carefully wrought. And in *Margery*[1] he is working in a congenial field, his own fatherland, and yet at a time sufficiently remote to exercise his great antiquarian talent. If his Egyptians seemed a little Teutonic in their characteristics, his ancient Nuremburgers are all the truer to life, and the reader feels that the Nuremburg of the beginning of the fifteenth century is fairly set before him. Margery Schopper writes the narrative, — Margery, a high-born maiden of one of the most powerful feudal cities that formed part of the Emperor Sigismund's turbulent realm. She writes of tourneys and royal progresses, of state treaties and the operations of the Venetians against the infidel; but the staple of her story is the domestic life of the Schopper House, the visits to her uncle Waldstromer in the Lorenzerwald, and above all of the troubled course of the love of her brother Herdegen for Ann, the scrivener's daughter. Of course there is much sentiment, but that is truly German, and not amiss in a beautiful woman's diary.

To reach Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's *Passe Rose*[2] requires such a long look backward that it takes us into the region of pure romance, for though the scene is the France of Charlemagne, and that monarch himself figures in the final act, the book cannot be considered a historical study in any such sense as Ebers's stories are. The design seems to have been rather to take a time remote enough to allow free play to the fancy, and a picture of people swayed by the

1 Margery. By George Ebers. Translated by Clara Bell. Vols. II. New York: W. S. Gottsberger & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

2 Passe Rose. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

simple passions and impulses of humanity, undisguised by modern conventions. These Franks and Saxons are barbarians, not because of the rudeness of their manners and style of living, for these are not made prominent in the narrative, being softened to an extent that will make the judicious antiquarian grieve, but because they act through fear, or love, or hate, unmixed with policy, and unrestrained by inherited self-control. For this reason the bad are very bad, and the noble are as boundless, in their generosity and self-sacrifice, — the same person may indeed be either bad or good as the one side or the other of his nature is appealed to, but at the moment the ruling motive has free course. The king, for instance, has no curb for his passions, his cruelty roused by opposition is terrible, and yet appealed to by Passe Rose's artless tale, his magnanimity is equally boundless. Rothilde, gentle maiden though she is, marks her victim for death without a tremor, and even Passe Rose pauses not for an instant to learn the fate of her rival, whom she has thrown over the battlement. Brother Dominic, under the influence of superstitious fear, is no more of a reasoning being than his ass ; and lured by the voice of the temptress, his yielding is sudden and complete in spite of his monkish frock. In short, these people are children. Their brains can hold but one idea, and that idea is followed with absolute abandon.

Now, whether or not this be true to the life of the time of Charlemagne, or indeed of any time, it is good soil for romance, and in proof of this statement *Passe Rose* is convincing evidence.

Dealing with his unmixed colors, Mr. Hardy has wrought a fiction that is like a stained glass window, beside which some of the modern realistic work looks like a photograph. Which of the two requires the greater art is not so simple a question as some critics would have us believe. Though the ancients could not make the photograph, the modern glassmakers, with all the fine examples of Gothic windows before them, confess themselves unable to handle the pure prismatic colors in the old, harmonious fashion.

If we leave the question of the difficulty of making, and take for our test the value of the product, we are forced to admit that more of instruction, because more truth of detail, is generally to be gained from the photograph ; and yet the one idea of the window is graven deeper on the mind by its bright tints than is possible in neutrals. The blue St. George cleaving the green dragon with red flames issuing from its mouth, against a yellow background, may, if done as it is done by the old masters in glass, make a more vivid impression on the mind than a Muybridge photograph of the combat.

Having allowed Mr. Hardy's method of handling, we must yet speak of one defect of execution, — that the climax of the book comes before its end. It is easy to see that Mr. Hardy thought it necessary to show that no amount of success could spoil Passe Rose, and that she was as much concerned with the welfare of the quiet jeweler's household and the recovery of her foster mother after her elevation as before. And yet he needed not to be so distrustful of his portraiture ; Passe Rose would not have been Passe Rose if she could have been otherwise. The scene with the king, led up to by all that had gone before, must by all rightfulness be counted the end of the book. What follows is as little relevant as the ending of the children's stories, "And they lived in peace, and died in grease, and were buried in a pot of ashes."

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.—II.

It is yet too soon to criticise freely the influences that the sternness of Puritan dogmas had in moulding youthful character. It will be a long time before the breaking away from the Latin creeds will be sufficiently widespread to make a condemnation of their harshness seem otherwise than sacrilegious. The absolute and unreasoning terrors which the Puritans of New England set down as the basis for right living and high thinking are unfortunately still to be found in modified form in many modern creeds. But the harshest terrorist of today would scarcely justify the morbid introspection, the unhealthy self-canvassing of every thought and act for its religious bearing that characterized the discipline of the childish mind in many New England families as late as the opening years of the present century. It embittered the life and warped the character of more than one of our fathers, and to it in large extent may be ascribed the peculiar bias, the absorbing infatuation, that overthrew the intellect of one of the most remarkable women that New England has ever produced.

Perhaps if Delia Bacon[1] had been of less fairly balanced temperament the outcome would have been different. Perhaps if she had had in childhood the tender care of her own home, she would have been more pliable in character, and less prone to rely stubbornly upon herself. But her disposition was too closely allied to genius to bend itself tamely to the discipline of New England life. She was but six years of age when financial family straits made it necessary for her to be put into the family of the friend where she remained during the years of girlhood. The influences of this home were thoroughly kindly and sympathetic, but in the repressed and unemotional way that brought small consolation to the restless, sensitive spirit of the child. Catherine Beecher, under whose teaching it was her good fortune to come, speaks of her at this period as follows:

> In disposition she was sensitive, impulsive, and transparent, possessing a keen longing for approbation, a morbid sensibility to criticism or blame, an honest truthfulness, and an entire freedom from all that could be called management or art. . . It might have been predicted that her genius, her confiding frankness, her interesting appearance, her gifts of eloquence, and her sincere aspirations after all that was good and pure would make her an object of attention, and probably of excessive flattery. On the other hand, her keen sensibility to blame or injustice, her transparency, sincerity, and impulsiveness, the dangerous power of keen and witty expression, and the want of the guidance and protection of parents and home, would make her an object of unjust depreciation.

Possessing such traits of character, it was not an unusual result that the somber grimness and calmness of the influences around her should have impressed her with unusual strength. She took everything too seriously, and was almost morbid in her severity of self-examination. When ten years old she wrote to her brother:

> Your sister has resisted the Holy Spirit and He has departed from me. O what a deplorable state! what a dreadful situation! When I think of it, I tremble; but my fears are of short duration. Like Felix I say, "Go thy way for this season"; but oh! what will become of me when I shall leave this vain, transitory world, and rise before my God in judgment! Cease not to pray for me; I have neglected the offers of salvation; I have despised my dear Redeemer; but still there is mercy with him who is able to save.

Out of struggles like these, the girlish soul shaped the foundations of its

[1] Delia Bacon: A Biographical Sketch. By Theodore Bacon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

character. Self-confidence in personal opinion seems to have been a characteristic of the family, and the loneliness of her position combined with these experiences to render her slow in forming an opinion, but fixed as adamant when once the opinion was formed.

At the age of fifteen she went out from the Williams household and began by teaching — at first in a school of her own and later in those of others — to earn a precarious living for herself. This was in those days the only way in which a woman could earn a living if she did not work with her hands. For a number of years, in spite of grave ill health and bitter disappointments, she continued to teach, and yet found time to spend in the writing of stories and plays, and on deep historical studies. Gradually, however, she drew out of the common rut of school teaching, and began that line of personal instruction that has given her reputation. Like Margaret Fuller her strength lay in her conversational powers, and the brilliancy of her style and the depth of her research drew overflowing crowds into her lecture rooms. This was the season of her triumph, and undoubtedly no woman has held a higher place than she in the opinion of her literary contemporaries.

But some turn in the path of her historical studies set her feet in the way of investigation concerning the life of Shakspere and his relation to the plays that bear his name. Her interest was evidently of slow growth. But once having established in her own mind that Shakspere was not the author of the plays in question, it was beyond the power of man to convince her that she was wrong. She had in her the stuff that martyrs are made of and once convinced would have died blindly for her opinion rather than admit that it was wrong.

To us of this generation, to whom the methods of Donnelly and his school are wearisomely familiar, there can be small understanding of the shocked bewilderment of the public mind that came from Miss Bacon's attack. To us it is at worst but an unwarrantable supposition; to them it was at best a profanation. There was but one excuse for it that charity could offer, and it was generally accepted, that on this point at least Miss Bacon was more or less insane. Her family, especially, came speedily to this conclusion, and were at once ashamed of her hallucination and concerned about her future.

It does not appear however that, once granting the right to challenge the authorship, there was anything particularly mad in her methods or her claims. Certainly they were rational enough to obtain countenance from Emerson and other men of sturdy and well balanced minds. The present biographer is cautious of committing himself as to the date when the overthrow of her intellect began, but the feeling left by a thorough perusal of the book is that she was as rational as her fellows until the terrible privations, the prolonged fastings, and the long hours of sickness and over work which she experienced in England had broken down the strength of her unusually strong and original spirit.

The departure of Miss Bacon for England marks the turning point in her life. She had achieved unusual success in the field of letters. Her position was assured, her life happier and more full of promise than it had ever been; and had she remained in America, even if she had continued the Shakspere controversy, it is probable that all would have been well with her to the end. But with the ocean between her and her friends, the outcome could not but be different. There are few more pitiful stories than the narrative of her life while there. The frankly avowed skepticism of her family in the sanity of her inquiry embittered her toward every one so much, that even Carlyle and Hawthorne had hard work to keep within the

circle of her friendship and ward off her distrust. The simple recitation of her struggles against want, her pathetic hopes of publishing a book that should bring her not alone fame but money, her unhappy wanderings through the scenes connected with Shaksperian themes after starvation and mental anguish had made a beginning of the end, her worries and troubles with her publishers caused by the bungling good offices of friends, the momentary flash of light that came with the success of her first article in Putnam's Magazine, combine to render the history of her life at this time one of the most touching in all literature. It was poetic justice that she did not live to see the issue of her book, and know the extent and bitterness of her failure.

Along with the sense of sympathetic pity, one closes the book with a feeling of resentment toward her immediate family, more especially her brother. Even the biographer admits that there was harshness in their treatment of the unfortunate woman. The brother and sister were no doubt too nearly alike to sympathize closely. He seems to have acted in strict accordance with what he considered his duty in the premises, but without considerate tenderness. The following letter to Hawthorne outlines his view exactly:

> The crisis at which my sister's case has arrived requires me to say plainly that in my opinion her mind has been verging on insanity for the last six years. She knows that since 1851 I have habitually distrusted the soundness of her judgment. She knows I have all along regarded her darling theory as a mere hallucination. She therefore distrusts me. When she went to England she was very careful to conceal from me the object of her going, and the resources on which she depended. Indeed, none of her family friends, as I understand, had the opportunity of helping her in that enterprise. Mr. Emerson, I believe, fitted her out with some credentials and valuable letters of introduction, — partly, I doubt not, in that wonderful "good nature" which is so prominent a feature in his character, — partly, I suspect, in the special sympathy which he has in whatever is unbelief.

It is not altogether to be wondered at that, knowing these views, Miss Bacon failed to consult her brother concerning the English enterprise. It was not surprising that a clergyman in limited circumstances, and with a large family of his own to provide for and educate, should have replied for a time to her own solicitations, and later to those of her friends, that he would supply her money, with the offer to purchase her a return ticket at any time she would return to America, but that he did not feel justified in supplying the means of carrying on her madness: but when at the last, persuaded by the urgent letters of Hawthorne, he did send her funds without any condition, he took occasion to tell the shaken and unhappy woman that he considered her insane and her work a failure, and suggested:

> Your theory about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays may after all be worth something if published as a fiction. You might introduce such things into a romance, and find readers who would accept it respectfully as a work of the imagination, and be gratified with it, when if the same thing were brought forward with grave argument as facts to be believed, they will reject the whole work with contempt. I make this suggestion, not to discourage you, but to encourage you, by showing how all your materials may be turned to good account.

The effect of this letter on her already clouded mind was a perfect whirlwind of passionate despair. She contemptuously refused the proffered aid, and became so suspicious that she quarreled even with Hawthorne, whose tender and patient solicitude for his stranger countrywoman is one of the few bright spots in the tale.

There is nothing to be gained by following out the details of the final overthrow of her mind. Suffice it to say that the end came before another brother appeared to try to rescue her from her troubles, and make comfortable her remaining days.

Of her relation to her work it is difficult to speak. She was no trickster,

like the later men, endeavoring to conjure up hidden meanings in the great poet by rebuses and ciphers. It was her passionate admiration for the grandeur of the work that made her skeptical of the ability of the man as pictured in history to have been the author of it. In fact, her idea seems to have been that the plays called Shakspere's were really constructed by a number of brilliant minds working in harmony to the common end. Of these the leading spirit was Francis Bacon.

The life of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is so much a matter of household story, that no new version of it can expect to interest by its originality. The present volume[1] is a résumé of the more extended biographies on the same subject, and is a fairly interesting account of the life of the famous English poet.

In point of style, it is not so good as others of the same series, but the dissection of character is excellent, and the individuality of the woman is clearly and sympathetically depicted. The author is evidently unduly influenced by the romantic side of Mrs. Browning's poetry, and loses something of the full depth of her philosophy and erudition. It is not dull, however, and will rank favorably with other compendiums of the author's life.

More than one of the devoted men who have given their lives to the spreading of the Gospel in foreign lands has found the time to jot down valuable scientific notes concerning the countries and peoples among whom he labored. Few, however, have found to their hand the wealth of material that Samuel Wells Williams[2] did in his peculiar field. He was one of the Christian pioneers in China, and not only was among the first to take note of its peculiarities, but saw it at a time when its manners and customs were as yet unchanged by the innovations of foreign peoples. He was not, however, a missionary of the regular stamp. He was sent to China as a printer, not as a preacher, and made his observations from the secular rather than the religious standpoint.

Samuel Wells Williams was born with the missionary spirit in him. The majority of his family for generations had followed the religious calling, and from his earliest childhood all that he saw and felt in the home circle disposed him naturally to devote himself to the self-sacrificing life of a missionary. He was not, however, in any sense a dogmatist. His idea of religion was to act as if he were always in the presence of his Creator. For the so-called practical data of his creed he cared little or nothing, and therefore passed serenely through the petty quarrels and wordy discussions that in too many cases mar the efficiency of the missionary work. His passionate fondness for the natural sciences gave him eyes to see the thousand and one scientific details that are hidden from ordinary sight.

He reached China at the time when the only residence allowed to foreigners was the fifteen-acre prison called the "Thirteen Factories," outside Canton. Here he took charge of the missionary press, and the printing of the gospels and various tracts in the Cantonese dialect, for distribution among the heathen natives. In two years he had conquered the language and was preaching to the Chinese. Four years later he accompanied the first party of whites who tried unsuccessfully to make a landing on the shores of conservative Japan. Shortly after his return came the troubles which led to the war of 1840. All this time he was constantly occupied in compiling and editing various books and

[1] Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By John H. Ingram. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] The Life and Letters of Samuel Wells Williams, LL.D. By his Son, Frederick Wells Williams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

periodicals, notably "Easy Lessons in Chinese," "Chinese Commercial Guide," and the "Chinese Repository," to which in all he gave nearly twenty years of loving labor. Later, he issued his "Tonic Chinese Dictionary," a piece of work that cost him over six years of uninterrupted exertion. His great work, "The Middle Kingdom," which is still the authority on all things Chinese, was also composed at this time.

With Perry's expedition to Japan he performed his first important governmental work, being employed as chief interpreter; and the famous treaty which opened that island to civilization was largely due to his courtesy, tact, and skill. As a reward for this service, he was made secretary and interpreter to the American legation in China, which position he filled during the remainder of his residence in that country. There is hardly an event connected with foreign intercourse with the Middle Kingdom in which Doctor Williams did not have a part. Probably the greatest triumph of his life — at least the one in which he took he greatest pleasure — was the "incorporation of an important article allowing the practice and profession of Christianity in China" in the great treaty of 1858.

All the literary labor of his later years in China was devoted to the preparation and publication of his great "Syllabic Dictionary."

> This dictionary [he writes] is a tedious work without any refreshing passages, — mere waste and barrenness, as if you were forced to read through a directory, with a photograph of every individual in the list, and knew none of them. There will be adequate returns, no doubt, if the job is well done, but the future rewards and usufruct do not exhilarate the one who collects the significations. However, it seemed to me to be a work I could do and which was needed; if God bless the design, the labor, and the accomplishment, I sha'n't need to look higher than His approving blessing.

It was shortly after this, that old age and ill health determined him to resign his work and return to his native land. He writes to his wife:

> I am troubled somewhat with giddiness, as if the brain were rather strained, but I have always had a weakness this way, and could never do things which other boys did, owing to this symptom of vertigo; matters of this sort don't grow better as one grows older, but with care the organ will be able to do more work. Somehow I feel as though sixty were a turning point in one's days, and the sense of having reached that age solemnizes me often and makes the end seem nearer.

On his arrival in America he settled in New Haven, and became professor of Chinese in Yale College. Six years later he died.

During this time a good part of his activity was his opposition to the restriction of Chinese immigration into the United States. His position and arguments on this point are a subject by themselves, and need not be dwelt on here. However at variance with the majority opinion of the country, he was unquestionably conscientious and just, from his own point of view.

ETC.

ENGLISH agitators have one great advantage over their kin in this country: they can protect themselves from the outset against a great deal of merely flippant ridicule, or merely brutal methods of antagonism, by getting the name of a man or woman of title at the head of their list, and so putting themselves under the wing of the English deference for rank. This is especially comfortable in matters where women are concerned. Women who go into temperance or other social reforms there, may count on allying with themselves, by the signature of Lady This or the Countess of That, not only the disposition of the middle class to think that nothing sanctioned by such names can be altogether unworthy of at least respectful dissent, but also the disposition of an aristocracy to back its own members. A recent writer has called attention to the fact that even in the most illiberal periods of the Middle Ages the desire of the aristocracy to emphasize the dignity of its own order largely counterbalanced many influences tending to subordinate women. However unimportant a woman might be as compared with a man, a noblewoman, as compared with a common man, was an important person, and must be clothed with sufficient power to enable her, especially if unmarried, to hold her own for her class against the commoner. This advantage the American woman loses; and with all her gains in independence, she loses here some power of independent action that English women of the upper class have. Whatever her personal dignity, her social weight and intellectual rank, she must reckon on meeting an unrestrained freedom of criticism if she does something unusual, or allies herself with some innovation upon the customs of her time. Fancy, for instance, the kind of comment an American woman would have had to reckon with who should be elected to anything like the London council, as Lady Sandhurst and Miss Cobden were last year. Compare the reception of Miss Helen Taylor's candidacy for Parliament with that which would have been given to an American woman's for Congress from New York. Or how would it be received if a young New York society leader should practically take the stump in a political campaign, as Lady Randolph Churchill did a few years ago? With a queen on the throne, and a long tradition of deference to gentlefolk, be they men or women, an Englisman seems to come more easily than an American to the idea of women of wealth and station, at least, taking a share in directing affairs. This may be in large part the explanation of the far more serious consideration woman suffrage has received in England than in America. Women have already, and without serious opposition, the municipal and school suffrage there, have for many years been readily elected to school office, and last year to municipal office in the world capital. Lady Sandhurst's seat was contested, and the courts decided against her (we understand on the ground, as already defined in some precedent, that at common law "all words in statutes denoting persons, without definition of sex, include woman when penalty, tax, or restriction is concerned, but exclude them when office or privilege is concerned, — doubtless a perfectly fair judicial interpretation of the intent of the law); but Miss Cobden's seat has not been contested, and a precedent is therefore now forming that will tend to overset the Lady Sandhurst decision. But however the question of municipal office-holding may stand, municipal woman suffrage is now a matter of course. The frontier of masculine prerogative now lies in the parliamentary suffrage; and for a few months it looked as if this too would be quietly surrendered, with the acquiescence of both parties. Within a few weeks, however, the first symptom of resistance has appeared; and it is characteristic that the resistance took the form of a protest signed by women of distinguished social standing, and is already met by a counter-paper, also signed by women of distinguished social standing.

THIS protest, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, has been spoken of as a protest "against woman suffrage." It is in no sense such, but only against the extension of the *parliamentary* suffrage to women: it distinctly approves the municipal and school woman suffrage already in practice. The ground on which the distinction is made, is that large questions of national finance, international relations, and all that might be called business questions, are matters outside women's training and observation, and she should not therefore have a direct voice in them; in questions of education, charity, and the human relations of society, so to speak, women should have a full share. After establishing this distinction between the classes of public questions in which women properly should and should not have a "direct" voice, the protest adds that the effect of the parliamentary suffrage on family life is not easily to be foreseen and might be bad; that woman's impulsiveness and ardor might affect public matters badly, and might cause public matters to affect feminine character badly; that in any event it is too important a change to be hastily made; and that the ameliorative processes of civilization and woman's indirect influence may be trusted to remove the injustices to women now existing in the laws.

THE one hundred signatures to this protest include those of but three women of whom we know anything,— Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Lady Randolph Churchill is known by reputation as a beautiful and rather dashing society leader, and an active and successful political campaigner in her husband's cause, —oddly enough, as bearing on this paper, in parliamentary elections, not in educational or social matters, in which we have never heard of her showing any especial interest. Mrs. Lynn Linton is a minor novelist, lately more known by some really bitter papers in opposition to Mrs. Millicent Fawcett's advocacy of the higher education of women than by her novels, — although this particular paper to which her name is attached includes a strong expression in favor of the higher education of women. It is this Mrs. Linton who has just followed up the present subject with a paper in another review, in which, the cable dispatches tell us, she says the admission of women to the parliamentary franchise would be "the abdication of man" and the "degradation of England to the position of a female state." Possibly a reference to the excess of women in England excuses what would seem an intemperate phrase, for which "half-abdication of man," and "half female state," would be more literal substitutes. Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a highly trained, earnest, and unusually intelligent woman. The whole weight of the paper really rests on her name, in the absence of any definite knowledge of the ninety-seven other signers. A number of these are the wives of able and well known men, but we have no knowledge of their own quality. In some instances their husbands are known to be very sharply opposed to the proposed extension of the suffrage. The answering paper, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is by Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, and includes what the dispatches describe as "a very remarkable list of distinguished women favoring the suffrage."

As to the merits of the protest, this is no place to speak. It would involve too long a review of the whole subject of which it treats. Our effort is merely to define the place taken by this somewhat notable paper in the discussion now going on in England. In brief, it appears to be a curious embodiment of the tendency of human nature to believe its own particular place of drawing the line between radicalism and conservatism to be the place pointed out by nature. Mrs. Ward did the same thing in her novel: just so much doubt, but no more, was right; the historic skepticism that assailed the Christ of the churches was "ineluctable," but the scientific skepticism that assailed anything more was easily pushed one side. It is an attitude so familiar in the history of religion, that one recognizes its face like that of an old friend when it appears in social questions. Like Sir Joseph Porter and thousands of other excellent people, the ground of these protestants is simply that "it does n't level them so much as *that*." At this distance the distinction made between the parliamentary and other suffrage seems singularly fanciful. For it would seem that while Parliament undoubtedly deals with larger and more complex business matters than a municipality, yet municipal affairs, within their range, (and their magnitude in London is not less than in a good many states or even nations; so that the protestants who approve of London suffrage would seem to be in the curious position of holding that the desirability of full suffrage depends on the *size* of the nation,) are far more purely of that business character to which the protest objects as subjects for women's vote, than are the matters that come before Parliament. Education, poor-laws, the relation of church and state, marriage and divorce, temperance, penology, woman and child labor, —a thousand subjects of the class which the protest defines as proper matters for women's votes are Parliament's function. It is probable that every one would assent in the main to the distinction that these women make between the proper activities of men and of women, but the distinction of two kinds of suffrage based on it is entirely impossible to make, as parliaments are at present constituted. The sharp distinction made between voting and all other modes of political activity is also rather fanciful. Whatever the effect on women's dispositions or homes of the partisan struggles and heated feelings of politics, so long as they may make campaign speeches, and canvass from their carriages, and write campaign letters, the final dropping of a folded paper in a box need not be seriously discussed as affecting the matter much.

SOME six years ago, the OVERLAND commented on the appointment of Professor Albert Cook to the chair of English literature in the State University, left vacant by Professor Sill's resignation. He came here with a reputation very high for so young a man, especially in the lines of philology and institutional history. Now that he leaves the University to accept a call to Yale, it is proper for the OVERLAND to say a word of his work here in the half dozen years. Professor Cook's rank as a philologist has steadily increased, and he has published one or two important treatises in this line. It is probably through this work that the attention of Yale has been directed to him. This has been specialist research, which has brought credit to the University, but has not immediately affected the class-room. Here Professor Cook has been a diligent and critical teacher, of sound scholarly ideals, and of influence in impressing these upon students. It was never expected that the literary enthusiasm, the rare and almost ideal critical insight, the wonderful comprehension of language as an instrument of expression and ability to convey something of that comprehension to others, which were Professor Sill's special equipment, were to be looked for in any successor; we do

not know of any college in the country that has them in its chair of English literature at present. There is but the very slenderest supply of such qualities to be had anywhere in the world,—as any one may satisfy himself by a study of the literary criticism now extant in the best of critical journals. Professor Cook brought, however, a philological training to the department such as it had not had before; and in matters of systematized efficiency, of equipment, and of consideration in the University curriculum, he leaves it decidedly strengthened. In general influence in University matters he has not merely been always of weight on the side of the best scholarly standards, but has been especially useful in helping to bring these to bear on the preparatory schools,—a most important part of the University work. Professor Cook is a loss to Berkeley, and it is very gravely to be doubted whether it will be possible to fill the chair again as satisfactorily.

His successor, it seems, is already appointed, and with somewhat surprising haste. Professor Gayley is entirely unknown by reputation on this Coast: he has been an instructor in Michigan University, and that is about the extent of our knowledge of him. In the absence of such knowledge there can be nothing personal, and therefore nothing ungracious, in saying that so hasty filling of so important a chair cannot but be received with anxiety and misgiving by friends of the University. There would have been no impropriety in leaving it vacant for a year, or several years, while long and careful search for the best man was made: we believe the chair at Yale to which Professor Cook is going has been vacant for four or five years, and is, indeed, the same one with regard to which overtures were made to Professor Sill some time before his death. A chair of English literature is one especially hard to fill: there is no place in the world where specialist training is given for it; there is no really eminent teacher of English literature, and criticism, and composition living. Right or wrong, it is the custom to consider that these things must come by nature or not at all, and there is no place to which college trustees can turn to find some one equipped for them, as men are equipped for philology, or chemistry, or mathematics, or metaphysics. It was Professor Sill's belief that they could be imparted, and he achieved some surprising results in that way; it was his aspiration to see the literary chair in American colleges filled under as exacting conditions of scholarship as any other, and according to some sound and consistent standard; and he believed that if this were done, it would add another important element to the vast significance in American society of the colleges. At present half a dozen magazines and other journals comprise more literary and critical strength than the colleges do. We do not think of any other department of intellectual attainment,—science, or history, or economics, say,—in which such second place would have to be assigned to the colleges. The resources for filling a chair of literature being thus slender, the difficulty of finding the right man thus especial, it was the more to have been expected that a long time might have to be spent in the effort. Professor Gayley may prove to be the ideal man, and refute every misgiving: every friend of the University will wait with the most cordial desire to see him do so.

Gray's Elegy in Spanish.

To the Editor of the Overland:

With this I hand you a Spanish version of Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which has never, so far as I am aware, been published, and which in my humble judgment should not be permitted to perish in manuscript. It is the work of Don José Miralla, a gentleman of whom I have been unable to glean any further information than is contained in a note from Mr. Pelham W. Ames, of which the following is an extract:

"I have a clipping from a newspaper as follows:

"'The incident referred to in the following sonnet was a popular disturbance which took place in Havana in April, 1820, and which was quieted by a speech delivered by Don José Antonio Miralla, beginning with, "La Libertad no tiene mayor enemigo que el desorden." This speech was said to have been one of great eloquence and power.

"'Señor Miralla was the author of a remarkable translation of Gray's Elegy into Spanish, which elicited high praise from Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Longfellow. He visited this country in 1822–'23, and received here marked attention.

"'Al Ciudadano Miralla, con motivo de haber sosegado el furor del pueblo el dia 15 April, 1820.

Soneto.

Por Don José Fernandez de Madrid.

Visteis alguna vez del mar airado
Encresparse las olas agitadas,
Cuando de opuestos vientos contrastadas,
Bramando sin piedad se han levantado?

Ya desciendan de un cielo encapotado
Las centellas por Jupiter lanzadas;
Ya no atiende á las velas destrozadas
El marinero absorto y consternado.

Sale Neptuno, empuña su tridente,
Sosieganse las olas del océano,
Y la calma renace de repente.

Imagen de ese mar fué el pueblo Habano,
Y de Neptuno el joven elocuente
Que aplacar supo su furor insano.'"

Beyond this Virgilian compliment to the man, Mr. Ames is only able to tell me that he visited the United States in 1823, and was known to Longfellow, Ticknor, and other literary men of our country. On one occasion, at a dinner at which he was present, the conversation turned on Longfellow's translations from the Spanish, and the difficulty of putting any of our English classics into appropriate verse in another language. Gray's Elegy was cited as an example. Miralla said that he would try to translate it into Spanish, with the result now laid before you. Mr. Ames's copy was obtained from his cousin, Mr. Charles Frederic Bradford, who in his lifetime was an accomplished scholar, a Harvard examiner, etc.

With respect to the poem, Mr. Ames also furnishes me the following from the pen of Mr. Denis Florence McCarthy, of Dublin, an eminent Spanish scholar.

"It is an astonishingly close and elegant version, and I cordially add my humble testimony to the opinions already expressed by such high authorities.

"At first, in recalling the solemn flow of the original, and the stately manner in which the words, which are generally of one syllable, follow each other like mourners at a royal funeral, or like the single deep strokes of a death bell, which end in one toll deeper than all the rest, the double rhymes of the translation struck me as not being quite suitable for expressing the melancholy music of the original. This, however, wore away on advancing further into the poem, and I am now unable to detect the slightest diminution of solemnity in those double endings, which are, I dare say, more in harmony with the Spanish language, and more likely to produce the desired effect upon the Spanish reader."

On reading Señor Miralla's version, it struck me at once as wonderfully faithful and beautiful, and I have been naturally gratified at finding my good opinion corroborated by such distinguished authorities as Mr. Ames quotes. I think, therefore, that I render a service to literature in laying them before the readers of the OVERLAND, and aiding to wed them to immortal type and paper. "*Etiam benedicere haud absurdum est.*"

John T. Doyle.

TRADUCCION DE LA ELEGÍA ESCRITA POR GRAY EN EL CEMENTERIO DE UNA IGLESIA DE ALDEA.

Por Don José Antonio Miralla.

1823.

La esquila toca el muribundo dia,
La grey mugiendo hácia el redil se aleja,
Á casa el labrador sus pasos guia,
Y el mundo á mí y á tinieblas deja.

La debil luz va del pais faltando,
Y alto silencio en todo el aire veo,
Ménos do gira el moscardon zumbando,
Y allá do al parque aduerme el cencerréo.

O en esa torre envuelta en yedra, en donde
El trieste buho quéjase á la luna,
Del que vagando por donde él se esconde,
En su antiguo dominio le importuna.

So aquellos tilos y olmos sombreados,
Do el suelo en vários cúmulos se ondea,
Para siempre en sus nichos colocados,
Duermen los rudos padres de la aldea.

Del alba fresca la incensada pompa,
La golondrina inquieta desde el techo,
Bronco clarin de gallo, eco de trompa,
No mas los alzan del humilde lecho.

No arde el hogar para ellos, ni á la tarde
Se afana la mujer, ni á su regreso,
Los hijos balbuciendo hacen alarde
De trepar sus rodillas por un beso.

¡ Como las mieses á su hoz cedián,
Y los duros terrones á su arado !
¡Cuan alegres sus yuntas dirigian !
¡ Cuantos bosques sus golpes han doblado !

No mofe la ambicion caseros bienes,
Y oscura suerte de fatigas tales,
Ni la grandeza escuche con desdenes,
Por humildes, del pobre los anales.

Boato del blason, mando envidiable,
Y cuanto existe de opulento y pulero,
Lo mismo tiene su hora inevitable ;
La senda de la gloria va al sepulcro.

No los culpéis, soberbios, si en la tumba
La memoria trofeos no atesora,
Do en larga nave y bóveda retumba,
De alto honor la antífona sonora.

¿ Volverá la urna inscripta, el busto airoso,
El fugitivo aliento al pecho inerte ?
¿ Mueve el honór el polvo silencioso ?
¿ Cede á la adulacion la sorda muerte ?

Tal vez en este sitio abandonado,
Hay pechos donde ardió celestial pira,
Manos capaces de regir estados,
O de estasiar con la animada lira.

Mas su gran libro, donde el tiempo paga
Tributos, nunca les abrió la escuela ;
Su noble ardor fiera pobreza apaga,
Y el torrente genial de su alma hiela.

¡ Cuanta brillante asaz piedra preciosa
Encierra el hondo mar en negra estancia
¡ Cuanta flor, sin ser vista, ruborasa,
En un desierto exhala su fragrancia !

Tal vez un Hamden rústico aquí se halla,
Que al tiranuelo del solar, valiente,
Resistió ; un Milton que sin gloria calla,
De sangre patria, un Cromwell, inocente.

Oir su aplauso en el Senado atento,
Ruina y penas echar de su memoria,
La tierra henchir de frutos y contento,
Y en los ojos de un pueblo leer su historia.

Su suerte les vedó ; mas en su encono
Crímenes y virtudes dejó yertas ;
Vedóles ir por la matanza a un trono,
Y á toda compasion cerrar las puertas ;

Callar de la conciencia el fiel murmullo,
Apagar del pudor la ingenua llama,
O el ara, henchir, del lujo y del orgullo,
Con el incienso que la Musa inflama.

Léjos del vil furor, del lujo insano,
Nunca en deseos vanos se encendieron ;
Y por la valle de un vivir lejano,
Su fresca senda sin rumor sigieron.

Mas protegiendo, contra todo insulto,
Estos huesos, aquel túmulo escaso,
De rústica escultura, en verso inculto,
Pide el tributo de un suspiro, al paso.

Nombre y edad, por vulgar musa puestos,
Vez de elegía y fama desempeñan;
Y esparcidos en torno sacros testos,
Que á bien vivir al rústico le enseñan.

Pues, ¿ quien cedió jamás esta existencia
Inquicta y grata, al nudo olvido eterno,
Y dejó de la luz la alma influencia,
Sin mirar hácia atrás lánguido y tierno?

Al irse, el alma un caro pecho oprime,
Y llanto pio el ojo mustio aguarda;
Naturaleza aun de la tumba gime.
Y aun en ceinzas nuestro fuego guarda.

Por tí, que al muerto abonado honrando,
Su simple historia haces que en verso fluya ;
Si acaso, solo y pensativo errando,
Un génio igual pregunta por la tuya :

Tal vez un cano labrador le diga :
" Del alba le hemos visto á la vislumbre,
Sacudiendo el rocío en su fatiga
Ir á encontrar el sol en la alta cumbre.

" Allá al pie de aquel roble que ballesta
Y hondas raices tuerce caprichoso,
Molesto se tendia por la siesta,
Viendo el vecino arroyo bullicioso.

" Ya en ese bosque, desdeñoso andaba,
Sus temas murmurando sonriendo;
Ya solitario pálido vagaba,
Como de amor y penas falleciendo.

" Faltóme un dia en la colina usada,
Junto á su árbol querido y en la dehesa ;
Al otro no lo hallé, ni en la cascada,
Ni en la alta loma, ni en la selva espesa.

" Con ceremonia lúgubre cargado,
En el siguiente al cementerio vinó ; —
Lee (pues sabes) lo que está grabado
En esa piedra bajo aquel espino."

" Aqui el regazo de la tierra oculta
Un jóven sin renombre y sin riqueza;
Su humilde cuna vió la ciencia culta,
Y marcóle por suyo la tristeza,

" Fue generoso y sincero; y el Cielo
Pagóle: dió (cuanto tenia consigo)
Una lágrima al pobre por consuelo;
Tuvo de Dios (cuanto pidió) un amigo.

" Su flagueza y virtud bajo esta losa
No mas indagues de la tierra madre;
Con esperanza tímida reposa
Allá en el seno de su Dios y Padre."

Sorrow.

From the German of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

" *There are two divine powers, Patience and Labor.*"

SORROW was a beautiful, delicate child, with long dark hair encircling its pale face. The fine lips were almost always shut together, and the black eyes so full of sadness that none could look on them without tears.

The poor child had no home, but roamed wearily from place to place, now entering the hovels of the poor, now the palaces of the rich. She was so quiet and melancholy that all received her with compassion.

But wonderful! Whoever looked on her was visited with a terrible affliction. One lost his only child, another his lands and his honor, a third was persecuted by malicious enemies, and still another was forsaken by his children and grew old before his time; dissensions arose between husband and wife, or some one in the family lay sick for years.

People looked at each other in astonishment : whence came all this misfortune? And they did not know that they themselves had opened the door for still, pale Sorrow : that they themselves had invited her to their hearth.

At times the poor child turned back and learned what awful gifts she had scattered. Then would she avoid those homes for a while. Yet she loved some persons and longed after them, and did not always notice how often she visited them. Then came grief upon grief, until the sad-eyed child took up her pilgrim staff and with heavy head and tearful eyes bade them farewell.

She went on her way quietly, not hastily, not passionately, yet more rapid than the mountain torrent, more swift than the west wind, and visited all men.

Most terrible it was when she joined the children. The poor little ones became orphans, or fell sick of

grievous diseases, so that their little faces grew pale and delicate as Sorrow's own, and their eyes as dark and sad. When she saw this, Sorrow wept bitterly, and for many days did not go near the children, or turned away her head when she came where they were playing.

One day she lay beneath an apple tree, and saw how lovely the rosy cheeks of the apples were. "Oh dear tree," cried poor Sorrow, "give me such rosy cheeks that men may look on me more gladly."

"No!" said the apple tree: "if you had rosy cheeks, men would not take you up and shelter you compassionately."

Sadly she arose and went on her way. Soon she came to a garden by a stream, in which the birds were singing songs that made the heart laugh with joy.

"Dear little birds," cried Sorrow, "teach me your song, that I may delight the hearts of men."

"No! dear child," sang the birds: "if you did not come so softly and go so quietly, men would not so soon forget you, but would learn that you are Sorrow and bring pain."

So the poor child continued her wanderings till she came to a great forest. There the air was full of fragrance, and the thick moss under the trees made a soft carpet for her feet. Here and there a sunbeam stole through the whispering foliage and trembled and danced along the moss, turning the withered leaves to gold. Sorrow leaned wearily against a tree, sighing, "Here may I abide and bring no pain; here may I rest and cause no one affliction."

A sunbeam slipped through the branches above her, and seeing the beautiful dark eyes, leaped into them, making them bright, and penetrated to Sorrow's heart. The whole forest saw the strange illumination of the delicate maiden's face and rustled with wonder and pleasure. But Sorrow did not know that she had grown more beautiful; she only felt the sunbeam trembling with warmth and gladness at her heart. "Oh dear forest," she cried aloud, "give me but one of your thousand sunbeams and I will be happy."

At once a death like quiet fell upon the forest; the trees looked at each other sadly; the sunbeam faded out of Sorrow's eyes and hid itself behind a clump of ferns.

"Poor, poor child!" whispered an old oak, "a single sunbeam would make you far too lovely; the children of men would seek you too often, and then afflictions beyond their strength to bear would fall upon them. You must remain without brightness and without warmth."

Slowly a hot tear fell upon the flower at Sorrow's feet, which sent up sweet fragrance and whispered thanks for the dew.

The restless child walked on and came to a large, still lake. Not a leaf was stirring; only Evening moved over the water, himself in shadow, but with rosy lights floating around him; while here and there a star fell and rested motionless upon the smooth surface. Sorrow dipped her white hand in the lake, then pressed it to her forehead. Evening passed her gently, whispering "Good night! sleep dreamless and forget your pain."

She looked at him slowly and sighed, "Once I found rest in the forest, once I forgot my pain because of the sunbeam at my heart. But that is past!"

Lost in dreams, the child looked into the lake, where, in the cool mists, the water-nixies danced.

Then she saw a red light, brighter than the stars, gleam out upon the night. As she raised her eyes, she saw that the light came from the arched window of an ivy-covered house. "Strange," thought Sorrow, "I have never been here, and yet some one is waking!"

She moved noiselessly to the window and looked in. There sat a beautiful woman, dressed in a soft flowing garment,—masses of snow-white hair coiled about her majestic head. She was writing busily and with a firm hand, in a large book. A deep furrow lay between her brows, but about her lips played the tenderest womanliness and kindness. As Sorrow stood watching, two wonderful gray eyes were raised from their work and rested on her quietly, while a deep, rich voice said: "Come in, my child, I have long been waiting for you."

Sorrow entered wonderingly, for she had never heard such words before. At once soft arms were folded about her, she felt herself kissed and drawn upon the strange woman's lap, and heard the rich voice saying: "Dear Sorrow! you had to come to me. I could not seek you for I never come uncalled. I am Patience; I sit here and wait. The lake bears to me the voices of all who call me, and often have I followed in your track, but, alas! not always." And the fold in her brow grew deeper.

Sorrow rested her head on Patience's motherly breast. "Oh! come with me always," she whispered softly.

"My child, when you call me, I will come to you, and when you are tired you may come here to me. I have much to do. I must write the Book of Life."

The poor child rested all night with Mother Patience, and in the morning set forth upon her wanderings with new heart. It was harvest time and the earth was all green and gold. Sorrow looked upon the clover and the corn, and thought: "Poor things, you bloom now so joyously, and yet today you must be cut down."

She came to a field where was a noble maiden mowing all alone and doing the work of three men.

"Good morning, pale little one," cried she, "come and help me," and with this she ran up, her locks flowing unconfined in the wind, and her blue eyes laughing like sunshine.

"Who are you?" she asked in wonder, as she looked into the child's dark eyes.

"I am Sorrow, and must wander forever," said the little one sadly. "Who are you?"

"I am Labor. Do you not see how healthy I am and what strong arms I have?" and she took Sorrow in her arms like a little child, and ran across the field laughing with glee.

A soft blush crept over Sorrow's pale face as she said with a smile, "Come with me! I can never rest and yet I am often so tired."

"I cannot, dear sister, for I must sleep at night that I may work when day comes again. I am in all places,—everywhere and nowhere,—and must laugh and be happy. If I see your eyes my laugh will die. But whenever you call me, I will come and stay where you part, to make the faces of the sad bright again."

Sorrow wandered on in the sunny morning and through the wide world. Patience and Labor have kept their promise and become her true comrades. Often they gather at evening in the ivy-covered house by the lake and read or write in the Book of Life.

Robert Darroch.

BOOK REVIEWS.

William and Lucy Smith.

PERHAPS the most arresting and monopolizing book of the year is George S. Merriam's *Story of William and Lucy Smith.*[1] The editing of the copious extracts from the husband's books and from the wife's memoirs and letters is done with obvious skill, and the extracts themselves are not dulled by anything less than just appreciation and worthy comment upon these exalted lives.

His work will be grateful to every one who read "Thorndale" thirty years ago, and has often recurred to that notable book. In it William Smith, an unknown name, cast sincere illumination upon the three great problems,—God, Fate, Immortality. It has taken many feet from dead paths and turned them to the ways of life. It is a singularly natural, gracious, inspiring book. It presented the argument from every side, and made choice inevitable from the mere contrast. It is the fruit of reasonable hope rather than of belief, and suggested a vista.

Years afterwards, William Smith wrote "Gravenhurst," and carried on the high thought beyond "Thorndale." In the Progress of Humanity he found the key to the old problems, and without recasting his old conclusions, simply opened them more widely. These two books, rather than his earlier works or his lifelong task as a reviewer in Blackwood and the Quarterlies, give William Smith a permanent place in literature.

In this *Story* we see him in other relations. All his life shy, introspective, free from common thoughts, he knew no home or friend out of his own sex until he met a woman far advanced in middle life who had never desired earlier marriage. They married at the ripe ages of fifty-three and forty-three, and the love story of the next eleven years until he died is an instruction to those who think that none except the young know how to love. So far as we can see, the sympathetic touch was perfect.

The chapters of those eleven years are keenly delightful. It is more than worth while to know that people have so lived and can so live. Then follows an equal period of mourning, in which the widowed mate, sick with grief, strong in hope, pours out her words about him, his thoughts, his ways, his ever presence in absence. Of the few who can omit much of the extracts on the grave subjects of "Thorndale" and "Gravenhurst," not one will omit a line of the tender mourning of Lucy Smith.

[1] The Story of William and Lucy Smith. Edited by George S. Merriam. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.: Boston: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Two Unitarian Books.

Two books of sermons by Unitarian divines are at hand. *Jesus Brought Back*[2] is an effort to portray Jesus from the standpoint of "reverent rationalism." The believer, however, whose mind is "vitiated by the bias of traditional theology," will find this a new sort of reverence. Jesus is not the Messiah, not The Christ, not the Logos, not the Lamb of God. He was not born at Bethlehem, was heralded by no star in the East, never went to Egypt, performed no miracles. More than this, he was a very ignorant man, of limited intellectual power, and still more, he was not morally perfect, being given to bursts of unreasonable anger, and being continually unjust to the Pharisees and others.

This will seem a painful process of destructive criticism to "orthodox" people, but not many such will read farther than Mr. Crooker's preface, if they happen to take up so heretical a book. To another class it may prove helpful,—those who have unwillingly given up belief in the Bible and in Jesus because they find the idea of miracle or the supernatural untenable. These will be comforted to find how

[2] Jesus Brought Back. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1889.

much is left of the character, life, and work, of Jesus of Nazareth, when all that is supernatural, all that can be touched by the sharpest rationalistic scrutiny, is taken away. Mr. Crooker still finds Jesus "the sublimest character in history."

Mr. Jackson's book, *The Immanent God*,[1] is pleasanter reading, partly because of the fact that it is constructive rather than destructive, but largely, too, because the work of a man of more spirituality, master of a more sympathetic and eloquent style. He is, of course, of the advanced school of historic criticism; as when, for example, he preaches on "Satan, or the Genius of Trial," expounding the doctrine still very new to most orthodox churches, though not absolutely unknown, that Satan is historically not properly Diabolos at all, but in his rightful place when, as in Job, he appears unrebuked among the sons of God. It is characteristic of Mr. Jackson's broad charity that he should preach this sermon to make it seem that Satan is not so black as he is painted.

The three sermons on God, "The Immanent God," "The Unsearchable God," and "The Manifest God," are worthy of careful study. "Law, Providence and Prayer," and "Self-Abnegation," are powerful sermons, and the final discourse on "The Heart's Plea for Immortality Accepted" should bring comfort to many a troubled soul.

Briefer Notice.

The fact that we have the nineteenth edition of Wheeler's *Dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction*[2] is sufficient guarantee of its value. It contains about twice as many (to give a rough guess) titles as the one in Webster's Unabridged, and the treatment is scholarly and satisfactory. The present edition has an appendix of a large number of new titles by Charles G. Wheeler. ——From the publishers of the Tolstoï books recently reviewed in the OVERLAND come neat paper bound editions of *My Confession*[3] and *Iván Ilyitch*. This is good, there cannot be too wide a diffusion of Tolstoï's work in whatever form. ——*Living Matter*[4] is a small volume in which Mr. C. A. Stephens sets forth his ideas on life and tries to prove that physical immortality is not impossible. He shows that what we call "growing old" is the decrease in number and in activity of the biogens because of their being crowded out or encysted by formed matter. If a method could be found to eliminate the earthy accretions as they form, and so keep the organism plastic and "young," there would be no limit to life. But alas, Mr. Stephens has found no method of doing this. ——Rather a formidable volume in title and bulk is *The Law of Equivalents*[5] but he who has the hardihood to attempt its reading will not find it so bad as it looks. Thick paper and large type swell the size much, but the largest element in the size of the book is the rambling style of the author, whose method is that of the philosophical student who gave a door as an example of some point under discussion, and then went on to give as further instances another door and another door. Mr. Payson's "Law of Equivalents" is the law of cause and effect, in the shape that every effect is a product of many causes, all of which are indispensable. This law he applies to many social, political, and ethical problems, generally with the approval of his reader, but sometimes with the dissent, — which dissent occasionally becomes rampant. Instances of this in the minds of many readers will be his treatment of the "fanatic" (the man unwilling to compromise), the prohibition question, and the woman suffrage question. He thinks the woman suffragist is tarred with the Free Love stick, usually if not always. All that is valuable in the book could be put in one of its chapters.

[1] The Immanent God. By Abraham W. Jackson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction. By Wm. A. Wheeler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[3] My Confession. By L. N. Tolstoï. Translated by Huntington Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1889. Paper.

Iván Ilyitch. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. *Ibid.*

[4] Living Matter. By C. A. Stephens. The Laboratory Company: Norway Lake, Maine. 1888.

[5] The Law of Equivalents. By Edward Payson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in Sa Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

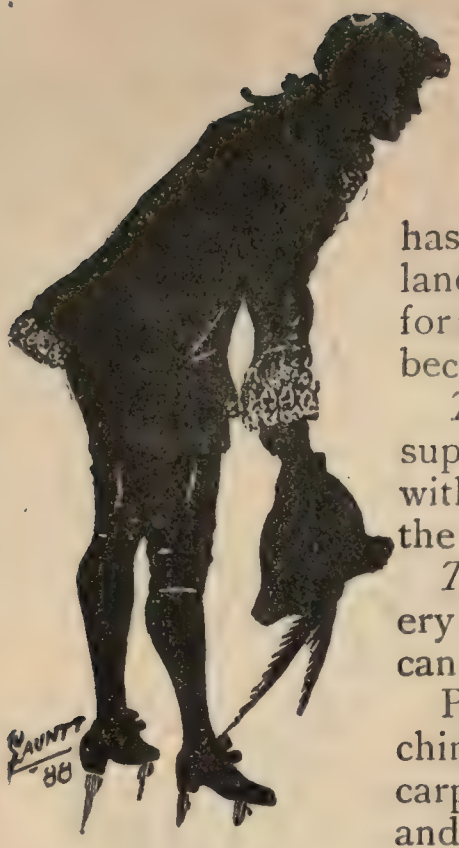
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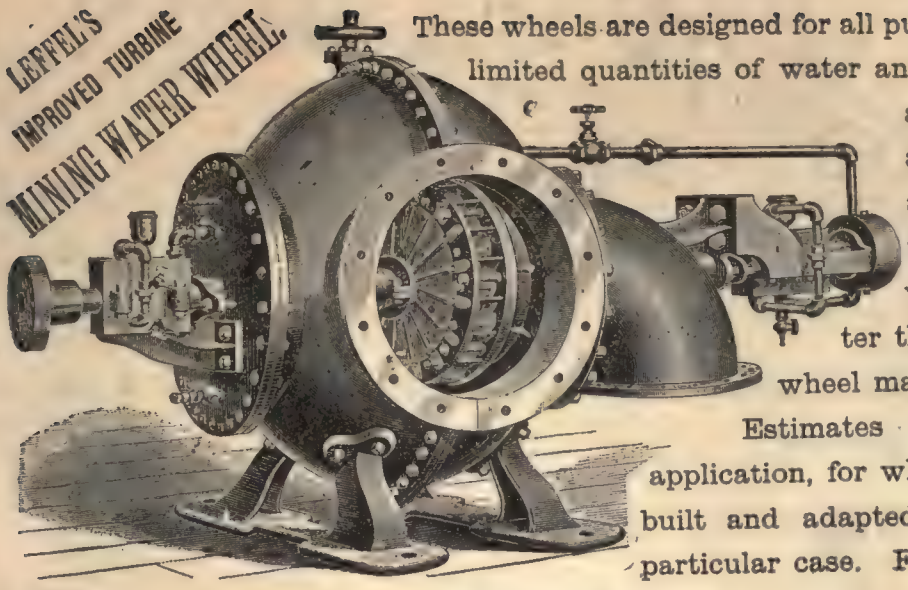
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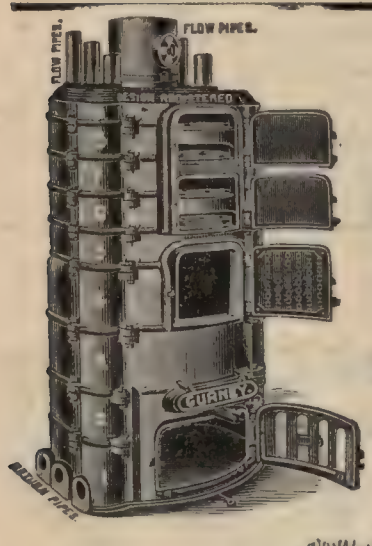
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That to be admired *needs* but to be seen;
And seen but once enamored of the place,
We first admire, then covet, *then purchase.*

In a previous article in the Overland, we ve endeavored without too much coloring present the claim of *Chico Vecino* upon the nsideration of those who are seeking homes investment, whether they be Californian or astern people; and in doing so again, while may reiterate some statements made in id article, we will endeavor to offer some w facts worthy of consideration.

As the name implies, (vecino means neighbor) *Chico Vecino* is designed to be a neighbor to the beautiful city of *Chico*, Butte Co., California, and adjoins it on the north, simply the barns, building, and a small part of the orchard of the Rancho Chico intervening.

Chico Vecino comprises over 1,000 acres, and is of the choicest part of the famous Rancho Chico of General John Bidwell, and we do not exaggerate when we say that no better land can be found within the State of California.



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General Bidwell, the proprietor of Rancho Chico and Chico Vecino, was one of the earliest pioneers to the State, having come here in 1841; and during years of service in the employ of General Sutter and the Government, and in which service he was called upon to traverse at different times the entire State, from Oregon to Southern California; he was furnished unusual facilities for determining where the garden spots lay.

While surveying and mapping this section, in 1844, his attention was particularly attracted by the fertility and beauty of the locality, and in 1848 he secured the Rancho del Arroyo Chico by purchase from one William Dickey, who held it under a Mexican grant.

The title has since been confirmed in John Bidwell by United States patent and decisions of the highest courts.

Possessing this rich body of land, General Bidwell has built up a magnificent property, which is an omnipresent tribute to his ability, progressiveness, and taste.

To assure one's self of the productive ability of *Chico Vecino*, one has but to view the orchards of thrifty bearing fruit trees, noble shade trees, and the magnificent groves of oak surrounding it.

Chico Vecino is divided principally into twenty-acre blocks with five-acre subdivisions; but a small portion has been divided into lots 90x200 feet suitable for building purposes, where a person only wants a residence, and does not wish to indulge in the fruit or other industry.

All of the semi-tropical and many of the tropical fruits can be produced here, and in abundance, and the season just passed has added another link to the chain of evidence in that regard. Three-year-old peach trees have borne as high as one hundred pounds to the tree, and six-year-old peach and apricot trees have borne as much as two hundred pounds per tree.

Other fruit trees, such as cherry, apple, pear, plum, prune, fig, persimmon, pomegranate, and the nut trees, bear proportionately well, and seem to have found here their natural home.

Nearly all varieties of berries, vegetables, melons, etc., vie with fruit trees for supremacy as regards quantity and quality.

A failure of the fruit crop, or a total failure of any of the grain crops, has never been known in this section.

No irrigation is practiced on the Rancho Chico or Chico Vecino, for the growth of fruit trees, and but little for vegetables, and that only during the summer months; Dame Nature so generously consulting our interests and supplying us with copious rainfalls at the proper season, the average ranging from eighteen to twenty-four inches per year.

Owing to the precocity of trees in this section an orchard may be brought into bearing in a short time, peaches and apricots invariably bearing in two years from planting, and cherry, pear, plum, apple, and other trees from three years on.

The nature of the soil in CHICO VECINO — a rich, sandy loam — makes it possible to reduce the cost of cultivation to the least possible minimum, and thorough cultivation does away with any necessity for irrigation.

There is a first-class nursery on the Rancho Chico, and intending orchardists can be supplied with first-class trees, thoroughly acclimated, of a vigorous, healthy growth, and free from insect pests.

Large quantities of these trees are shipped from this nursery every season to different parts of the State, there being a large demand for them, owing to their superior quality.

The approximate cost of preparing the ground, planting an orchard, cultivating, pruning, and bringing it to a three years' growth, is from $60 to $75 per acre, at which time it will begin to bring in an income.

The market facilities for products of CHICO VECINO, and which apply to this vicinity generally, are good, there being a good local market; a large cannery in successful operation on the Rancho Chico, immediately adjoining CHICO VECINO, and which yearly consumes large quantities of fruit; excellent transportation facilities for Eastern green fruit shipping on the California and Oregon, and Northern Pacific, and the Central and Union Pacific railroads and a dry summer

climate free from summer showers, which enables, when necessity demands, a successful drying of fruits, without resort to artificial means so necessary in damper localities.

The facilities afforded for freight traffic apply in equal force to passenger traffic, there being two passenger trains each way per day, carrying mail and express, one train being the Overland from San Francisco, East, via Portland, Tacoma, and the Northern Pacific.

Chico and CHICO VECINO are only 96 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State, and 186 miles from San Francisco, the "hub" of the Pacific Coast.

In the matter of climate Chico Vecino is also favored, there being no better winter climate in the State.

Here we are blessed with an entire immunity from cyclones, blizzards, and extreme cold weather, which even while we write is the order of the day in most of the Eastern and Atlantic States, causing the wreck of thousands of dollars' worth of property and the loss of many lives. The temperature is of such a kindly nature that oranges and lemons thrive abundantly, and are even at this early date—Dec. 10th — ripening, and door-yard plants still bud and blossom to brighten and cheer our homes, and will continue so to do the entire year.

We would again call attention to the educational advantages to be afforded residents in Chico Vecino, by the excellent public and private schools located in Chico, and the Normal School to be opened in the summer of 1889.

The magnificent building dedicated to this purpose has been erected and enclosed this fall, and will be carried on to completion as rapidly as possible.

Excellent churches may also be found in Chico, representing seven denominations; the leading secret societies are represented, and a free reading room and library invites to culture and entertainment.

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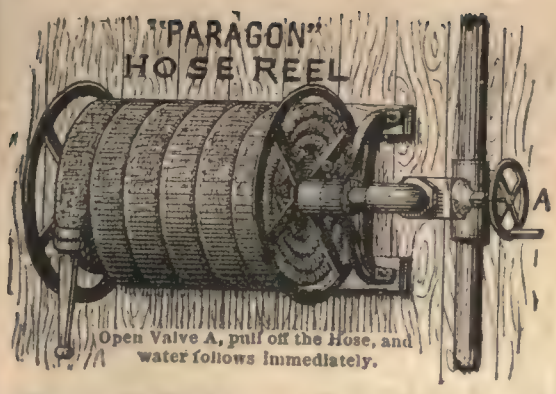
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Why not use other people's brains as well as your own in order to lessen life's work, and especially so when the coming hot weather will make life a burden to those who have to do laborious house work? The very word "Pearline" sounds clean and sweet enough to recommend even a poorer article. But "Pearline" does as clean and as sweet work as its name implies. Now if there be a housekeeper among the thousands of *Witness* readers, who has hitherto lived so far beneath her privileges as not to have used "Pearline," surely she will at once purchase a packet and test what it will do for her. "Pearline" represents brains, that is, it is the product of long and hard processes of thought, investigation and experiment. You are invited to share the results.—*From New York Witness, June 12th,* 1889.

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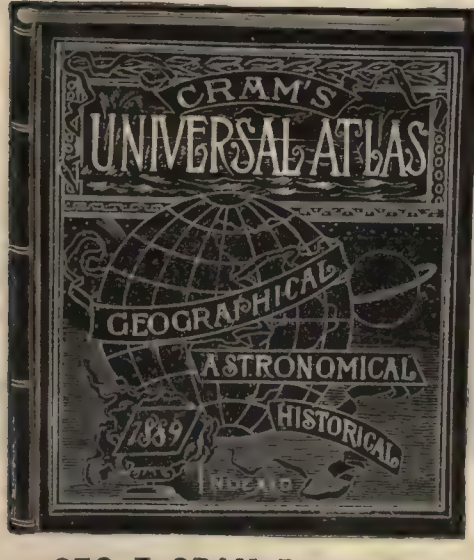
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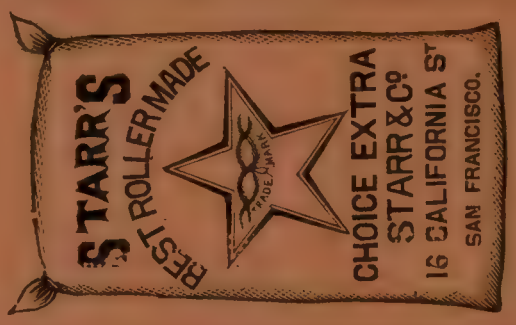
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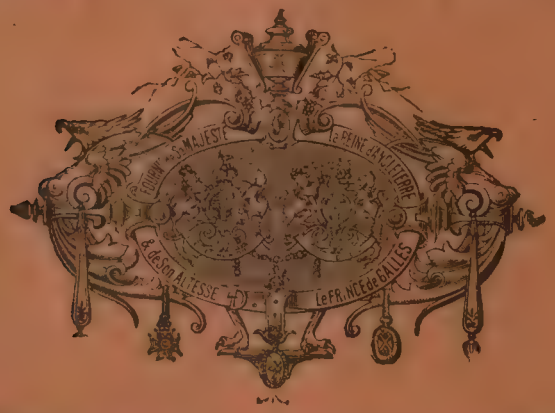
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But as Mrs. Miller has warned them, the first difficulty is the dressmaker. She is accustomed to the idea of receiving from Paris a rigid model of a dress, and forcing the woman into it, not adapting it to the woman. Becoming or unbecoming, into it she must go, crushed down to its size where it is too small, padded out to it where it is too large. To adopt the reverse process, and make the dress to the woman, making it becoming, fashionable, and fit, without violence to the sacred human form inside, is what she has not been trained to.



"O Mrs. Hautton," she says, "I cannot make your dress that way! It will not please you *at all* when it is done, I assure you. And I have my own reputation to consider."

Or perhaps she says sweetly: "O yes, Mrs. Hautton, I can make it very easy and light; I am sure I can satisfy you" and after a few minutes, "Now just a *few inches* tighter here,— you won't mind?" and, "Now you know I *have* to fill out there, only just a *little*,— it won't interfere with your idea at all,— I never did like to pad people all up as some dressmakers do"; and, "You know you don't want it really *singular*, and if you will just trust me about this drapery —" And when the dress is done, the lady has been inveigled back into all she had meant to avoid.

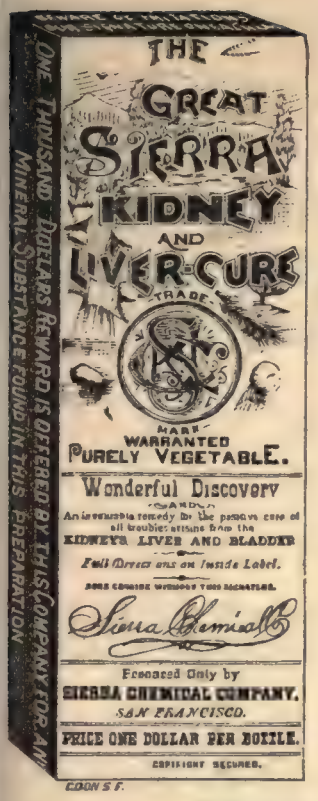


Or perhaps she tries to carry out the idea of ease and grace; but she has not studied the system or is not naturally an artist in dress, and the dress is awkward and unsatisfactory when it is done, and Mrs. Hautton though she *feels* comfortable in it, is mortified and gives up her body to the steels and pads and weights again, in order to look trim and nice.

Therefore, the first inquiry for the woman who will dress for beauty and health is for a dressmaker ready and competent to help her in good faith. Already one has been found in San Francisco.

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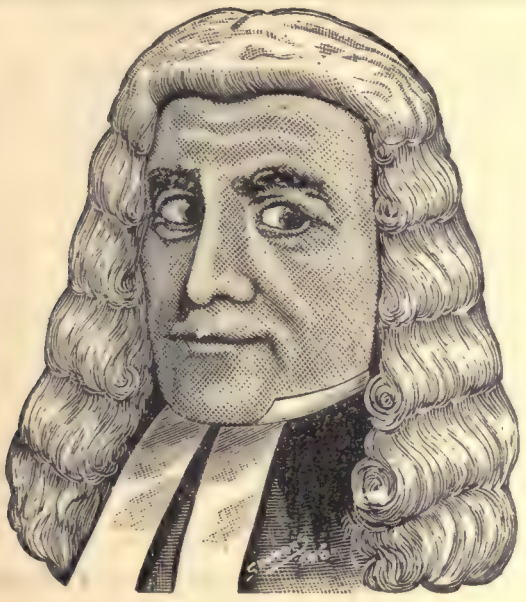
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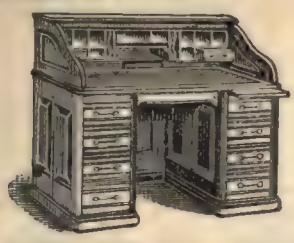
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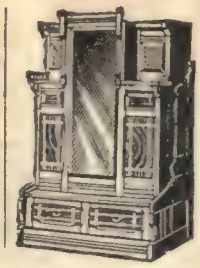
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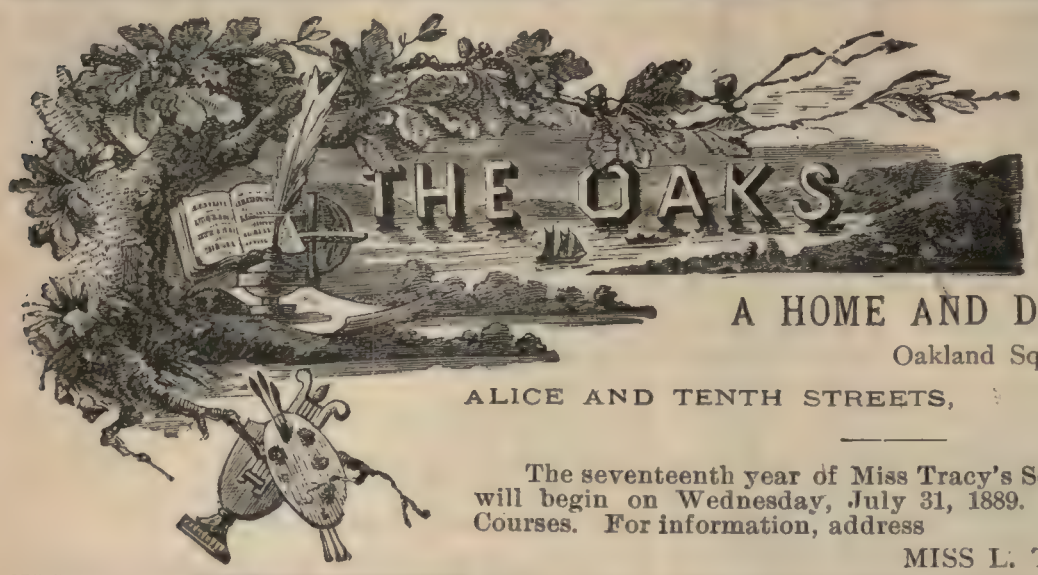
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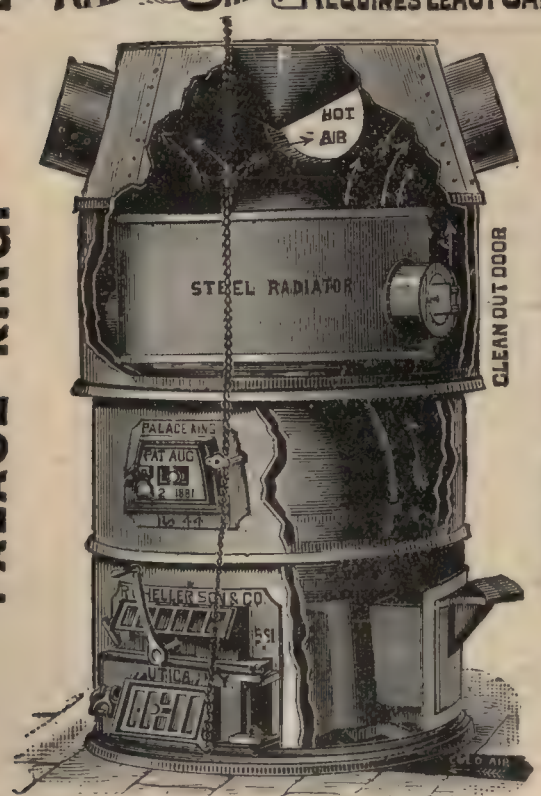
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THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV. (SECOND SERIES.)—SEPTEMBER, 1889.—NO. 81.

CHINOOK.



ONEONTA GORGE.

IT comes through mountain gorges deep,
Where brook and rill in icy sleep

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Are waiting for the summer's glow
To penetrate the depths below.
Enchanting breeze
From western seas,
Across the plains that hidden lie,
It hastens to revivify
The drooping plant, the failing beast,
To bid mankind rejoice and feast.



"In chains of ice."
THE COLUMBIA.

'T is when the mighty river lies
In chains of ice that strong defies
The feeble rays
Of winter days,
When moor and field immured in snow,
In idle splendor glow;
Then comes a breath
That conquers death;
It moves along with magic stealth,
And brings to nature warmth and wealth.



"And twigs and stems
Of shrub and tree
Encrusted are with filigree."

CRYSTAL VEIL FALL—DAY BEFORE THE CHINOOK.

When sparkles all the air with frost
And earth's white shield is rich embossed
With brilliant gems;
And twigs and stems
Of shrub and tree
Encrusted are with filigree,
It quick transforms this glittering dress
From brightness into usefulness.



"It quick transforms this glittering dress."

UPPER MULTNOMAH FALL—DAY AFTER THE CHINOOK.

Awake, Chinook, within the west,
Sweet wind-bird leave thy foamy nest,
Forsake old Ocean's throbbing heart,
O'er mountain and through forest dart;
O, speed thee swift,
O'er ice and drift,

Bring blessings 'neath thy soft, warm wings,
Fan Nature till she wakes and sings,
And hymns thy praise in flower and leaf,
In rosy fruit and golden sheaf.

W. L. M.



THE TARN.

I DREAMED, and where a mountain's barring height
Showed only glacier-paths no man would dare,
A bird on strong wing vainly strove to fare
Beyond the crown — love's eager neophyte —
To trail an image in love's lingering flight
Upon a tarn, dream wise I kenned was there,
Hidden from earth and crystal-pure as air,
Unfrozen, though enshrined in glittering white.

I wondered if, within its bowl of snow,
A vestal pool so blue with heaven's kiss
Could feel the breath of rock-pent fires below;
When from a hoar, ice-bearded precipice,
A Delphic voice: *Mankind may only know*
Through symbol gross the heart of Artemis.

Wilbur Larremore.

WHO ARE THE GREAT POETS?

In the article "The Old Notion of Poetry," published in the August number of this magazine, we found the poet less a comely youth with hair hanging in clustered curls, and large wild-rolling eyes, than an old man with massive head bowed low, his white locks falling like mist to the ground, his eyes closed. We found him a listener, a worshiper, a reporter, an interpreter, the mouth-piece of The Voice. We found his message, poetry, an immense power, the supreme phenomenon of the human mind; we found it difficult, and, of necessity, rare. When we say great poets, we have in mind perhaps not more than eight. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton—these, at least, the world pronounces great poets; and it is of these in particular that Arnold speaks when he says that we are to look to poetry for our solace and stay.

But are these the greatest poets? Are these distinguished by the highest "seriousness," by the most "powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life"? Is it to these that we should return for consolation and strength, for inspiration, for glints of the highest joy?

If we agree with Arnold concerning the importance of letters, and the importance of poetry as the best part of letters; if we further agree with him when he says, "To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible"; still concurring when he says, "And as long as the world lasts, all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have the sense for righteousness most glowing and strongest;"—righteousness being right-living, and the office of the highest poetry being to instruct us in this, according to the laws of poetic beauty and truth—can we finally agree with Arnold, can we indeed find him consistent, when he rests upon the great eight? The statement indirectly made in his words, "As well imagine a man with a sense for poetry not cultivating it by the help of Homer and Shakspeare, as a man with a sense for conduct not cultivating it by the help of the Bible"—is this the logical conclusion of his splendid stretch of testimony? If the first step toward a right understanding of the Bible is to find it literature, is not the second step to find that the best of Biblical literature is its poetry? The word "God," Arnold says, is a term of poetry and eloquence; how, then, can the great words concerning God, stamped in nearly one half the writings of the Old Testament with awful sublimity, with profound wisdom, and vast passion, the great, bright, round words rolling augustly through the highest heavens of imagination,—how can they be anything less than poetry and eloquence? Is there a question, then, as to whether, to speak roundly, one half of the Old Testament is poetry; not poetry and eloquence, but wholly poetry? Great minds, in the presence of the inscrutable, opening on the noblest themes, are imbued with imagination and emotion; they rise to poetry, the "music of thought conveyed to us in the music of language." Prose does not serve at those supreme moments when the intellect is pressed to its utmost, when the very feelings rise to thought and the spirit itself may be said to think. The whole being rocks with the rhythm, to the measure, of life, life which certain philosophers have admirably styled "moving music." Confucius, tottering about

the house, face to face with death, adopts the subtile, all-pervading cadence of poetry, audible in the sea and winds, inaudible but ever present, as Pythagoras feigned or said most truly, in the singing realms of space:

> The great mountain is broken,
> The strong beam is thrown down,
> The wise man has decayed.

The ancient Hebrew's appeal from the seen to the Unseen, from the low to the Most High, could not be made without eloquence; in its most impassioned, its surest, its highest form, it could not be made save in the golden cadence of song. Here belongs a saying of Hegel:

"This superiority, this impressiveness of the Infinite, the immeasurable distance which separates it from the finite —this is what the art of the sublime should express. It is the religious art, the sacred art *par excellence;* its sole destination is to celebrate the glory of God. This office poetry alone can fulfill."

. . "For to the glory of God and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny, man was chiefly made," says old George Chapman; "and what art performs this chief end of man with so much excitation and expression as poesy, Moses, David, Solomon, Job, Esay, Jeremy, chiefly using that to the end above said?"

What is the right seeing of life, in its most exalted exhibition, if not the joyful response begotten of the inestimable benefit, the endless blessing showered upon man by the Eternally Benevolent and Beautiful, the Infinite Good — God? Once more we have poetry and religion one, once more poetry rests on God. We are indebted to Arnold for the best saying as to what is meant by the word "God":

"The word 'God' is used in most cases, as by no means a term of science or exact knowledge, but a term of poetry and eloquence, a term *thrown out*, so to speak, at a not fully grasped object of the speaker's consciousness — a *literary* term, in short; and mankind mean different things by it as their consciousness differs."

Poetry rests on God; there the Hebrews rested as no other people have. Poetry reposes on eternal life; there the Hebrews reposed as no other people have; and in their seeing of life we have a right to expect the highest poetry. We have a right to expect this. Are we disappointed? Arnold says: "If we are said to underrate, for instance, the production of Corneille and Racine in poetry, we may compare this production in power, in penetrativeness, in criticism of life, in ability to call forth our energy and joy, with the production of Homer and Shakspeare." May we not, must we not, so say of Homer and Shakspeare, in comparison with Isaiah, and the author of Job, and David and the other psalmists? Again, when speaking of the student of poetry, Arnold says:

"As he penetrates into the spirit of the great classical works, as he becomes gradually aware of their intense significance, their noble simplicity, and their calm pathos, he will be convinced that it is this effect, unity and profoundness of moral impression, at which the ancient poets aimed; that it is this which constitutes the grandeur of their works, and which makes them immortal."

May we not say, must we not say, that all this, applicable enough to the poets of Greece, to which it mainly refers, is still more applicable to the poets of the ancient Hebrews? Why, then, was Arnold wont to rest upon the poetry of Greece? Surely not because the substance of the Greek poetry is to be put before the substance of the Hebrew poetry. If not the substance, then it is the form that deterred him from following his own theories to what would seem to be their legitimate result. Were the forms of the Hebrew poetry less inevita-

bly the result of the Hebrew substance, I should still claim that the greater value of the Hebrew substance would more than compensate for any loss in form.

Let us first make sure that the Hebrew poet knew he was writing poetry and not prose. Friedrich Bleek, in his "Introduction to the Old Testament," says:

"The distinction between the poetical and prose style of composition is the one that can be perceived the most decidedly and certainly. The poetic style of the Hebrews is not distinguished from the prose by any prescribed metre, but by a certain rhythmical measurement and division of the periods and separate sentences, and also by many linguistic peculiarities, the form of words, grammatical constructions and inflections, which are not used in the prose." Again, he says, "This distinction between prose composition and that which is allowable in poetry, prevails in all languages; but in no other language whatever do we find the expressions which are unusual in prose, and allowable solely in poetical composition, stamped so distinctly as they are in Hebrew."

So the Hebrew poet knew that he was writing poetry: now as to the forms he used. What says Schlegel? "But in the poetry of the Hebrew, besides this aphoristic Biblical form, there is another peculiar law of living, breathing thought and rhythmical motion, not indeed of words and syllables, but of images and feelings undulating in free symmetry like the waves of the sea."

The idea of the rhythm of thought is both beautiful and true, but though we can know nothing of the quantity that entered into the construction of Hebrew verse, are we not warranted in inferring that, in addition to the rhythm of thought, or of sentiment, as another terms it, it had a rhythmical motion of words and syllables? The ancient Hebrew poetry was not in Greek verse, but can we say that it "was not in verse?" Mr. Theodore Watts speaks singularly well on the point of rhythm: "Perhaps it may be said that deeper than all the rhythms of art is that rhythm which art would fain catch, the rhythm of nature; for the rhythm of nature is the rhythm of life itself. This rhythm can be caught by prose as well as by poetry, such prose, for instance, as that of the English Bible. Certainly the rhythm of verse at its highest, such, for instance, as that of Shakspeare's greatest writings, is nothing more and nothing less than the metre of that energy of the spirit which surges within the bosom of him who speaks, whether he speak in verse or impassioned prose. Being rhythm, it is of course governed by law, but it is a law which transcends in subtlety the conscious art of the metricist, and is only caught by the poet in his most inspired moods; a law which, being part of nature's own sanctions, can of course never be formulated, but only expressed as it is expressed in the melody of the bird, in the inscrutable harmony of the entire bird-chorus of a thicket, in the whisper of the leaves of the tree, and the song or wail of wind and sea."

In this admirable passage the ancient Hebrew writer is paired with our great dramatist: both have a "rhythm deeper than all the rhythms of art." Had Arnold meant this when he said the Hebrews were without art, I should not have this one quarrel with the greatest of English critics. But he did not mean this, hence I can not find the last link in his chain of masterful perceptions and reasonings of the pure metal of those that lead to it. One may say, if one chooses, that the Hebrew poets had something higher than art; I am content to say that they had art, art as adequate for the expression of their poetry as the art of the Greeks for the expression of theirs. I say further, that their subject matter being incomparably higher, their seeing of life wider and deeper by far than that of the Greek poets, that

their art was correspondingly higher: it was the virgin gold worked into shapes beyond the cunning of even the Grecian hand, the inevitable shapes of the high, hidden might of the elemental powers. I say that their thoughts have a beautiful, sympathetic body, in which they live and will ever live. "*L'art est une forme*": such is the form of the greatest poetry

The theme of Homer is the "Anger of Achilles." Around this revolves all his masterful array of human action in a world practically without the pale of the one of all the essential powers indispensable to the great critic of life — moral law. It is not till after Homer's day that we arrive at this law; and how weak, how dim and wavering, it is even in Euripides, compared with the Hebrew poet! "Poetic beauty and poetic truth" Homer most assuredly has; but we cannot look to him for the most powerful and beautiful criticism of life. Homer's theme is the "Anger of Achilles," the Hebrew poet's theme is,

> The Eternal loveth the thing that is right.

It is true indeed that righteousness came into Greek poetry; it is equally true that it went out again. It is equally true, also, that it came into Hebrew poetry and stayed in it. From first to last the Hebrew lyre was tuned to righteousness. In the serious days of Northern Greece, in the great successors of Homer, are to be found high criticisms of life, but none comparable with the criticisms of those who invariably give as a reason for being of their song,

> His word was in my tongue.

Great poetry, as we have said, rests on God, and the great poetry is to be looked for, on Arnold's ground, among the Hebrew poets; they, and they alone, were, as Foxe says of Tyndale, "practised in God's matters." The Hebrew poet's higher, wider outlook on life is evidenced by his God. The Greek poet had gods that he could adequately express; of the Hebrew poet's God no words could give the faintest outline. The expressions of the worshipers of Zeus and of Jehovah must differ; but to say that one has all the art, not only denies a cardinal principle of literature, that noble conception has for its handmaid noble expression, but reduces form to an inflexible, fixed thing. Form follows the life; it is pliant, yielding to all the phases of life, taking them up, giving them body, according to their several characteristics of beauty. Nature has infinite phases of life and infinite forms; and it would seem that in proportion as poets, not to consider other artists, near the marvelous variety of nature, the more do they vary from a fixed form of expression. The Hebrew poets and Shakspeare employ varieties of expression that, with the Greek poetry as a standard, appear decidedly irregular; but let us beware lest, deceived by a surface irregularity, we fail to see beneath a deeper, a more subtile regularity, an order closer to the order of the "art of God."

Whitman has a noteworthy saying in this connection. "Poetic style," he says, "when addressed to the soul is less definite form, outline, sculpture, and becomes vista, music, half-tints, and even less than half-tints."

These words are spoken in defence of a certain obscurity; but if we stop with the word music, they are of equal or greater value as a defence of the freedom of structure characterizing the ancient Hebrew poetry.

Let us not forget that poetry is one thing and sculpture another. Let us not be too sure that the art of the Hebrew poets and of Shakspeare is inferior to the art of the Greek poets; that beneath the apparent disobedience to rule is not a deeper obedience, which deeper obedience springs of a lower, a harder, hold on life.

Leaving Shakspeare to himself, I think it indisputable that the Hebrew poets have a firmer hold on life than the Greek poets have; hence that it is to the Hebrew poets that we are to turn first for solace, for support, for "self-preservation"

"Against the wreckful siege of battering days."

While by no means denying that in the poetry of the Old Testament, as in other great poetry, there is a commingling of much that is not poetry, I affirm that the under-current of great song is there, unfailing, and stronger than it is elsewhere to be found.

From one point of view we do the Greek poets injustice by comparing them with the Hebrew poets through the medium of translations; for not only does the Hebrew expression lend itself more readily to translation, but rarely may we meet with such prodigies of reproduction as Tyndale and other translators of the English Bible. Westcott, in his "History," says of Tyndale, "He felt, by a happy instinct, the potential affinity between Hebrew and English idioms." This observation besides honoring Tyndale's genius, points to one of the sources of the Hebrew poet's advantage over the Greek poet when read in our own language. From another point of view, the use of translations is no more than fair; for it discloses a most important fact, viz., that, allowance being made for inferior translation, the ancient Hebrew poetry is the only pure poetry, the only poetry that is poetry through and through, the only poetry that holds its virtue against the sapping accents of a stranger-tongue.

This fact of itself would seem to be sufficient to warrant the statement that the highest poetry is to be found, not in the adorable Homer, magnificent witness that he was to the truths of nature and of man, but in the Book of Job; that the Hebrew muse

"Filled Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's fire."

While admitting the gain of the Hebrew poets over the Greek in translation, it is but right to note the disadvantage to the Hebrew poets of a wretchedly scrappy arrangement. Probably it would be difficult to exaggerate the havoc that has been made in the continuity of the original Hebrew. We have fragments of the sacred songs of the Hebrews, mutilated and patched, as they have survived the not very tender mercy of centuries; while of their secular song barely enough remains to suggest what it was.

"For an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men."

Arnold, in his beautiful, lucid, and earnest manner has testified to the excellence of this Homeric expression. But for substance, for form, for any of the attributes of poetry, wherein is it to be put before

For he
That feareth God shall come forth of them all;

or before

Great peace have they which love thy law;

or before

Be still, and know that I am God?

And where in Æschylus, or in Sophocles, in Dante, or in Milton, shall we find an equal number of lines the perfect form of which does not shrink and shrivel in the presence of that most august song that has ever fallen from the lips of man, the 90th Psalm? Recall the closing words, the words of all words for the supplication of the sovereign poet:

Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.

And where, pray, may we look in the classics for solace, for defence against the wreckful siege, such as is to be found in the 23d Psalm?

He leadeth me beside the still waters,
He restoreth my soul.

For this reach, how short, how feeble the longest and strongest Greek arm! And if we seek a God, where shall we find another like the Unutterable One grasped at with the last stretch of sublimity in Job 26: 5–11? And where but in poets with such a God shall we find a criticism of life in any way comparable to this?

Man that is born of woman is of few days,
And full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower,
And is cut down:
He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.
. . . . . .
And surely the mountain falling cometh to naught,
And the rock is removed out of his place.
The waters wear the stones:
Thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth;
And thou destroyest the hope of man.
Thou prevailest forever against him and he passeth:
Thou changest his countenance and sendest him away.

I know no volumes of history wherein is to be found so complete a history of man as is written here. All, all is compassed in the last eight words; words to use the expression of Job, which do indeed break us in pieces. But hark! again the old sweet words return, the words glowing forever in the Hebrew poet's soul, burning on steadfastly, brightly, behind the darkness:

Why art thou cast down, O my Soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God.

The Hebrew poet's soul breathes the very breath of Hope:

My flesh also shall rest in hope,
. . . . . .
Yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Over and above strength of thought and feeling, over and above beauty and majesty of diction employed in the utterance of grandest truths, over and above the combined essentials of poetry, not one of which do I find missing, shines the Hebrew poet's hope; a hope which to the Greek poet was simply impossible. "The best that has been thought and said in the world" has for its basis unshaken faith, glorious hope; and we have a larger utterance of this than "the large utterance of the early gods." To me, the Hebrew poet stands for conduct not only, but for the high right-seeing, for the nearest perfect expression of the mother-life, the mother-music, in which we move: for the boundless soul, permanent, supreme.

"For though the giant ages heave the hill,
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break and work their will;
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll,
Round us, each with different powers
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and god-like men we build our trust."

Only this trust, held in the measure that the Hebrew poet held it, can help us to discern the "hieroglyphic meanings of human suffering," can lead us in the way of patience, can inspire us, despite perplexity and sorrow and darkness, with the light, the certainty, the joy, which the poet finds the right to say must, shall, be.

The recognized tendency of the poet to open the heart of the things we say we know, and to display them in the mother-light of beauty, leads to a final reach toward what we say we do not know, but hope for — the things that highest intuitions and widest experience say should be; and this last reach, this golden guess, is poetry's consummation. Poetry, in the exercise of its highest function, takes up this world where the Creator seems to leave off; takes it up, and rounds our irregular lives into symmetry, presses on, unsatisfied, voices the spirit's prophecy of the all-perfecting life beyond, of the now inconceivable

life to come. To this revelation of the ultimate, consoling, satisfying, beautiful unity, the Hebrew poets addressed themselves; this with success so eminent as to set them apart from all other poets of whatever time or race, and to make them the glory and the wonder of the world.

After the addition of Roman stoicism, yes, after the incomparably greater addition of Christianity, we can still learn from the Greek poets, can still profit by study of them. We of to-day can get a great deal from the song of old Greece, but not this last revelation. The stamp of manliness, the rigorous will, the blissful indifference, the pleasant taking of what comes, the patient questioning of nature, and the faith in it, the blessing of health, the beauty of beauties — the beauty of youth, openness, clearness, freedom of mind, the best methods of intelligence, — for all of these (and our need of them is sore) we can go back and sit with attentive Athens in the temple of Bacchus. But when the luster of youth and beauty grows dim in our souls, as it grew dim in the soul of Greece and departed from it; when the dark problems lower, when the gray mist, gathered of the ages, drifts in; when the viewless burden is fully on our shoulders, and we cannot stand, — then we must turn, not to the poets that avoided with so amazing grace the darkness, the drift, and the weight, but to the poets that met them face to face, met them, bore up under them, conquered, leaving to the world the imperishable heritage of hope.

While it is evident that the first aim of the Hebrew poet is not the artist's aim, it seems equally plain that no other poet has more faithfully obeyed the great underlying laws of poetic construction. He may build upon the finest network of artificiality, as in that standing marvel of composition for all ages, the Book of Job; he may give us a brilliant exhibition of metrical technics, as in Lamentations and in Psalm 119; but it is in the use, the choice, of words — and there is the vital place — that we find him without a peer. If we may credit Professor W. Robertson Smith, the very structure of his language forced the Hebrew into poetry:

"... The key to the whole development of the poetical literature of Israel is found in the same psychological characteristics of the race which are impressed on the vocabulary and grammatical structure of the language. The Hebrew tongue is sensuous, mobile, passionate."

Here we have in the language itself the essentials of poetry, as set down by Milton. The Hebrew poet's very language, preventing him from metaphysics, made and kept him a poet. Professor Smith goes on:

"Unfit for abstract speculation, valuing no wisdom that is not practical, and treasuring up such wisdom in sententious rhythmical form, enforced by symbol and metaphor, and warm with the breath of human interest, — the Hebrew is a poet, even in his philosophy."

If individual poets are born, why not nations of poets? A race of poets — so may we, first of all, name the Hebrews.

Prof. Smith has described the genius of the Hebrew tongue; now let Dr. Curtius perform a like office for the Greek tongue.

"Far above all its sister tongues," says Dr. Curtius, "the Greek must be regarded as a work of art, on account of the sense prevalent in it for symmetry and perfection of sounds, for transparency of form, for law and organization. ... The Hellenes must have received the material of language while it was yet a plastic form; otherwise, they could never have succeeded in expressing by means of it, as in the most ductile clay, the whole variety of their spiritual gifts, their artistic sense of form, as well as that severity of abstract thought which, *long before it manifested*

itself in the books of their philosophers, was already apparent in the grammar of their language."

The lines italicized are rich in significance. The philosopher, both in substance and method, lies in embryo in the very grammar of the Greek language, side by side with the poet; while the Hebrew grammar gives no sign of any other than the poet. The Hebrew had but to speak to be a poet.

Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me.

The waters are hid as with a stone.

The moon walking in brightness.

Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?

The poets of Greece reflect nature beautifully, but if we are to see the very expression of her countenance, if we are to feel her warm breath, the throbbing of her heart, we must turn to the poets of Palestine.

"As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,
And even the lovely valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the sights in heaven seen that glad the shepherd's heart," etc.

These lines of Homer have been greatly admired, and it would be strange indeed had they not been; but the intense sympathy with nature, the brooding pathos, is left for the hand that wrote

He quieteth the earth by the south wind.

There is a whole poem in the word quieteth. When the Hebrew poet makes use of nature, it is the gentle voice of the mother herself. Mother she is to us, mother to all lesser things. How tender and sweet are her accents when she tells of these!

Knowest thou the time when the wild goats of the rock bring forth?
Or canst thou mark when the hinds do calve?
Canst thou number the months that they fulfil?
Or knowest thou the time when they bring forth?
They bow themselves, they bring forth their young ones,
They cast out their sorrows.

Hegel may call Homer the "Master-poet of living Nature," but after reading these lines, one must say that if Hegel speak truly, Nature, through the sons of another than the Greek race, hushed the human voice, and spoke with her own.

If we pass from tenderness and pathos to the mutterings of the thunder that interrupted Elihu; if we pass through the terrible storm that rages still on the sacred page as it did in the ears of Job and his counselors; if we pass to the voice of the God of the thunder, we are ushered into the presence of sublimity of conception and expression reached only by the people that, whatever their shortcomings may be, have an indisputable right, because of their unapproachable poetry, to the name of the People of God.

Froude's words concerning the Book of Job have the right ring:

. . "A book of which it is to say little to call it unequaled of its kind, and which will one day, perhaps, when it is allowed to stand on its own merits, be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world."

The question is not, Did the author of Job follow the rules of the epic as laid down by Aristotle? The question is not, Does Bishop Cox speak accurately when he says, "Hebrew poetry consists of every possible species of poetical composition, and these are all carried to the loftiest pitch of excellence"? The question is, If the Hebrew poets did not have what Arnold would have us understand by "the inexplicable form and texture that is eternal," did they not really have it? The question is, Whatever they had not, did they not

have, before all other poets, the ability to criticise life, to criticise it according to the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth; did they not have the strength, the splendid strength upon which the world has leaned, now leans, and will continue to lean, hardest for its support and stay?

Arnold could find in Wordsworth a substitute for "style:" "inevitableness," "expression of the most truly expressive kind." I cannot account for his failure to find this, if not style, in the poetry of the ancient Hebrews. I cannot find him consistent with himself in turning first and last to the classics. Tyndale, speaking of his early days at Oxford and Cambridge, says, "In the universities they have ordained that no man shall look at the Scriptures until he be noselled [nursed] in heathen learning eight or nine years." In the matter of poetry are we not being noselled too long?

John Vance Cheney.

A BASKET OF EGGS.

"Now vat 's de matter mit dem shickens?" said old Mrs. Jansen, coming to her kitchen door and shading her eyes, as she looked in the direction of the barnyard. "Dey makes me tink dey laid a doosen eggs, and maybe dere is n't von."

She took down her sun-bonnet from its peg near the door, and went down the little path through the hoarhound. The hoarhound grew everywhere about the back yard, down to the bank of the brook, and up to the chimney at the end of the low whitewashed cottage. The chimney seemed to mark the boundary between the gray of the back yard and the clover of the front.

A peach tree grew near the path. This was in blossom, and pinky petals were drifting down to the gray hoarhound. A motherly old hen, with a blue gingham string tied around one leg, was fastened to the peach tree, and bustling about as though she were trying to forget her ignominious captivity. At sound of footsteps she called her small troop, scattered about under the weeds in search of bugs.

The old woman swung open the barnyard gate, and plodded up an incline of boards with cross-pieces which served as steps, into a whitewashed hen-house.

A little lap-dog trotted sedately after her. He held up his shaggy head, and picked his way daintily, as if aware of his importance in the world; for importance he had,—he was the old lady's sole confidant and companion.

She searched about in the nests of hay, commenting as she looked, in what would have been soliloquy but for the eager, appreciative air of the little dog, Jerry. He always showed plainly that he knew her remarks were addressed to him, and that he understood, if he could not at all times agree with her.

"Cherree," (she called him Cherree,) "ve vas ridt. Dere is only von, and vat a liddle von! It 's dot liddle pullet's egg. I kess she von't lay any more."

The little hennery had been raised upon short posts, so that it stood up some three feet from the ground. The floor was tight, and there were windows on the sunny side. It had been recently raised and repaired out of some old lum-

ber on the place, and as the old woman came out she looked about, nodding approvingly and saying to Jerry, "I kess no varmints can get in dere now and hurt de shickens."

She carried the egg into a cool milk-house at the end of the kitchen porch. This was whitewashed, too; in fact, all the buildings were, and even the peach tree and four gnarled apple trees out in the front yard had a coat of white about the trunks.

At the door she paused and considered carefully. On a rack were three pans of milk and one pan heaped up with eggs. Finally she increased the small store by the pullet's egg, saying:

"I don't really need dot egg for supper, and it makes yust ten doosen. Maybe ve better take 'em in town tomorrow vile dey vas fresh."

Then after a moment: "But if ve vait a day or two ve haf enough to pay for dot ba-arley, so I kess we vait. Dey vill be fresh anyhow, and ve keeps 'em cool. Ve has udder tings for supper, hey, Cherree?"

Jerry wagged an approval of any idea of supper, however abstract, and danced with glee, finally standing upright on his diminutive hind legs, as the old lady took down a small pan of milk, which had been reserved for table use. She was a frugal housekeeper, and would not willingly disturb the other pans, which were set for butter.

Every week she took sweet, fragrant prints into the town. A few English people preferred butter that was not salted, and for these pats, each wrapped in a cool plantain leaf, she got an extra price. These, with the eggs, were the sole support of the old woman.

Now she was more than usually careful of pennies, for she was in debt — a condition of things which in her rigid system of ethics could not be permitted to last. Advised by her marketman, she had gone beyond her usual system of cash payment, and purchased a quantity of feed on credit. This, in her eyes, bordered on rash speculation, and she counted the days until she should be able to sell enough eggs and butter to pay the debt.

She drew out the round kitchen table and spread a white cloth for tea. Then she toasted some slices of bread. From a jar she got a small dishful of preserved peaches, thinking to herself that this was quite good fare for any one who was in debt. She cut the corners from the toast, so that the slices were triangular. It looked better, she thought, and Jerry should have the scraps in his bowl of milk. Spite of her solitude and poverty, this old woman never forgot a certain daintiness, learned from her lady mother, long since dead in far-away Denmark.

Sometimes to an appreciative listener she would tell of her childhood, a grand home, and a brother, a wonderful musician, who had taught the little sister music. Then parents and the brother had died, the home was lost, and she came to America. Here she had been a housekeeper on a large Spanish rancheria, until she was married to a good-natured countryman, who had a small interest in the grant.

When the Spanish family lost their lands (as so many Spanish families did in old California), the Jansens' land went too, and they were quite old people then. But they had a few hundred dollars saved up, and so bought the little white cottage which was their home, and the two acres around it.

Then Jan had died, and left only the old woman and Jerry to constitute a household. He left also a good many small debts to be paid. Her neighbors said some of them were unjust, and advised her not to pay them; but she worked hard and saved till everything was paid up.

"Mebby I paid too much," she said, "but too much is better as not enough. Now I can ride mit my head up, and

ain't afraid to meet anybody. Now I vas happy," she said, "I bin so free."

Tonight, as they had their toast and cream, Mrs. Jansen was thinking of the old days, and quite forgot the present, until the sun was very low.

She started up, saying, "Why, liddle Cherree, it grows late. Ve must milk dot cow and shut up dose shickens. Ve must go early to bed; ve goes again to town tomorrow to bring dot ba-arley."

One day as she drove home, a sack of barley resting against the empty seat of the two-wheeled cart, her nearest neighbor called to her.

She drew her fat little horse up near the gate, and allowed him to crop the grass while she talked.

"I see you goin' to town every day," her neighbor said, "an' I thought meb-by Lizzie might ride in with you next week. Her ma wants her to come home." Lizzie was her fourteen-year old niece, who had been visiting in the country. "Sam 's gone an' hurt his leg so there's no drivin' him."

"O yes, I vas glad to have her go mit me," said Mrs. Jansen. "I vas sorry I bring every day ba-arley, or I vould called for you to go in town mit me in my ca-art."

She dwelt quaintly on certain vowels in her words, but otherwise spoke with nervous haste.

"You see," she continued, "I tink it looks like ve might haf a vet season, and spoil all the grain, so I bought a half a ton. I haf paid half down, so the store-keeper can't shange the ba-argain. Dere vas fourteen sacks, and I bring efery day von."

"Looks like you ought n't to hev to carry all that grain," said Mrs. Hale. "Won't some one fetch it fer y'u?"

"O, the storekeeper say my neighbors vill bring it for me, but I vas proud and like not to beg. Now I haf to bring only von more sack," she said, and compla-cently smoothed out her knitted lap robe. This was her handiwork, made on long winter evenings which she and Jerry had spent alone together. Her old eyes were too weak to read by lamplight, and knitting was her diversion in moments of ease and idleness.

Mrs. Hale urged her to go in and have a cup of tea, but she refused, saying she must go home and see to her shickens, and that she had much to do. She had been neglecting her housework because of her daily journeys.

When her outdoor work was done it was late, and she was very tired.

"Tings does look so!" she said. "To-morrow I scrub." This in a tone of de-fense against self-accusation, for the next day was Sunday, and usually she was very punctilious in keeping the com-mandment.

On Monday morning she was up very early, getting ready for the last journey. She counted out the precious eggs, to make sure that she was quite right, and that there were enough. She was very light-hearted, for she was able to make this last payment sooner than she ex-pected.

"Today ve pay up everyting, Cher-ree," she said.

Before she was quite ready, Lizzie stood on the threshold, all starched and braided, ready for the drive. Her cheeks shone round and rosy under her chip hat. She had a small satchel containing her belongings on her arm.

"I thought I 'd come early and help you," she said, by way of good-morning.

Behind the stove a family of kittens sniffed and bristled up at sight of a stranger.

"O, cute little things!" said Lizzie. "Why, they 're all sizes; how funny!"

She took one up, a wide-eyed bundle of black down. He sniffed very ener-getically, and spatted out with a dimin-utive paw.

"Just got his eyes open," she said, "but some of the others are twice as big."

Mrs. Jansen explained that they were

two families, one belonging to the old gray cat, prone at the back of the heap, and the younger ones belonging to a white-pawed scapegrace daughter, who shirked domestic cares, and left her family to the care of their grandmother.

Lizzie laughed aloud, and asked, "You ain't going to keep them all, are you?"

"I don't know vat to do mit 'em. Cherree don't like 'em, he vas so jealous," said Mrs. Jansen, in evident perplexity.

Lizzie helped to take the eggs out to the cart, which the old woman had brought round to the gate.

Just outside the porch a Marechal Neil rosebush grew, full of blossoms. The old lady broke some buds for Lizzie, and arranged some in the front of her own gown. There was quite an array of flowers along the walk. An oleander was full of red buds. Calla lilies, geraniums, and roses were in blossom, and over the gate a yellow broom swayed; but beyond this the yard was uncultivated, and grown up to grass and clover, except little closely cropped patches where something had grazed.

"You see, I used to have flowers all about my yard," she said; "but ven Jan loose all dot land, and then he died, I haf to move 'em close to the house, so grass shall grow enough for my horse and cow. I can't feed 'em all the time ba-arley, I vas so poor. Dere vas only two acres now."

Her tone was not complaining, simply explanatory.

The cottage was on a side hill, and the path sloped down from the gate. Below, a mossy, picturesque bridge spanned the brook. The old woman took innocent and sincere pride in the place. She said, "I like dot liddle vite cottage, it look so romandic."

She said this, pausing a moment as they sat in the cart, before setting out on the long drive. She looked about, inviting Lizzie's appreciation, and said, "I haf so many good tings," pointing out as an instance her good fortune in living at the bottom of the path rather than the top, for as it was she could roll the sacks of barley down into the shed where she never could have carried them. "Dey vas so heavy."

She declined with sincere pride any offer of assistance. Yet she spoke with unnecessary freedom of her poverty.

"Ve vas all very different now," she said. "I keeps the shickens,—twenty of 'em,—but the varmints got so many I had to haf dot hen-coop raised; now I buy dot ba-arley, and it take all I saved.'

She seemed to take pleasure in the company of the girl, and as Lizzie with pretty shyness was content to listen, the old woman talked on as they drove along in the cool morning air.

She paused now and then to admonish Jerry, as he sat in the bottom of the cart, or to assure him of her continued interest in him; for he grew doubtful and troubled if in her care for her guest she seemed to forget him.

She said in the most matter-of-fact way, "Yust now I haf only bread and milk, till the shickens make enough eggs dot I get sugar and tea and tings. Den Cherree hafs a beefsteak, hey, liddle Cherree? He likes only bread and milk, or a liddle broiled steak. He vas such a liddle dog, he likes only fine tings."

They rode some distance in silence, except for a growl from Jerry whenever he suspected the presence of another dog, and open tumult if one really did appear. Jerry's isolated sphere of action had given him an exalted opinion of his own prowess, and great was the apparent danger to any dog that came his way.

Lizzie was interested in Mrs. Jansen's little scraps of personal history, and presently she ventured to ask, by way of renewing the story, "Did Mr. Jansen die very long ago?"

"Only dree years," Mrs. Jansen said. "He fell out dis liddle ca-art and break his back."

Lizzie had heard from her aunt something of the unhappy circumstances of his death, as well as the fact that his old wife had been sorely vexed and tried by his too convivial habits.

The old woman went on with homely candor, "It vas de drink vat made him fall. Poor Jan, I vas so sorry for him! He lived eight days after, and he suffer so. He vent to town election day mit a fast horze, and I say, 'O be careful mit dot horze, he will trow you out dot veelbarrow' (I calls it veelbarrow, dot ca-art, it vas so liddle); but he say, 'O, Kitty, I vas all ridt. I take care mit it. I don't drink a drop.' But he vas trowed out, and they bring him home to me. I bin living alone ever since."

Not much was said after her pathetic story, and then Lizzie was left at her own gate in the edge of town.

The old lady had not driven far alone when there was a sudden creaking, splintering, and a crash. The little horse started furiously forward, frightened at the noise, but something drew him sharply to one side. He stopped at the sound of his mistress's voice, and a piteous howl from Jerry.

One wheel had given way, and the mistress sat where she had been thrown in the dust, still holding on to the reins. Jerry peered out from the inverted basket and a mess of broken eggs. After a few miserable moments he seemed to ooze from his reeking bed, and the mistress painfully gathered herself up.

The cart, she soon found, could be mended. She had known for some time that it needed a new wheel. But her eggs, her precious eggs!

She took the horse from the traces and stood waiting by the roadside, she scarcely knew for what. Jerry sat silent, disgusted at the state of his usually sleek coat. Fortunately, they were not seriously injured.

Soon a heavy wagon lumbered into sight. The driver was going to the mountain for wood, and as he realized the plight of the unfortunates by the roadside, he offered to take the wreck back to the little ranch.

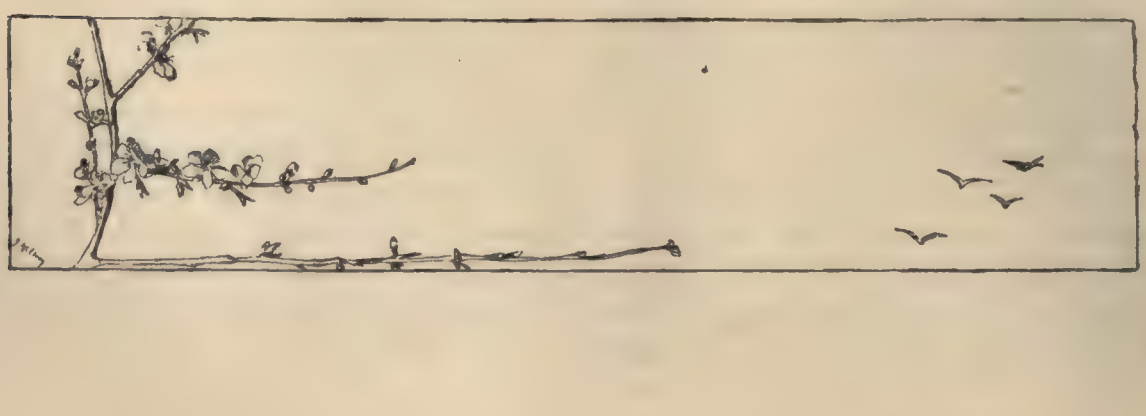
The old lady accepted this as the only thing to be done. She could not have the cart mended for a long time; not till that other debt was paid. She would have to leave one sack of barley with the dealer after all, until some one should bring it to her.

The woodman left her at the cottage, and put the broken cart in the shed.

After he was gone she sat down in the kitchen doorway and cried. Then she rose up to put away her bonnet and best gown, and do up the work she had neglected in her haste that morning, saying as she did so:

"Ve vas too anxious, liddle Cherree; ve haf punishment dat ve scrubbed on Sunday. Now ve begin all ofer again."

M. F. Ray.



IN THE MOQUI COUNTRY.

THE Moqui Indians have their homes in seven pueblos, — Tewa, Citcumave, Walpi, Michonguave, Cipaulire, Cimopave, and Oraibe, — situated near the watershed between the streams flowing northward to the Rio San Juan and those running south to the Little Colorado, in the great plain lying to the eastward of the San Francisco Mountains, in northern Arizona. More particularly, they are about sixty miles north of the station of Winslow, on the Santa Fé road, an equal distance from the northern Arizona line, and about a hundred miles west of the New Mexico line.

The first account we have of the pueblos we now call Moqui villages is that given by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, on his return to Old Mexico, after his explorations to the northward in 1540, and that is all-disparaging.

The unimaginative, severely practical Coronado, impressed not by objects of scientific, historical, or archæological interest, caring but little, in fact, for anything that could not be coined, turned contemptuously from these pueblos, as he had turned from the Seven Cities of Cibola. Contemptuously, for neither in the former nor in the latter had he found even the smallest part of the gold and jewels that the fabulous tales of Alvarado de Vaca, Alonzo de Castillo, Andres de Orantes, and the black Esteranico, in 1536, confirmed by the marvelous accounts of zealous Father Marcos de Niza, in 1539, had led the spoils-hunting Spaniards of the Cortez and Mendoza time to believe were locked in the strong vaults of the many-storied palaces of the wonderful cities of the North.

Coronado visiting the Moquis found nothing of interest, found no gold, no jewels; but we — my ranch partner, Herbert L——, and I — visiting them, found many things of great interest, and found at least one jewel of great price, — perfect hospitality.

Very early in the morning of one of the last days of September, 1885, L—— and I left the railroad at Holbrook for our journey. Two miles down the valley of the Little Colorado our road led us, then off to the north, in the direction of Keem's Cañon, through a vast treeless plain, covered in part by a luxuriant growth of black and white gramma and bunch grasses, while in many other places the sands bring forth only bristling cacti : many of the varieties are prostrate, and cover the ground with their vile and dangerous pincushion joints, but occasionally are seen giant pitihayas, or torch-thistles, growing in some instances to a height of many feet, and some of them dead, their desiccated stems carved out by the sand blasts into a beautifnl lace work. Again, groupings of the yucca brevifolia, each plant seemingly trying to outdo all its neighbors in its fantastic forms of growth. In places there are fields of bare sandstone, — white, gray, yellow, light red, dark red, — storm-worn and eroded into all conceivable grotesque shapes. Widely scattered over the plain are the petrified remains of an ancient forest. Most of the trees are broken into many fragments, but some of them are nearly perfect, showing knots and limbs, and in some instances, even parts of the bark. These are similar to the petrifactions in the great forest of Carrizo, and are all of the Carboniferous age.

In one place our road led us over a great basaltic dyke, regular and straight as though placed in position by an engineer, and traceable for a long distance

each side of our place of crossing. Off to the north, running parallel with the Rio Puerco and Little Colorado Rivers, and about thirty miles distant from them, is a row of isolated, high black buttes. They are, like the great Cañon Butte near Woodruff, of augitic rocks, and, like it, have been literally punched up through the deep sandstone formation, and huge blocks of the latter stone are lying about their bases, all at a dip down and out from the center. The buttes are but one of the many evidences of the gigantic volcanic and earthquake disturbance that the place has known, and they, with the shattered remains of the old forest, and the broken fields of stone, make the whole seem but the ruins of a past and better age.

Late in the afternoon we passed a miserable brush and grass-built hut, or, in local language, *hogar*, worth, if one was not very short of money, and houses not too plentiful, about fifty cents, and in that vile thing, turning neither sun nor rain, was living the son of the hereditary chief of all the Navajos, himself a great chief, *Esclebelechina* (literally, Boy-with-many-horses), well named if all the herds of ponies we had seen grazing upon the plain and had occasionally driven through belonged to him, as we afterward learned they did. Not only had he ponies but sheep and goats, many of them, and silver, more than a little of it, and yet living in such a hut. A true child of the plain — when the sun shines he does not need a house, and when it rains it is too wet to build one.

Just before dark we reached the base of one of the buttes, at a point where a high and nearly perpendicular face of bright red sandstone shows in the hill that at almost all other places presents a surface of black volcanic rock. The place is called by the Navajos *Bidiolochee*,— red monument. At the foot of the cliff is a small spring, and meeting there two white men with whom we were acquainted, we camped for the night and remained there the following day.

The place is just south of the line of the Navajo reservation, and the men were building themselves a small station from which they could trade with the Indians, getting in exchange for their flour, calicoes, etc., principally wool, blankets, and goat hides.

The spring at that place where the station was begun was merely a small seep, affording but a few gallons of water daily; but digging down, in the hope of improving it, the excavators uncovered, at a depth of about eight feet, a large, flat, polished stone. In the center of this had been fashioned by those who dwelt at that place in the days of old a receptacle about fourteen inches in diameter and three feet deep, catching all the waters of the little spring that, pure and cool, came in from the side in a stream the size of a lead pencil. Lying on the stone, by the side of the basin, was a handsomely decorated and unbroken dipper of the ancient ware, one of the finest specimens I have ever seen.

While at that place we were much interested in watching the play of a number of small Navajo boys, — a play showing how they come to be such wonderfully expert horsemen. Two of the boys mounted upon ponies bridled but not saddled, would dash along at full speed, while the other little fellows, from a distance of a few yards, would discharge their blunt arrows at them, not infrequently striking one of them. Then the rider would pretend to be disabled, and an arm or a leg would hang as though broken; and sometimes, even after both arms and one leg were helpless, the little fellow would stick to his pony in a manner to be envied by many a bare-back rider that has his name displayed in great letters on a flaming circus poster.

As an illustration of the habit, common to all Indians, of naming a man from some one of his acts or peculiarities, one of the men at that trading post,

who preferred his left hand in working, was immediately christened *Astinclaw*, —the Left-handed. The other, who when first appearing there happened to be wearing a shirt with a lacing in front, with small bells on the ends of the cords, is known by the Indians to this day as *Tupabeo*, —the Bell Sheep.

We continued our journey on the morning of the second day, driving through a country very similar to that traversed on the first, and at night reached Keem's Cañon, but a few miles from the Moqui villages, and their principal trading post. It is also visited by many of the Navajos, and Mr. Keem annually collects great stores of wool and goat hides, baskets, blankets, pottery and antiquities brought in by these Indians.

At this place we made the acquaintance of Mr. A. M. Stevens, a gentleman who has thoroughly mastered the language of the Moquis, and has interpreted many of their myths and picture writings, and the stories told in the decorations on their pottery. The knowledge of Indian life he has gathered would make a most interesting and valuable work. He has also collected, and with the greatest skill put together, much of the broken ancient pottery found in the extensive ruins lying to the north of Keem's, and has secured from some of the old burial crypts many very beautiful and unbroken pieces; wonderful pottery, bowls and water jugs, vases, lamps, and urns, well formed and well glazed. Many of the larger pieces are decorated with the picture-written exploits of some *katcina*, or messenger of the gods, when on a visit of instruction to the people, in the good old days, and all are brilliantly colored,—black, red, yellow, purple. Some of the lines of the decoration are so thin that fifty or sixty of them would not make an inch, yet showing through all the many centuries they have been buried, as plainly as though made but yesterday.

In the morning, after our rest at Keem's, as we were preparing for a start over to the Indian village, Mr. Stevens said:

"Boys, leave your Winchesters here. Leave your arms, and take an olive branch."

"But we have no olive branch."

"Well, I 'll give you a substitute,—offer your hand, and say '*lolomi*' to every Moqui you meet."

"What does '*lolomi*' mean?"

"What does it mean? Well, I 'll give you a free and easy translation. It means, 'How do you do? I am glad to see you. I hope you are well. I hope all your friends are well!' Also, if to a man, 'You are the wisest of the wise in council, the bravest of the brave in battle, and a mighty hunter.' If to a woman, 'You are very handsome. You can make finer baskets, weave better blankets, can hoe more corn and grind more meal than any other lady in the tribe?"

Glad to have found such great power in such small compass, we left the Winchesters and took *lolomi*.

A few miles south of the Keem trading post the cañon through which the road leads suddenly terminates, running out into the plain that stretches south to the Colorado River. The walls of the cañon, bending sharply to the right and to the left, form the southern edge of a great mesa.

Turning to the west at the mouth of the cañon, three or four miles more brought us below three of the villages of the Moquis. They are built upon a high point of rock — a peninsula, if one may be allowed the term — projecting out into the plain from the mainland of mesa, and joined to it by a neck that is in one place less than forty feet wide, and is broken down much below the level of the rest.

The rock is of sandstone, flat upon the top, entirely free from earth, and has an area of fifteen or twenty acres.

The three little villages, containing together about seven hundred people, occupy about two thirds of the available space, Tewa first, next to the mainland of the mesa, Citcumave in the center, and Walpi out on the extreme point of the cape.

The houses are all of stone, laid in adobe mud that dries into a very good mortar. Most of them are two or three low stories in height, and one, in Walpi, even five. Each story is smaller than the one below, and the projecting roof of the first forms a balcony around the second, that of the second around the third, and so on to the top. The upper floors are reached by ladders placed against the walls on the outside, and as the only openings in many of the ground rooms are holes in the roof, drawing up the ladder would leave no means of entrance.

The summit of the rock upon which the villages are built is perhaps six hundred feet above the level of the plain, and although the debris at the foot of the cliff forms a sloping way up the greater part of the height, yet there is hardly a place that the rock at the top is not from sixty to one hundred feet nearly or quite perpendicular. The only way up is a winding trail twisting between great fallen blocks of rock, up the sloping part of the hill, and following near the top along a narrow ledge. Truly, before the enemies of the tribe had firearms, and the government agents had widened the trail, the place was impregnable, the Gibraltar of the Moquis.

At the foot of the mesa we found some old women and children, cutting and drying peaches. They were afraid of us at first, but we offered some of our provisions, and spoke to them the magic *lolomi*, and at once they smiled, and one came forward, giving us a basket of the luscious fruit.

Leaving L—— to look after our effects, I climbed the trail, to find if possible Dr. Jeremiah Sullivan, — the only white man living in the villages. I met two Indians coming down the trail, and found many at the top, but received from each of them, in answer to my "*Lolomi*," a pleasant "How do do!" And when I asked for "*El Americano*" they pointed in the direction of Walpi. Making my way there, I found the Doctor in the act of putting his brand upon a fee that he had just been fortunate enough to collect. The fee was a very good two-year-old pony.

The Doctor returned with me to the foot of the mesa for L——, and from that time on had us under his care, and acted as interpreter. He took us to his quarters, in the house of Anniwita, the secretary of war, or war chief of the tribe, and the old chief, immediately offering fruit and melons, gave us a cordial invitation to make his house our home during our stay in the village.

A short time afterwards, Cimo, the head chief of the tribe, came in to see us. He is a dignified and noble-looking old man, who more closely resembles the Caucasian in head and features than any other Indian I have ever seen. He has also the reputation of being the wisest and best of the chiefs who have governed the Moquis, continually discouraging his people from war, trying to encourage agriculture and the increase of their flocks, and aiding to the best of his ability the efforts of the government agents to improve the sanitary condition of his pueblos and the health of his people.

Cimo gave us most kindly welcome to his villages, expressed the hope that we would enjoy our stay, and invited us to call upon him in his own home. Then many other men of the tribe came in; each one, after a shake of the hand and a welcome and smoking a pipe of our tobacco, leaving with an invitation for us to come and see him.

After a time the wife of Anniwita announced that dinner was ready, and many a man has sat down to a poorer

one: a nice rabbit stew, *piki* (bread made of corn-meal), with green corn, green beans, muskmelons, watermelons, and peaches. *Piki* is made by mixing the meal into a thin mush, and spreading it over the surface of a smooth stone that has been previously heated. The sheet, after being baked, is not more than one-fourth the thickness of an ordinary window glass. It is then, while hot, doubled over and over, until three or four inches wide, then rolled up the other way into a little loaf that is really delicious.

The Moqui method of preparing green corn might well be adopted by the most aristocratic *chef de cuisine* of San Francisco. The corn, cut from the cob, is rubbed between two stones until reduced to a pulp, seasoned with salt and chopped red peppers, wrapped in small quantities in the inner and lighter husks, and then, in one of their clay ovens, nicely baked.

Seated upon sheepskins, our food on a rug upon the floor, we made a very hearty dinner in the hospitable house of Anniwita, a much more hearty dinner than we should have eaten had we known what was in store for us, for many times that afternoon were we called upon to repeat it.

After rising from our repast, the Doctor said: "Come with me; we will return the calls now, for it is expected." We visited every house in the village, and I think shook hands with every one of the inhabitants. In each place, after the host had assured us that he was glad that we had come, sheepskin rugs were spread for us, and melons and peaches offered, and we ate, of course, some part of each, until had the village been any larger the Doctor would certainly have had two patients.

As we were returning, about dark, from our last call, we found most of the inhabitants of the village congregated in an open square, while from a house-top a chief was delivering a harangue.

"The chief of the hunt proclaims a rabbit hunt for tomorrow," explained the Doctor, "and all the able-bodied men, and boys above a certain age, must go."

In these hunts the Moquis usually drive some part of the plain to the south and east of the villages, where the little "cotton-tails" are very plentiful, and where they also find a good many of the large jack rabbits.

Leaving all their fire-arms at home, — powder and lead are too scarce and valuable to be used on rabbits, — they go forth armed, some with bows and blunt arrows, but most of them only with pieces of wood shaped quite like a Turkish cimeter, the blade about twenty inches long, two inches wide, and one-quarter of an inch thick.

From fifty to one hundred Indians surround a large tract, and gradually converge, driving the game before them. When near the center the rabbits attempt to escape through the lines, they are knocked over by arrows, or the crooked sticks thrown by the hunters with wonderful skill. The hunts sometimes yield a marvelous number of cotton-tails, if the hunters can be believed.

Shortly after reaching the Doctor's quarters a young Indian came in, and invited us to attend a *tininina*, or social dance, given by the young braves of Walpi.

We made our way through the intricate windings of the narrow streets to nearly the opposite side of the village, where we found about forty men assembled in a long, low, and narrow hall. As only one very poor dip was burning, and as the only opening through wall or roof was a very low and narrow door near one end, it is safe to say that the lighting and ventilating of their ball-room was not first class.

The dancers had removed all superfluous clothing, and it was extremely ludicrous to see an Indian come in, and after quietly greeting those present, with great dignity take off his shirt and hang it up, just as a white man under

similar circumstance would remove his overcoat and hat.

The musical instruments were a tom-tom, made of a section of a hollow cottonwood log, one end of which was covered with dried mule-skin, a number of gourds, filled with pebbles, and—wonderful innovation—a half string of sleigh bells.

The pebble-filled gourds and the bells were rattled, and the tom-tom, beaten with a heavy stick, came in from time to time like a bass drum, and the dancers, in a long single file, kept time.

First but the right foot of each moved to the music, then both feet, then both feet and one arm, then all the limbs, then the head, then the whole frame fairly writhed. The line slowly retreated to the back of the hall, but at once advanced with ever accelerating speed, ending in a terrific bound. All this in perfect unison, keeping time to the music, all the dancers chanting the story of their tribe. First, low and plaintive the song, telling the death of some renowned chief, or great misfortune of their people; then higher, telling of the capture of whole herds of deer, and antelope, and big-horns, by their mighty hunters; then higher, ever higher, telling the adventures of their brave warriors on the fields of strife, and ending in a terrible yell, that marked the close of a wonderful exploit of some death-dealing chief.

The wavering light, the shadowy corners, lighted almost not at all; the rattling bells and gourds, and the mournful tom-tom; the long line of nearly nude Indians, their long hair streaming out behind, marching, bounding, writhing, and wildly tossing their arms; and the strange song, now soft and low, now loud and fierce, formed a scene oppressively weird, and never to be forgotten.

The *tininina* ended, at about ten o'clock we returned to the house of our host. The walk through the narrow, winding ways, some of them partly lighted by the moon, others in the deepest shadow, with the feeling that one cannot help feeling when on such a high place,—that one may at any time step off,—was a walk that any man might shrink from, unless fully assured of the skill of his guide, and of the friendship of those behind him.

We approached the door of the home of Anniwita with great caution, not that we doubted the kindness of the inmates, but the structure stands on the very edge of the beetling cliff, the eastern end of the house being actually an upward extension of the wall of the mesa, and a single false step might send one down to certain death on the jagged rocks below.

We spread our blankets upon the smooth rock floor of the house, and had a nice piece of sandstone, that we softened somewhat by covering with our boots, for a pillow; and so perfect is the health and the ability to sleep that one gets by a life on the plains, that not even the bed of rock, the pillow of stone, the many dinners of the afternoon, the memory of the harsh music and the wild dance I had just witnessed, could bring the slightest dream to mar my restful slumbers.

About four o'clock, however, I was awakened, and that quickly and thoroughly, by a loud grating together of rocks almost against my head, and by a song in the high voice of a woman.

"What, in the name of all that is unearthly, is that?" I asked the Doctor.

He laughed and replied: "It is dawn, and the daughter of the house is grinding the meal for the day, and you hear the song of 'the maid of the mill.' Listen, and presently you will hear some woman in every house in the village sing it."

The daughter of Anniwita, who had ceased when I spoke, began her grinding and her song again. Soon, loud and distinct in the nearer houses, and low and but barely heard in those more re-

mote, the refrain was taken up. Lying there in the almost palpable blackness of that windowless room, we listened to a strange and pretty song, — a song that, accompanied by the sound of the stones crushing the parched grain, and heard in that old, old village, surrounded by those people who seem a colony from the past, made one almost ready to believe that while asleep the flood of years had flowed backward, even through scores of centuries, and that one had been awakened by the mill song of the people of ancient Egypt.

After daylight I examined the mill. It is a stone slab, about eighteen inches by three feet in size, set at an angle of about thirty degrees. The upper surface is hollowed, leaving a rim at each edge, and at the foot is a basin to receive the meal. The corn is first thoroughly cleaned by letting it fall repeatedly from the height of the hand to a blanket at the feet, the workman standing in a windy place, and is then dried in an oven, sometimes even partly roasted. The fair miller then with her left hand slowly feeds the grain on the upper end of the inclined rock, and rubs it back and forth with a piece of hard stone, just long enough to fit the groove, and she grinds her corn into a very good meal.

The ovens are of clay, nicely formed, and very thoroughly do the work required. Most of them are first heated, then, after the embers are swept out, the food is put in, but others have a fire-box below and a place above for the article to be cooked. The ovens are used not only for cooking, but for baking the pottery, of which a great quantity is made.

The Moquis of the present day, degenerate, dying out, do no part of their work as well as it was done by their ancestors, and their modern pottery will in no respect favorably compare with that found in the ruins of their old cities. The clay used is possibly the same, most of the pieces are shaped in the same way, the decorating is in the same style,— is now, as it was then, the picture-written account of some *katcina* message, — but all is roughly done. The modern ware is thick and clumsy, lacks the fine coloring of the old work, and the glazing is particularly bad.

After a breakfast with the Doctor we took a look around the villages. A few rods in front of the house of Anniwita is the Tarpeian rock of Walpi. Over two hundred years ago the Spanish fathers had a mission at the foot of the mesa on the western side of the village, where the ruins of their buildings may still be seen, and the zealous workers had made some converts and were kindly received by all the people. But a deadly plague came upon the Moquis in the evil year of 1682. Many, the children particularly, were swept away, and after the medicine-men had received repeated messages from the *katcina*, it was decided that the plague was a punishment for permitting the infidels to dwell among them.

Good Father Lombardie and all the Christianized Indians around him were one morning invited to the top of the rock, and going up in good faith, no doubt thinking they were called upon to pray for the sick, they were all thrown over the cliff.

We walked to the edge of the rock and looked down, — a dizzying height, — surely no man escaped alive. The place below, where the Christians fell, is now, in striking contrast to the bloody work of that time, used as a sheep-fold.

The Moquis, though poor as compared with some of the other tribes, have quite a number of small herds of sheep and goats. Every night they are brought up difficult trails into the stone corrals, which are at the foot of the perpendicular rock, where they may be overlooked, for the numerous and powerful Navajos — the Huns and Vandals of Moqui history — are not the most honest of neighbors yet.

About midway between the villages

of Walpi and Citcumave one comes upon a square ledge that runs across the mesa from side to side, making the level of Walpi about eight feet above the other place. Near the middle of the ledge is a seam, just wide enough for one to walk through, making a sloping and easy way down. The passer-by naturally walks through the seam, for otherwise he would be compelled to scale the perpendicular ledge, and that many have walked through may be seen, for from the end of the opening out for many yards on the level beyond, although none but bare or moccasined feet have trodden there, the trail is worn many inches deep into the solid rock.

In each of the villages there are a number of *estufas*, or council chambers. They are always below the level of the other houses, and are either hewn from the rock, or built on a ledge on the edge of the cliff, and can be entered only through a small hole in the top by a ladder. They are always guarded, as in fact are most of the dwellings in the place, by *bahos*, little sticks with bunches of feathers in the top, and used much as the Chinese use their punk sticks, except that they are not burned, to keep off evil spirits. In the *estufas*, all councils of war and other discussions of great moment are held, and in them also the women do most of their weaving, thinking, no doubt, that they can do better work in the sacred precincts.

The weaving of the women of the Moqui tribe is, taking all the circumstances into consideration, very much to be admired. With wool cut from the sheep with a knife, spun on a top whirled between the hands, the warp stretched perpendicularly between two rude bars, their many colored yarns wound on sticks, they patiently weave in complicated and really beautiful figures, and sometimes make blankets so firm that covered with one the heaviest rain may be defied.

Near the foot of the trail leading up to the mesa is *Isbabi*, — the large spring supplying the villages with water. Think of carrying all the water used by three towns up six hundred feet of hill! But it must all be carried up, for there are no cisterns or means of catching rain water.

This must, evidently, have always been the weak point in the defenses of Cimo's towns. Not much of a siege could they have stood; but then their enemies, the ancestors of the present Navajos, whom the Moqui traditions always call "the wandering hunters of the east," were not apt to lay regular siege, but like the restless riders of the plains of far Asia, would strike an unexpected blow, but failing, were soon off.

On the plain around the mesa are quite a number of gardens, where their owners grow corn, beans, pumpkins, and melons; and just below Citcumave, which means "the place of peaches," is a peach orchard that is well worth seeing. The trees are some of them very old, the original seed having been furnished by the mission fathers, and they are planted in banks of fine white shifting sand, and must certainly send their roots down to the level of the spring. The sand is drifted to such an extent that some of the trees are buried to their branches, while the roots of others are exposed for several feet, and they stand on a number of props, like banyan trees.

At the foot of the cliff at the southern point of the mesa is a large rock with a nearly flat top, about eight by ten feet in size, and a few yards to one side of it is a well-worn trail. On the top of the rock are thousands of pebbles, — seemingly every one that could possibly be lodged there, — and around the base are other thousands that have fallen. It is the great luck-stone, and from time immemorial have the children of the villages gone there to get forecasts of their lives. Each little devotee of the blind goddess selects three pebbles,

and while walking down the trail, throws them, one by one, upon the rock. If but one pebble lodges, the thrower will know much of sorrow and disappointment, yet his efforts will sometimes bear good fruits. If two pebbles stay, he will find more than the average of success, and if all three lodge upon the top, he may march onward boldly, for what can withstand him? Should all the little stones fall off, what then? Well, the child can ask himself but one question, "Why was I born?"

As I stood by the luck-shrine, I found inquisitiveness asking: Have not some children of a larger growth cast part of those stones? for superstition is strong in Indian character. Imagination painted the answering picture: Night; no one is stirring in the villages above; the flocks sleep quietly in their folds up in the rocks; not even is there a whisper of the breeze. The moon, already sinking to the west, bathes the shrine in a flood of light, but along the base of the cliff deep shadows are forming, and through that darkened way comes one upon whose brow the crown of manhood has not rested long. He stops without the line of light, to make sure he is alone, for pride would receive a rankling wound should he be seen. Satisfied that there are no others near, he quickly goes to the trail. In his hand are three pebbles of an equal size,— the most perfect found after diligent search, — and for days has he practiced throwing them, but now he is afraid that his acquired skill will not stand good against his nervousness. He throws the first stone, and it stays, — hope! she does not dislike him. The second strikes fairly, and moves not, — she loves him better than all others. The third pebble falls, from the now trembling hand of the youth, a little short, strikes on one side of the mound, rolls down, down, while his breath comes hard. It is near the edge, but falls between two others, and is at rest, — joy! the fairest maid in all the Moqui land before the snows shall come again will be his bride.

Another picture: Night and quiet again, and again but a single figure on the canvas; an old and tried chief, even the bravest of the brave, has just left the council chamber, where it has been decided that on the morrow he must lead his warriors to battle, and has come to find what the three casts will tell him of the approaching combat. And if his arm failed him when in the thickest of the fight, and his arrows missed their mark, and defeated he went down to death, who shall say it was not because the pebbles rolling off the luck-stone had told him that he could not be victorious?

All around the mesa, from base to summit, the numerous clefts and small caverns in the walls have been used as tombs. The dead, wrapped in blankets, having been placed in one of them, the entrance is walled up, the place not to be touched again except by vandal hands. Numerous are the graves in Moqui land. Truly, the people of that name who walk the earth "are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

In many places on the smooth parts of the cliff are picture writings similar to those in Cherolon Cañon, and the wonderful ones on the mesa south of Carrizo. They are the records of the tribe, and the messages of *katcina;* and below Walpi, in more than one place, can also be seen the representation of the serpentine form of one of the very greatest of the spirits, *Balilokon*, the spirit of the element of water.

To return to the people. The Moquis are small in stature, but they are of rather light complexion and good features, and although they tell us that before the misalliance of many of their men with the women of other tribes they were much better looking than now, they will yet compare favorably with any other of the North American tribes. It may be that intermarriage with other people has not improved them, for the family of

Cimo, the hereditary chief, which naturally would be kept of the purest Moqui blood, is the most comely of all.

Many of the young girls of the tribe are really pretty, much more closely resembling the beautiful Indian maidens of fiction than I had expected, and they are modest and neat in dress. The waist of the dress is formed of a long and narrow blanket, wound around the neck and shoulders, and hanging down is caught together on the sides, leaving the arms bare. The skirt is formed of another blanket, and frequently has a row of pretty figures woven in around the bottom. About the waist is worn a broad girdle.

The manner in which the women dress their long and very abundant hair is, to say the least, very striking. The maidens divide their hair in the center of the head, and one-half combed each way is rolled on a stick till it resembles a ram's horn, — sometimes two and a half or three turns; it is then placed on the sides just above and in front of the ear. The matrons also divide their hair in the center, and it is combed down to each side and tied very closely above the ear; then seeds of the watermelon, muskmelon the pumpkin, or the peach, in fact, of everything they hope to grow in their gardens and orchards the coming season, and which have been blessed by the religious men of the tribe, are put in, and the hair tied again below them, forming a large bulb. It is considered a great breach of etiquette for a married woman to arrange her hair like a girl's, or for a maiden to be found without the horns.

The Moquis are monogamous, and the girls are permitted to choose their husbands. Nearly always the maiden gets the boy of her choice, but there are exceptions, for her choice must be confirmed by her uncles, — the old men of her family, — and instances there have been where it was necessary for the uncles to use the most persuasive of all arguments, — the severest of castigations, — to make a girl think that some reprobate fellow was not as good-looking and congenial as she had thought him.

In the marriage ceremony, the girl is taken to the house of her intended just after sundown by her grandmother, or by her aunt or some other old woman of her family, if the grandmother is dead. Finding in the house of the groom an abundance of grain, furnished by him, the girl grinds almost incessantly, with just as little sleep as possible, for four days and nights, and neither the light of the sun or the eye of man is permitted to shine upon her in that time. Very diligently she grinds, for the amount of meal will show how faithfully in after years she will perform her work as a wife. On the evening of the fourth day the friends and relatives assemble, and all, particularly the father and uncles of the bride, are expected to bring presents. The girl, dressed in a beautiful new blanket and girdle, is then brought in, and after all have feasted to their heart's content, she is at last given to her long waiting lover. Each pours a quantity of water over the head of the other, and the ceremony is complete.

After marriage, the woman not only grinds the corn but raises it. The husband hunts, and when it is absolutely necessary, fights.

The wars of the Moquis have almost invariably been with the Navajos, for the latter, — the freebooters of the plain, — respecting no right of life or property, have given continued provocation. War can only be declared by the war chief, but he would violate a long established custom if he did so without the tribal chief's first having intimated that war was desired by him. To illustrate: if in the present generation, when at some time the chiefs were all assembled in council, Cimo should ask why certain designated enemies were not dead, Anniwita would lay three, five, or seven arrows at the feet of Cimo, and if he picked them up, Anniwita would at once proclaim

war against the enemies who had been named, and it would be compulsory upon every able-bodied man of the tribe to go to battle.

Before the days of fire-arms the Moquis were armed exclusively with bows and arrows and lances, in fact, not many of them have guns now. In the old days the lance points and arrow heads were made of obsidian, but now most of the war arrows have well-formed points of iron or steel, and with long shafts accurately feathered, and hurled from their strong bows, are indeed deadly weapons.

The Moquis know one all-wise and good spirit, *Cotukinuniwa*, "The Heart of the Stars." They have also *Balilokon*, the great water snake, the spirit of the element of water; and they see him in the rains and snows, the rivers and springs, the sap in the trees and the blood in the body. The whole Moqui heavens are filled, too, with *katcina*, angels, or, literally, "those who have listened to the gods." All of the great dead men of the Moqui nation at some time before they died saw *katcina*, and received messages from them, and some of the chiefs now living have seen them too.

As is so often found in the religion of a people who are low in mental development, and in whose pitiful lives the hours of trial, and privation, and sorrow are much more numerous than the happy ones, that the spirit of good though all-wise is not all-powerful, so it is found here. *Cotukinuniwa* loves his children and would send to them nothing but good; but that he cannot always do, for *Balilokon* is sometimes stronger than he, and wills evil. Yet it would not be right to call *Balilokon* the spirit of evil, for he is by no means always so. When he is pleased the mists and rains fall gently, and the sap runs lustily through plants and trees, giving them vigorous growth; the springs and rivers are full, but clear, giving abundance of good water to the people and their flocks; and the blood flowing in the veins of the children of the tribe is the blood of health. But *Balilokon* is sometimes angered and the rains come not at all, or come in deluges that destroy; the rivers are dry or are raging floods; the sap is withdrawn from the plants and trees, and they die; and the blood of the people flows through their veins but to poison.

There have been times when the anger of *Balilokon* it seemed no ceremony or prayer could appease. Then hundreds of the people went down to death, and one time, away in the dim past, so many moons ago that their wisest one cannot tell how many, he sent a great flood that covered nearly all the earth, and but very few of the people and not many of the beasts were saved.

Balilokon having it in his power to do so much of good, so much of evil, is the god most prayed to, and in whose name almost all of the ceremonies are held.

We witnessed *Lenabaki*, the ceremony of the sprinkling of the sacred meal. The grass was needing rain, as for some weeks none had fallen, so the priest blessed a great basket of the finest meal, and on the floor of a large room a cord of twisted sinews was stretched. At one end was placed a *baho*, no evil could come over that, and the other end was guarded by the priest and Cimo. Some time during the day each one of the dwellers in the village went in, and taking some of the meal, raised it three times to the lips, then sprinkled it along the string from the feet of the priest to the *baho*, and asked *Balilokon* to send them rain. And he did, in a very few days.

The great snake dance of the Moquis is also a ceremony in the worship of *Balilokon*. In that dance, more wild and frightful than the *tininina*, live snakes, veritable rattlers, are passed from man to man. Rarely is a dancer bitten, and if one should be he would receive no sympathy, for could there

possibly be given a more certain sign of his unworthiness?

Not all of the men of the tribe can participate in the snake dance. Those who do are members of a society in which there is something like Freemasonry. They have many secrets, and the true meaning of the dance is one of them.

How long have the Moquis been where we now find them? From whence came they? Who are they?

The history of the tribe, though almost entirely an oral one, seems fairly accurate, and upon some points the narrators all agree. They all know of the visit of Coronado. He and his party were the first white men they had seen; at that time they first saw horses, and many other things made it a great event in Moqui history. They tell us that they had been living in the villages they now occupy a time about twice as great before his visit as has elapsed since. Coronado saw them in 1540,—about 350 years ago,—so that Tewa, Citcumave, and Walpi, from the summit of the great cliff, have looked down upon the plain far more than ten centuries. And may not the deep trail worn by their bare feet in the rock, the enormous amount of broken pottery mingling in the soil of the plain all around the mesa, the many tombs, and the old, old look of the place be taken as corroborating testimony?

But through all that time, bringing so many changes to the people of other lands, the dwellers in the Moqui villages have remained much the same. Some battles have they fought, but they have not marched with mind. They build no better than they built ten centuries ago. They cherish every superstition that they cherished then.

The Moqui traditions tell us that before their people built upon the cliffs the seven villages they now occupy, they lived in cities upon the plain, some to the northward, on the streams flowing to the San Juan, and others south of the Little Colorado, particularly near Silver Creek, which they call the "blue river."

In confirmation of this, in many places in the country lying between the streams mentioned are the ruins of almost countless buildings, that as nearly as one can judge from the small part of the masonry that remains in the low foundation walls and the mounds of debris, were similar to the houses now built by the tribe. About fifteen miles north of Tewa and the other towns, are the most extensive ruins on the plains of northern Arizona. They can be traced for miles, and from them some of the finest specimens of the ancient pottery have been collected.

About six miles south of the Little Colorado and four miles east of Cherolon Cañon, upon a very high part of the plain three or four miles from any living water in the present day, I found the foundation walls of quite a large group of buildings. The ground plan shows them to have been very like the houses now occupied by the Moquis. Most of the rooms were small and square, or nearly so,—about ten by twelve, or twelve by fourteen feet,—and in at least one instance a second wall surrounds at a distance of about ten feet an inner one, as though the outer wall enclosed the one-story part of the house, and the inner wall the two-story part, the second floor to be reached by a ladder over the roof of the ground rooms, the same as in the houses on the mesa.

About these ruins, as about all the others in that region, are innumerable fragments of a pottery so like, in style and decoration, the pottery now made by the Moquis, that it seems good evidence that the ancestors of Cimo's people once had their homes within those ruined walls.

Before they lived in the cities on the plain the Moquis, according to their story, were the cliff dwellers of Cañon de Chelly, the cañon near Flagstaff, and

the many other cañons of that region where those "eagle nests" are found. Before they lived in the cañon walls they came from the south. They cannot tell from just where, they cannot tell when, and before that indefinite time they have no traditions of the origin of their people, or their movements.

It has been common to think that the cliff dwellings of Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico, were constructed by a people who have entirely passed away, and have left no records; but the Moqui tradition is a reasonable one, and there are Indians living in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Old Mexico who are cliff dwellers today, occupying dwellings very similar in style and situation to the deserted ones that have been attributed to the pre-historic tribes. And in the cliff dwellings are found many pieces of the samé pottery that is found in the rivers of the plain and in the Moqui villages.

I found in some dwellings in the cañon walls of White River, about thirty miles above Fort Apache, some pottery that is unquestionably the same.

And the cliff dwellings were not necessarily the fortifications of a people driven from the plains, but rather, did not the natural excavations in the cliffs, furnishing roof and floor, back and side walls, leaving but the front to be constructed, offer superior inducements to an ignorant and lazy people building their first houses?

The ancestors of the Moquis, coming from the south, constructed their cliff dwellings first, because they were the easiest to build.

After a time, no one can tell how long, having gained in numbers and in skill, they built the cities on the plain, and perhaps dwelt there for centuries. Then came almost interminable wars with the wandering hunters of the east, in which the Moquis invariably suffered defeat; and terrible earthquakes, they tell us, threw down their buildings, and awful plagues came upon them, until at times the living could hardly bury the dead. Finally the remnant of the people, but a handful from each of what had once been populous towns, gathered upon the mesa where we now find them, where they have been better able to withstand the plagues and the pirates of the plain.

The Moquis have more than once been called Aztecs but not only are they not a branch of the Aztecan race, but they show no evidence of any association with or even knowledge of that people. In no Moqui ruin has been found, I think, a lance point, or arrow head, or blade of glass, a shield, or helmet, or ax, of copper, or coin of tin, in all of which the Aztec ruins abound. And most conclusive of all, the Moqui language contains no Aztec word.

The height of the Aztecan civilization was never nearly reached by the Moquis, yet the latter — with their many storied houses of stone, rude as they are and always have been in architecture; their pottery, defective as it sometimes is; their agriculture; and more particularly with their kindly disposition, that would lead them, if possible, to avoid war, and reach up to better things — are far above many of the Indian tribes. They are well worthy of the attention of scholars. Their picture writing on the rocks, the decorations of their pottery, and their myths and traditions, can tell many things that the world would like to know.

The Moquis of all the seven villages number now, I believe, less than two thousand, a smaller number probably than at any time since they first made their homes upon the rocks; and already around them is the vanguard of a people who have subdued and supplanted the aboriginal inhabitants of every land upon which they have once set their feet. One who knows the story of the tribes of the eastern coast, and who has also seen the lack of energy and purpose, the death in life, of the remnant of the Moqui tribe, will feel that they will not wear the trail

in the rock much deeper; and that the time is not far distant when those strange houses on the summit of the beetling cliff, that every dawn for more than a thousand years have echoed to the song of the maids of the mill, will echo to that song no more forever.

Let me hope that before that time comes, some one in all ways qualified, and with ample time for the work, will have visited the Moquis, and have found and recorded all that they know of the past.

Charles R. Moffet.

TAOOFA: A SAMOAN LEGEND.

When Taoofa was a boy of ten years, a body of Feejee warriors swept down upon the island of Savaii, one of the Samoan group. A savage battle was fought, and this boy, the son of a noted chief, and nearly one hundred other young Samoans, were carried off into slavery. Their captors obliged the young slaves to dig the yam and taro patches, to gather the cocoanuts, hunt the turtle, catch fish, and make bows and arrows, spears and war clubs.

Though Taoofa was not permitted to take part in the Feejee games and dances, nor to go upon their warlike expeditions, yet he became strong and powerful. None could shoot an arrow so far, none could cast the spear with such force, and no three could throw him to the ground.

One day Poreo, the chief, said, "Take all your fellow slaves, go into the forest, and build me a great canoe."

Taoofa had no choice but to obey, so he and his followers, for followers they were even in slavery, went among the woods and selected the finest trees, which they felled and trimmed, and during long weeks dug or cut the center out and scraped or polished the outside. This canoe was formed of three trees with the ends so nicely fitted together that except for the lashings of cocoanut fiber, no one could have discovered the joints. When one long canoe was finished a second had to be built, and then the two were fastened together by a platform, which was intended to hold a mast.

While selecting trees for these canoes Taoofa and his friend Oedidee found a cave hidden by a clump of wild orange trees. They told their companions of this cave, and together all planned that when the great canoe was finished they would take possession of it and make their way back to their beloved Samoan home. The cave would serve to conceal the weapons they would have to make, and if discovered, to it they could retreat and defend themselves to the last. They now labored with renewed zeal, for they felt the canoe was for themselves and not for their captors. They could escape without weapons, but they were certain to be followed, and their only hope lay in preparing such arms as they required to beat off their enemies when once at sea. They made spears of bamboo, the points of which were armed with the sharp teeth of the shark; they fashioned strong war clubs and tied to the knotted ends of them fish bones that would cut like knives. In addition to these they made long, heavy bows and many arrows. They also made swords with teeth like a saw.

At last the day came to launch the canoe, and Chief Poreo said the bottoms of his fine new canoes should not be scratched or bruised on the sands and coral.

"Bring the slaves," he cried; and when they came he ordered them to lie down crosswise, and then over their bare backs he and his men dragged the canoes to the ocean.

"This is what slaves are for," he said and little he pitied the poor captives with their raw and bleeding backs.

No larger or finer boat had ever been built upon this island, and it floated like a seagull upon the waters. The mast was fitted to its place and the sails made of cocoanut fiber were hung upon it, while around the base was erected a shelter as a post of honor for Poreo and his principal men. Feasts and games celebrated the coming departure of the Feejee warriors. Taoofa and his followers were obliged to hunt the turtle, gather the bread fruit, and catch the fish, that their captors might feast and be merry. The natives spent much of their time in making great numbers of arrows, in polishing their clubs and spears, and in other warlike preparations for their intended departure across the sea.

Taoofa and his fellow captives used every spare moment upon their own weapons, and in preparing such food as they would most need. Seeing that they could not make enough arrows to answer their purpose, Taoofa proposed to wait till the last hour and then steal a supply from their masters. This might bring about an immediate discovery of their flight, but he felt unwilling to risk going to sea without arms to protect themselves against an attack.

The night Taoofa had set for flight Poreo and his warriors danced and feasted to a late hour, and until all was quiet the captives dared not attempt to carry their scheme into execution. At length all was still in the little village. Taoofa and his followers crept from their huts, and met beneath a gigantic palm on the sandy beach. "If discovered now, we must fight or be put to death," said Taoofa, "so let us at once obtain our weapons and be prepared."

The little band of Samoans hurried off to the cave in the forest. Here each armed himself. As each man grasped his spear or swung his war club he seemed instantly changed. They felt themselves slaves no longer, but Samoan warriors.

"More arrows we must have," said Taoofa, "you, Oedidee, see to the launching of the great canoe. I will make the attempt to secure what we need."

Oedidee at once placed his men about the canoe, and pushed it off into deep water. Paddles and sails were then stowed in it. Provisions and weapons were carried on board. The men took their places, and the great boat was sent far out into the bay. The men ceased not to paddle though the shore was left far behind. Had Taoofa been forgotten? The wide lagoon was crossed, and the canoe entered the narrow and intricate passages of the coral reef. Still the Samoans ceased not for a moment from their labors. Had they left their chief on purpose?

Taoofa in the meantime had entered in succession two or three of the Feejee houses. He stepped over the bodies of his sleeping enemies. He was risking his life to gain the arrows his followers so greatly needed. He had obtained a large number, but went into one more house, that of Poreo, the chief. He was tempted to stab him to death as he lay sleeping, but turned away to select and carry off his weapons. He wanted the chief to know that his life had been at his mercy. Then he silently stole from the house, out of the village, and down to the great palm on the beach.

Far across the wide waters was the great canoe, but Taoofa had not been forgotten. Oedidee, his faithful friend, was in waiting with a light canoe.

In this were placed the weapons so much had been risked to gain. Now the little boat was sent skimming over the smooth lagoon, past the little projecting points of coral, and into the narrow passages. Rapidly they shot through these

till the great craft was reached. Taoofa at once took command, and encouraged his men to their utmost exertion. Minutes were precious: an hour might save a battle. Once through these contracted and winding passages and into the open sea, they would be safe. They could then make use of their sails and escape the fleet canoes of their enemies. Should their flight be discovered while they were still among these narrow and intricate openings, they would be quickly overtaken, and forced to fight ten times their number.

Had they not been so long delayed by the dancing and feasting of Poreo and his warriors, they could have reached the open sea ere dawn. As it was, the day would soon be upon them. Foot by foot they glided among the coral reefs. They had to paddle with care and make many twists and turns, that the sharp rocks might not cut into their slender craft. Their keen ears were alert to catch the slightest sound from the shore.

Two-thirds of the distance had been safely passed. They began to breathe freer. Just then a faint sound came over the waters. A sign from Taoofa and all were silent. It was but the warning of the cocks that day was fast approaching. They struck their paddles again, thankful it was not the cry of an enemy.

But hark, a different sound comes over the still waters. The cry was repeated. Soon it echoed from a dozen voices. A moment later a hundred took up the sound. Then the whole village was in an uproar. Though the Samoans were far away, yet they could distinguish the noise upon the shore. Cries of rage and anger were plainly heard. Then the Feejee warriors rushed to their canoes and the race for life began. The flight of their slaves and the loss of their canoe had maddened them. No quarter would be shown if their captives should be overtaken.

The Samoans could no longer restrain themselves. The war cry of their nation was sent back in shrill tones that rang like a clarion. An answering cry full of hate and rage came from their enemies.

The fugitives bent to their paddles again. Could they but reach the open sea they might escape. Fifty canoes filled with armed warriors were in eager pursuit. They gained at every stroke. Nearer and nearer they came; cries of defiance and every epithet of hate were freely showered upon their fleeing enemies.

The Samoans relaxed not their efforts, save for a single second to send back their thrilling war cry. Three minutes would carry them free of the reef.

In vain were their utmost efforts. Two of the small canoes shot in advance of the others. A shower of arrows followed. A part of the fugitives had to drop their paddles to repel the attack. Nearer and nearer came the mass of boats. The arrows flew thick and fast. Men were wounded but others took their places. Howls of rage and pain went up from the pursuers, who were more exposed than the fugitives.

The pursuit did not relax for a moment. One by one the Samoans had to leave their paddles and beat off their enemies. They were surrounded and fought against tremendous odds. Arrows upon both sides flew thick and fast, and many warriors were wounded.

Neither of the Feejee chiefs had as yet reached the scene, and the pursuers for the moment gave way. With a shout of triumph Taoofa and his men sprang to their paddles, and the great canoe was sent flying into the open sea.

Here the attack was renewed. Poreo now led his men, and they fought like demons. They determined to board the canoe. For a moment or two every man plied his bow and arrows incessantly. Suddenly dropping these, they paddled rapidly ahead. They reached the great canoe, and attempted to spring on board. The conflict was now hand to hand. Enemies sprang into the sea and swam

to the attack. There were savage thrusts with spears. Cruel blows were struck with war clubs. Cries of rage and pain were mingled together. Above all was heard the voice of Taoofa cheering on his men. Warrior after warrior went down before his mighty arm.

A dozen canoes were alongside the big boat, and the Feejeeans sprang upon the broad platform where the fight raged furiously. The struggle was now on the boat and then in the water, for these islanders are almost amphibious.

Bows and arrows were no longer used. Each relied upon his spear and his saw-like knife. Men clinched each other in a deadly strife, they reeled to and fro, they fell into the sea, neither releasing his hold till one or the other was dead or fatally injured. Horrid, gaping wounds were made. Men were knocked down and trampled upon. No quarter was asked, no mercy shown.

Ha! a sudden cry went up from the warriors. The two chiefs had met in a death struggle. They dropped their clubs and used only their mighty spears. They thrust, and parried, and thrust again, with all the skill of trained swordsmen. The wounded were trampled under foot or without mercy kicked to one side.

The Feejee chief was a powerful man, but Taoofa fought with a giant's strength and more than a giant's hatred. Before him was the man who had dragged him into slavery, the chief who made him lie down like a dog while the great boat was launched over his bare back. Poreo called him his slave, his captive, and every vile epithet his language contains. Taoofa replied not, but rained blow after blow upon him.

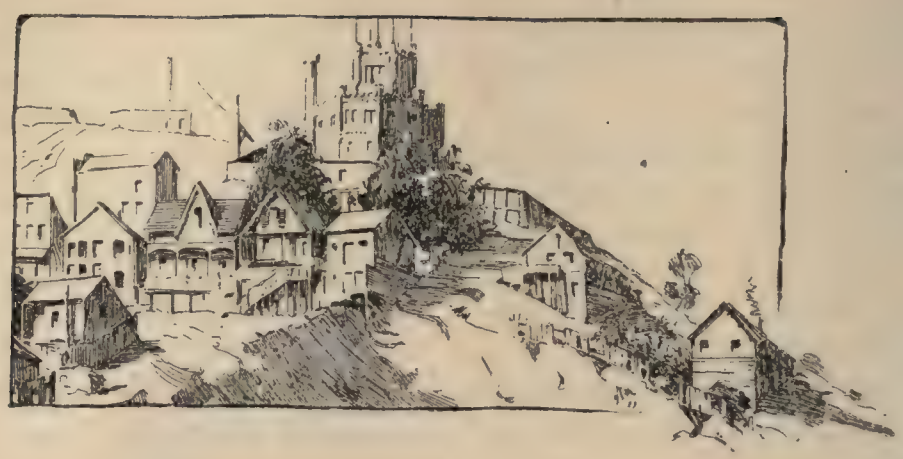
Now Poreo, bleeding from repeated wounds, turned to flee. He sprang backward, but ere he could escape from the broad platform Taoofa was upon him. With a powerful blow he drove his spear into the body of his enemy. Then with a mighty shout he exerted his great strength, and lifted his writhing victim high above his head. An exulting cry, and the Samoans rushed to attack their enemies, who fled in despair.

The next instant Poreo was dashed to death upon the deck of the vessel. Taoofa and his men threw their dead and wounded enemies into the ocean. They sprang to the sail. A moment later it was in place, and the freshening breeze carried them rapidly away from the Feejeeans.

Several were dead, more than half were wounded, but they were free at last. In a few days they reached their beloved homes, where they recounted their fight and told all of Taoofa, their mighty chief, — Taoofa, the Samoan, as they are proud to call him.

S. S. Boynton.





A TALISMAN.

He rode away in the morning glow:—
The swaying rushes were bending low;
The waters mirrored the summer sun:—
"Thou brave young knight with the fearless brow,
O whence are thy glorious day-dreams won?"
A sliding sunbeam from over the meres
Lit the tossing gold of his proud young head:
"I shall be strong through the coming years—
She loves me!" he said.

He journeyed home in the twilight glow:—
A soft wind ruffled the waves below;
Still flamed the gold of the sunken sun:—
"Thou brave old knight with the fearless brow,
O whence was thy glorious record won?
No wife beside thee has smiled or wept,
No child of thine to thy bosom crept;
Yet true wast thou to the dreams of youth,
Hast lived the life of a dauntless knight,
Wast tender with sorrow, wast brave for truth—
A poet's soul and a prophet's sight.
Speak! O speak from thy wisdom's height!"
A soft wind sweeping from over the meres
Stirred the silver hair of the grand old head:
"Have I been strong through the vanished years?—
I loved her!" he said.

Charlotte W. Thurston.

A "SEA OF MOUNTAINS."

To the traveler, the Fraser cañon presents a marvelous variety of wild and romantic views. By the cañon, I mean that portion of the river's course which lies above navigation, beginning at old Fort Yale. Below Yale, for some distance, the word cañon might still be applied, but "custom is custom," and the old inhabitant knows it not by that name.

Fort Yale, the old Hudson Bay trading post, was in earlier days a little settlement of Indian huts and miners' cabins, but when the Canadian Pacific Railway took it for its headquarters of the western division, it bloomed into life as suddenly as it has since faded to a mere way station. Situated on the west bank of the Fraser, it is completely surrounded by mountains. Standing within its precincts and looking around, one would say there was no outlet to its little realm. Just to the south the river bends, and to the north another bend shuts off an extended view in either direction.

Isolated, yet charming, the little town with its white cottages gay with newborn life nestles in the guardianship of the lofty mountains which rise even from its very street (there is only one) to two thousand feet and more, forming the foundation as it were to the statelier peaks which rise above them.

At the base of the opposite range is the "gold field," which some say can still be worked to advantage, but in truth, the days of the prosperous miner are gone from it, and only the crumbs remain. Still beyond, through the mountain gap, the twin peaks of Mount Hope elevate their snowy crowns.

At Yale were located the railroad offices, the machine shops, and at the little town of Emory, five miles below, the commissary department of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. It is not my intention in this article to dwell upon the history of the construction of this transcontinental railway, but nevertheless it now and then contributes its large share to the construction of the country.

Previous to the year 1884, all communication with Victoria, 189 miles south, New Westminster, and points on the lower river, was by steamers, powerful stern wheel boats, which made the trips from Victoria in two days; but since then the railroad has superseded them, and diminished the time nearly one-half.

In the bend of the river above Yale stands a sentinel in the shape of a massive rock, or more truly, a small rocky island, known as Lady Franklin Rock, for the noted lady of that name, who, searching for her illustrious husband, followed him, it is said, as far as here, and then was obliged to turn back. It is this rock that bars the passage of boats farther than Yale, and is indeed a providential safeguard, for few craft could live in the waters above. Only one steamer has ever been through the cañon, and that was one built by contractor Onderdonk, as a supply boat for his camps on the interior lakes. The little "Skuzzy" passed up the cañon, even through "Hell Gate," but it was under the guidance of skillful Captain Smith, with a crew of seventeen men, a steam capstan, and tremendous hawsers, that she braved the waters. She was seven days making the first seventeen miles, and there were a hundred chances to one that she would be dashed in pieces before she had gone one half the distance.

Lady Franklin Rock guards the entrance to the grand cañon of the Fraser. Standing at its mouth, and gazing round,

how small and insignificant is man! Is it a wonder that we cannot conceive the greatness of God?

> "My heart is awed within me when I think
> Of the great miracle that still goes on,
> In silence, round me,—the perpetual work
> Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
> Forever."

On the left hand the track winds along on a narrow shelving, blasted from the perpendicular rock, from one hundred to three hundred feet above the river; and now and then follows over trestles built around impenetrable bluffs of solid granite, over which engineers and workmen at the time of the surveys and construction grading were raised and lowered by means of ropes. On the right and behind, the massive mountain piles, dark with heavy foliage and cool in their shady retreats, form a grand amphitheater, with but a narrow strip of the blue dome above.

Below, the Fraser with the roar of the mighty ocean plunges along its rocky bed, and above and around the mountains lift their peaks three thousand feet and more; while silvery streams dash down from the summit, over terraces of rock, and sparkle in the sunlight, gaining thereby such names as "*Starlo Chuck*"—sparkling water—and the like.

The air is loaded with the fragrance of the pine, cypress, and spruce forests which timber the mountain slopes from water line to summit, excepting where the ravages of fires have left the dead and blackened trunks to tell the tale of their visitation.

In the latter part of the month of July, 1883, a fire broke out, which scattered and spread through the mountains of the whole province, filling the air with leaden smoke which hung like a pall over the Fraser, mantling the mountains in gloom, and never but once from then till the first rains in October did it let in the sunshine or show the mountain tops. Day in and day out, from morning till night, the same monotony for nearly three months. Yale was threatened with destruction for the third time, but a change in the wind saved her. The night scene was grand and awful in the extreme. Every mountain was ablaze to its summit with twinkling lights, like some great city with its thousand gaslights. The crackling of twigs, the hissing and seething of living foliage as it melted in white flashes, and the demon lights running and leaping up the tall evergreens, then stopping for an instant as ruddy lanterns on the topmost branches, followed by the crash and fall of nature's handiwork of years, formed a spectacle far more appalling than any pen can imitate.

On the railroad side of the cañon, the drills and blasts of the road-builders have scarred the slopes into tunnels and rock cuts. Indeed, a trip over the road shows that no obstacle was too great to master,—the Canadian Pacific must and did surmount it.

Numerous creeks flow down through deep lateral gorges, and bound under the railway trestles, blending their clear green, foam-capped waters with the muddy, angry Fraser. Their banks are lined with gigantic maidenhair fern, and back among the trees a thick undergrowth of wild raspberries, salmon berries, huckleberries, and wineberries, is interspersed with giant brakes and the sweet-scented deer tongue leaves,—called by some, the sweet clover.

Eight miles above Yale is Sailor Bar Bluff, around which the rails are laid on a trestle, with huge masses of rock thousands of tons in weight overhanging the track, and threatening the train with sudden demolition should they by any means suddenly break loose.

At the first sign of civilization after leaving Yale, the little Indian village of Skezzum, the train crosses over a swift creek of the same name at the height of 150 feet. The Indians have the ground under cultivation, and with the potatoes

which they raise, and the abundance of salmon in the river, they make a good living.

On the government suspension bridge, a wire structure, the Cariboo wagon road, which for thirteen miles from Yale has crossed and re-crossed the railroad grade, passes to the right bank of the river, and pursues its serpentine course, now disappearing among the trees, and then again showing long stretches with clouds of dust rising from the dozens of hoof-treads of sluggish ox teams, toiling with their heavy loads to the mines of the far interior.

The Cariboo road was built in 1862, by the colonial government, to accommodate the rush to the then rich Cariboo gold fields. The view of it from the railroad is awful in such places as China Bar Bluff, where it is built with a log paling to the very side of the bluff at a height of one thousand feet above the raging waters. It seems dangerous to venture one's life upon it anyway, to say nothing of dashing along with the mail coach and six.

Could inanimate things become as by magic suddenly imbued with life, what tales of the days of the sixties would be revealed by these mountain fastnesses. Through the vast wilderness of mountains, peopled only by the Indian tribes of the Northwest, who were not on the friendliest terms with the intruders on their domain, the thousands upon thousands of sturdy miners sought through hardships innumerable the wealth of the famous gold fields. In that journey of so many weary miles, how many were there who never reached the glittering goal? None will ever know. The mountain fastnesses hold their secret forever.

Where then was heard the measured stroke of the Indian paddle and the crack of the bull driver's whip, now through the gorges the shrill whistle of the locomotive wakes the echoes, and sets them bounding in exultant joy from rock to rock.

At twenty-three miles, the railroad crosses Skuzzy Creek, the most beautiful and picturesque stream to be met with on the northern division. It is a dashing mountain torrent, plunging itself over a bed of bowlders, one mass of foam, into the Fraser. A notable feature is the color of its waters,—the purest emerald green that one can imagine, and as it merrily bounds along in the sunlight it is in striking contrast to the muddy, surly river that receives it.

Near here also is the location of "Hell Gate," a narrow rocky passage through which the mighty river rushes like a mill-race at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It is the entrance to the "Black Cañon," so called from the dark and gloomy color of the rocks through which the river has its course. A feeling of awe overcomes one who rides through here as the twilight hour deepens, or again before Old Sol has cast his beams over the mountains. As I write, I can see again the grand gorges, the soft clouds flitting in fleecy masses or veiling the peaks in bars of vapor, the soft blue haze of twilight and of dawn, the bluffs crowned with fragrant forests rising far above me, the still camp of the railroad laborers hundreds of feet below, and the music of Father Fraser pursuing his endless journey.

In the various places throughout the cañon can be seen the rude racks of branches and logs thrust into the rocky crevices, and used by the Indians as salmon dryers. This is the most extensive of their industries, and hundreds of salmon, split open and flattened, dangle over the water. When thoroughly dried they are packed away in a queer sort of box called a "cache," built into the branches of trees, and stored there for winter use.

Through a succession of varied scenery and a widening of the river, and Boston Bar is seen on the right bank, the wagon road forming its only street. It is a collection of scarcely a dozen houses, but affords a stopping place for

the freight teams and stage. The formation is sandy and rather low, consisting of a fertile flat under cultivation,—one of the few fertile spots in this locality. Here is the site of the great Fraser River gold excitement; and the gravelly bars that in those famous days were peopled with eager, light-hearted miners, seizing in triumph their rich nuggets and golden gravel, are now resorted to by the Chinese, who take advantage of the low tide, and make a scanty living by the fine dust which occasionally favors their pans.

Directly opposite Boston Bar, on the railroad bank, has built up quite a little village, which grew from a mere name, "North Bend," and was several years ago only a train station. Like Boston Bar it is surrounded by a fertile plain, and has superseded Yale as the machine and round house headquarters of the railroad. At this point appears a perceptible change in the soil, the granite rock giving way to soft sandstone, and in many places through which the railroad cuts, to high embankments of loose sand.

All distances north are computed from Yale. Hence, at the thirty-sixth mile the Salmon River is crossed at the height of 140 feet. As its name indicates, it is the home of the salmon trout, and during the spring the young salmon can be plainly seen playing in its clear waters as it ripples along over its pebbly bed.

In many a place, when whizzing along in the train, the mountain wall so close that one can almost touch it from the window, a sudden rush and roar, and a silvery cascade gushes from some subterranean spring, and gurgles in merry joy over the rocky precipice and away under the track,—little surprises that are always new.

From the present station of Keefer's, formerly the residence of the government engineer of that name, is obtained a view of the most dangerous portion of the stage road. Those who have passed over it say there is nothing squeamish about it, but from the opposite side one gets the worst impression of its dangers on account of its seemingly perilous construction. The point of which I speak is Jackass Mountain, the highest point of crossing, being 1400 feet above the river.

At a short distance further on is obtained a glimpse of the fifteenth tunnel, and on the right is the fifty mile post, marking the distance on the stage road. The fifteenth tunnel, like all the others, is on a slight curve, and trains running through it eastward pass immediately on to the handsome cantilever bridge at a height of over one hundred feet, and crossing the Fraser on it pass to the south bank of the Thompson, at what is known as Cisco Cañon. The bridge is the second cantilever on the continent, having been designed by the same engineer as the one over the Niagara River for the Canada Southern Railway.

During the days and months that it was tossing on the high seas on its way from England there had to be some sort of communication between the two banks of the river, other than by canoe, and to effect this some one constructed a basket cable at the fifty mile post, over which supplies and often passengers were transported. In fact, the luxury of a basket was not always obtainable, for sometimes a wheelbarrow body with its flaring sides was all that hung between the daring traveler and certain death. Imagine yourself in such a conveyance shot over the first half, and then suspended stationary for a whole minute—a long time for thought—a hundred feet above a boiling, seething river, waiting to be pulled over to the opposite side by man power.

Above the crossing the Frazer flows on through the agricultural districts of Lillovet and the Bridge River mining country, but my narrative follows the railroad up the Thompson River. Once across the bridge, which is only wide

enough for one track, guarded on either side by iron railings, and the view broadens, revealing scenery not so grand as the Fraser, but very picturesque and charming.

Lytton, a small, desolate looking place, inhabited by Indians, Chinese, and a small white population, and boasting of a church and government schoolhouse, is situated near the junction. There is nothing picturesque about the village itself, for not even a tree affords shade from the glare of the summer's sun on the sandy waste, but the view above and below is magnificent. The forests become less dense, thus sharpening the outlines of the mountains, and tending to make them jagged and precipitous. One curious formation, a few miles from Lytton, is a nearly perpendicular mass of rock and oblique strata, combining the various shades of red and gray. It terminates at three thousand feet in a sharp peak, and looks as if a thunderbolt had split the mountain asunder.

In the ascent of the Thompson River, as in that of the Frazer, the Canadian Pacific and wagon road follow the same side of the cañon, the former often passing over high and treacherous looking trestles. Here, in a distance of thirty-six miles, I counted two hundred and fifty trestles, varying in height from twenty-five to ninety feet. One of ninety spans the gulch above Niconim, now called Thompson, where can be seen a beautiful waterfall.

Between mountain walls of soft rock the rapid stream boils and eddies in cascades and riffles. Looking back, the Frazer mountains, running at nearly right angles to our present course, elevate their snowy crests in serrated ranges, tinged with the roseate hues of sunset. From here also the railroad has a gradual ascent to Spence's Bridge, twenty miles or more beyond, leaving the Cariboo road to wind its course far down along the river bank.

When within five miles of Spence's Bridge, both roads traverse the famous "mud slide," or moving mountain. It is an immense mass of mud, half a mile long by three wide, beyond which are lakes. The water, oozing between the mud and the rocky foundation upon which it rests, slides it constantly toward the river. It has been estimated that the land moves at the rate of several feet a year. Every two or three years the wagon road has to be rebuilt at this point, and thus there will need to be careful watching on the part of the railroad company.

Every mile advance shows a more extended landscape. The mountains become more rolling, timber-clad only on the summits, while their sides are clayey and often barren. The soil on either side is sandy, covered at intervals with bunch grass and stunted shrubs. Just off the road is an Indian grave, this particular one consisting of a rough picket fence enclosing a single square tent, in itself surrounded by tall poles, ornamented on the top by tin pans, an old musket, a blanket flying to the breeze, and several wooden images leaning and lying promiscuously, one of which is favored with a pair of calico trousers. These graves are met with in many places along the Cariboo road, each one varying in some slight way of decoration from any other. Pack trains, too, are met at various intervals under the charge of Indians, who, during the days of railway construction, were employed to use them in the service of the company. One "klootchman" had a large train of mules which she led herself. I was one day driving a light buggy, when on a narrow stretch of road we encountered one of these trains of pack mules face to face, some laboring under a couple of bales of hay, while others had kegs of powder bound upon their backs. The narrower the road, the more excited they appeared to be, and rushed between us and the mountain, striking their loads now against the bank and now against our wheels, crowding upon

one another in their flight. It was not a very pleasing sensation to be in such close proximity to several hundred pounds of powder, knocked around recklessly, or to feel that horse, buggy, and occupants were likely any minute to be pushed over into the river by two or three crowding hay-laden mules.

Twenty-two miles from Lytton, and the first impression of Spence's Bridge is that of a dry river bed, which upon approaching proves to be an elevated expanse of sand, backed by lightly timbered mountains. No trees grow on the site of the town: it is nothing but sand, which sometimes in the afternoon the wind raises in clouds, a veritable sand storm. The Thompson River here is crossed by a wooden bridge, around the stout abutments of which the waters roar and foam, as if in anger at the obstacle placed in their way. Over the bridge the Cariboo road crosses to the north side, and follows along the river to a point called Ashcroft, the residence of Lieutenant Governor Cornwall. Ashcroft is now the freight headquarters of the Cariboo teams, which formerly loaded at Yale, and later on at Spence's Bridge. The latter place is divided; part of it on the north, and part on the south bank. Mr. Murray, an old resident, has a beautiful garden on the north, where I saw the finest flowers in the country, and am compelled to say, in spite of my Oakland residence, that the pansies, geraniums, coxcombs, and German chrysanthemums excelled in size and beauty any that I have seen in California. Back of the northern division of the town are sandy, clayey bluffs, above which rises a tree-crowned range of picturesque beauty. In the barren bluff is the home of a beautiful waterfall, which is often passed without notice, as its bleak surroundings fail to draw the attention of the passer-by to the beauties which they hide. In a vertical gulch, shut in on three sides by high barren walls, the water has a perpendicular fall of over a hundred feet, while the spray trickles in silver threads over the rocks, all falling into a sort of log-built basin, which overflows into a clear pebbly stream overhung with willows and alder trees. The approach to it is by a sunny, tedious trail that no one would imagine led to the cool green spot, — the beauty of the place.

My narrative ends at this quiet but hospitable little place, Spence's Bridge, — but the Canadian Pacific continues its long journey eastward across the Nicola River, and on between rolling hills growing more apart and nearly treeless. Thus, out of the shadows of the cañons the traveler emerges into broad sunlight, and through open country for seventy-two miles to Kamloops, where the road again enters the mountains and the timber belt, and skirts the beautiful lakes of Kamloops and Shuswap.

Extensive cattle ranges and farming country are among the sights promised the traveler, and are vainly looked for from the car windows: he is told upon questioning that they are still farther, but not even a glimpse is had of them. The inland valleys and prairies of Spallumcheen and Okanogan are the cattle ranges of British Columbia, and they must be reached by team or horseback.

One of the strangest features noticeable, especially to the Californian, is the entire absence of song birds. Not a song wakes the first hours of morn, nor breaks the quiet air of noonday. The only feathered inhabitants are the grouse of the lower Fraser, and the prairie chicken of the northern prairies.

Since the completion of the Canadian road, the whole of this grand region has opened to the public, and its beauties have been, and are every day being, revealed to thousands of appreciative sight-seers, who enjoy them from palace cars; but not one of them derives more pleasure than those who during the years of railway construction saw everything in its rough state, and experienced the enjoyments and hospitality of frontier life.

Surely, a trip through the grand cañon of the Fraser is well worth a journey across the continent, and had it the hotel accommodations of Eastern watering places, there would be more northern than eastern travel to see far grander scenery.

"Thou has not left
Thyself without a witness here, in these shades,
Of thy perfection. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of Thee!"

H. H. W.

THE CABIN BY THE LIVE OAK.

V.

It was the cook week of Mr. Sidney Algernon Harrington Briggs at our cabin, and Mr. Sidney Algernon Harrington Briggs was preparing supper. Mr. Briggs was in very ill humor. This, however, was no more than the chronic condition of that scion of the British aristocracy, who could sulk on any and all occasions with the nerve of a Christian martyr. There was, however, in my judgment,—and I think my readers will agree with me,—a good reason for the display of bad temper by Mr. Briggs on this particular occasion.

It appears that Mr. Briggs mixed a loaf of bread, a loaf as large as the monster Dutch oven would hold, and set it to rise. It was rising beautifully, when "Lazy Sam" and his cabin chum (we did not call them partners because they never worked any that we could see), "Greasy John," came in. Now miners in the olden time had but few subjects of general conversation,—the mines, women, "back home." Lazy Sam, having ascertained from Mr. Briggs that our claim was paying very poorly, volunteered the information that he knew of a place where you could get a good prospect right in the grass roots, and that nobody claimed the ground. This so excited the worthy Mr. Briggs that he at once wished to be shown the spot. Lazy Sam was nothing loth to pilot him thereto, and armed with a panning outfit they started. But the vaunted prospect proved to be only a few fine colors, and when Mr. Briggs, after trying pan after pan, returned home in disgust, he found he had stayed too long and his loaf of bread was rapidly shrinking back to the original dimensions of its component parts; and he knew that he would get no sympathy in his great trouble from the hungry crowd that would have to make their evening meal mainly upon that loaf.

If anything—after good paying diggings—was essential to the happiness of a mining company, it was good bread. How we were wont to pride ourselves upon any extra skill we might have in that important accomplishment, and how we old pioneers look back and "point with pride" to our bread-making even to this day; how we delight to boast to our wives of it, and express a belief that we can still make as good bread with a lump of sour dough as can any woman that breathes. And how quickly we sneak out of availing ourselves of any offered opportunity to display our wonderful bread-making, on the high-minded ground that a man should not interfere in household matters. When the present State of Iowa was making its code, the Jones County Agricultural Society passed a resolution that a failure to know how to make bread should constitute legal cause

for divorce. Whether the Iowa Solons acted on the advice or not I cannot say; but it would have found some favor in the mines. Any one with a grain of sense can bake a potato, fry a beefsteak, or broil a rasher of bacon, and there is not an honest miner that does his own cooking but will tell you that when you lift a spoonful of beans from the kettle and blow on them, if the skins peel back under the breath the beans are done, but if not, stir the fire under them again. But bread-making is a science not to be learned in a day.

The boys came trooping in from the claim in due time. There were six in our company, and a rather cosmopolitan crowd it was, too, for with the exception of a man named Sellers and myself there were no two that hailed from the same State. Sellers had a son, a lad of thirteen or fourteen, who had accompanied his father across the plains, and who made more money prospecting and crevicing around than his father did by hard, steady work in the claim. As I have said, our cook was a loyal British subject, popularly believed to be of good family, whose folks had shipped him as steward on a merchant vessel, in the hope that a sea voyage would cure him of certain faults of character that seemed otherwise ineradicable. He left the ship when it reached San Francisco, and struck out for the mines. There was a long, slab-sided Yankee from Maine, an equally long Missourian, and a fat, jolly Dutchman. This was the company. Though we were in the mines in the flush times, our success was limited, and more than once the proceeds of the week's work failed to square up the bills we had to make at the trading post. Latterly we had been running a long cut to strike a back lead in the flat, where a prospect shaft had shown some good indications, and at the time I knocked off to look out for Abe we expected to reach the shaft that day, or the next at farthest, when we might reasonably hope for better reward than had yet been vouchsafed for our labor.

Hungry men are not given to conversational brilliancy, so with the exception of a few bantering remarks to Mr. Sidney Algernon Harrington Briggs in reference to the probable weight of the loaf, the meal passed off in silence. But when the plates were cleared away, pipes emptied and replenished a time or two, and the bread began to get in its work on dyspeptic stomachs, humanity required a vent. Missouri Bill was the first one heard from.

"It 'pears to me," said that gentleman, "'z if things are *bound* to go crooked with this yer comp'ny. How much of that dust is there, Dutch?"

"Dutch," who had been drying the proceeds of the clean-up, responded, "Half a ounce."

"An' that 's our crack day's work for a week. Boys, I 'm sick."

"Did you reach the prospect shaft?" I asked.

"Reach it! I should say we did. Sellers here sunk that shaft, and he 's a lucky cuss; lit right on all the pay there was in that section, I 'll bet."

"That 's my luck ginerally," responded Sellers. "Git jist enough in the fust pan to tole me on. I 'm sick. I can find better diggin's in Elenoy."

"An' sich light dust, too," continued Missouri. "The old woman w'at sold everything a 'pint to a pound' would cheat a fellow sellin' that dust. The Package Man's bread is heavier 'n that dust."

The "Package Man" was none other than Mr. Sidney Algernon Harrington Briggs. Mr. Briggs had this name fastened on him in consequence of certain dealings with the express company early in the winter. When Mr. Briggs left San Francisco, he left in charge of a friend a pair of fine boots and some other articles of clothing, with several copies of a British magazine. When Mr. Briggs located on the San Antone he

wrote to his friend, who immediately made up a package of the boots, magazines, and the rest, and forwarded them *via* the nearest express office. The charges, which were paid by Mr. Briggs before he opened the package, were $10.25, which Mr. Briggs swore roundly was more than the lot was worth. Soon came another package of magazines, with $4.00 more charges, which Mr. Briggs drained his purse to pay, then wrote imploringly to his friend to "never send him nothing more." In those days everybody was entitled to a nickname, and Alphabet, which was Mr. Briggs's first, was discarded for that of the Package Man.

I have already intimated that Mr. Briggs was not gifted with an angelic disposition. At any rate, he felt called upon to resent what he regarded as an uncalled for and ungenerous allusion to his culinary misfortune. Perhaps the bread was getting in its dyspeptic work on his own stomach.

"You 're a bloomin' set of smart Alecks, ain't you now? You can cook your own blarsted bread after this," and Mr. Briggs stalked indignantly out into the cool air.

His angry withdrawal, however, did not interrupt the conversation. It was evident to me that the boys did not think there was any use in looking farther for a lead in that quarter; and before our cook cooled off, they had all, except myself, vowed not to hit another lick on the claim. But I always was a fool about sticking to a place where there *had* been a good prospect found.

"I tell you what, fellers," said Sellers, "I believe we 'd better look 'round here a little more, before startin' for some other place."

"Mr. Briggs was prospecting this afternoon, father," piped Jasper.

"Maybe the 'bloomin'' Englishman has found a prospect, that he is so willing to draw out of cooking. Well, if he has we 'll help him work it. Let 's pump him."

This laudable process was put into operation as soon as Mr. Briggs returned, but produced no good result. Mr. Briggs admitted that he had prospected that afternoon some, and that was the reason why the bread was "'eavy." But he had found the bedrock so "bloody 'igh and 'ard" that a few fine colors was all that had rewarded his labors. By the time this was told it was high bedtime, and I turned into my blankets with the conviction that the "Skoodonk Company" had done its last work on the headwaters of the San Antone.

VI.

My dreams that night were very troubled. Visions of sick darkies, loaves of unleavened bread, mixed in with worthless gravel, danced before my eyes. Finally I dreamed of swimming the Sacramento with Abe, his pockets stuffed full of nuggets, on my back. Just as I was reaching for the willows to climb out, the Package Man swam up and fastened a loaf of bread of his own baking to each foot. This was more than any mortal could bear, and I was sinking down, down, down, when I awoke, and finding the other boys already astir, I turned out and dressed.

Our Yankee partner, French, set the ball in motion by suggesting he would take a hundred dollars for his share in the cabin, claim, tools, and grub. As this liberal offer elicited no response, except that Missouri Bill "s'posed he would," Mr. French offered to take the half ounce gathered on the preceding day for the cabin, claim, and grub, without the tools. But man is selfish, and this tempting offer also was received in derisive silence. Then Mr. French waxed wroth, and premising that some men wanted the world, announced his intention of taking the particular pick and shovel he worked with, one of the company pans, and bacon and flour enough to last him to Stringtown, and departing

at once for that famous locality. As no objection was raised to this, Mr. French took his departure and was lost to sight for all time to come.

Missouri Bill rolled up his blankets, took his share of the dust on hand, and announced his destination as the Pitt River, then brought into notice by the massacre of thirty or forty Chinamen by the Indians of that now famous stream.

Sidney Algernon Harrington Briggs was going down stream a few miles, where a brother Britisher was running a long tom; and Dutch was ready to go anywhere, so long as he was away from the waters of the San Antone.

In short, our company was as thoroughly broken up in a few hours as it could have been had the dissolution been contemplated for months.

I felt worse at parting with Sellers and his boy than any or all the rest, — though my intercourse with all had been very pleasant. Sellers and I were citizens of the same Eastern State, and that alone was enough to create a stronger feeling of friendship between us than one might suppose. It did not matter that I lived near the Wisconsin line and he in lower Egypt, we were both Suckers. I have often thought of the clannishness that prevailed among men from the same sections in early days. We growl, as Americans, at the manner in which the French, Italians, and other nationalities, stick together, when they should sink all distinctions in the proud one of American citizenship. But I look back to early days, and recall the clannishness *we* showed though on the soil of our own country, and recognize that Americans in Africa, Australia, or any other foreign country, would doubtless stick together as closely as any foreigners, — unless the Chinese, — do here.

It was an easy matter for your miner of the early fifties to start for fresh fields and pastures new. I have known men realizing eight or ten dollars a day with a rocker to leave their claims at a day's notice, and break out for some distant place, the fame of whose richness had been brought to their ears. In two days my partners were all off, and I was monarch of all I surveyed.

I went up to the claim, brought down and housed the extra tools, and prepared to use the little water remaining to the best advantage. I then had a little time to devote to my colored friend, who had been neglected while our division business was being concluded. It was a Sunday morning when I once more climbed the hill to Abe's cabin.

I found him so much better that he was out of doors enjoying the sunshine, while Jim was busy inside. Glad enough he seemed to see me, but I thought he looked a little anxious, too.

"Well, Abe, I 'm alone now. My partners have all struck out for somewhere else."

"I reckon yo' doan' blame 'em, suh. Po' diggin's on dis crick, an' da's plenty ob good uns to be foun' fer de lookin'."

"Maybe, Abe; they think so, anyhow, but I want to try our place a while longer. We got some good gold in one place, and there ought to be more close by."

"Spotted diggin's, Marse, spotted. Git one good day's wuk, den wuk a week fo' nuffin'. Dat 's w'at Jim say dis crick is,— an' de spots pooty sca'ce, too. Did yo' brung up dat pencil an' papah today?"

"Never thought of it, Abe. Maybe I won't need it; all I want to know is the name of the lawyer to write to, and his post office."

"I 'm afeared yo'll fo'git 'em, suh, ef yo' doan' write 'em down."

"Well, Abe, get me a piece of brown paper, if you have one, and I guess Jim can give me a bullet."

He went into the cabin and returned directly with the bullet, and a crumpled piece of white paper, which bore on one side the information that Indian Jim had at one time bought of Gordon & Barge a sack of flour, some bacon, powder, caps,

lead, and a pick; which articles, it further appeared, had been duly paid for.

On my assurance that it would do, he gave me the name of a law firm and its post office address near his old home, which I managed to mark dimly on the paper, though I had no need to do so.

"I shall write to this man for you, Abe," said I. "Now I'll probably not see you again very soon unless you send for me. It 's a pretty steep climb to get to this place."

"So it is, suh, an' I sha'n't look fo' yo' much. Jim kin do w'at cookin' we wan' till I gits well, an' den I mus' git to wuk agin an' git some mo' money."

"Don't be too ambitious, Abe, that 's all; you may overdo the thing. And now I 'll bid you goodby."

The old darky looked so sorrowful as I took leave of him that I was tempted to stop and say a few words of cheer; but I had so little faith in some of the things he told me that I thought it would he hypocritical, and so walked off. I had, however, no idea of failing to write to the address he had given me, and so give him the benefit of any doubt.

VII.

When the successive developments of mining apparatus came out, from time to time, each one was hailed as a sure sign of increased profits. The long tom could wash profitably gravel that the rocker would have to reject. The sluice would pay well where the long tom would starve to death, for all we had to do was to let the earth pass through the boxes and the gold saved itself. Then came the hydraulic pipe, which made ground pay wages that would only yield grub to the sluice; and now the "giant" and "monitor" only need a big head of water, a high bank of gravel, plenty of "fall" and "dump," with a color here and there, to make the owners rich. So, at least, is gravely argued by the mining fraternity, and every old miner can point to scores of claims that proved dead, fruitless, under the old process of working, but that he is sure would pay well with a good head of water, a "giant," and the other accessories. No doubt in many cases they would; but a gruesome experience of my own for many years in the mines convinces me that the first requisite to successful mining is to have gold in the claim in paying quantities. You may melt down the mountains, if you will, and watch the dissolving earth as it passes away from the dump, but you 'll have to have some gold interspersed through that dirt to make it pay.

There was a short run of water on the part of the San Antone where we worked, for the watershed was fed only by rains, and I soon began to think my partners had done more wisely than I. In six weeks I felt sure of it. So I gathered up the tools and housed them in the company cabin, and left them in care of Lazy Sam, with leave to sell them at almost any price to any unfortunate who should be tempted to essay the flats and bars of the San Antone. I had no particular purpose or place in view: to get away somewhere was my only idea, – it seemed to me that any other place must be better than where I was.

I had not seen nor heard of Abe in this six weeks; so after my preparations for going were all made, I went up to the cabin.

There was no one at home, though the warm ashes in the fireplace told me the occupants were not long gone. I was somewhat vexed at this; having once made up my mind to go, I was in a hurry to get away, but did not care to leave without seeing Abe, and letting him know. I had already written to the Kentucky lawyer, but could expect no answer for five or six weeks yet.

I rummaged the house to find a piece of paper on which I could write a note, which Abe could get some one to read to him, but found none; and I started to leave, when I heard the sound of a

gun up the creek. I went in the direction of the report, and met Indian Jim coming with two or three squirrels in his hand.

"Where' s Abe, Jim?" I asked, soon as he came within hearing distance.

"He go 'way three, four days ago."

"When do you look for him back?"

"Ugh. *Quien sabe?* Maybe one minute, maybe one week."

"I 'm sorry he is gone, Jim; I 'm going away myself, and would like to have seen him. Tell him that when I get located I shall write to the expressman, who will keep my letters until he hears from me. I shall also write to Sam Holden, and Abe can find out where I am from him."

"Lazy Sam?"

"That 's the man; and I guess the name fits pretty well. You remember what you are to tell Abe?"

"Certain, certain: I not forget that."

"Well, goodby, then. If I see a chance for you, I 'll mention it when I write."

"Wish you would; nothing here for nobody. Goodby."

VIII.

THIRTEEN years. How long it seems such a period is going to be when we look forward; how short it has been, looking back. In thirteen years what changes had come not only to the State of my adoption, but also to the whole Union. We realized that as to both State and nation we had lived through an age that would be historic. The hope that had once been the miner's beacon, of returning with a small fortune to the land of his birth to enjoy it, was over; each one toiled now in the hope of building up a home for his old age in the State he had helped to make.

In that thirteen years my fortune had been varied. I had had a brief but costly experience on the Frazer River; had dug for silver in the sage-brush hills of Nevada; helped fight the marauding Snakes in bleak Idaho, and might have been wandering yet, but for meeting my fate in the form of a brown-eyed damsel, whose influence had been enough to stay my steps. I was no longer a miner, but in charge of a valley ranch, and looking forward to the day when the brown-eyed damsel should leave her father's home for the one I was preparing for her.

In all these years I had seen or heard nothing of my quondam colored friend. My letter to the Kentucky lawyer brought an answer, which had followed me to two or three camps, and finally reached me about four months after I left San Antone. It appeared to be the second letter written me, but if so, the first was never received. It was so brief and to the point, that I insert it here:

KENTUCKY, July 3, '54.

MR. GEORGE SHELDON,

Sir: Referring to yours of April last, which we acknowledged receipt of at the time, we would say that in response to an invitation of ours, Mr. Joseph Sawyer called at our office. We mentioned your desire in regard to the boy Abe, when Mr. Sawyer informed us that among his mother's papers, found at her decease, was one that expressed a desire that the boy should be given his liberty. The heirs are under no legal obligation to comply with this wish; but they recognize a moral obligation as resting upon them, and will assert no claim to the boy's services. He can, if he so desires, return to his former home with entire safety.

Concerning the girl Julia, our information is not so satisfactory. Mr. Harcourt, her owner, became so embarrassed financially some two years ago that he was compelled to sell his place and servants, and has gone, we believe, to Conway County in the State of Arkansas. The girl Julia was sold to a gentleman living in Mississippi; but I understand she ran away from him very soon, and although search has been made for her, it has thus far been unavailing. Should we ever obtain any further intelligence, we will communicate with you at once.

Respectfully,

BRENNAN & GATES.

I made a synopsis of the news contained in this letter, which I sent to Sam on the San Antone, with a request that he would tell Abe. But Sam wrote back that he had twice been to the cabin I

described, and found it empty, with no sign of being inhabited. That ended the matter with me, and as the years rolled on the incident of Abe dropped out of my mind.

The capital of the State, which had been on wheels during the first years of its existence, was now definitely located at Sacramento,— the good people of that city, like Margery Daw, giving up their nice courthouse for the use of the State, while their own courts and officials had recourse to rented rooms. The legislative session was about to begin, and I had gone down in behalf of some of us who were interested in school land matters, to urge some facts on the legislature as to frauds that were practiced in acquiring possession of the lands.

It was many years since I had been in Sacramento, and I took the opportunity to look round and see if any of the old landmarks of early days were left ; but all had been swept away. Where the Elephant House, the first to reduce the prices to "Meals, 50 cts.; Beds, 25 cts.; Drinks, 12½ cts.," (such was the legend under the picture of an immense elephant on white canvas,) had stood, were now substantial brick buildings, in front of which the restless locomotives were passing night and day, as they shifted cars from track to track along where the old levee had been built. The levee was no longer a distinctive feature, for the buildings were raised along the principal streets to its original height, and the streets filled in to match, so that legislative wit, which at one time took the form of gravely introducing a bill to "declare J Street navigable," would lose the opportunity it had when boats were traversing that busy thoroughfare, and carrying people to and from their business at a charge of two or three dollars each. Even the building on K Street, that bore the sign, "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks," painted above its hospitable doors, was gone.

Somehow I felt forlorn when I saw the total disappearance of all that had been familiar. I have often had the same disappointment when revisiting places in the mines, finding the face of nature so changed ; and the result would invariably be a shortened visit. So after knocking around the city a while without seeing a single familiar face, or finding a single old landmark, I returned to my hotel.

IX.

As the session was about to begin, and a governor and full set of State officers were to be installed, the city was full of strangers. My business being with both the legislature and surveyor general, my visit had been timed accordingly, — though I afterward found it might as well have been postponed a couple of months. I was on hand when the Solons assembled, and watched the opening proceedings with a good deal of interest. The senate, as the more august body, was the recipient of my attendance, and when it adjourned for the noon recess I walked out, and took a position where I could lean against one of the columns supporting the portico, and could note the dignitaries as they passed out. I had been there but a short time when I noticed a young man observing me attentively. He was a nice looking young fellow, but there was nothing familiar in his appearance ; so after a glance at him I turned, and was about to go down the steps, when he spoke to me.

"I may be mistaken, sir, and if so I trust you will pardon me. Am I addressing Mr. Sheldon ?"

"That is my name, certainly; but you have the advantage of me."

"Undoubtedly, sir," was the reply. "I was small when you saw me last, on the San Antone. Don't you remember Jasper ?"

"Indeed I do, my boy," said I, grasping his extended hand. "No wonder I

could not recollect you, for you have indeed grown out of my knowledge. And your father — is he living and well?"

"He is, or at least he was a few days ago, the date of my last letter."

"You speak as though he were not far away. Then he did not go back to Suckerdom?"

"O, yes, he did, but one winter on the prairies was enough for him. He sold the farm before the cold weather was over, and in the spring we all came here across the plains."

"And what are you doing now? Mining?"

"Father is. My folks live in Nevada, but I am not with them. I took a medical course, and received my diploma a year ago. I moved into one of the southern counties and opened an office there."

"And came to the city on business, like myself, I presume. Well, I am glad I have met you, Jasper. Give my regards to your father when you write next."

"I certainly shall, and he 'll be delighted to hear of you. We often talk of that unlucky winter on the San Antone. But about myself — yes, I am here on business, public business. I am a member of the lower house."

"A bad break, my boy,— though I suppose I should congratulate you, which I do most heartily. But we old miners used to say that if a man was once elected to office he was never fit for anything afterward. I hope, however, your case may prove an exceptional one."

"Not much fear of my being spoiled," said Jasper laughing, yet blushing at the same time. "Well, I don't mind telling you that there 's a lady in *my* case. I did n't care so much for the office as the privilege of being in Sacramento this winter."

"So? I think I understand. But are n't you cutting it pretty fat, you young rascal? Let me congratulate you again."

"It 's not got so far as that, sir, though I hope it may when I get a practice established. I got acquainted with Ethel while I was studying medicine, and I think I know her feelings."

"Does she live here in the city?"

"Yes, and no. Her father's place is on Cache Creek, but she is here a great deal finishing her studies, and teaching some herself at the same time."

"That sounds well for her. I 'll advise you to work that lead up. But it 's about dinner time. Where do you stop?"

We walked down Seventh Street to our respective hotels, talking about what had happened to each of us since the separation more than thirteen years before. I was glad, indeed, to meet one friendly face in the crowd, for with the exception of our own members I knew no one in the city.

That afternoon I was reading the evening paper at the capitol, when Jasper came up and asked me if I had any engagement for the evening. Of course I had not.

"Then I want you to go with me for a while. I want you to become acquainted with Ethel."

"All right, my boy. I shall certainly be pleased to make her acquaintance; but you have not forgotten the old saying that two is company but three is not."

"I know that well enough," answered Jasper, "but in this case there will be an exception to the rule. Where shall I find you in a couple of hours?"

"Right where I am now, or somewhere about the hotel, at the farthest. So long."

At the appointed hour Jasper called for me, and together we walked to the home of the family with whom the young lady was staying.

We were received by the lady of the house, to whom the young doctor was well known, and engaged in a general conversation on the topics that strangers find to talk about, until the young lady put in an appearance. Jasper intro-

duced me as an old partner of his father in the early days.

"These partnerships among you miners often laid the foundation of lifelong friendships, I am told," said Miss Ethel to me, after we had got a little over the stiffness of first introduction.

"Indeed, it is so. I have known men of apparently the most opposite temperaments to come together, men who were raised thousands of miles apart, yet in a short time they would become so attached to each other that each would look out for the other's interest as his own. They would work out the claim they first worked in, and then go off together to find another, and thus keep on year after year."

"I have heard my father speak of very much the same thing. Nothing pleases him more, now, than to meet some one who has been at the same place in the mines where he was. He can have fine quarters at our house as long as he cares to stay."

"Your father has mined, then, Miss — Miss — I beg your pardon, but I did not catch your name distinctly."

"Sawyer. Ethel Sawyer. Yes, papa worked part of two seasons on the Macosme, or Cosumnes, as some people call it. But he was not very fortunate, and quit that business."

"Sawyer" — "Ethel"—"Ethel Sawyer." The names had a strangely familiar sound, and yet I could not for the life of me recall any time when or place where I had known such a person. It came to me like the dim remembrance of a long forgotten dream.

"It always seemed so strange to papa, too," Ethel continued. "It seemed that everybody who worked around him got richly paid, while our folks could scarcely make expenses. Papa tried it two summers and a winter before he quit."

"Such fortune was not uncommon in the mines, Miss Sawyer. I have frequently known men to work for weeks and months for nothing. Perhaps they would abandon the claims as worthless, and more than once I have known one of fortune's pets to come in and strike it rich within a few feet, or perhaps only a few inches from where they left off."

"And I have heard papa say the very same things of himself. He and another man dug a long, deep shaft across a bar, he said, but got nothing. Two or three days after an old shoemaker went into the shaft, dug in a little on one side, and found prospects so rich that he made two thousand dollars, and went back East with it in less than two weeks."

I looked at Miss Sawyer in astonishment. The circumstances of the very incident she related were known to me. I was working on the bar at the time. The old shoemaker I knew well at home, — he made a pair of boots for me, which were finished as a present for my fifteenth birthday. When the "California fever" struck our county, Willard (that was his name) mortgaged his farm, paying an enormous interest for the use of the money, and came on with the immigration of 1849. His streak of good fortune came just in time for him to reach home and pay off the mortgage.

In a moment I took a hurried retrospect of the bar as it was seventeen years before, and like a flash everything came back to me. I turned to Miss Sawyer, who was looking amused at my preoccupation.

"I don't know, Miss Sawyer, but that I am in a position to claim recognition as an old acquaintance of your father. Are you not a Kentucky girl?"

"I am. And proud of it, too, I can tell you."

"That 's all right. Was your father known as Colonel Sawyer?"

"He was, and is now, for that matter."

"Did he not own a colored man called Abe, who was then with him?"

"No, sir, Abe belonged to the family, not to papa. Poor Abe!"

"Why do you say 'poor Abe'? Is he dead?"

"Not that I know of. But the foolish fellow ran away, and we never saw him afterwards."

"Nor heard of him?"

"Yes, I may say we heard of him. Some man wrote back to a law firm wanting to buy him. Papa got the man's name and wrote to him once, but after a while the letter came back from the dead letter office."

"Well, Miss Sawyer, I am the one who wrote the letter, and I wrote it at Abe's own request."

It was now the lady's turn to be surprised, and she certainly looked so. "And so you saw poor Abe?"

"Saw him and talked with him twice. He told me of his being a slave, and of the attempt made to take him back to slavery, which you warned him against. He ran away, fearing that your father might get into trouble with your uncle about him. He claimed to me that he had dug out large sums of gold, which I was to use to buy his freedom and that of a girl he wanted to marry, but I thought his mind wandering, and had very little faith in that part of his story."

"Do you mean that part about the colored girl?"

"No, no. About the large sums of gold. The mines where we were were paying so poorly that his success looked impossible to me. But Abe's story of the girl I believed."

"Strange things happen in this world, Mr. Sheldon," said she, leaning towards me. "That very girl, Julia, is a trusted domestic in my mother's family, now."

"You astonish me."

"I do not doubt it. Julia, you know, was sold to a Mississippi man, but escaped from him. She got with friends in the North, who not only gave her a home, but set inquiries on foot to learn Abe's whereabouts. Finally, they wrote to father, who answered, telling them what he knew, and after the emancipation Julia came out here."

"It is a pity that her devotion to her lover should not be rewarded. But if nothing has been heard from Abe in all these years, now that more than four years have passed since slavery was abolished, it is most probable that the poor fellow is dead."

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Sheldon. It is a happiness, though, to think that such a thing can never happen again." The tears came to her eyes.

"You do not speak like a Southerner, Miss Sawyer."

"But I do, Mr. Sheldon, and like a true Southerner. You people of the North may well feel proud of the share you bore in ridding our country of its great curse, but you cannot feel the pride that I do now that my own beautiful State is no longer stained with slavery,—that we can hold up our heads with the proudest of you. And yet," she added, gravely, "I fear sometimes that the victors in the unequal contest are not using their power wisely."

"In what way?"

"In giving the elective franchise to the poor souls who can have no knowledge of the value of the gift. Freedom is a right; citizenship is a privilege that should be given only to intelligence and worth."

"I am afraid you are right, Miss Sawyer," I said thoughtfully. "But we have become so interested in our subject that we have forgotten our companions altogether."

"I think you have," said Jasper, who noticed my last remark. "The evening has slipped away. Do you know what time it is?"

I pulled out my watch. "Well, well, I think we do owe these folks an apology, Miss Sawyer. But, Jasper, I have found out that this lady's father was an acquaintance of mine long before your father and I ever saw each other."

"We will have to excuse you then, if that be the case."

As the hour was really much later

than I had thought, we took our leave. Our hotels were several blocks away.

"Jasper," said I, soon as we were fairly clear of the house, "if I were in your shoes I would n't waste much time before I secured that girl. Prizes like her will not go begging."

"I know it, Mr. Sheldon, but I have no fears of rivalry. I hope before another year to be situated so that I can give her a home, and I want to see my way clearly to that first."

"That 's a very sensible notion, Jasper; only don't reach out for too much. You two have got youth and health in your favor, and that is better than fortune. I admire the young lady very much. She shows good sense, intelligence, modesty, and beauty, and such a combination is rare. You know the Arab proverb,—that 'There is one good woman in the world, and every husband thinks he has got her.' Get Miss Sawyer, and you can take that to yourself."

"Thank you," said Jasper, much gratified. "But here 's the hotel."

T. E. Jones.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AN OUTING.

CALIFORNIA'S numerous pleasure grounds give to the lover of outings his heart's desire. For one fond of nature's beauties that does not mind a spice of danger, there is no more enticing route than up the narrow gauge to Ingram's, and on through the mountains to Ukiah.

Crossing the ferry from San Francisco you reach Sausalito, a city set upon a hill, no streets visible, no drives, no paths, just houses planted among trees, sometimes only roofs in sight, and again whole buildings. One can but wonder how the houses came there. Did they grow among the trees, or were enough uprooted to give them standing room? And do people climb to them by ladders?

The road skirts Tomales Bay, lying like a landlocked lake, with its tiny, pebbly beach, and the half-clad mountains at its back; rounds the shallow places on piles; creeps along the shore; and, finally, wearying of its windings, leaves the bay to follow the no less sinuous course of the mountains.

It wanders by their side and among them in devious paths; chases a little river that laughs along its rocky bed; curves and turns, and doubles like a hound in chase; shoots through a hill it cannot climb, and rounds a valley too deep for entrance. Charming little resorts nestle along the road, some near, some farther away. There are deep cañons and gulches close by; and always a little way off, the mountains, the same, yet ever changing; almost shutting out the sky, receding till the ocean seems to approach, forming castles and towers with their evergreen tops, stretching away like a velvety lawn.

The stage road from Ingram's does not dally along the side of the mountains, but plunges right into them, and up them, and down them, and through them, striking out south to go north, and going back to get forward. Like all dug roads, it is narrow, with the bridges far from straight, and tucked down in all sorts of inconvenient places. It seems curious that if a road must be built with a mountain above and a precipice below, it cannot be made wider.

Of course, in the narrowest part you meet a team, and then it is back and back till a wheel or two is off the grade, or a horse standing on the ragged edge of nothing and struggling for a footing. And just when hope gives way to despair and you shut your eyes to jump, the danger is past, and the horses, knowing as well as a person when the track is clear, trot back into the road rescuing the wheels from their precarious situation,— and you too.

Around are great pines two or three hundred feet high and as straight as a ship's masts, smaller but more wide-spreading oaks and bays, and lower down a dense undergrowth, hardy shrubs, ferns little and great, tiny trees sometime to rival the standing giants, and scrubby trees that will never rival anything, but be dwarfs to the end of time. Here and there a few daring blossoms lift their saucy heads, as if defying this wilderness of growth to forbid them standing room.

Now the road approaches the ocean, and the fog adds a new feature to the scene. It lies on the water, and drifts in to the land, and sprinkles you as you pass under a large tree. It hides the lower peaks, then the sides are invisible as the peaks rise above it, and as the stage dashes down into it, envelopes all as in a veil. The sun breaking through at intervals adds its charm.

If this is your first view of the ocean in its everyday garb of fog and foam and ceaseless roar and waves, you find it not much of a sight, — plenty of it, such as it is, but rather monotonous. The old monarch is like a person — one must summer and winter with him to find him out; hear him when he puts on his foggy crown, and his mighty roar is the only evidence of his power; see when the setting sun has endowed him with a million gems, and the moon brought her tribute of silver, when the rising monarch of the air first kisses his banks, and gilds the rocks, and tints the clouds, and paints the waves, and when he is angry, and foams, and lashes, and moans, and dashes, and surges, like nothing but himself, and you will beg old ocean's pardon for daring to call his broad expanse a monotonous sight.

At one place, where a river, "loth to give up its individual being," loiters to meet its king, there is a ferry. The ferryman was not there when we drove up, and waiting in the calm, sunless light, with the ripple of the river at our feet and the roar of the ocean in our ears, thoughts would come of that last river where all must some day wait the approach of the boatman, who will bear them whence none return.

And now the points of the compass begin to go awry. The sun rises behind the hills and sets in the ocean, the south wind blows from the east, and the west wind comes up in the north.

Leaving Point Arena we strike the mountains again, and then it is up, and up, and up. Being curious, I inquired how high the range was. One of my *compagnons de voyage* coolly replied: "Fifteen miles." I shuddered to think how deceptive an innocent face may be, till I found that my informant referred to the distance, not the altitude. The range is probably about three thousand feet high. We creep on and on. Vegetation grows dense. Great pines, and firs, and redwoods, stretch up towards the sky, now standing like sentinels by the roadside, and again filling the space to another hill that limits the view, and crowning its summit with perennial verdure,— hiding cañons and gulches, then reaching up till they shut out the sky and the eye tires of gazing.

And still the road pursues its upward way,— shut in, with a hill above and a gorge below, winding, and twisting, and curling; through open spaces, where one can look away and see hills and ranges of hills towering above and around; almost circling an elevation standing alone covered to the top with innumerable firs

that need only darkness and wax tapers to become exquisite Christmas trees. Again and again the summit is just beyond, when a turn in the road discloses another peak to be climbed. At last, when we have concluded that a fifteen mile hill is long if not high, the driver puts on the brake and winds the lines around his hands, the horses feeling the pressure quicken their pace, and we realize that the summit is passed.

We spin around a curve, a broad one but a long one. The grade is wide and no teams in sight. Vegetation is a continual delight. Mountain travel is not so bad. We could go on all day, ever finding new pleasures and a feast for the eyes. But what is this? Another curve! It looks like a hairpin, and a crooked one at that. The driver calls it "The Devil's Elbow," and we fervently hope it will not land us in his sable majesty's kingdom. Round we go, slowly this time, and down, down! And there is another curve and a bridge just beyond it. The horses can never reach the bridge. We shall surely go over. But no, the horses are true, the driver is skillful, and now the danger is past.

The driver enlivens the way with the story of a man who ran over a tree on this very route,—no, ran into it, and had to cut the horses down and leave the buggy there till the next day. We think him a second Baron Munchausen till he shows us the very tree, a lithe madroño sapling, bearing marks of rough usage. Seeing is believing, and we unquestioningly accept any further anecdotes he sees fit to relate.

We come to a narrow road, such a narrow road and worn off on the edge; the wheel slips, the horses strain and tug, and the driver encourages them with cheering words and a little moral suasion, and us with an account of the time when the wheel slipped at a narrow place, and as his only safety he threw the team off the grade and down perpendicularly a distance of four feet. Though inspired with respect for a man of such brilliant achievements, we feel constrained to assure him that we will accept his account of that or any other adventure without ocular demonstration. And we pass a place so steep that the horses refuse to go, and curves, and more curves, and go down hills, and more hills, and through pretty secluded dells, where the branches brush us as we pass.

They are honest folk—the dwellers in these wilds. At one pretty schoolhouse, half hidden by the shrubbery, the lunch kettles of the scholars were hanging on the trees in full sight, and almost in reach of the road. At a resting place on the fifteen mile hill, where the water from a little spring conducted across the road flowed into a reservoir, that like a Tantalus cup was ever filling yet never full, we found conveniences for washing; bluing, wringer, and all were there, except soap. Perhaps the one weakness of these good people is for soap.

Spending the night at Booneville, we picked hops,—that is, we each picked a hop. We found them gracefully festooning an open porch at the hotel, and set to work, while a young lady boarding there gave her experience in hop picking.

She said: "I picked part of Friday, Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday morning, spoiled my hat, wore out my gloves and shoes, paid my board, and earned one dollar and seventy-five cents."

By the time this narrative was completed, we had each picked our hop, and, remembering that no one had asked us to pick those hops, we desisted.

Booneville is the place that has direct communication with San Francisco. A letter put in the office there reaches the city in about twelve hours, while one mailed at Point Arena or Gualala is a day and a half in reaching its destination.

From Booneville to Ukiah the road is

more monotonous, and in no place dangerous. The grades are broad and not so heavy. Fires have broken out in the forest, and burned bridges and smoking trees meet the eye. Pines and firs are killed by a touch of fire, and stand lifting bare, blackened trunks, ridged and scarred by the destroying element. Redwoods yield their trunks for a time, but lift their foliage-crowned heads proudly, and ere long there appears along the blackened surface a lovely fresh growth, having the appearance of an exquisite vine reaching toward the sky. It seems curious that a wood burning so readily when dry should when green possess such resistant power.

There is but one vine that actually climbs these trees, and that is the poison oak. Seen at its best, in the fall, it sends up a slender line of red and yellow and pink, sometimes to the height of fifty feet.

In some parts of the coast mountains there are miles where the only evidence of man's presence is the road. Away from that not a tree has been touched by ax or fire. It is dark, and cool, and shady, with scarcely the twitter of birds to break the Sabbath stillness.

It is interesting to see how trees accommodate themselves to their surroundings. Oaks and madroños when not allowed room for spreading branches send up tall trunks with umbrella-like tufts of foliage at the top. Occasionally in an open field in some valley stands a single oak. No other tree is near. Unprotected it has stood the buffetings of a thousand storms, not uprooted by them but strengthened, and it strikes its roots down deeper and deeper and spreads its branches wider and wider till it is a marvel not only of size but of symmetry.

Beguiling the time with joke and song we ride merrily along, admiring all we see, even to the velvety-leaved oxalis and the pretty little ferns rolled up in silver balls for their winter's sleep.

Finally the last hill is passed, the last stretch of level ground traversed, and we find ourselves in Ukiah, hot and dusty, and altogether fit subjects for the manipulation of the feather dusters of the hotel clerks.

Mary L. Saxton.

THE LONE HIGHWAYMAN.

ROCK-RIBBED and brown under a July sun lay the far off Carbonate range, yet what could be more tender than the faint blue haze that wrapped its base? Nature in its utmost dignity yet has friendly phases: it is the distant north star that gives hope and help to the seafarer; apparently it was the massy bulk of Mount Syloshone, with the lonely haze that flared about the foothills, that touched Myrta Wilmer's heart and drew a tear to her soft cheek as she leaned against the veranda rail.

Before her the stage road stretched in tandem directly through the village. On either side were fragrant hedges, and behind these low barriers bending orchards swayed. Beyond was the forest, and through its foliage the cut of the stage road opened straight until its green walls met in far perspective. Farther on towered Mount Syloshone with

buff summit, green sides, and hazy base.

Madam Wilmer came out on the porch, a tall, slender lady, dressed in quiet black, gentle, refined, and motherly. She was a widow, one of those puzzled women who never know on sudden summons which is the left hand or the right, and who live with but vague sense of the compass points. Yet this kind lady, albeit so doubting and uncertain in some ways, was accounted keen in the village. She judged men shrewdly, used them effectively, and had just won a lawsuit against her husband's administrator, achieving (so rumor ran) a large sum in settlement.

"Can you see the stage?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"I told you what George wrote?"

"No, mamma."

"I certainly did. What is the matter, Myrta? You do not hear anything I say these last few days. Listen."

Madam Wilmer read from a letter in her hand.

> Ringold & Quillan have just paid me upon your order sixty thousand dollars. I will invest in government bonds as you instructed, and send them by registered mail tomorrow morning.
>
> Your affectionate Nephew,
>
> GEORGE.

Myrta listened indifferently, but Madam Wilmer continued with great earnestness:

"Most unfortunate that my brother is absent, and this inexperienced young man has taken affairs into his own hands! I did not mean to have the bonds sent here — and by registered mail too — a most unsafe method — no redress whatever in case of loss!"

She looked anxiously down the road. Myrta for a moment appeared concerned, then with still more troubled emphasis gazed off to the blue mist on Mount Syloshone.

"Here is a postscript I did not see," continued the mother, observing two or three lines scrawled across the back of the paper. She read the postscript aloud.

"'Just met Glenn Olmstead. I asked him to take the bonds, but he says, "tell Myrta he is not coming Thursday as he intended."' — Did you expect him today, Myrta? This is Thursday."

"No," the girl answered coldly. Her face lost some of its rosy color. Her pretty hand rose to her bosom, and a sigh was audible.

The mother spoke quickly. "Have you and Glenn quarreled?"

"No, mamma."

"I see you have. Be careful, my child. He is a gentleman. A true friend when our fortunes were low. You are elated by the new gallants that have come forward since we won our suit and the mining stock proved valuable. Money always brings them. Don't let any giddy sense of triumph make you capricious or unfaithful. Dear me, I wish the stage would come! Ah, I see a dust, — yes, there it is!"

She stepped to the hallway. Myrta gazed after with startled eyes. The hint had given her a shock.

Was it true? Had sudden prosperity, the increased consideration she had received of late, the brightened prospects, influenced her unworthily toward her betrothed? Had —

"Here, Myrta, is your hat. Let us go to the post office. How fast the stage comes!"

They hastened down street to the little cluster of houses that comprised the business quarter. A number of men had come forth to watch the stage, now approaching at a furious rate.

Were the horses running wild? No, — Canfield, the driver, could be seen gripping the lines, flourishing his whip and urging them on. Billows of dust rose up behind. The wheels spun with glittering swiftness. Axford, the postmaster, declared the stage ahead of time. This mad haste seemed very strange. Canfield was a new driver not

much known. Perhaps he had sampled the wine too freely at San Guido, as he passed.

Up came the rocking vehicle. It did not stop at the post office, but crossed to the express agent standing in his doorway. Here Canfield halted his foaming four, and excitedly threw out the iron-bound box.

"There 's your box, safe and sound, and you can thank me for it. No mail for you, Axford. It 's gone! Where 's the sheriff? Rustle a posse together, you fellows! I was stopped by a highwayman."

"What! Who? Where? When?"

The breathless crowd surrounded him eagerly.

"At the foot of the hill where the San Guido trail turns into the Syloshone road. It was n't fifteen minutes ago. Get your guns! We 'll catch him if we 're sharp after."

Half a dozen young men bounded toward the livery stable to order out all the available horses. Others remaining demanded particulars. Canfield, standing above, with one knee on the seat, told his story rapidly.

"I had just come into the Syloshone road, round the big tree, to strike the up grade, when this man sprung out of the brush. He had a white silk handkerchief tied over his face from the eyes down, and a big navy in his hand. 'Whoa! Hold up your hands! Throw me the mail bag!' he said. I tossed it out and put up my arms. He stepped into the brush with the bag. Quick as a wink I gave the whip to my leaders and we were flying up the hill. I do n't know whether he fired after me or not."

"Was it the registered pouch?" inquired Axford.

"The registered —" Canfield stopped surprised and looked across where a well filled mail sack lay against the top rail. "Yes. He took 'em both, the registered pouch and the letter pouch. Here 's your paper sack." And he threw the one remaining mail bag, filled with newspapers, to the ground.

The only passenger, a venerable white-haired man, who had been searching with palsied hand for his lost spectacles, now showed his face at the window and said in shaking tones, "I only saw him take one bag."

"Was it a red striped canvas sack?" inquired Axford.

"No. Brown leather."

"He took 'em both. He must have taken 'em both! The registered bag is n't here," vociferated Canfield, his face flushed and confused. He saw suspicion in Axford's eyes and continued, "I can't say sure that I threw down two, for I was looking at his navy and not at the pouches. But I must have done so, for the registered bag is gone!" His emphatic, straightforward tones convinced all that he had been badly frightened and was not a party to the crime. "Don't lose time here," the driver continued, jumping down. "Get your guns and let 's give chase. He has only a quarter hour's start."

"What sort of looking man?"

"Medium size, black hair, black eyes, and white hands. Dressed in ordinary dark business suit, coat buttoned tight, felt hat."

The passenger spoke. "No, his coat flew open. I had a close side view. He wore a braided hair watch cord, with a gold amulet shaped like a little book. I could see the curve of moustaches under his handkerchief."

"Hurrah, boys, get your weapons!" cried Axford, pointing toward the stable yard where several horses were being saddled. All the men ran in various directions.

"Myrta, Myrta, help me!" said Madam Wilmer faintly. She leaned heavily against her daughter.

"Did you hear?" whispered Myrta, with wide eyes and white lips.

"We are beggars again. The bonds were in the registered mail. O my child! Take me home."

"I don't care for the money!" whispered Myrta, trembling so violently that the two staggered together as they started homeward.

The wretched mother was half unconscious. Poverty with all its horrors once more confronted her.

"Mary, help mamma," said Myrta, as an experienced domestic met them at the door. She slipped on her riding skirt and darted through the house to the barn. Her pony was in its stall. She threw on saddle and bridle, and when the impromptu posse galloped out of town she followed after in the hot afternoon sun and stifling dust.

"Medium size, black hair and eyes, white hands, a braided watch cord,— I 'm glad I never told mamma about that watch cord!" she murmured between her tight-set lips. "O, it does n't seem — but it must be! If I find him I know I can make him give the money back. And then I 'll kill myself!" She nearly fell forward on her pony's neck with terror and despair.

The men stopped at the scene of the robbery as her swift horse overtook them. Canfield pointed out the recent position of the road agent. "There 's the bag, now!" he said, and springing into the brush beyond, held up the mail bag. A long cut disclosed letters within, standing on edge as if thrust hurriedly through the opening.

"What 's this!" cried the postmaster. His quick eyes detected something strange. Putting his hand in the cut he pulled out a long envelope, one of the department official letters addressed to himself. Pinned to the outside was a ten-dollar bank note, and underneath was scrawled across the envelope in pencil, "*Pay for a new pouch.*"

"Queer!" cried Axford. "Halloa there, help Miss Wilmer. She 's fainting."

"I 'm not fainting," said Myrta in a choked voice.

"Go home. This is no place for you. The road agent may be close by. If we find him there 'll be shooting, and —"

"Here 's fresh tracks down the San Guido road!" cried some one. Over the print of the coach wheels could be seen hoof marks. Down the San Guido road whirled the posse in headlong pursuit.

Myrta hesitated. The mail bag lay before her, apparently the usual number of letters untouched within.

"If I could only find the registered pouch!" she said, and dismounting tied her pony to a tree. She hunted all about the road, and presently came to an agonized pause before a familiar footprint in the soft earth. Well she knew the mark of that broad sole and low heel.

It pointed straight into the bushes, and thither she darted to and fro among the shrubbery, coming soon to an open space where numerous pieces of white paper were strewn upon the ground. She caught one up. It was thin French stationery covered with writing.

At sight of the well known paper and penmanship she leaned against a tree, sick at heart. All hope that the worst might be disproved now failed her. Here was culminating, terrifying evidence.

"At least he shall not be caught and imprisoned as a felon if I can help it!" she moaned, and kneeling picked up carefully every scrap of paper, and thrust them deep into the fingers of her driving glove.

Then all strength seemed suddenly to leave her. She yielded to passionate tears, and sobbing, reeling, made her piteous way back to the road once more.

A half hour later she entered the parlor where her mother sat alone, with a glass of lemonade convenient, fanning herself and looking remarkably composed and cheery.

"I know now who took the registered letter!"

"Have they caught the thief, Myrta?"

Myrta sank on her knees by her mother's side with a little cry.

"O, I hope not! Don't call him that! Don't call him that!"

"My child! What is the matter?"

With her face on her mother's knee Myrta whispered, "I had some of my hair made into a watch guard in Sacramento when we were there last. And I had my photograph put in a locket like a book for it, and I gave it to Glenn when he was here. I never told you. I was afraid you would think it sentimental. Mamma, that—that—highwayman wore a hair cord and book locket!"

"Myrta, what are you thinking of?" Madam Wilmer began to laugh. "Do you think, *do* you think that Glenn Olmstead has turned robber?"

"Mamma! They described him perfectly. I saw his footprints. I could tell them anywhere. And he knew the bonds were sent you by this mail."

"How absurd! Now listen. Just after you went off the express agent came over with our bonds, and a letter from George saying Glenn had advised him to send by express instead of by mail. The agent recommended me to take them to the bank for safe keeping, and walked down there with me. Cashier Curtis sealed them up and stored them in the vault. You may know how rejoiced I was! My heart is only now beginning to beat naturally again. And for you to imagine that Glenn had lain in wait for our money! My dear child, that is certainly the most sacrilegious charge I ever knew a girl to make against her lover."

"I know it was Glenn," said Myrta, with her face in her hands.

"Hark! The men are back again." Madam arose, and the two went out on the veranda. The posse had returned. There was much laughing and chaffing about the post office door, and Mary, the domestic, came out of the throng toward home.

"Have they caught him?" Madam asked.

Mary smiled. "They followed tracks down the San Guido road till they overtook a boy hunting cows. And then a farmer came along with the lost mail bag in his wagon. He had picked it up by the roadside near San Guido. They think it was bumped off the stage some way in going over the loose rocks there. So as they could n't make out the highwayman had got anything, they all came home."

Madam turned to Myrta and held up her forefinger admonishingly.

"Mamma, don't ever tell. Please don't!"

"Dear child, I never will. It was a cruel and ridiculous suspicion. We will forget all about it. Be more trustful. My word for it, Glenn is a thorough gentleman. Treat him loyally and kindly."

Myrta ran up stairs. There was still a mystery.

In her own room she drew the crumpled scraps of paper from her glove, unfolded them, and after much trial restored them to the original order.

Then she read:

MYRTA:

I will not attempt to answer the sarcasms in your recent letter; but the tone of your criticism is so sharp and your dissatisfaction so very marked that I infer you are weary of our engagement. You are an heiress now. A husband of my slender means perhaps is no longer desired.

The woman who marries me must take me gladly or not at all. I toss money out of the question. She marries me—not I her. I give you back your troth. You are free as air.

I shall visit you no more, unless I receive word that you desire it.

GLENN.

"How proud he is!" She kissed the paper. "And after all, it *was* he who stopped the stage,—how wicked I am! He took all that risk,—why did I write him so thoughtlessly, so dreadfully! Precious! Precious! He repented this letter. Rather than have me get it, he came all the way down here, and—"

She bowed her face with hysterical tears. She lifted her head and laughed. She waltzed gayly across the room. She sat gravely in the corner with clasped hands, repentant and sorrowful. She

went to the window and looked out toward the Carbonate range. Be blue as thou wilt, O Mount Syloshone; the joy of a maiden's heart irradiates thee with its aurora, and thy lonely mists are unseen now.

Four days later came another letter. She opened it eagerly and read:

MY DARLING:

Your last note pained me exceedingly. I was at first indignant; it seemed so merciless and inconsiderate, so unlike yourself.

I conclude there is some cause for this caprice which I cannot understand. If you and I are to be man and wife, we must begin by being slow to take offense and quick to forgive. I will wait until I see you before I judge.

Be sure that I wish your happiness. If you no longer feel as cordially toward me as you did, say so candidly, and I will not stand in your way. I shall come down on Thursday's stage.

Always with love,

GLENN.

She kissed the letter and put it in her bosom. Then she went to the piano, and all that evening, with sparkling eyes and smiles on her lips, sang the old songs she had learned in childhood.

Next Thursday no one met Glenn Olmstead at the stage. A little ominous, he thought, and he made his way seriously toward Madam Wilmer's. A frank, bright, resolute young man, with erect carriage and vigorous stride.

No one on the veranda. No one at the door. More ominous still.

He stepped within the hall. The door shut instantly behind him, and then soft arms about his neck, a warm bosom against his own, and welcoming kisses, brought a great sigh of relief from his lips.

After supper he came out on the veranda, and mused as he struck a match: "By Jove, a close shave! I believe I should have lost her if that first letter had come through." He lighted his cigar and puffed a few rings toward the ceiling. "Now it 's all over I 've a great notion to tell her about it. No. 'T wont do. Now and then are things in a man's life he must keep to himself. 'T was a lawless proceeding. I must never divulge it."

Bright eyes looked out from the hall. "Shall I tell him?" she thought. "I hate to have him know what a dreadful suspicion I had. I hate to conceal it. But a wife must not always tell her husband all she knows. She can judge his honesty much better if she stays silent."

Out she sauntered to the veranda rail.

"Glenn, where is the new watch guard I gave you?"

"Left it home, in my other vest pocket."

"How ingeniously he evades me! I know he dare not show it on the stage coach," she thought. Then aloud, "Do you wear it usually?"

"No. It 's so delicate. I am afraid the strands might be broken, and I treasure every one. I shall wear it only on special occasions."

"H 'm!" thought Myrta, a little doubtingly. "Glenn, why did n't you come last Thursday?"

"I had important business to look after."

"In the office?"

"O, no. Outdoors. In the country."

"He *is* honest, as mamma says," thought Myrta proudly. "I like an honest, brave lover, brave enough to be a highwayman if need be for love's sake!" And she looked with admiration on him, delightfully forgetful of the sentiments she had cherished when she first thought him a road agent.

Woodruff Clarke.

SLOW-BURNING CONSTRUCTION.

The number of fires occurring daily, the millions of dollars consumed by the fire fiend, the numbers of people left homeless, all tend to make the subject of fire-proof construction one of importance. It is a subject brought into special prominence by the recent fires in Seattle, Ellensburg, Bakersfield, and Spokane Falls, and many other large fires on the Coast.

Though fire-proofing is claimed in nearly every modern office building, a very limited number are made thoroughly fire-proof. Arguments that the so-called fire-proof buildings have been tried and found wanting are often heard. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so a building, when completely fire-proof only in its advertisements, as is very often the case, gives a foundation for the statement.

But the fact remains that no thoroughly fire-proofed building ever has burned or ever can burn.

The object of this article is not to deal with the costly system of proof used in the large office and business blocks, where cost is no object and a complete fire-proofing a necessity, but to take the subject of ordinary dwellings, the class of houses in which a large majority of the fires occur, and the class that spreads and prolongs the general conflagration. The cost of making a building of this sort thoroughly fire-proof by means of the present system of iron, terra cotta, and brick, is so great as to place it beyond consideration in any structure in which economy is a feature.

Anything that can make one of these buildings safer without increasing the cost too much should be an important consideration to owners and builders. The number of fires that originate in defective construction, such as poorly built flues and cheap framing is almost incredible. In fact, the present system of construction of a frame building, instead of being designed as a safeguard from fire, seems not only to render the building as inflammable as possible, but to be so arranged that after a fire breaks out it is almost impossible to subdue it.

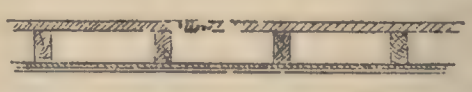
Take for instance the ordinary system of laying floor joists. Any one who has noticed a building in course of construction will have seen 2 x 10 or 2 x 12 joists



placed fourteen inches apart, and covered with the wood flooring on top, about one inch thick, and by the ceiling beneath, of plaster laid on wooden laths. This makes a series of long flues which carry fire from one part of the building to the other, safe from the ordinary efforts of the firemen to extinguish it.

To make it still more dangerous, chips and shavings are often left in these boxes by the carpenter, and a spark finding its way through a crevice in the flooring can always find something to feed upon, and can burn away unnoticed until it creates a flame big and strong enough to sweep through the entire building. The open construction thus makes the starting of a conflagration a very easy matter.

The walls and interior partitions seem also to be built so as to burn as freely as possible. In the present system of construction the studs, or the 2x4 or 2x6 up-



right timbers, set about fourteen inches

apart, form even more convenient flues for fire than the floor joists.

It would be hard to design a system of framing better adapted both for catching fire and for nourishing and spreading it. An ordinary instance might be taken for illustration. The patent fire-kindling blocks, designed to catch fire and burn as freely as possible, are the counterpart on a smaller scale of our present system of floor joists.

At a building the writer examined some years ago, after its partial destruction by fire, some very curious facts were noticed. Very little damage by fire could be seen by a casual observer, yet it was concluded that the house had been burning for two days before the fire was discovered. The fire, originating in the framing, spread through the building hidden from sight in the above mentioned wooden flues, until it broke out in several places. The house was completely ruined, both from the fire and the water used in trying to extinguish it.

The records show that many fires start from defective flues. In these, though the blame must fall on the builder, the danger would be much less and fires fewer, with a system of construction that does not consist of hidden boxes and open framing. Common sense shows the present system of building must be wrong.

Aside from its danger from fire, any one who has watched the tearing down of an old building can easily understand the objection to it from a sanitary point of view, for these wooden flues or boxes form very convenient hiding places for all sorts of mold and filth.

Lift the flooring in your house, if it has been built for a few years. Notice how the dust and mold have collected, and the damp, musty smell. Under the bath rooms, laundries, and kitchens you will find filth. It needs no doctor to tell you this is unhealthy; and that in these nests disease germs have probably collected and been nursed to active life.

Rats and mice and vermin of all sorts have found comfortable and undisturbed homes, and sometimes cemeteries too, and cause many denunciations of the plumbing and plumber by people who think they smell sewer gas. A soil or waste pipe may leak undiscovered for weeks and months.

It seems curious that architects and builders have not succeeded in avoiding these evils. Every industry but house building has advanced in rapid strides in the last few years, and yet the builders are content to build as their fathers and grandfathers have built. The architect is satisfied to plan the building in the system of construction that was his first lesson when he started as an office boy or entered an architectural school.

If he tries to make any change from the fixed and long established customs, he is met with the objection of increased cost. The ordinary citizen building a house, whether for speculation or as a home, seems to have one pre-eminent idea. It must be as cheap as possible. If he spends any more than will build it in the cheapest manner, it must show in gingerbread ornamentation on the outside, or expensive finish on the interior. The idea of paying for fire safeguards when the building is to be insured, or of putting money where it will not show, in changing the construction used for ages, seems to him preposterous.

True, there are many patents that claim to improve the ordinary construction as a safeguard from fire, such as fire-proof paint and wire lathing, used centuries ago, but only lately come into general use. They are all more or less valuable for their purpose, but they cannot counteract an evil that exists in the entire system of framing.

It seems to the writer that the following plan for obviating some of the above objections would not be difficult of execution, nor so very expensive.

For the floor joists it would not cost much more to use 2x6 or 2x4 pieces

spiked close together in one solid row. It would take more timber and require more labor than the present system, but it would be stronger and last better, and saves about six inches for each floor in the height of the building, or one step less in each flight of stairs.

With metal or solid wood lathing for the ceiling plaster, and ordinary flooring laid over it, a solid floor is formed with no objectionable hollow spaces.

It will deaden sound, a strong advantage, as in the present system, the hollow, like a drum, doubles the sound of a foot-fall to the people below.

Every school-boy knows that fire requires oxygen, the supply of which from the absence of hollow spaces and the protection afforded by the ceiling plaster, and by a layer of mortar or building paper under the flooring, is shut off; and thus a construction is presented that the hottest fire could do little more than char. It cannot catch fire except in a general conflagration, which would ruin the most expensively built fire-proof construction.

It cannot catch fire from a defective flue, the cause of a large percentage of fires, as any flame from the chimney could be seen and easily remedied. All the exposed work is in full view, and there is nowhere space for a spark to lodge and burn undiscovered.

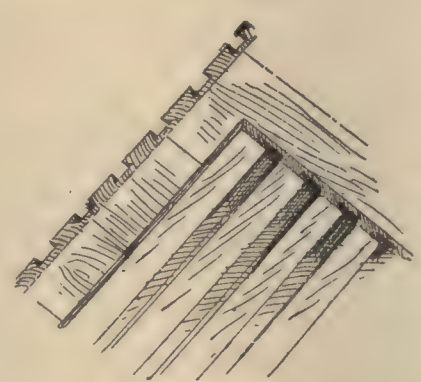
It is rat, dust, and vermin proof. There is less vertical wood to shrink than in the present system, which from that cause often shows cracks in the plaster and around the wood finish and base.

The walls and partitions can be built in the same system. Interior partitions can be built at a very little more cost, of inch boards set vertically with solid wood lathing nailed diagonally across on each side and then plastered.

Vertical tongued and grooved boards one and a half inches thick can be covered with some fire-proof building paper nailed to the center of each board. It can then be covered with any wall paper, doing away with the mortar and plaster entirely.

Both systems, as can easily be seen, are practically proof against any ordinary fire, and the construction suggested, while as stiff and strong, will take up less space by three or four inches than the present partition. Where there are a number of partitions, or where the size of lot makes more room necessary, this is a very important consideration.

A very efficient partition where there is no support required can be built of two thicknesses of solid wood lath laid diagonally, as in diagram.



Outside walls can be built solidly in various ways according to the different conditions. The present system might safely be used by filling in the hollow spaces with a cheap mortar. Probably the best construction would be of two by six inch pieces, set vertically and close together. This braced on the inside with solid wood lathing, and outside by

the rustic boarding or shingling, would be a very strong and durable construction, warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the present system, and impervious to the weather. The details of this mode of construction are all very simple, and can be worked on the same important principle of avoiding hollow spaces.

The cost of this system should not be more than eight or ten per cent over a building built in the ordinary manner, say four or five hundred dollars in a five thousand dollar building.

But its advantages would more than pay interest on the investment, and the building would certainly insure at a lower rate.

Repairs would be less frequent and less in cost, doctors' bills fewer, and the mouldy smell so common in old houses could certainly never be noticed. Rats and mice would not even have a foothold, and aside from its advantage as a safeguard from fire, sanitary reasons should be sufficient to make the adoption of the improvement a necessity.

M. G. Bugbee.

A WAVE.

I.

O WILD gray rocks, O weed-green rocks, O white rocks wet with spray,
By happy waters washed all night, by sunbeams kissed all day,
Among your rifts a little wave has strayed and lost its way.

Hither it runs, and thither roves,— but all the gates are fast.
Where is the echoing entrance now, through which at first it passed?
It beats at every outlet whence it *may* escape at last.

II.

"O, stay with us!" the rocks besought, "for bleak though we be and bare,
We have never so small a crevice but a wave may shelter there,
And tell us tales of its deep-sea home, of the ocean far and fair."

They locked the wave in their wild brown arms, they wooed it as a bride;
But minute by minute it dwindled there, it sank in the sands and died;
And ever it heard with fainter ears the voice of the waves outside.

The hot sun sucked it up above, the dry sand drank below,—
All in the shadow of rugged rocks, more lost it sank and low;
It died, what time the first small star looked out of the afterglow.

Now is it gone for evermore, evanished utterly,—
Unknown it lived and perished there, no dirge for it might be
Except the endless requiem of the ever-wailing sea.

Along the shore its sister waves, with joyous song and free,
In happy band, dance hand in hand, and laugh in careless glee;
The rocks are silent; they alone know *that* wave's history.

M. C. Gillington.

THE "G. T. C. R. R."

THERE was an atmosphere of subdued excitement in Metropolitanville. Groups gathered in earnest converse at the street corners, or at what were dignified by the name of such, the geometrical definition of a corner (where two converging lines meet) being hardly realized where the character of the construction allowed of nothing approximating the nature of a straight line.

'Polyville, as it was familiarly termed by its denizens, was nothing more nor less than a mining camp in a border county; perhaps not exactly corresponding to the ideal of Bret Harte, but yet containing that characteristic variety of peculiarities that similar circumstances necessarily gather within the limits of settlements of this nature. Neither worse nor better than a hundred of its prototypes throughout the State, it could boast its ruffians, its gentlemanly gamblers, its leaven of commonplace citizens, and its prospective mineral wealth; for as yet the only fortunes realized had been those made in legitimate traffic by the proprietor of that thriving caravansary known as the "Junction House" and the Hebraic keeper of the general store. Fortune had so far favored the camp's location as to have separated it almost completely from contact with the outside world, whereby its inhabitants had been perforce reduced, if not to the condition of unsophisticated children of nature, at least to one of utter ignorance concerning anything going on outside of its own narrow limits.

The physical aspect of the place was far from inviting: a motley and heterogeneous collection of tents and shanties indiscriminately intermixed, with small pretence of regularity of arrangement, a bleak background of unpicturesquely bare hills, and across the muddy stream that tumbled sluggishly along its easterly line, an uninteresting vista of sage-covered hillocks stretching into the distance, mingling finally on the horizon in the indistinct bluish mass of mountains over towards the Nevada line.

There was, I repeat, evidently something of unusual importance brewing in 'Polyville; big Bill Walker, the center of an excited group, was indulging in a flight of oratory, evidently highly appreciated by his audience. "Whiskey Pete" (no one had ever heard him designated by any other name) was sober, a condition unheard of within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Around the entrance of the Junction House the crowd was largest, but the door was closed, a circumstance as startling as would be the closing of the doors of a trusted bank during business hours.

"You can't git in, boys, nohow," genial Jack Leary, the proprietor, was explaining, with his broad back up against the closed portal. "Them gents is busy taking a line that 's going from the nor'-east corner right bang slap through my bar and out of the sou'west window, and if I ain't a-kicking, don't you. I don't want to make nothing out of no railroad, but I'm hot for this here town, and if we ain't going to just hump it when this thing is all fixed, why, my name ain't Jack Leary."

"But where's the darn thing goin' arter it leaves here?" a voice ventured from the outskirts of the crowd.

"That 's you, Jake Smith, you no account piece of coyote meat, with yer darned insinuations. I would n't answer yer, if it war n't for these gentlemen here. Why can't every man of common sense see that this here railroad ain't going to give away its whole darned business to every sucker that 's curious

about it? If any of you fellers knowed where that there road was a-going, why, you' d get in and buy up the whole business —"

The door was suddenly opened inwards and the orator nearly tumbled in, but was caught and re-established on his feet by the two new-comers, who emerged from the house. Roughly dressed in a costume evidently intended for tramping and carrying surveyors' implements, the young men were each about twenty-eight years of age, and of a generally prepossessing appearance.

They nodded pleasantly to the crowd of observers agape with curiosity, and one of them, jumping upon a box near the door, said: "Gentlemen, you understand our errand here in a general kind of way, but for your own interests and ours I want to make a more public announcement of our purposes, and so will ask you to meet us here at noon tomorrow, when we will explain more in detail what is proposed. Please let your friends know. Now come in and have something, all of you," and jumping from the box he led the crowd into the bar-room, where liquid refreshment was duly served out and charged to Messrs. Knapp and Hatch, "of the advance corps of surveyors of the G. T. C. R. R.," which mystic symbols these gentlemen explained as representing the Great Trans-Continental Rail Road.

For hours previous to the designated time all work was suspended in the camp. The owners of outlying claims gave over for the time being their search for the hidden mineral, and eagerly questioned their more enlightened neighbors as to what it was all about; the gambler forsook his cards and dice, even the Junction House bar was deserted, and the river flowed along undisturbed by gravel-washing miners; an occasional Chinaman gazed in open-mouthed amazement at this unwonted concourse, and a blanketed Digger forgot the stolidity that was expected of him, and grunted his disapproval to his papoose-laden squaw.

Promptly at the hour named the orators of the occasion mounted the improvised rostrum, and amid a breathless hush of expectancy announced, in substance, about as follows: that a great syndicate of Eastern and Western capitalists were building a line of railroad to connect the oceans, it being already completed to a point not far from the Nevada boundary; that the line through California had been by them surveyed up to this point; that of all localities that they had examined in the vicinity Metropolitanville offered the greatest facilities to the course of the said road; and that they hoped there to erect car works, a depot and hotel that would eclipse anything the world had yet seen; that Smithtown to the north or Jonesville to the south *might* do as a terminal point, but that the hearts of the directors were set on Metropolitanville in preference to either; yet the choice of this site depended largely on the manifestation of public-spiritedness, and if the citizens acted in concert with the directors they could promise each and every individual fortunes, to be gained without the lifting of a finger in the effort; that to accomplish this desideratum it was absolutely incumbent upon the citizens of Metropolitanville to organize a city government, elect proper authorities, declare themselves by appropriate resolutions the owners of certain lands, which they must thereupon proceed to dedicate to the G. T. C. R. R., which in turn would sell it back to whoever wanted it at a nominal figure, reserving a right of way and sufficient land for their own uses; that the necessity of such a course was too self-evident to require proof; that the president of the G. T. C. R. R. would himself assure them of the near approach of the road, and sign the instruments that were to make each individual wealthy beyond his wildest hopes; — finishing with a glowing picture of Metropolitanville a great railway and manufac-

turing center, the surrounding plains a blossoming paradise, dotted with the mansions of the gentlemen whose enrichment the G. T. C. R. R. would count as its most pleasant memory and among its noblest efforts.

Men stamped and shouted their applause, and amid the general excitement and cheers for the surveyors of the G. T. C. R. R., Bill Walker took the stump, and in language more vivid and forcible than Chesterfieldian, expressed his entire approbation of the scheme. Jack Leary, too, dilated on the prospective grandeur of 'Polyville, and a stranger named Ruggles gave vent to a polished panegyric on the unselfishness and disinterested patriotism of railroads in general, and of the G. T. C. R. R. in particular, concluding with a resolution that "the citizens of Metropolitanville proceed to incorporate," and adding that having the honor himself to be a member of the legal fraternity, he would gladly offer his services gratuitously in any matter appertaining and incident to such incorporation.

The resolution was unanimously adopted amid boundless enthusiasm, and the meeting broke up, all seeking the solace for their nerves that an excitement so unusual warranted them in indulging in.

Nothing hung fire long in 'Polyville; if summary justice was to be done an offender, the same sun that saw the crime beheld its expiation. If it was decreed that the morals of the community demanded that some unfortunate be "run out of town," he or she was given no opportunity to plead or argue, but a dozen pair of brawny arms conducted the proscribed to the river bank,—and not infrequently immersed them in the stream. So now, it being determined that 'Polyville was to be a regular city with mayor and common council and other necessary officers and dignitaries, but little time was allowed to intervene between the dates of the mass-meeting and of the election, which the suave and disinterested Mr. Ruggles, the self-appointed counsel, declared it necessary to hold.

No great reform is accomplished without serious opposition, and a few discontented spirits led by that notorious element of discord, Jake Smith, ventured to lift their voices in condemnation and derision. The first offense was punished by the simple but complete immersion of these delinquents in the river, but a repetition, it was declared, would be summarily visited with strangulation, and there is no record of any case in which the offender was called upon to plead to a prior conviction.

Elaborate placards were posted in prominent places, bearing the inscription:

> TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, take notice, that at a mass-meeting of the citizens of Metropolitanville, held June 4th, 18—, it was unanimously resolved, that the said city of Metropolitanville do incorporate. An Election is hereby ordered to be held July 4th, 18—, for the acceptance of a Charter and the Election of City Officials. The said Charter can be examined at the Junction House. Polls open from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M.

In the meantime the gentlemanly surveyors measured and staked out the country for miles around, marking streets, and avenues, and squares, and denoting the same on a large and brilliantly colored canvas that covered an entire side of the bar-room of the Junction House, and which delineated the country cut up as a huge checker-board, which was explained to mean sections, quarter-sections, and town lots, *ad infinitum*. This was always the center of attraction for the frequenters of the place, who acrimoniously disputed among themselves the course of the prospective road and the sites of their own locations.

So 'Polyville for a month was in a constant state of ferment. Claims might have been jumped with impunity, and the diligent Mongol and the unpretentious Digger gathered a rich harvest

from the abandoned dumps. The isolated position of the place, as I have said, protected it from the encroachments of any large influx of population, and the occasional miner who found his way thither during this period was looked upon with disfavor by the original settlers, as being a prospective sharer in the benefits to accrue; and none left the settlement, fearing lest in their absence they might forfeit their share of the spoils. Despite the surveyors' warning that no working gangs would come in sight for some months yet, prospecting parties were continually out on the *qui vive* for the approach of such, and it required considerable tact to prevent a deputation toiling across the intervening mountains into Nevada, to meet and welcome the authors of their prospective prosperity.

There was considerable rivalry regarding the division of offices; there were three candidates for the mayoralty, which, considering that it was an unsalaried position, showed a commendable spirit of disinterested patriotism; and party spirit ran so high that the river metaphorically ran red with the blood of 'Polyville's best and bravest. Positions on the city council went begging, while the offices of constable and city treasurer were bones of bitter contention. But on the whole there was not, perhaps, a much larger percentage of violent deaths that month than 'Polyville was accustomed to see, and the few who were "planted" temporarily—"until the new bone-yard is built"—could be well spared, for there was so much more for the survivors.

A violent excitement occurred one morning when it was announced that "the president" had arrived during the night. "Rid in on his own mustang,—as likely looking a critter as I've seed for a long day," as Jack Leary expressed it, (but whether referring to the quadruped or biped doth not appear,) introducing to the early frequenters of his hostelry a dignified, white-haired old gentleman, attired in somber black, and in addition to the solidest of gold watch-chains, wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles that added a benignity to his physiognomy that would have caused the most suspicious to confide in him implicitly. He assented cheerfully to a respectful invitation to address the populace, and repeated in substance what had been already said, adding even more positive assurances of 'Polyville's future greatness, darkly intimating, however, that he feared designing speculators at "the Bay" had become conversant with the plans of the G. T. C. R. R., and that he anticipated awakening any morning to see long lines of settlers' wagons hurrying thitherwards to partake of the advantages that he desired to reserve for his audience alone.

"Let 's have that there election right off," an impatient and eager listener suggested.

"No, no, gentlemen, everything must be done in order. We must be sure of our ground, and you of yours. I learn that the eminent San Francisco lawyer, Mr. Ruggles, is a fellow-townsman of yours. Consult with him how to proceed; you could have no better adviser. I myself shall be with you for a few weeks, and my best services are entirely at your disposal."

And the courtly old gentleman cordially grasped the many rough hands that were extended to him on all sides.

Finally, there dawned upon Metropolitanville the day that alike celebrated the anniversary of the country's independence, and heralded the dawn of its prosperity to the newly created municipality. The Junction House did an unusually thriving trade, and as universal suffrage was construed to mean "vote early and often," the ballot boxes disclosed a total vote just treble the number of the voters; but the absence of challenges amply proved the purity of the election, and when the polls were

closed promptly at 6 P. M., candidates and constituents alike gathered in their usual place of assembly, to "liquor up" and hear the returns. When the result was announced, showing the unanimous acceptance of the charter, and that the mayoralty had been accorded to the genial Leary, a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm conclusively evidenced the fact that no hard feelings were cherished by the opposition, and the liquor flowed at the expense of the house with unwonted liberality; for what cared "his honor, the mayor," for an outlay so insignificant, as compared with the rich harvests to be reaped from the strangers who were to inundate 'Polyville when the rails of the G. T. C. R. R. were laid diagonally through the ground floor of the Junction House.

Impressed with the necessity of haste, the council, under the supervision of Messrs. Knapp, Hatch, Ruggles, and "the president," hastened to dedicate by appropriate resolutions and conveyances a vast tract of land to the G. T. C. R. R., which that noble corporation, by its estimable president, accepted with due gratitude, "solely," as he remarked, "*ad majorem* Metropolitanville *gloriam*," a sentiment loudly applauded by the camp. A land office was opened in the Junction House, and applications poured in for sections, quarter-sections, and town lots, as designated on the map that exhibited 'Polyville's future glories, depot, hotel, cathedral, opera house and all.

So abundant were the applications and so loud the denunciations of the late comers, that the "board of managers," (Knapp, Hatch, Ruggles, and "the president,") to avoid bloodshed and satisfy all, hit upon the happy expedient of drawing for choice, to which end each applicant's wants were registered, the map numbered accordingly, and tickets prepared in due form. The price per acre was made fifty cents, "so as to be within the reach of all," and there was no hesitancy on the part of the prospective millionaires in begging, borrowing, and stealing enough to purchase land sufficient to form, in each case, a respectable town site. Coin and gold dust piled into the coffers of the G. T. C. R. R.; at the end of one day no man in 'Polyville was without a princely estate, duly evidenced by deeds which were models of technical legal phraseology, establishing a clear title in the grantees, as Mr. Ruggles's certificate clearly demonstrated. Dissatisfaction was quelled by the private assurance to each and every purchaser of even the most outlying tracts that the G. T. C. R. R. would make a special digression in his favor, and content reigned supreme.

Night brooded over the placid city; the last reveler had sunk to rest at the foot of the Junction House bar; clouds on the face of the moon gave a ghastly appearance to four figures that stealthily led their mustangs, with muffled hoofs, out over the dreary plain; and gave them an unearthly and uncanny form as they mounted and sped swiftly away into the distance.

Daylight dawned in 'Polyville, but it heralded a day of sorrow and anguish: the mayor arose to find his erstwhile overflowing till bare and empty; clerk, treasurer, constable, and councilmen, awoke to the realization that civic honors are a delusion and a snare, and the populace at large was aroused to bewail its squandered dust and its violated faith.

'Polyville is still awaiting the coming of its promised glory, and Smithtown to the north and Jonesville to the south guffaw loudly at the discomfiture of their neighbors.

N. H. Castle.

THE MONTH OF JUNE AT BIG MEADOWS.

June First.

The Big Meadows lie in one of those out of the way places in California which few people have heard of and still fewer have visited. In a basin in the northern Sierras, between the eastern and western summits, they forever lie in repose, their quiet placidity suggesting peace on earth and good will to man.

Useful information gathered en voyage.

Three tributaries unite near the outlet of the Meadows to form the west branch of the Feather River. One of them enters at the upper end. The other two arise on the plain. No infancy have these streams, for they start into being from springs, the largest of which has sufficient volume of water to float a ship. The other is, relatively, a small affair, but up through white and dancing sands it bubbles forever and forever.

Slowly and silently, like beings under restraint, these waters meander through the valley, but when they reach the outlet they plunge with wild glee into a cañon, and, impatient for their ocean home, rush forward in a mad race till they leave the Sierras far behind. The monotony of the vast expanse of green grass is relieved by glints of the river, that gleam through openings in their fringes of willows. Where the valley and the uplands meet, the leaves of many clumps of silver poplars, in the very joy of existence, dance in the breeze, or quiver when not a breath of air is stirring. The immediate shores on either side rise abruptly into high hills, clothed to the very top with evergreen trees, of a hue contrasting with and relieving that of the meadows below.

Beyond the first range of hills, but in distance not remote, Mount Lassen rears his crest eleven thousand feet into the blue above. There he reigns —

> "On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

To the north of Lassen the Black Buttes, six or seven in number, lifting their jagged, worn peaks in air, tell of volcanic throes and later elemental wars.

June Second.

Will some genius in a happy moment coin a word to serve as a substitute for "Big"? Let us have a word that will express magnitude, and extent, and at the same time be musical to the ear, — one that may be woven into poetry without damning the poem, or that can be written in prose without suggesting the absence of linguistic ability on the part of the writer?

We are almost there.

June Third.

Yes: Big Meadows — containing many thousand acres of grazing land — balmily sleeps in a deep basin encircled by a chain of mountains; over its surface ripple hues and expressions varied as those of the sea. The long grass, luxuriant in growth and rich in sustenance, affords food for many head of cattle, and as they wade knee-deep in its dank verdure they add another feature to a landscape unsurpassed in beauty. Twenty-five miles away, Mount Lassen shows his snowy side dazzling in the morning rays, and further on the Black Buttes rear their sombre heads — shifting their tints to suit the moods of the sun. The Feather River flows silently through

First impression — Morning.

places enchanting as ever Nature devised. Winding through the meadows, its course is marked by a growth of small trees, which shade its banks and furnish shelter from the heat to the patient fisherman, who sits and angles day after day, and I may say, night after night. On its moist borders, in many places, blooms a lily which spreads its dark, broad leaf to the stream, and in the midst a gorgeous flower "opens up its heart of gold." To the north, at the foot of the mountain, lies a green mound said to be an ancient Indian burial place. Huts, in clusters of two and three, are to be seen in many places on the outskirts of the meadows. Here, also, thrifty farmers have made homes, and gathered about them the comforts of life.

June Fourth.

A slight haze gives the scene a deeper meaning than could be found in the bold glare of the sun. Yet how little of that meaning is revealed to me. My sensibility is shrouded, like the day, and I find no answering touch to my appeal for an enlarged consciousness.

Second View: from a Pile of Rocks on the Mountain Side.

At the outmost rim of things to the west, dim, ghost-like, arises Mount Lassen — a rift in his side showing patches of snow — and on the far horizon buttes on buttes appear. Lightly my eyes pass the line where opens the pale purple bloom of the grass, and more lightly sweep above the tule's deeper shade. Coldly my color instinct slumbers — nothing I feel — yet I know, some day, somewhere, my soul will shed its dross and respond to the calls made from without.

June Fifth.

Nowhere else in California have I seen or heard such a variety of birds. In the early morning their day begins, and every note is to be heard in the concert. One strange sound, like a plaint of sadness, comes in at regular intervals, and forms the minor chord that seems a necessary accompaniment to all things earthly.

From a Perch on the Mountain.

As the day advances and the visible heat hangs shimmering in the air, the birds lose their enthusiasm, and the insects of the woods take up the song in their own way, carrying it on monotonously, until repose wooes the soul and the eyelids close to a sleep beneath the greenwood tree, where in dreams we might see dryads and other charmed creatures of the forest, were it not for the intrusion of the pestilential ant, whose bigness and perseverance would chase the poetry from the fancy of Ariel himself. In despair I open my sleep-laden eyes to the meadows below, whereon the lazy cows munch the grass — betimes switching their tails and waving their ears to chase the small flies floating in swarms across the fields and distracting all living things they come upon.

June Sixth.

As I look long upon the mountain side opposite under the necromancy of chasing clouds and changing light, an ugly bare place is revealed — not marring the beauty of the whole, but rather accentuating and illuminating it — as does a single fault an otherwise monotonously perfect character.

From the Rocks.

June Seventh.

The heat of the day had passed, and as we dreamed and dawdled in a grove of blooming, odorous chemisal, we became conscious of some mysterious transformation lighting the woods and glorifying the meadows. The sun, by some subtle knowledge of his own, transfixed a dark mass of cloud above the mountain, and bound it about with gold. The jagged shape, sharply defined, deceived the senses into a belief that it was not a

thing vaporous and unsubstantial, but a black rock caught up and held aloft by some potency unknown to man. Below it lay irregular bands of gold, pale but glowing. Above the whole, streaming in purple lines, ran rays far up into the faint green ether.

Suddenly the eternal order of nature prevailed and these strange forms melted away, to be replaced by others, and the whole heavens became a moving field of divine color, the vision bounded by the snow-clad front of Mount Lassen.

June Eighth. Arrived: Eight professional fishermen; two photographers; several Ionic pillars of the temple of learning; and the ubiquitous married couple of superior birth and culture. Hence, with me it is a case of arrested development of the æsthetic feeling.

June Ninth. Meadows and mountains still beautiful, but these are small matters now, for as yet the chief parts in the month's comedy are not definitely assigned. The seething of the human elements, the struggles for the best beds, the best tables, the best of everything, by everybody, makes it look as if the grand epoch of the brotherhood of man had beeni ndefinitely postponed and not even dreamed of, save in thy philosophy, O Edward Bellamy.

June Tenth. Nothing decided yet. Meadows lovely.

June Eleventh. Hallelujah! It is all over and settled. The married couple of superior culture did it. J—— and his party are at the top of the heap. Am glad; now that we are ranked and know our respective places in society's swim, we can go on and be our own true, joyous selves.

June Twelfth. Went forth once more, and encountered in one of the mountain paths, skirting the meadows, a typical miner — an argonaut of '49. He looked a moving image of red clay, as he trod the dusty road by the side of Nicodemus, a trusty mule, on whose back was piled a miner's outfit. Being made much of, y^e^ argonaut opened up his soul, and discoursed of early times, when a white man had a chance. He had known Peter Lassen personally, and aired a new theory in regard to the cause of his murder. The plot wound in and out. In this day when plots are considered vulgar, and minds are worn out in analysis, it was hard to catch on; but it sounded like this:—

Peter Lassen had a lot of land; was obliged to mortgage it, but secretly reserved from lien a few acres. Three bad men. They suspect the existence of a wondrously rich mine on these reserved acres. Peter Lassen found dead — bad men exult — they turn to the pet acres; they dig; they sweat; they toil. The mine eludes them; it remains unobjectified in the minds of the three wicked men, "and good enough for them."

And other tales of like nature, the point or nub always being the fate of "a rich find" that in some mean and underhanded way had never realized.

June Thirteenth. Y^e^ argonaut and his steed, Nicodemus, posing variously for enterprising photographers.

June Fourteenth. Nicodemus has run away — y^e^ argonaut disconsolate, and relates in husky tones their wild adventures by flood and field.

June Fifteenth. Nicodemus is found. A strange craft puffing along, spoiling the beauty of the Feather River, blew a shrill blast

with its whistle, and Nicodemus from his hiding place ran out to see; and when he saw, he expressed his grief in such strange, wild accents that his master, hearing, exultantly went forth and brought him in to camp.

June Sixteenth. Leaving the hotel I penetrated the woods eastward, and at the end of about half a mile came upon a saw mill, outside the meadows themselves, the loveliest spot in this section of country. The mill has its history, and part of it is the long, staunch friendship of two bachelors, who for twenty-five years have lived here together in peace — never going away for longer than a day or so at a time.

The Feather River, though rather a cloudy — and in some places unclean looking — stream has many a romance to render charming its lazy flow, and has furnished many a quarrel among mill owners to balance up its account.

June Seventeenth. The eight fishermen came in about 9 A. M. They met at table over a baked trout and a bottle of wine, and becoming inspired, threw vivid side lights upon the art of fishing.

June Eighteenth. Tremendous flutter! A man — supposed to be eligible in the matrimonial market — has telegraphed for quarters.

June Nineteenth. Has arrived — is only seventeen — still, is better than none. Whither are we drifting? Are most of the marriages made in heaven now?

June Twentieth. Overheard a number of men on the porch exchanging views in regard to the origin of the Meadows.

B— said there must be a large lake underneath, covered with a boggy soil a few feet in depth — thus accounting for the continued moisture throughout the year, and for the failure to drain the meadows by a cut constructed for that purpose several years since.

G— said he felt convinced that he gazed upon the crater of an extinct volcano, and called attention to evidences of volcanic action round about.

W— said he grieved for his ignorance, but he feared he knew but little about it.

The chief difference observable between a group of men and a group of women talking is not in the matter offered, but in the manner of offering it. A man regards his intellectual offspring with profound respect and affection; the puniest and the sickliest he presents with dignity. Women, on the contrary, always appeal to the world to tolerate their ideas. Why?

June Twenty-first. A rage has broken out for Indian baskets. The young married man of culture started it. His astral soul had projected itself into the near future, and with prophetic vision he beheld a land bereft of the Indian — no more Minnehahas — no more Shacknasty Jims; buried would be the tomahawk for ever and aye, when no more the noble red man chased the deer on the mountain wild, no more flashed his lighted pine knot to spear the fish moving in the depths below. Then, indeed, would America be desolate, and the one touch of romance on her borders be as a tale that is told; then would the Lord Fauntleroy cut of hair, stolen from the Digger, be known as an infamy in history; and then — Indian baskets will fetch a big price.

Mrs. G—, having surreptitiously and with unseemly alacrity secured several at reasonable rates, is regarded as a selfish being, and capable of harboring the unholy design of creating a trust in the art products of Jim's Sally, Levy's Martha, or Bob's Molly and Piute Charley's

Jane, who are all to the fore with baskets for sale.

Big Meadows Jim, with a dramatic fervor engendered by daily companionship with a lean larder, his gaunt hand resting on a loose belt, talks of days that are no more; the pathos of his voice touches his coldest hearer; "Long time ago — big white man roast ox; he eat some — then Indian eat — me eat heap, you bet — long time ago. Now no big white man — no ox — no eat; long time ago, very good — now, no good."

June Twenty-second. Mrs. G—, besides a heavy leaning towards Indian bric-a-brac, possesses a cherub boy, in everlasting search of information. She was, consequently, presented with an Indian doll — presumably by a Mahala — accompanied with the following lines:

Two round black eyes,
A mouth of any size,
But one that never cries,
Has my papoose.

Strapped to a back
Like any common pack
Or other vulgar sack,
Goes my papoose.

Strange things are seen
In field and forest green,
Aglow with silver sheen,
By my papoose;

Yet, mute, it basks
And no one's patience tasks,
For ne'er a question asks
My sweet papoose.

Mrs. G— swallowed the rebuke, and pinched Johnny's leg underneath the table just as he put out his hand to measure off on his arm the length of the last fish he had just — almost caught.

June Twenty-third. Veranda. I do not know which is the most disheartening spectacle, a small-minded woman trying to enjoy a magazine paper by one of our high lights on a living question, or a large-minded woman grappling with the intricacies of the last fad in fancy work. Neither can ever hope to reach heaven.

June Twenty-fourth. Trees — their names, height, breadth, nature, and value — having served as subject matter for an hour's discussion, a mercenary rhymster threw off the following:

"Of all the trees be mine
The stately sugar pine;
The reason plain you 'll see:
There 's money in the tree."

June Twenty-fifth. A strange vehicle stopped in front of the hotel. A large, black-eyed, bare-headed woman sat in the front seat with the reins in her hands. In the back part of the wagon — rolling with pillows, beds, pots, and pans — were babies, gipsy babies, their shining eyes staring at the ladies seated on the veranda. One beautiful creature of sixteen, whose hat rolled back beneath white plumes, showing all her youth and rich coloring, carried her baby in her arms. They alighted, and before pitching their tent for the night began to skirmish for gudgeons and gold. The elder woman, possessed of a ready wit and a rattling tongue, was far too sparkling and good looking, in her tawdry finery, to be called anything but a diversion.

Had my fortune told — and for the first time. Ah me! strange — strange! And it all happened because of a lost letter! Ah me — how different my life would have been. Lack-a-day, what sad revealings by the stars and palmistry!

Midnight. Rumpus in the house — stealthy noises arouse suspicion — flour and bacon gone — stolen from the cellar. Yes, indeed, sad revealings by the stars and palmistry!

June Twenty-sixth. Clouds and wind.

And the Fourth of July a few days looking forward. O Spirit of '76, seek us not in this far retreat; pass us as beings dead to the finer motives that move the patriot heart. Yes, do!

June Twenty-seventh.

Alas! He would n't. The whole county is fired, and will celebrate here, at this hotel. There is music in the air. Adios, ye heavenly visitants — peace, joy, comfort, the charitable mind that pardoned a country's fault.

June Twenty-Eighth.

A rain, cold and disheartening, has set in. Stoves are to be reset. And indoor life must be borne with for a while. Amusement for the feminine world must consist of music, gossip, and stories.

A sample story, entitled, "Quick Transit; or How a College-bred Lady went Shooting":—

It happened on the Columbia River, at a point forever sacred from mention. Some men, daring in enterprise, had there established a salmon cannery, and down the mountain side for their own convenience they had constructed a chute, crude, indeed, but answering well their purpose.

Not far away, nestling in a sunny dale, and with its door open to rich and poor alike — so be it they had aspiring minds — stood a hostelry, shunned by the fashionable and frivolous, but frequented by women of larger mind; those to whom vulgar contact with men or women, undeveloped spiritually, bred shudders of pain and disgust unutterable — high souls, to whom the sun, moon, and stars imparted their mystic meanings.

As queen amongst them stood one whose ample person carried a dignity even into the meaner acts of her daily life. Alone she loved communion with the very heart of our common mother; and, alone, many a long walk in broad soles she took at early morn or dewy eve as fancy prompted. The secret caves, the hidden paths, all rose to meet her, and mark themselves her own.

One day the solemn violet eyes lifting to the mountain top betrayed a growing desire to scale its height. Anon, we saw her stand meditatively near the head of the chute. With the stately, placid manner common to those who think before they act, she remained a moment, contemplating its length. A never ending line of fine parallel logs conveyed no terror to her soul. Stepping over the outer log, her feet no sooner touched the central ones — polished by the friction of thousands of cords of wood — than they slipped from beneath her, and away she dashed for the cannery below.

Slower at first, but gathering momentum as time passed, her person steadied by her parasol, held rigidly aloft and turned inside out, her speed finally outstripped that of a race horse, for with the rapidity of lightning she flashed, breathless, down the narrow track. With limbs extended, with garments torn and smeared in the oil of the chute, she darted into the cannery — a pale, worn smile of surprise alone marring the repose of that classic face. There be those who say that as she madly sped to her destination below she presented, probably, the most striking picture of unconventional womanhood seen in this, or any age.

However, she arose, shook into form what clothing remained to her, revamped her parasol, and left the cannery with more dignity than she had entered it, and departed on the early morning stage.

June Twenty-ninth.

The rain is over; the other side of the picture, with its uncaught, shifting mountain mysteries, is but a memory of yesterday. Blue noses and overcoats are retired in favor of red noses and jumpers. The air is clear and electric.

No particle of dust is afloat to remind one of earth. Piney odors steal from the forest, ravishing our senses as we stroll to make our adieux to the Old Mill, and on our return the fragrant warmth, greeting us from the meadows, proclaims the re-installation of His Majesty the Sun.

June Thirtieth.

The meadows, unchanged, stretch away, calm and serene; the earthly paradise, pictured by the inner eye when the world of sound lies low, and the spirit is free to build its castles, is realized. Yet — ah, yet — as with all things realized, over its charm has passed a dull film — my enthusiasm is chilling, and all unseen are Crescent, Greenville, Cinder Cone, and many a valley between. The first full breath was intoxicating — the second charged with bliss; the third, tempered by a cool current, blowing from no one knows whither, marks my return to reason, and — we must part. Hail, beautiful Meadows, and farewell!

Laura Lyon White.

"PAP."

For three months our surveying crew, which consisted of fourteen men beside the engineer-in-chief, had been slowly working its way up a valley in the Cascade Mountains known as the Wenatchie. It was now October and already the merciless frost had touched each tender flower and leaf with its white, deathly fingers. To those who live in cities the first cold, dreary wind that tells of approaching winter is thought little about; but to us miles from any habitation of man, save perhaps an Indian camp, with only our tents for houses, the snowy season of the year is not altogether a pleasant one to contemplate.

On the evening my story begins we had just come in from work, and five or six of the boys, including myself, were discussing winter weather. Near by sat Charlie Woodman reading a book. "Slim" Andrews, the rear flagman, was making a clumsy attempt to sew up a rent in his trousers, while old "Pap" Watkins, the most faithful man of the entire party, was engaged in sharpening his ax; now and then drawing his thumb across its keen edge.

"Well, 'Prophet,' git that brain o' yourn to workin' and tell us what kind o' a winter we're goin' to have," said Slim, addressing a rather quaint looking man, who, though without uttering a word thus far, kept his head shaking ominously.

"Bad winter. Deep snow. Forty degrees below. Ice ten feet thick. Bad winter. Bad winter," he replied in a monotone.

"'Tain't a thousand mile off either, or you can shoot my old hat," responded Pap Watkins. "I had a touch of rheumatiz yesterday"; then catching sight of Charlie Woodman's book he glanced hurriedly over the youth's shoulder to learn the title, and continued, "At it again, hey? How many times have I endeavored to illustrate to you the demoralizin' effects produced by novel readin'?"

"But Pap, use some reason: this is Scott's great Ivanhoe," protested the young man in a piping voice.

"Ivanhoe or Ivanrake, what's the difference?" demanded Mr. Watkins, putting down his ax and whetstone and

clambering excitedly upon top of the nearest stump. "Boys, let me inform you once and for all that novels — novels have ruined, utterly ruined, the mind of many a person in this 'land of the free and home of the brave.' Actually so. Dime novels, dog take 'em, dime novels, ah — "

"Hurrah for Pap! Everybody hip, hip, hurrah!" shouted Charley.

We all cheered lustily, which I thought pleased Mr. Watkins very much, as he gazed first at one of us and then at another with a look of perfect approval.

"Some years ago," he went on to say, "I started to peruse a sensational work of fiction called David Copper — somebody, I don't remember his prodigious name; but anyway the book so disgusted me I ran to the stove and throwed it in. Novels, gentlemen, novels are worse in their effects than intoxicating beverages. They poison — "

At this juncture the cook, a nervous, frail man, who was always in a hurry, and who complained of ill treatment if every one were not seated at the table before he brought on the food, began beating a furious tattoo on a huge tin pan, and forthwith we all rushed off to supper.

Mr. Watkins, however, endeavoring to be punctual, sprained his ankle slightly in getting down from the stump on which we left him standing, and soon after we had seated ourselves and begun eating with the ravenous appetites unknown to any save surveyors, he limped sadly into the tent.

He was a man of perhaps fifty-five years, and for aught we knew he may have been older, for time had deeply wrinkled his sunken cheeks and high forehead, while all but a few of his front teeth were gone. His blue eyes, beneath heavy arching brows, shone at times with a strange light, and long straggling locks of grayish hair clustered about his neck.

We always regarded Mr. Watkins as an exceedingly queer person. When talking he tried to use the largest words possible, and in frequent attempts at oratory he made many ludicrous mistakes, which we pretended not to notice, although sometimes I could hardly suppress my mirth. He detested the sight of a novel; good literature or bad was the same to him; and he lectured the boys persistently concerning works of fiction and the evil they caused. To humor him, I remember, Slim Andrews once threw a trashy book into the fire. The old man changed his wearing apparel regularly every two months. Yet despite these peculiarities he was so thoroughly good natured and kind that no one could have helped liking him. "Pap's the life of the camp," the engineer often remarked; and indeed I never saw a more faithful worker than he was.

"Pap looks smilin' as a basket of chips," said the Prophet that night, as we sat chatting around the fire.

"I was just meditatin'," he replied, "just kind of dreamin' of Peggorty. You know she's my gal. Her right name's Alice; but I nicknamed her Peggorty when she was a little tot. Yes, boys, on the last day of November I'm going to bid you farewell, and then wend my way toward my ranch down on the Columbia. There I'll ruminate for a while, and on Christmas mornin' will be in Califor'ny with my daughter. A Christmas surprise. Won't it be a surprise, too? She don't know I'm comin', bless her sweet heart; it's ten years since I seen her last. She was only six then. How she must have changed by this time! I wonder and wonder how she'll look. The gal's neat as a pin. Her letters air allus so. I tell ye Peggorty's a lady, boys, if old Pap is her dad. She's a lady every inch of her."

"Why have you stayed away from your daughter so long?" I asked.

"Well, this is how it happened. You see, I come out to Califor'ny in the gold huntin' days, — in the good old days of '49, when all men were happy. I was a

youngster then, strong as an ox, and chuck full of wordly ambition. I determined to make a fortune, so I got a pick and shovel and sailed in.

"I struck pay dirt right soon, and made money hand over fist. After the gold excitement had died out, and the country begin to get settled up, I thought some of marryin' and leadin' a respectable life, for I 'd been a regular terror. Why, many and many a time I 've whipped out a six-shooter, and told a tenderfoot to dance the best jig he ever did in his life. I knew money could win pretty near any woman, and havin' quite a stake already, it did n't take long to find a wife. She was a beauty, too, as well as true as gold.

"Some way, — though I never could exactly account for it, unless Providence thought I needed to be taken down a notch, — but after my marriage my luck changed. I got to speculatin,' and at one rattle lost pretty much all the money I had. Then the baby was born, and I lost my wife.

"It 's darned hard, boys, when a man that's been worth his thousands loses it all, besides a wife dearer to him than all the money in the world. I got desperate. There was no chance in Californy for me. I found it out after a few years of strugglin', and every time I looked at my little gal I said to myself, 'Some day you 'll be a fine lady.' I left there, tellin' my sister, who had lately arrived from York State, that I 'd send money now and then for the support of Peggorty, and that I 'd only be gone a short time.

"The money went all right, but I said I 'd never go back till I could see my child happy, — an independent woman, so she would n't have to slave all her days, as most women are compelled to do. Now, boys, in a little over a month I leave you ; yes, and I'm glad."

"Yes, Pap, it 's a blamed hard crowd," said Charley Woodman.

"Now, I don't mean that ; I mean I 'll be glad to see Peggorty," reiterated Mr. Watkins ; and during the week that followed he talked of little else.

About once a fortnight the "packers" arrived from the nearest settlement, fifty miles distant, bringing with them fresh supplies, and also what letters or papers there might be for us. We expected them any time now, as they had been absent nearly a month, and our stock of provisions, which was generally limited, grew less each day.

"I 'm gittin' darned tired o' livin' on nothin' but beans and bacon," said one of the axmen. "Before long we 'll all be mere shadders. Won't that be quar ? Shadders surveyin'. But see ! " He pointed off to the eastward.

Through the dim twilight I could barely discern several animals winding down the steep mountain side. The long-looked-for packers were coming.

What a shout of delight went up as the heavily laden mules plodded along the trail toward us. Then when the mail sack was unbound and carried into the tent, where a fire blazed brightly, and half a dozen candles had been lighted, what an opening of letters there was, to be sure !

So deeply absorbed did I become in the contents of an epistle, which brought vividly to my mind many happy recollections of a certain girlish form and two loving blue eyes, that I noticed nothing unusual going on around me, until some one exclaimed, "What ails Pap ? "

Mr. Watkins had thrown himself to the ground, weeping as if his heart would break ; his outstretched hand held a crumpled sheet of paper.

"Dead ! " I heard him say hoarsely, "dead ! "

"Who ? " I asked, bending over him.

"Peggorty — my gal — she 's dead — dead ! "

We all remained quiet ; only the old man's sobs broke the stillness. Then growing more calm, he sat up, leaning against a pole which supported the tent.

"I loved her so, boys," he continued,

"and I never thought she could be taken from me. I can hardly believe it. But sister would n't lie. O boys, you don't know how I 've toiled and saved all these long years past to make my gal happy. It 's done now. Many nights I 've dreamed of Peggorty, her big brown eyes and pretty brown curls, and I felt her warm, chubby little arms about my neck, and then I 'd kiss her and she 'd say she was Pap's gal, and I 'd bring her candy, and — O boys, how I 've looked for'ard to Christmas mornin', when I 'd see my child again, when I 'd take her in my arms as I used to do ; but it 's all over now. Peggorty 's gone, and I 'm left an old man. Boys, don't let me disturb your readin'. The news has kind of upset me."

Mr. Watkins wiped away the tears with his soiled and shabby coat sleeve. To be frank, I felt like crying, too. Slim blinked a good deal, gazing blankly at the fire, and said he wished the Prophet would quit blowin' that dog-goned tobacco smoke in his eyes. Everybody appeared restless, and each one seemed to fancy himself in the other's way, and there was an awkward silence, followed by a general clearing of throats.

For some reason we turned in much earlier than common that night, although I lay awake a long time thinking over the sad news ; and when I at length dropped to sleep, Mr. Watkins still sat by the fire with his face buried in his hands. I have doubts as to whether he even went to bed. The next day, which was Sunday, he looked pale and haggard, scarcely speaking a word to any one.

In the afternoon, he took his ax, and at some distance below camp constructed a cabin of logs, thatched with fir boughs, where he told me confidentially he would stay henceforth. Why the old man should choose to live there I cannot say, unless he wished to be alone ; but every evening after supper he left our camp, and returned in the morning.

When the snow fell, and keen, bitter blasts swept up the valley, we occasionally asked Mr. Watkins if he suffered from the cold. He always told us not to mind him, — he was quite comfortable and contented. I saw, however, that he was failing rapidly, that his step daily became more and more uncertain.

On Christmas eve the snow, driven by an intensely cutting wind, drifted in around our camp, while often the powdery substance pervaded the very tent. We could not speak for the cold, and muffling ourselves in blankets, tried to keep warm by huddling about the fire, which gave little heat, despite our utmost endeavors to make it burn.

Often as I sat in a drowse, picturing to myself scenes of warmth and gladness, the wind cried out on a sudden as if in pain. Then I would rouse, and going to the tent door watch for a moment the tall trees waving their ghostly arms to and fro, when I would steal back to the fire, chilled through and sick at heart.

Toward morning the storm gradually subsided. Having passed a miserable night, we were indeed glad to welcome the first approach of dawn, and shook hands, wishing one another a merry Christmas. Charley Woodman, while attempting to bury the frail cook under a snow bank, had a ladle filled with bean soup thrown into his face, but laughed along with the rest of us, and apparently enjoyed the joke.

"Wonder why Pap don't come to grub ?" queried the Prophet.

"Strange, darned strange," muttered Slim. "Let 's go and rout him out. Must be oversleepin'."

Accordingly, we started down the trail, among great somber firs, shouting as we went, until the whole forest rang, feeling happier, I venture to say, than if we had been seated before a parlor fire, and surrounded by all the luxuries that money could afford. The Prophet, who was ahead, halted beside Mr. Watkins's cabin, which, owing to the storm, was

scarcely visible, and thrusting his head into the open door, shouted "Pap!"

Receiving no reply he entered, but soon re-appeared, saying:

"Boys, he 's asleep. Can't wake him up."

True enough, — the poor old man was asleep; yes, asleep in peace, with his face turned upward, and over his frozen body God had spread a pure white mantle.

As we stood there the sun showed himself above a hoary mountain top, and smiled upon the Wenatchie, while the clouds took wings, and flocking together like huge gray birds, sailed off across the sky.

"Say goodby to Pap, boys; it 's Christmas mornin', and he 's gone to see Peggorty," murmured Slim, brushing a tear away with his snowy fingers.

H. F. Bashford.

SHALL AMERICAN CARRIERS TRANSPORT THE PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY?

THE investigation of the transportation industry during the last two or three years has disclosed some singular conditions, as well as some inconsistencies on the part of sections of our country which have prospered most from the "American System" of protection. Believing in a system that will protect all American industries, so far as American laws can equalize different conditions, the writer takes up the discussion of transportation by American routes, whether land or water.

Before 1860, when the bulk of domestic carrying was done by water craft on natural and artificial water-ways, no protective laws seemed necessary other than limiting such carrying to domestic carriers. These were thereby enabled to extend their operations until they controlled a very large foreign commerce, unequaled except by one foreign nation. All our domestic carrying and over sixty-seven per cent of our exports and imports were carried by American carriers. The rates, whether high or low, inured to the benefit of our own people. Having ample facilities, we were not subject to dictation as to rates, either domestic or foreign, by inflexible statutes applicable only to inflexible conditions. Can as much be said now? and if not, why?

Under the law of gravitation water seeks a common level. Under commercial or common law, trade and traffic adjust themselves to surrounding conditions. As surplus water seeks the common level under natural laws, so surplus products of a country under commercial law seek the common, or world's market. The nation that has a surplus of any industrial commodity must find in some way a market for it, or so much of human energy as was required in its production has been wasted. Any law that restricts the exchange or disposition of a surplus product is detrimental to the producing nation.

The American people are embarrassed today with surplus products of soil, manufactures, and *domestic carrying facilities;* and a deficit of foreign transportation facilities and foreign market. As paradoxical as this may seem, it is nevtheless a regrettable fact.

We are told by the press that Congress must enact laws to secure the home market. Under the present condition of surplus products, Congress might well consider a proposition to *secure a demand*

for that which the home market cannot consume. To create a home market for our surplus products implies the importation of consumers that are not producers: absurd as the proposition may seem, it logically follows on the idea of securing a home market for our surplus products. Foreign steamships and other foreign carriers, aided by their governments in order that low fares may be made, vie with each other in their efforts to bring to this country a class of persons to consume our surplus; but these consumers immediately become producers also; the surplus product is not consumed at home, because the increased demand still does not equal the increased supply. Did these people remain at home, where there is a deficit of those products of which we have a surplus, to the extent of what they consumed there, a foreign demand would be created, which if shipped in American carriers would return a profit to the producer and the carrier as well.

We have a surplus of inland transportation facilities. The carrying capacity of our railroads is more than fifty per cent greater than the traffic, and as a consequence these industrial agencies are languishing. Wherein lies the remedy?

What is generally termed public sentiment runs counter to any public man who ventures to treat railroad and other transportation industries as other industries are treated. This, however, should not prevent candid criticism as to the justice of such sentiment.

Recently a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco was held, to consider the cause of the diversion of business from the chief distributing points of the Pacific Coast. Business was quiet, and the merchants called a meeting of the principal commercial body of the coast to ascertain the cause, and suggest a remedy. Light enough was thrown on the subject of this meeting to warrant a general call for a conference of all the commercial bodies of the coast at a future day, to deliberate upon what to do to arrest the process now going on of diverting trade from San Francisco, Portland, and other Pacific terminals to foreign points. Without intending to forestall the action of the proposed conference, the writer purposes to suggest a few plain facts which the conference must consider when it convenes; and of which, if not considered and intelligently met, the logic of hard experience will compel recognition.

Those business men who have aided and encouraged the construction of a foreign railroad from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, expecting thereby to obtain lower rates on goods, which their patrons did not profit by, a course that was in the interest of foreign commerce by creating foreign points of distribution, may fairly be asked to join heartily in the objects sought to be obtained by the proposed conference in undoing what injury has already been done. As they opposed the contract system, which made San Francisco the chief distributing point of the Pacific Coast for foreign and domestic importations, until it was overthrown, they should now join with those who are in good faith trying to bring back the business that has been lost by diverting traffic from American carriers to foreign carriers, the result of which is the creation of other terminal and distributing points. Those that favored the passage of the interstate commerce law, in company with the agents of the Canadian Pacific railway company, will find that one half the zeal displayed therein, exerted in the opposite direction, will effect its repeal and place American railroads on an equality with the company mentioned, so far as regards through business. They can also lend their influence in securing such legislation as will confine all interstate carrying to American carriers.

In securing these objects they will

have carried into practice the principle of "protection to American industries." The American merchant marine was built up by excluding foreign nations from engaging in interstate carrying. No part of the country has any reason to object to equalizing the benefits of protection. If New England's wealth and prosperity are derived from protecting her manufacturing industries from ruinous competition of foreign cheap labor fabrics, she should not object to applying the principle to transportation industries. If New England and Chicago think free trade in transportation beneficial, let it be applied in all other industries. Take off the forty to sixty per cent tariff on cotton and woolen products, and see how it will work.

A much larger number of people are dependent on transportation agencies, directly and indirectly, than upon the cotton and woolen industries. The former receive no protection, while the latter are highly protected.

The principal advocates of the interstate commerce restrictions on trade and commerce are the New England railroads and manufacturers and a few of their western correspondents, whose proximity to the intersecting Canadian transportation lines enables them to secure concessions from these that completely nullify the Interstate Commerce Law, and make possible a divide between the American shipper and the foreign carrier. The system of making concessions to shippers of American goods by foreign carriers is the principal inducement there is in shipping over the Canadian Pacific lines.

The Interstate Act prohibits the American lines from competing for this traffic on pain of reduction of all local rates to the same relative level. If they do not contend for the diverted traffic they lose; and if they do contend for it they lose more in reductions on local traffic. In either event it means loss to American carriers and gain to the foreign. Hence the importance of immediate action by the commercial men of the Pacific.

The legislation necessary to secure interstate traffic to American carriers, is to prohibit foreign carriers the right to carry such traffic through foreign territory to be delivered in American territory. No foreign sea-going or other water carrier can engage in domestic carrying. The same restriction applied to land carriers will prevent the diversion of domestic traffic to foreign carriers.

To illustrate:— Freight originating in the United States destined to intermediate and Pacific terminal points, is shipped into Canada, and transported a part or the whole distance to the coast on foreign territory, transferred at Vancouver to American steamers, and delivered in American ports. And further, if destined to intermediate points, it recrosses the boundary in the same cars that received it at shipping points East. If there be return freight, the cars reload with American products and return over the same route, subject to no restrictions of the Interstate Commerce Law,— while the same freight carried over American lines the whole distance is subject to such restrictions under section four of the act, as to make the loss of this competitive traffic less serious than the reduction of the local rates that would be incurred if it were carried. Under its operation enough traffic has been diverted to the foreign lines in Canada to make profitable the operation of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which without this traffic could not be operated except at a loss.

It is abundantly enounced that the "American policy" is protection to home industries. Notwithstanding this high sounding enunciation, the American Congress sustains a law that denies to American railroad carriers the right to meet the special rates made by the

Canadian lines on traffic taken up and laid down in American territory, unless they abandon remunerative rates on local or intermediate traffic. In other words, we find congressional laws that in operation protect foreign land carriers at the expense of domestic carriers.

A train of Canadian cars loads in Boston, rolls the freight to the nearest intersecting railroad at the boundary, carries it 2,000 miles on foreign territory, at rates below the average cost of carrying its own legitimate traffic, and delivers it to its consignees; reloads with American freight, and repeats the operation in the opposite direction. A Canadian ship is barred from such an operation on the water routes, because the navigation laws forbid foreign water craft to engage in domestic carrying. Congress says we must protect American carriers by water routes from the ruinous competition which cheap foreign labor and cheap built foreign water craft would involve, if permitted to engage in the coast trade.

Now if it is necessary to restrict foreign carriers by water, whose routes cost nothing, from engaging in interstate carrying, how much more important it is to forbid foreign carriers by railroad from engaging in interstate carrying, thereby diverting traffic from American roads, the combined cost of which runs into billions. Foreign carriers on wheels should be allowed no rights not accorded foreign carriers afloat.

The continuance of such a policy will prove as disastrous to trade centers as to the transportation agencies that connect them. It is sincerely to be hoped that the proposed Pacific commercial conference will put forth an energetic protest against a policy that is gradually undermining the prosperity of American industries and trade centers for the benefit of foreign.

The present congress is pledged to a protective policy to American industries as against foreign industries. Now, if the one hundred and fifty thousand miles of American railways and their splendid equipment, with their million employees and their families, is not an American industry, pray tell us what is? So far-reaching is the influence of the railroad transportation agencies, that were its motive power to cease to operate for one week the most disastrous consequences to business would follow.

Again, we are told through the press that commercial bodies are striving to secure the revival of American shipping by tonnage premiums, which is only another name for protection. England is called a "free trade nation." This is true only in degree. She adopts free trade in those things where she finds it to her interest, and protection in industries that it is her interest to foster. This she accomplishes directly sometimes, and indirectly at others. In her foreign steamship service she protects directly by paying liberally for carrying the foreign and domestic mails; and indirectly by exempting both foreign and domestic shipping from taxation. Thus by a judicious discrimination she protects her foreign and domestic industries. She does not handicap her commercial industries with inflexible statutory regulations, but gives the widest latitude in detail. Thus she has captured our ocean carrying within a period of thirty years.

A similar policy on the part of the United States cannot but secure like results. We as a nation should not only secure and hold all our domestic transportation, but the bulk of our exports and imports should be transported in American carriers. This may be accomplished by adopting both the direct and indirect system of protection. The indirect method of protecting our sailing vessels, by exemption from taxation and liberal appropriations direct to foreign and domestic mail steamship carriers, will return a thousandfold in increased business. All inflexible statutory regu-

lations as to rates by land or sea should be repealed, because they are in conflict with natural conditions. The policy that has enabled Americans to construct and equip one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railways, and to construct and export millions in value of locomotives and other railway equipment, will restore our diverted traffic to American carriers, and bring prosperity to American commerce.

Since 1860 American producers have paid to foreign transportation agencies over one thousand million dollars for transporting our exports and imports. Had the amount been paid to American carriers, we should now be carrying our surplus products in American vessels, as we were prior to that date.

The American people in a legal and orderly manner recently emphasized their approval of, and adherence to, a protective system of American industries. This approval, if it means anything, includes any and all industries that may be injured directly or indirectly by foreign competition. The late congress, in its deliberations as to the advisability of a very light reduction of the tariff, failed to endorse any reduction whatever of the taxes on importations, or of internal revenue taxes on domestic productions. This action of Congress was ratified by the deliberate vote of the American people in the manner prescribed by law. Therefore we are warranted in assuming that the government will, in the execution of its announced policy, see that no unjust discrimination is made so as to benefit one class of industries at the expense of another. Holding to the popular approval of this doctrine literally, the transportation industries of the United States, both domestic and foreign, demand such action by government as will enforce the policy announced before its election and inauguration. This policy in force, the traffic diverted to foreign rail carriers will be returned to its natural channels, thus retaining at home the earnings to inaugurate and stimulate other industries.

The policy approved implies a continuance of a surplus revenue of a hundred million dollars annually, to be disposed of in such manner as will preclude the withdrawal of this amount of money from the channels of business activities permanently. It means the building of a commercial navy, available alike in peace or war; the fortifying our ports of entry; the establishment of foreign mail steamship lines, with liberal appropriations for carrying the mails to the extent of whatever surplus revenue may be realized. Four or five millions per annum for transporting mails to foreign countries will be the means of unlocking a foreign trade that will add many millions to our export trade. With this aid, only a few years will elapse before our export trade will be carried on by American built and equipped steamers, convertible into war vessels and cruisers when needed.

The benefits derivable from doing our own domestic and foreign carrying are cumulative, proportioned to their magnitude. Whatever the income may be, it is income on Amercian capital and is a "revolving fund," expanding and increasing in its various evolutions. The money collected under a protective tariff by the government, if not locked up in the treasury, but judiciously distributed so as to expand American commerce, makes no one any poorer, but each industry in turn secures a benefit, and enterprise is stimulated.

Our inland transportation industry is antagonized by foreign rivals, backed by powerful government aid. Canada to the north of us, aided and abetted by the most powerful maritime nation on earth, is permitted free trade in the interstate carrying business of the United States. She has presented the Canadian Pacific Railway Company with an equipped railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, with branches intersecting

American lines at convenient points for traffic. This road is exempted from taxation, and subject to no law other than the law of common carriers. There is appropriateness in the appellation, "Canadian government on wheels," which has been applied to it. It is backed by the imperial government of Great Britain, which has granted large subsidies in money to powerful steamship lines plying on four oceans for the purpose of diverting traffic to itself.

In view of these facts — which have only been hinted at — what is the duty of our government, with an overflowing treasury derived from taxes paid by American industries, — among the first of which is that of the American railways, the mileage of which outranks that of any nation?

We have all the material necessary to construct a merchant steam marine, and the skilled mechanics, unexcelled in their craft. We have all the natural advantages to enable us to construct naval and merchant ships as cheaply as Great Britain. Under such conditions, why should we pay to the latter one-fourth the value of our exports for her transportation service? The time has come when these economic questions must be answered, not from a local but from a national standpoint.

One more fact intimately connected with transportation in this country, as compared with other countries. In England and some other commercial nations, "merchants" and "ship owners" are synonymous terms. There are no great merchants that are not ship owners, and few ship owners that are not merchants. Each is essential to the other. These conditions should exist as regards railways. This relation between shipper and carrier establishes a mutuality of interest, so that there can be no antagonism between the vendor of goods transported and the vendor of transportation service. No prudent merchant, as a rule, disposes of his goods and wares at less than cost, including transportation service. On ordinary articles of consumption the transportation charges are so small that a day's labor will pay the carrier's charge on a laborer's food for a whole year; hence the carrier's charge upon it is an inconsiderable item of cost to him. It will thus be seen that where there exists a mutuality of interest between the carrier and shipper, there can be no cause for antagonizing them on the ground of high charges. The merchant that is interested in common carriers will inform himself as to the rates charged, because he is interested in having fair rates established, so that a just equilibrium may be maintained between the goods he handles and the cost of transporting them. If he is not so informed, friction often arises between himself and the carrier, by his imputing high rates to the carrier to cover up high prices charged for his goods.

It has taken many years for the merchants of this country to learn the fact that all the industries of this vast country are interdependent; that any policy that injures one will in time prove injurious to others, because the interests of all are mutual. The lesson once learned will not be forgotten, because self-interest will stereotype it on the ledger of every intelligent merchant.

It is to be hoped that the coming commercial conference may prove the embodiment of commercial wisdom. Its purpose should be to give emphasis to the fact that by a short-sighted policy on the part of the American Congress and a long-sighted policy on the part of Canada and the mother country, our trade is being seriously impaired and our carriers seriously injured; and that the enactment of the Interstate Commerce law greatly aided in accomplishing these ends, in its attempt to equalize unequal natural conditions by statutory enactment.

John Totyl.

AMONG THE APACHES. I.

THE Sierra Blanca — White Mountain — Indian reservation, generally known as the San Carlos, was established by executive orders of the president of the United States, dated respectively November 9th, 1871, December 14th, 1872, August 5th, 1873, July 21st, 1874, April 27th, 1876, January 26th and March 31st, 1877.

Its bounds, laid out by the United States engineer officers, are described officially as follows:

Starting at the point of intersection of the boundary between New Mexico and Arizona with the south edge of the Black Mesa, and following the southern edge of the Black Mesa to a point due north of Sombrero or Plumoso Butte; then in the direction of the Picache Colorado to the crest of the Apache Mountains, following said crest down the Salt River to Pinal Creek, and then up Pinal Creek to the top of the Pinal Mountains; then following the crest of the Pinal range, the Cordilleras de la Gila, and the Almazava Mountains, and other mountains bordering the north bank of the Gila River, to the New Mexican boundary and Steeple Rock; then following said boundary north to its intersection with the south edge of the Black Mesa, to the starting point.

These bounds comprise 3,950 square miles, or 2,528,000 acres, occupied by something like 5,000 Indians belonging to the Axarapai, Chilion, Chiricahua, Coyoteras, Miembre, Mogollon, Mojaves, Pinal, Tonto, and Yuma-Apache tribes.

The country is diversified — part arid mesas, worthless except to breed and raise rattlesnakes and other reptiles; part tillable valleys if irrigation can be had; and part half-wooded, half-barren ranges of mountains trending south and north. These ranges are veined with auriferous fissures, more or less true, many of which have been located and claimed under the laws of the Territory, and within the last few years valuable deposits of coal have been discovered therein.

Owing to the scarcity of wood and other fuel in that section of Arizona, the news of the discoveries created intense excitement, and speculators, miners, and prospectors poured in upon the reservation, thereby greatly endangering the peace of the Territory. No serious trouble occurred, however, and by the exercise of prompt and vigorous measures the reservation was finally cleared of intruders and tranquillity restored. Various expedients were then resorted to in order to obtain lawful possession of the discoveries. Appeals were made for the segregation of the coal-bearing lands from the reservation; requests for leases were presented, and proposals submitted for an exchange of the coal lands for lands adjacent to the reservation elsewhere. A bill was introduced in Congress having for its object the restoration to the public domain of the lands embracing the coal beds, as well as of a strip extending along the entire western boundary of the reservation. Another bill provided for an exchange of the coal-bearing lands for grazing and arable lands, to be added to the reservation on the north and west. The practicability of removing the Indians to the Indian Territory was discussed, and a proposition of that kind was presented to the Indians themselves; but it was found that they were decidedly and unalterably opposed to any such measure.

The Indian office was in sympathy with the general desire to have these valuable deposits made available to the public use, but how to accomplish that

end without working an injustice to the Indians was a question. General Sherman, then commanding the army of the United States, had visited the San Carlos reserve, and had expressed the opinion that the Indians could never be prevailed on to remove again, and it was exceedingly doubtful if they would be satisfied with any further reduction of their reservation, which had been already cut down no less than five times within ten years.

The government could not undertake to work the mines, nor were the Indians sufficiently advanced as artisans or in ordinary manual labor pursuits to do so advantageously, had they the necessary authority to enable them to dispose of the coal as a means of profit to themselves. Moreover, under existing law there was no authority for permitting the severance and removal from an Indian reservation, for purposes of sale or speculation, of any material attached to or forming a part of the realty, such as timber, coal, or other minerals.

After carefully considering the questions involved, the Indian office became convinced that the most practicable solution of the matter would be the adoption of a system of leasing upon a royalty plan; and accordingly a draft of a joint resolution was prepared and submitted to the Secretary of the Interior, with a view to securing the necessary legislation therefor. It was believed that by this means a very large part of the annual expenditure of $300,000 for the support and care of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico might be reimbursed to the government from the profit of the mines without hardship to consumers, and that the Indians themselves would be benefited, not only by the example of industry set, but through the opportunity that would be afforded them to earn wages by their own labor.

The draft of a resolution, substantially as above, was transmitted to Congress by the president in April, 1882, and again in 1883, but no final action was taken thereon,—neither to the date of the present writing as far as known.

Much has been said and written concerning Indian agents generally, and those who succeeded one another at San Carlos particularly, and that much has been, as a general rule, very bad. But, *fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Among the many causes that tend to retard the improvement of the Indians, one very important one has been the difficulty of procuring men of the right stamp to act as agents. There are over a quarter of a million Indians scattered over many thousand miles of territory, many points at which they are located being difficult of access. Many of these Indians, outside of the five civilized tribes, are wild, roving nomads, preferring savage to civilized life. These are an untutored and untractable people, who are naturally indolent and shiftless, and very impatient of restraint or discipline. The object of the government is to transform these uncivilized people into industrious and law-abiding citizens, and for this purpose a system has been devised, good in many respects; but when we come to operate that system we make a fatal mistake, which, if not corrected, will prevent for generations the accomplishment of good that might otherwise be reached in our decade. I refer to the present system of appointing and paying the men who have immediate charge of the Indians, and who are known as Indian agents. When the fact is once clearly established that an agent is utterly unfit for any reason for his place, he ought, on any theory of sound business principles, to be removed at once, and a more suitable man put in his place; but it requires as much machinery to do so now, and often more time, than it does to appoint a minister plenipotentiary to a European court. In one case seven months were consumed in making such a change at one of the agencies, where any correct business man tran-

sacting his own business would have made the change in seven days. This is the fault of the law, and ought to be changed.

These Indian agents furnish the precept and example to which we must look more than to any other influence for changing the habits of the Indians. If the agent is an honest, industrious, and intelligent Christian man, with the physical ability and disposition to endure hardship, and courageously encounter difficulty and disappointment, or, in other words, if he is morally, mentally, and physically — like Father Wilbur of the Yakima Agency in Oregon — above the average of what are considered good men, he will work wonders among these wards of the nation.

Now every thinking man must know that as a rule this class of men cannot be procured to cut themselves off from civilization, and deprive themselves and families of the comforts and advantages of civilized society, for the pittance that is now paid to Indian agents. Occasionally men have been found, — like that remarkable Protestant missionary, the noble Spaulding, whose name is to this day, since 1836, a household word among the Nez Perces, — who, for the good that they hoped to accomplish, have voluntarily exiled themselves and labored for the good of these people; but they generally found more trouble from their surroundings and less moral support from the government than was expected, and, becoming discouraged and disheartened, have retired from the service, leaving their places to be filled by less competent men.

One great cause of discouragement to Indian agents is the trouble and annoyance they find in keeping their accounts — which are almost as complicated as those of the quartermaster's department in the army — so as to comply technically with all the regulations and rulings in reference to the final settlement of their accounts. As the matter now stands, an agent may execute to the letter an order given him by the Secretary of the Interior for the payment of money, and yet that item in his account may be suspended against him, and he and his sureties be compelled by law to pay the money again. The result is, if he refuses to obey the orders of his superior he loses his position, and if he obeys he loses the money — and the chances are ten to one that his conscience will absolve him if he makes it up to himself in some way for which either the government or the Indians will have to pay.

The policy of the government should be to pay Indian agents such compensation, and place them under such regulations of law as will insure the services of first-class men, — in other words, pay them well and see that they are worth the money. It is not enough that a man is honest; he must, in addition to this, be capable. He must be up to standard physically, as well as morally and mentally.

Men of this class are comparatively scarce, and as a rule cannot be had unless the compensation is equal to the service required. Low-priced men are not always the cheapest. A bad article is dear at any price. Paying a man as Indian agent $1,200 or $1,500, and expecting him to perform $3,000 or $4,000 worth of labor, is not economy, and in a large number of cases has proven to be the worst kind of extravagance.

The wholesale charge of dishonesty so often made against Indian agents is not true. Some of them are good and true men, doing the very best they can under the embarrassing circumstances by which they are surrounded; and some of them are capable — one, for instance, whose capability unfortunately was attended with so much moral obliquity that on a salary of $1,500 a year he resigned at the end of three years with $60,000 on hand; but the inducements for good men to remain are insufficient, and the difficulties and discouragements

they meet crowd them out of the service, and until Indian agents are selected and paid as a good business man selects and pays his employés, it need not be wondered if many of them are incompetent, and a few more or less dishonest.

The system of paper accountability to which Indian agents are rigidly held by the Indian department is so complex and intricate in its manifold distinct and separate branches, which, however, must nicely dovetail into one another before their returns can pass safely the official scrutiny of the treasury officials, that they must, of necessity, depend a great deal upon the agency clerk — a very important official himself. Many of these clerks have been years on the same reservation, passing successively under one agent after another; for the first thing a green agent will do upon taking charge will be to reappoint the clerk of his predecessor, without whom he would be adrift among his papers like a castaway afloat without a rudder, whatever he may do with other employés not quite so indispensable.

The clerk knows all the ins and outs of the pigeon holes of Indian bureaucracy — while the agent is as blind as a bat in their labyrinthine maze; and the way some of them can cook up accounts that are true to the eye and false to the sense is absolutely wonderful. They generally have at hand a bottle of invisible mucilage to dip their nimble fingers in, in order that Uncle Sam's greenbacks may stick to them on their shuffling way through the clerical hands. A contractor and an agency clerk may go "cahoot" together in such a scientific manner that their individual nests, which are generally constructed birdwise, in the shape of a ring, will be nicely feathered with the stolen greenbacks; without the agent, nine times out of ten, knowing anything whatever about it, although he must necessarily shoulder all the responsibility if the frauds are discovered, and is sent back home dishonored and as poor as a church mouse, while the confederates in rascality laugh in their sleeves, and make ready for the forthcoming successor.

A case in point:—

An army officer, — a very intimate friend of the writer, his most intimate friend, in point of fact, — was detailed some years since inspector of Indian supplies at the San Carlos Agency. Knowing something of reservation employés, who hated army officers as the devil is said to hate holy water — he requested, in preference to taking his quarters at the agency, to be permitted to remain on duty at Fort Thomas, some thirty-five miles above, and add the new detail to his other somewhat onerous duties; and this was granted by the department commander.

He generally left Thomas on horseback, once a week, early in the afternoon, and proceeded at an even hand gallop, cutting across the bends of the Gila on the Indian trails towards the agency, which he usually reached about sunset.

To give the reader a digressive idea of the sharp lookout of the Apache scouts, hidden away out of sight on the top of the most prominent mountain peaks along the road, the exact moment at which the *Focassee Nouton* — Cattle Captain — left the post was known at the agency, by means of Indian signals repeated downwards from peak to peak, within half an hour afterwards, and he generally found the road, when nearing the agency, lined on both sides by Apache boys and girls, awaiting his approach or running to intercept it, with cries of "*Nouton! Nouton!* matchies! matchies! baccy! baccy!" — which he threw laughingly among them, among many responding merry shrieks and "*gracias ucashees*," from the happy and frolicsome children of perhaps the most treacherous and bloodthirsty Indians that ever roamed over the American continent.

Arrived at the agency his horse was

put up by the agency people, whose guest he was for the time being, and after a night of more or less troubled rest, owing to the Indian tum-tums, which beat somewhat monotonously and mournfully throughout the night, he proceeded early in the morning to the performance of his duty — which, aside from the supervision of periodical issues of food and clothing, consisted in superintending the weighing and branding of some three hundred cattle for fresh beef issue to the Indians, congregated from all over the reservation.

A short distance below the agency, on the flat between it and the Gila River, stood two large, pen-like enclosures, or corrals, fenced in with strong, thick, cottonwood poles and posts, and connected one with the other by a short, narrow lane, in the center of which stood a large Fairbanks scale. The cattle — usually the dangerous, half-wild Mexican species purchased by the beef contractor in Chihuahua or Sonora, — were driven into one of the pens and barred in, with two or three mounted *vaqueros* among them, who drove them one by one into the lane and on the scales, where they were weighed, the weight entered upon separate note books kept by the inspector, agency clerk, and beef contractor, and the animal branded upon the right hip with a red-hot iron with the cabalistic U. S. I. D. of the Indian Department; while a hundred Indians, or thereabouts, armed with loaded guns and pistols, sat perched upon the fence, watching with impatient interest the operation.

The bars of the farthest corral were then laid down, and the branded and weighed animal rushed bellowing into it, and another took his place upon the scales, until the whole herd had passed through.

It was then turned over to the Indians, and amid blood-freezing yells, that reminded one most forcibly of the war-path and war-cry, they opened a fusillade in and among the frenzied cattle, which bellowed, pawed up the ground, and tossed their sharp horns about, in a regular pandemonium fashion.

This was really an exciting and thrilling moment for the agency people, looking upon the turmoil from among so many wild Indians, who became wilder and wilder as the firing increased, and the hot fumes of the fast running blood rose sickeningly upon the air. One almost felt as if ths next massacre after that of the cattle would be of the few whites collected in a bunch together amid the yelling, blood-frenzied Apaches — especially when the fact is taken into consideration that Ju, Geronimo, Loco, Kantenné, and other bloodthirsty chiefs, who broke away from the reservation soon afterwards, and committed so many atrocious murders in Arizona and Mexico, were impassioned actors in the play.

As the last shot would ring on the ear, the squaws, like carrion birds, rushed, knife in hand, upon the still shuddering beasts, disemboweled them with a ripping downward stroke, and tearing out with both hands the palpitating entrails, ate them greedily.

It was a brutalizing sight,— one to make our boastful civilization blush with shame — but under the circumstances it could not be improved. The agent had constructed shambles with the view of having the butchering done therein in a more decent manner, and as the Indian bureau had no available appropriation of funds for the hire and payment of regular butchers, his intention had been to sell the hides and apply the proceeds for that purpose. But the Indians would not allow it, and threatened to break out if it was done. They represented that the hides were their own perquisites and property, and that they needed them for the soling of their moccasins — which was true. So the barbarian, bestial orgies, for they were nothing else, still went on week after week while our

friend was on duty as inspector, despite his frequent written reports and requests to his superiors to have the matter amended.

The killing over, the inspector, agent, clerk, and contractor returned to the agency, to make out vouchers for the amount of beef weighed, which being approved by the inspector with his official signature, were transformed at once into regular bank checks, payable at sight or negotiable at will.

One morning, at dawn of day, the inspector happened to take an early stroll as a constitutional on the river bank. As he stood listlessly gazing into the water, he heard a rushing, thundering noise at some distance below him, and turning in that direction he saw a large herd of cattle driven by *vaqueros* into the river, where the animals began to fill themselves with water; an avidity that denoted unquestionably, as they became gradually as full of water as an egg is of meat, that they had not had any for some time.

Calling one of the Indian *vaqueros* to his side, he asked to whom the herd belonged and what made them so thirsty. The boy answered that they were the cattle he was to inspect that morning, and that they had been corralled among the trees in one of the bends of the river, without water, for three days.

The weighing was done as usual a short time afterwards, and the parties went up, after it was completed, to the office to make out the vouchers.

Before appending his name to them, the inspector took out his pencil and memorandum book, and made a short calculation. For every pound of water he estimated that the cattle had drank in the morning he deducted two pounds off the general weight, much to the surprise of all present; and turning to the clerk he directed him to alter the vouchers accordingly, and then he turned and faced the contractor, who stood loudly grumbling.

"I'll give you five minutes to make up your mind whether or not you will accept the vouchers as I direct them to be made out. If it is not made up at the end of that time, mine is to refuse you any vouchers whatever, and to report the matter to the Secretary of the Interior and the department commander, with the recommendation that your contract be annulled at once with the usual forfeitures."

And he went out of the office, lighted a cigar, and called for his horse to be bridled and saddled to return to Thomas.

Before one-half of the five minutes had gone by the contractor came up to him, all smiles, saying that it was all right; and he was very careful ever afterwards in all his dealings with the inspector.

Had the agent been struck by lightning out of a clear sky he would not have been more astonished, for the whole thing was simply thick mud to his mind, through which it could not wade until informed of the circumstances. Uncle Sam, through that small calculation of his officer, had saved one thousand dollars, more or less,—one-half of which would have gone to the clerk and the other half to the contractor, while the agent would have shouldered the burden, and probably broken under it, had it been found out after the vouchers were paid. Is it wonderful, after this, that Indians sometimes break away, half starved, from their reservations, before they become wholly so?

But frontiersmen, as a rule, do not call that stealing — they designate it by the disgusting Americanism of "smartness," as understood in many sections of our broad continent, and they pride themselves upon it — nothing inspires respect like being "smart" in a certain set. Said one of them,—a member of the Territorial legislature, and at one time speaker of its House,—to the inspector, as the two rode together towards the reservation, "Colonel, do you think

that I would, knowingly, steal a cent from any man?"

"No," answered the inspector, "were I on oath to testify to my own knowledge of your character as an honest man and a gentleman, I would swear that you are both."

"Well," was the rejoinder, "while I would die before I would steal, as a thief is understood to steal, I advise no one to give me a chance to make big or small money out of Uncle Sam — for I 'll take it every time. It is not theft to rob a thief, and you will find pretty much everybody around here of my mind on the subject. Instead of helping us — poor pioneers of civilization in the wilderness — the government so hampers us with absurd paper technicalities, before we can get our rightful dues, that sometimes years pass before we are paid for the hay, wood, and barley we have furnished to the troops and the Indians, and then the total amount is cut down as if we had tried to rob it in any way we could. One may as well be a thief — in that way — as to have the name and treatment of one; so don't give me a chance at the treasury surplus, or I 'll reduce it without any congressional help."

And, honest, truthful man, and generous, whole-souled gentleman as he was accounted by every one who knew him, he would have done it without the slightest compunction of conscience.

One very important auxiliary in transforming men from savage to civilized life, is the influence brought to bear upon them through the labors of Christian men and women as educators and missionaries. This has been forcibly illustrated and clearly demonstrated among the different Indian tribes, by the missionary labors of the various religious societies in the last few years. Civilization is a plant of exceeding slow growth, unless supplemented by Christian teaching and influences. A liberal encouragement by the government to all religious denominations to extend their educational and missionary operations among the Indians would be of immense benefit.

In one year, not long since, there was expended in cash by the different religious societies for regular educational and missionary purposes among the Indians, the sum of $216,680, and doubtless much more which was not reported through the regular channels. This was just so much money saved to the government, which is an item of some importance; but insignificant in comparison with the healthy influences created by men and women who have gone among the Indians, not for personal benefit, but for the noble purpose of helping these untutored and uncivilized people to a higher plane of existence.

In no other manner can our Indian population be so speedily and permanently reclaimed from idolatry and savagery, as by the educational and missionary operations of the Christian people of our country. This kind of teaching will educate them to be sober, industrious, self-reliant, and to respect the rights of others; and it is not only the interest but the duty of the government to encourage these efforts in the most liberal manner. No money spent for the civilization of the Indians will return a better dividend than that spent in this way. Not that all the good people are inside the churches, and all the bad ones outside; but a little observation will convince any one that a very large proportion of those who sacrifice time and money for the good of others is found inside of some Christian organization.

If we expect to stop sun-dances, snake-worship, and other debasing forms of superstition among Indians, we must teach them some better way. This, with liberal appropriations by the government for the establishment of industrial schools, where the thousands of Indian children now roaming wild shall be taught to speak the English language

and earn their own living, will accomplish what is so much to be desired — the conversion of the wild, roving Indian into an industrious and law-abiding citizen.

This result cannot be reached in any reasonable time unless the means are commensurate with the end to be attained. The conditions that now surround the case are very different from those that existed in the years of the past. The game upon which the Indian lived is fast disappearing, and he must of necessity look for subsistence from some other source. The vast domain that he once called his own, and over which he roamed at will, is rapidly being absorbed by the white people, who insist that these fertile valleys and mountains rich in mineral deposits shall no longer remain locked up and shut out from the enterprise and industry of the white race. The commercial interests of the country demand that the means of communication between one section of the country and another shall not be obstructed by denying the right of way for traffic; and as a consequence, railroads are penetrating these reservations once set apart for the home of the Indian, and in which he had a right to suppose he would not be disturbed.

I am not touching on the question of right and justice, only that of utility; and it is unquestionably the imperative duty of the government, as well as the soundest policy, to provide the safest, surest, and most equitable means to induce the Indian to abandon the customs and traditions of his fathers, and accommodate himself to the new and better way. If one million dollars for educational purposes given now will save several millions in the future, it is wise economy to give that million at once, and not dole it out in small sums that do but little good.

The more thoughtful and intelligent of the Indians appreciate the situation, and are anxious to put themselves in condition to meet the new order of things which they see is certain to come, and which will either elevate them in the scale of being, or exterminate them. One of their chiefs expressed Indian public opinion not long since, when he asked for schools, churches, and laws, to make his people abandon the roving life of Indians, and become a settled, industrious, and peaceable people.

At the time when the army officer referred to above was detailed by the War Department as inspector of supplies at the San Carlos, the outlook for the Indians on the reservation and the whites surrounding it on all sides was not a pleasant one to contemplate. The preceding spring and summer had been marked by many acts of hostility on the part of Indians belonging on the reservation, and serious fears were entertained by citizens of Arizona of further outrages. Many of the chiefs were sullen and defiant; others, less bold, were discontented and suspicious.

The season had been passed in idleness, no effort having been made for self-support. Farms along the Gila and San Carlos rivers were overgrown with weeds, and miles of irrigating ditches, constructed at great cost, were neglected and unserviceable. Having no resources of their own, the Indians needed full rations from the agency; failing to obtain them, they must beg or steal, or go hungry. The Indians complained that issues were irregular, uncertain, and short; citizens, that the shortage was made good by them through beggary and theft.

To correct these evils, subject the Indians to obedience, restore confidence, and prevent further cause of complaint on a reservation occupied by five thousand savages, and surrounded by a large and constantly increasing population of irrepressible whites, was the work expected by the Indian Department and demanded by the people, of a politically selected agent at $1,500 a year. He was

faithful and earnest in his efforts, directed at first to accumulate supplies in such quantities as to insure regular weekly issues. Contractors were notified that any delay on their part would subject them to the full penalty attached to their contracts for failure. Their prompt action soon supplied every want. The Indians were assured that on each and every weekly issue day thereafter they would receive the full allowance of all supplies purchased for them by the government.

The sub-agency located near the Gila River, some fifteen miles from San Carlos, on the road leading to Fort Thomas, not being needed for the welfare of the Indians in his charge, but rather having been converted into a place of resort for evil-disposed persons, both white and Indian, he broke it up, removing all the property except buildings to the agency. The Indians living in that vicinity and enjoying a license of free intercourse and trade with a dissolute class of white men who congregated there, made many threats of violence should he attempt their removal; but firmly met and ordered to come to a point near the agency where they could be conveniently counted, they sullenly obeyed. The advantage of having but one place of issue soon became apparent, even to the Indians, who seeing that all were treated alike and none deprived of their fair share of the government's bounty, soon assumed an air of cheerful compliance with the rules established for their guidance.

In accordance with the wishes of the commanding general of the department, some six or seven hundred White Mountain Indians were permitted to live near Fort Apache, a locality about sixty miles from the agency, in the northern part of the reservation, to which they had become strongly attached by long residence and its superior advantages of soil, climate, water, and abundant game. The conditions of his assent, however, were that such Indians as chose to live there should be self-supporting, and that the military authorities should be responsible for their good conduct.

During the succeeding fall and winter little trouble was experienced from the arrangement, but the clamor for supplies was loud the next summer, and under the plea that they were planting and needed rations until the ripening of their corn, they drew heavily on the agency. The original number had also very much increased by relatives and friends from the agency, who seeing the advantages of a pleasant summer resort, had from time to time abandoned the hot valleys of the San Carlos and the Gila, and retired to the mountains. With the view of encouraging pride in ownership, he had asked for and obtained permission to issue agricultural implements to the deserving, and the commencement of the planting season had witnessed a new departure — Apaches at work in the fields, with working tools of their own sufficient for all the varied operations of preparing the ground, planting, and cultivating their crops.

The methods employed by these untrained farmers were painfully slow and laborious. Unaccustomed to continual effort, they required constant watching, urging, and directing, to insure results that might be regarded satisfactory, even as a promise of something better in the future. Through the persevering efforts of the head farmer, the irrigating ditches had been finally repaired, and something like enthusiasm appeared to inspire the people when they had been told that they could draw seed for planting. As the season progressed and the work went steadily forward, several of the chiefs, who had at first declined to engage in agricultural pursuits, became infected with the desire to become farmers; and though they began too late to raise any crop that year, had made commendable progress in opening new ditches, and preparing land for the next. Notwithstanding the many discourage-

ments encountered during the progress of the work, and the meager results when counted against the number of able-bodied men and women engaged, or claiming to be engaged, in its prosecution, it was gratifying to see that sufficient display had been made to impress the Indians that they were engaged in profitable toil. Though it had always been the custom among the Apaches to lay the heavy burdens on the backs of the squaws, no particular disgrace attached to the bucks who, shaking off the natural indolence of their race, engaged in remunerative toil. The services of the men were often sought by ranchmen living near the reservation, and some of them were quite efficient at ditching, wood-chopping, adobe-making, and other unskilled labor. All the wood required at the military post that year, some two hundred cords, was put in by Indians, who also supplied about three hundred and fifty tons of hay, for which they had received, in the aggregate, some $10,000. Most of the work of gathering hay had been performed by the women and children, who had cut it with common butcher-knives and grass-hooks, and had packed it on their backs, often long distances, in bundles weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds each. Eager crowds engaged in the work, and if they could have found a market for all they would have gathered, many would have been enabled to support themselves without help from the government.

But it must not be inferred that only a market was needed to enable the Apaches to become independent of government aid. This might have been true of all the tribes on the reservation under certain conditions; but unfortunately the conditions were lacking. To the extent of the natural products of the soil they would have gathered the last fagot and the last blade of grass for ready cash, but the limit of production of these, the only articles exchangeable for money, would soon have been reached in the presence of an active demand. Nor was the market at hand for even the limited supply; and had it been, the poor Indian is so susceptible to the evil influences that surround all public marts, as to have rendered almost certain his return home poorer than when he started out with his rude freight of salable stuff. No people in the world are more eager in pursuit of the nimble shilling than they are. Show them a seed they can sow in the morning, gather the fruit thereof at noon, and sell in the early evening, and the busy hum of industry would be as ceaseless in the White Mountain reservation as in any civilized community. They never learned to labor and to wait; to teach them this valuable lesson is necessary before their pauperism gives place to self-support.

The agent had often been urged to favor the opening of a school on the reservation for the education of Indian children. But he declined to do so, for he was of the opinion that until the Apaches ceased to be nomads, and acquired some knowledge of and pleasure in such habitations as are distinguished from the lairs of wild beasts — had been taught to practice habits of industry that would insure for themselves and their families such simple articles of food and raiment as would entitle them to the distinction of having taken *one* step in the march of civilization — the introduction of books and teachers among them would have been worse than useless. On the reservation no school could be so conducted as to remove the children from the influence of the idle and vicious, who were everywhere present. Only by removing them beyond the reach of this influence could they be benefited by the teaching of the school-master. To this course a bitter and stubborn resistance had been offered by the parents, many of whom had at one time promised to give up their children for Eastern schools, but since coming under the pernicious influence of the dominant tribe of Chiricahua

Apaches, just then brought on the reservation, they had found objections that before had not occurred to them.

And the agent was right, for if the government would lift the Apaches from the slough of ignorance and loathsome degradation in which they now wallow, compulsory education must be resorted to. Under the strong hand of the law of force they must be taught to labor systematically, and when it becomes necessary to educate the rising generation in the mystery of books, force should compel them to accept the situation. Force is the one law the Indian recognizes and respects; it is *his* law, and when he fails to employ it, it is because the power is lacking. No argument will serve to convince him that the white man stays his hand for any other reason. Overcome in battle, deprived of his arms, and trodden remorselessly beneath the heel of the conqueror, he bows with humility to the power that has subdued him, and submits without murmuring to the will of his master. Under such conditions the Apaches can be trained to a knowledge of steady industry, and induced to submit their children to the guidance of the white man, for such development of their mental faculties as may be possible with this fast disappearing and seemingly doomed race.

The sanitary condition at the time when the inspector was on duty on the reservation was fairly satisfactory, no disease of unusual fatality being prevalent. The most common ailment was due to bad habits, and it was a fact worthy of notice that the indulgences that lead to it were more common among the bands that were on the most friendly and intimate terms with the whites than among the more warlike. The Yuma, Tonto, and Mojave tribes, which had been subdued to the point of servility, were the most notoriously profligate of all the Indians on the reservation, and it was claimed by persons long resident among them, that the White Mountain Indians, who, next to the Chiricahuas, are the most warlike, were freest from the vice of all the reservation Apaches. It may be that to this fact is due their superior physical condition, which takes rank among the tribal divisions in reverse order to the extent of their reliance on the white man for protection and support and the years of their intercourse with him.

In power of endurance, manly bearing, independent spirit, and mental capacity, the different tribes assigned to the San Carlos reservation may be fairly classified in the following order:

1st. The Chiricahuas — Turkey Apaches — who have so long been a terror to the citizens of Arizona and New Mexico in the United States, and Sonora and Chihuahua in Mexico, and who boast even now that they have never been whipped by any civilized power.

2d. The White Mountains — Sierra Blancas—the friends of the Chiricahuas, having their homes for the most part on the mountain streams in the vicinity of Fort Apache, at a distance of sixty miles from the agency.

3d. The San Carlos, who halt between two opinions: race prejudice and the memory of former glory inclining them to continue fraternal relations with the mountain tribes, while the government bounty they have learned to enjoy is a temptation to remain at peace that they are fast losing the power to resist.

4th. The Tontos, who, having been greatly reduced in numbers by the war with the whites a few years ago, are so broken in spirit as to be easily held in subjection, and may be relied upon for efficient service against hostile tribes.

5th. The Mojaves and Yumas, two tribes that have for many years been living on reservations, and yet can claim no superiority as workers over any of the other tribes, except the Chiricahuas, but have on the contrary lost courage and self-reliance, and fallen to the lowest estate of dependence.

Such are the facts — the moral, any one can try to point. Now for a retrospective glance.

Ethnologically the Apache is classed with the Tirineh tribes, living close to the Yukon and Mackenzie rivers, within he Arctic circle. For centuries he has been pre-eminent over the more peaceful nations about him for courage, skill, and daring in war; cunning in deceiving and evading his enemies; ferocity in attack when skillfully planned ambuscades have led an unwary foe into his clutches; cruelty to captives; patient endurance and fortitude under the greatest privations.

In peace he has commanded respect for keen intelligence, good fellowship, warmth of feeling for his friends, and impatience of wrong. No Indian has more virtues, and none have been more truly ferocious when aroused. He was the first of the native Americans to defeat in battle or outwit in diplomacy the all-conquering, smooth-tongued Spaniard, with whom and his Mexican-mongrel descendants he has waged cold-blooded, heart-sickening war since the days of Cortés. When the Spaniard had fire-arms and corslet of steel he was unable to push back this fierce, astute aborigine, provided simply with lance and bow. The past fifty years have seen the Apaches provided with arms of precision, and especially since the introduction of magazine breech-loaders the Mexican has not only ceased to be an intruder upon the Apache, but has trembled for the security of his own life and property in the squalid hamlets of the States of Chihuahua and Sonora. The United States acquired the Apaches from Mexico by right of purchase with the Territory of Arizona, under the Gadsden treaty made in September, 1853, and confirmed by Congress during the session of 1853–4. Prior to this purchase Arizona formed part of the Mexican State of Sonora. The session was contained within certain parallels and boundaries, embracing some 40,000 square miles of land, with a length of 460 miles, and an extreme width of 130. In negotiating for the purchase of this territory Gadsden made strenuous efforts to secure a strip of country as far south as Guaymas, but he was not sustained by Congress, and thus the most important feature in the treaty was omitted — a port on the Gulf of California. The United States found itself in the possession of a country which it was impracticable to reach except across extensive and inhospitable deserts, and over vast ranges of mountains, many of them covered with perpetual snow.

At the period of its purchase Arizona was practically a *terra incognita*. Hunters and trappers had explored it to some extent; but their accounts of its resources and peculiarities were of a vague and marvelous character, according well with their wild habits of life. Few people in the United States knew anything about it, save the curious bookworms who had penetrated into the old Spanish records. An impression prevailed that it was a worthless desert, without sufficient wood or water to sustain a population of civilized beings. Gadsden was ridiculed for his purchase, and it was generally believed that Congress, in expending ten million dollars for such an arid waste, had in view some ulterior project of extension, based upon the balance of power between the Northern and Southern States. It was inhabited almost exclusively by savage tribes of Indians, from whose ravages the Texans and Mexicans had long suffered.

A. G. Tassin.

THE RAINY SEASON.

In deeper shadows fell the gloom
Within the cabin's single room,
Where two old miners fared.
One sat against the chimney side
In silence while the embers died,
And one for sleep prepared,—
Still chattering blithely to his dumb,
Disheartened, melancholy chum,
Of better days and luck to come
With dawn of the rainy season.

He called his mate, yet brooding there
Beside the hearth's departing glare—
"Ho, comrade, rouse and hear
The roaring pines and stormy blast
Proclaiming summer o'er at last,
The rainy season near.
The rain, the rain, the blessed rain
That brings the harvest to the plain,
And yellow gold from gulch and vein:
Hurrah for the rainy season!

"Though food be scant, and credit gone,
And claims have petered one by one,
Away with doubt and fear!
We've built the flume and dug the ditch;
The gravel in Red Ravine is rich,—
And hark! the rain is here!—
The rain, the rain, the joyful rain
Now beats the cabin roof amain
Till every shingle rings again.
Hurrah for the rainy season!

"Cheer up!—we'll strike the channel yet.
And Bill, old boy, you can't forget
Our ups and downs together,
Through many a hardship, many a miss;
But you, you never gave up like this,
Nor flinched at work or weather.
And now the rain, the bounteous rain
Is pouring down on peak and plain,
And ranch and mine rejoice again:
Hurrah for the rainy season!

Come, partner, shake your gloomy mood,
Nor longer o'er misfortune brood,
But let the past be past;
D'ye hear the tempest shake the door?
The cañon's rising waters roar?
Success is near at last!" —
But ah, he called his mate in vain,
For Death had come before the rain;
And Bill would ne'er respond again,
Nor toil in the rainy season!

Miles I'Anson.

ETC.

Of many comments that rise in the mind regarding the tragic episode in which the Sharon litigation has culminated, one in especial seems to us appropriate here, now that the immediate excitement is past, and the fuller knowledge that will follow on judicial inquiry is not yet to be had: that one concerns the reception of the news by public opinion. The death of ex-Judge Terry has aroused scarcely an expression of regret; indeed, a feeling closely resembling the vindictive triumph over the fall of an enemy has been generally exhibited. People who never met him personally seem to have entertained toward him a sentiment of bitter antagonism, which finds expression now in ready justification of his violent death, even more significantly than it did in 1884, when he was the only defeated candidate for presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in this State. This feeling is in part a survival of the emnity aroused against him as the slayer of David C. Broderick; an act for which he has been condemned too severely perhaps,— not too severely for the needs of civilization, but too severely for abstract justice, considering the spirit of those early days, the circumstances surrounding the duel, and the antecedents of the man. But in addition there has been a general resentment against a certain intolerance of opposition, an overbearing temper, that has risen even to contempt of law several times before now. A man of powerful frame, of quick temper, of ready sympathy, and unbounded personal courage, he has never been averse to scenes of violence. It may be said in extenuation that his ready knife or pistol has flashed forth rather in the quarrel of friend or partisan than in his own; the man — born a Kentuckian in the dueling period, brought up a Texas ranger — has lived up to his own code of honor, and has been an anachronism, not a desperado. But no such considerations have availed against the general condemnation he has met. The law-abiding basis in the American character, however it may fail in this community to resent a single impulsive breach of law, is outraged when a man creates the impression of habitual willingness to hold himself above law.

On the other hand, the rejoicing over his death is, to a certain extent, an endorsement of this same lawlessness. Accepting the published accounts of the tragedy — and it is upon these that the public opinion that we criticise is based — the deputy marshal was not justified in his action. Making all allowance for the well-known violent disposition of Judge Terry, and for the threats he was supposed,— whether correctly or not,— to have made, the situation did not call for the extreme action of the marshal. A man is justified in taking the life of another only when it is necessary to prevent that other from committing a murder. Judge Field could scarcely have been considered in danger of his life until his assailant drew some deadly weapon. The published evidence indicates that Judge Terry was not given sufficient time to show an inclination to desist from the attack between the time of the drawing of the pistol by the marshal, and the firing of the fatal shot. It amounted, perhaps, only to an error of judgment on the part of the officer, but an error of judgment that results in the loss of a human life is less excusable in an officer of the law than in a private citizen. We believe that it is everywhere exacted of the police that they shall be very slow to use deadly weapons, and that they are held to very strict account

for unnecessary deaths at their hands. But in literal fact, the majority comment of press and street does not excuse the officer's action as an error of judgment, but defends it as a perfectly proper answer to the indignity of the blow, which Judge Field's position forbade him to himself resent in like manner. This would doubtless have been eminently Judge Terry's own view of the matter; and it is for having more than once acted on such a view that this same majority comment is now condemning him.

ANOTHER criticism condemns Judge Field for accepting an armed escort for protection. Judge Field himself recognizes this sentiment when he declares his disinclination to accept the escort. It is a condition of affairs greatly to be deplored that a judge of any court should be under the necessity of accepting a bodyguard to protect his person against attacks by defeated litigants, but in this case such a condition existed. It had to be faced; and certainly the protection of an officer of the law was the best method of facing it. It would be a sad commentary on our judicial system if the judge himself were compelled to meet violence with violence, and to sustain his judicial actions at the point of the pistol. There is a habit of mind in the community, surviving from the days of the inefficiency of the machinery of government to cope with acts of violence, that condemns the man who invokes the protection of the law in order to avoid violence. Bravery is good; but so long as it is leaned on instead of law, even for defense, law is by that much weakened. There is always a legal method of redress, and it is the duty of all citizens to strengthen and sustain this method.

A Glimpse in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

I WAS recruiting for a few weeks in a delightful home boarding-house in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and Ruth was also boarding there, and teaching in a little old shanty schoolhouse a few miles back in the country.

I am not going to give Ruth's whole name, for I dare not, believing that some day it is going to be very familiar to the educational world, for she is a grand scholar. Ruth is her real name, though, as far as it goes; no other name would suit her so well,—plain, sweet, and simple, but with depths in her nature that make her a delightful companion. So I fell in love with Ruth at once, and as little old schoolhouses away back in the country and happy schoolchildren whom I have never seen before, have always had a special interest and charm for me, I resolved that some morning I would accompany Ruth on her horseback ride to her school. I procured a horse, and improvising a habit, one lovely morning we started out together.

Through the village and out a mile or two we had a pleasant trot and chat, with nothing specially interesting around us except the brightness of the sky and the sweet morning air. But where we began the real ascent of the mountain, when the valleys we had left behind lay in living pictures below us, I felt the spell of the mountains upon me. As we slowly ascended the ever winding road, it had so grown upon me that I told Ruth she might go on, and I would linger and enjoy the views and join her later at the schoolhouse.

Tying my horse to the fence, I found a perch on the steep hillside, where I looked between the madroño trees, and got glimpses of what I called my Beulah land. The madroño tree is beautiful enough to be the tree of life. It always looks as fresh as though just created and washed by Eden showers. Its trunk and branches are covered with smooth, thin bark, of a rich red color. When it sheds its leaves I do not know. I looked around for dead or dying ones, but could find none, either on the trees or the ground. All were perfect, green, thick, and glossy. It does not bear twelve manner of fruits, but it sheds its red bark every month, covering the ground with crisp, clean, brittle shavings, and leaving the whole wood of the tree smooth and olive colored.

The road here makes a direct turn, so that it lies on two distinct terraces at my feet. The ground is quite level on this side of the water, with a few trees forming what seems to be an old orchard; a path leads through it, and three little lambs are just emerging from the shadows into the path.

Just now I hear a team coming. It is right here behind the trees. The man has stopped to rest his horses. I feel inclined to get up and run, but he is humming a tune as he waits, and calls his horses "boys," so I conclude he is a good-natured sort of man.

He spies me at last and calls out, "Halloa, you are giving yourself a sunning up there, are you?"

"Yes."

"Got a pretty warm place."

"Yes, but the view is lovely from here."

"Yes, it is very fine."

The air is full of the twitter of birds, and the water is full of sun-sparkles, for the water I have spoken of is a large reservoir, a little mirror lake, directly in front of me and perhaps a mile farther down. The shore on three sides slopes down to the water. On one of these sides is a smiling green vineyard. On the east are broad fields. Great trees of white oak spread their generous shadows, and I can just discern men at work. They may be rough men, but the distance lends enchantment, and the scene is one of perfect peace. The other shore is wild, a steep bank with clumps of old redwoods in the background, merging into the woods that clothe the mountains. A weather-beaten shanty stands close to the water's edge.

There is a low, scrubby growth on the highest of these mountains, which gives them the effect, even in

full sunlight, of being in deep shadow. Away up beyond, to the east, is one that stands out by itself among the other hills. This is named Loma Prieta, (Dark Mountain). So near, and yet so far, standing off shoulder to shoulder one behind the other, these dark mountains wall in and enshrine the gentler landscape.

Over in the east a fog-bank is shining in the sun, like an angel's wing, or a fold of his mantle thrown over the bluff. To the north, over a hillock on which the prominent feature is a tall dead tree, and through the gates of the mountains, stretches the distant valley. I can see plainly the San José court house, and still beyond, the farthest boundary of my Beulah land, the Mount Hamilton range, of the palest blue, dimly distant, and yet bathed in a sheen of sunlight glory.

The sky — this must be the opal sky of which we sometimes read. I think I never saw the firmament so bright. It seems to have stolen power from the sun, and to be shining in and of itself, a canopy of pure, limpid light, and yet so delicately, so tenderly shaded, from horizon to zenith.

"O Beulah land,
Sweet Beulah land!" —

But Ruth will wonder where I am, and I must go on along the dusty road and be content with catching glimpses of my Beulah land now and then through the shining leaves of the madroños that fringe the bank.

S. J. Newell.

A Trip on a Flying Machine.

THIS kind of flying machine holds only one, but that is no drawback. One propels, one steers, one mind counsels pro and con. Thus are the unities preserved. Steel, or brass, and rubber, with a leather attachment. Where are the gas bags, the fans, and the parachutes? No matter. Never mind discussing its form and virtues,— to the saddle, the fiery noon has moved from the zenith, the sun inclines his shining gaze towards the west. To the saddle, comrades, for many a rolling league of hill and valley, of terraced down, of grassy steppe, and rough-paved town, lie between us and that city by the sea.

Hurrah for the pigskin. Here is the chair of state for the democrat. Seated in the pigskin, we envy not the dictator on his throne of terror, the monarch in his purple. Hurrah for the sweet breath of wood and meadow. Seated thus high in the air, one's nostrils are above the fenny vapors of care and mildew that breathe their sickly dews upon the sons of men.

One backward glance, see, the city has folded its smoky mantle around it and vanished. Hard and heavy runs the upward road, but courage, comrades, here is the topmost brow at last. And see, far winding, far spindling into nothing, there runs the smooth road in bowers of fir and hazel. Three miles of downward grade. For three long miles no muscle needs to move. For three miles we may fly as effortless and light as skims the stooping gull.

What bookworm was that who wished to graft the wings of the albatross upon his wordy soul, that he might see Senegambia at rising and America at setting of the sun? "O, hadst thou but my soul, what joys, what joys were thine!"

Bah! he is behind the age! Prithee, good Walt, go get thee a bicycle, if aught of youth in thee remains. Climb to the summit of some such hill as this. Fling thy heels across the handle bars, fold thy arms, and whiz with me through the solid league of air. Say, dost thou envy now the breaker-searching albatross, the cloud-piercing skylark, the sharp-vanned swallow skimming o'er the lake? Art thou not now a winged being? Not lazier nor swifter is the flight of the hungry condor, falling from the cloud-bannered pinnacles of his Andean home.

But we have reached the flats; to work again, for night is falling.

Night has come; dismount, light lamps, and start again. Better than gulls are we, for we are birds of night as well as day. Yonder goes our leader, dancing on a fire-fly. After him, another, trampling on an inextinguishable star. Another follows, fretting the white road with shadowy geometry.

Dark arch those pines above the road. A mouth of blackness yawns to swallow us. In goes Captain Firefly, green and red by turns; his tinkling bell echoes in the timbered alley. One might compare him to Orpheus, descending into Hades, and tuning a preparatory lyre.

The road dips, then lifts us out again into the stars. Welcome, brave lights of heaven, we too are wandering stars.

Quicken your speed, my comrades. Let us fly in Indian file across this table-land. Now might we be taken for wind-spirits seen by Faust, heels winged with Will o' the Wisps, flying towards the revel on the Brocken.

Hark, that faint cheer from far ahead. Away with weariness, with silence, now. Hurrah! Hurrah! for there before us sparkles and glitters the city of our dreams, Babylon Super Mare. Seest thou yon tumble of hills, swelling dome-like to the sky of night? The negro-bosom of the earth is necklaced with the tracery of ten thousand diamonds.

Hurrah! hurrah! We ride along those avenues, we mingle with those twinkling earth-stars. We catch the far-heard complaining of the ocean. Dismount, my brother pilgrims of the wheel. We are in the City of Gems. Yonder is our caravansary.

Thus ends our trip on a flying machine.

Walter Kelly.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY :—

In a recent article contributed to your magazine by John Bonner, he takes occasion to say that the irrigation law of 1887, which he styles the "Wright Act," has failed; and pursuing the subject ascribes the failure to what he alleges is a lack of security for the bonds of an irrigation district established under that law.

To the statement made by Mr. Bonner that the law has failed, we need only point to the work that has been accomplished under the law in the first two years of its existence for a complete refutation. Within that time about nineteen districts have been formed, and in each instance by a practically unanimous vote. The territory embraced within these districts comprises a large portion of the richest lands in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, not to mention the district which has been recently formed in Los Angeles County. It may be truly said, then, that the law of 1887 has met with practically unanimous favor in the localities requiring irrigation. At the present time the people within the various districts are as nearly united in support of the law as has probably ever been known to be the case in any matter submitted for public endorsement.

Within the two years two decisions have been rendered by the Supreme Court of the State, each of which fully and unreservedly affirms the constitutionality of the law, and the latter of which (rendered on May 31, 1889,) upholds the validity of organizations effected in accordance with the provisions of the law.

Now every man, be he lawyer or layman, knows that to effect these organizations and to obtain these decisions of the Supreme Court, settling beyond controversy the constitutionality of the law and the validity of organizations under it, when effected in conformity with its provisions, has required much time. This much has been accomplished, and it would be unavoidably necessary in the building up of any new system.

Now, then, as to whether the law is a failure, or has failed, let us contrast the opinion of Mr. Bonner and the opinion of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Bonner says the district irrigation law is a failure.

The Supreme Court (emphasis mine) say in 76 California Supreme Court Reports, page 360 :

"This is not a law passed to accomplish exclusive and selfish private gain ; it is an extensive and far-reaching plan, by which the general public may be vastly benefited ; and the Legislature acted with good judgment in enacting it. . . . Such a general scheme, by which immigration may be stimulated, the taxable property of the State increased, the relative burdens of taxation upon the whole people decreased, and the comfort and advantage of many thriving communities subserved, would serve to redound to the common advant age of all the people of the State to a greater or less extent. . . . The provisions of the act relative to the condemnation of private property, land, water, etc., for the uses prescribed therein, are in harmony with the Constitution and State laws, and in strict consonance with the views of the Supreme Court in *Lux* vs. *Haggin*, 69 Cal. 302. . . . THE ACT UNDER DISCUSSION IN ALL RESPECTS COMPLIES WITH THE VARIOUS PROVISIONS OF THE STATE CONSTITUTION."

In the above case the constitutionality of the law was fully tested. In the later case, entitled *Central Irrigation District* (of Colusa County) vs. *De Lappe*, the validity of the various provisions of the law relating to the organization of districts, the issuance of bonds, and their validity, were fully tested. The latter opinion, as well as the former, is very exhaustive, and in the two opinions the Court has evidently settled every question which can ever arise affecting the constitutionality of the law, or the validity of an organization under it. Both these cases were contested by the best of legal talent, and every point was fully and forcibly presented.

Now what is the effect of these decisions? It is this : That an irrigation district organized in accordance with the requirements of the law of 1887 is a *quasi* municipal corporation, endowed with all the functions which that law purports to confer. Among these functions is the power to estimate and determine the amount of money required to construct all necessary works, the power to levy and collect assessments, to issue and sell the bonds of the district, and all other powers necessarily incidental to these. In other words, an irrigation district is, by the provisions of this law, clothed with an individuality which enables all the people of the district to pull together as one man. Furthermore, every bond sold by the district is a valid and subsisting lien upon all the real estate and the improvements thereon situated within the district.

But Mr. Bonner says : "The simple fact was that the irrigation districts had no property to pledge, no security to offer, nothing which a creditor might seize and sell in case the district did not pay its coupons."

From this statement it appears that Mr. Bonner either never read the, law or is incapable of understanding the English language. As well might he have said that a county or incorporated city with bonds to sell has "no property to pledge, no security to offer, nothing which a creditor might seize and sell" in case their coupons were not paid.

The same individuality is conferred upon an irrigation district as upon the county or incorporated city. The legal entity of the district is as definite and certain. It is vested with precisely the same revenue powers. The legal obligations of the district may be enforced in the same way in case of default

in meeting them. In fact, there is no revenue power incident to the county or incorporated city which is not as fully vested in the irrigation district.

Sec. 17 of the law reads as follows:

"Said bonds and the interest thereon shall be paid by revenue derived from an annual assessment upon the real property of the district; and all real property in the district shall be and remain liable to be assessed for such payments, as hereinafter provided."

This one quotation shows that the bonds of a district are secured by all the real property in it. The revenue powers of a district are almost identical with those of a county. The phraseology of the general revenue law and that of the district irrigation law are substantially the same. We challenge Mr Bonner or any other person that prefers to tear down rather than to maintain laws which the highest court says have been wisely builded, to name one revenue power of any character, possessed by any municipal corporation which is not as fully possessed by an irrigation district. And while he is on this subject will he point to one element of security to outstanding obligations, possessed by any municipal corporation, or any county, which the irrigation district does not as ully possess?

If he be unable to note any such power or element of security lacking in the district, and yet queries "Why do the bonds not sell?" we answer that it is the history of all newly created municipal corporations, that it requires much time to settle the legal questions involved in their creation, and the scope of the powers with which they are endowed. It will soon be demonstrated that irrigation district bonds are as good as the best to be found in the market. Of the nineteen districts now found under this law, several *have* sold their bonds, and much inquiry is being made by the Eastern and local capitalists regarding the others.

Mr. Bonner seems to think that the people of this coast have only to fold their arms and beseech the general government to irrigate their lands, and that irrigation with all its attendant blessings will soon follow. It is not now contemplated and probably never will be by any considerable number of legislators, to irrigate or provide water for the irrigation of lands which have been reduced to private ownership. The commendable movement led by Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada is intended to reach only government lands. As well might the farmers of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys ask the general government to plant their farms in fruit trees and vines, as to ask that it should supply those fields with water for irrigation. The farmers are amply able to do this for themselves.

There is ample water for all,—at least for the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys,—and all that is wanted to secure its speedy storage and distribution under the law now existing is concert of action.

Marsden Manson.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Constitutional Government.[1]

"The whole history of our land and our race will be read backwards, if we fail always to bear in mind that the lower unit is not a division of the greater, but that the greater is an aggregate of the smaller." These words, written by E. A. Freeman many years ago, express the idea underlying much of the historical work that he has accomplished, and it was to be expected that his visit to this country nearly ten years ago should have resulted in an active study of our local institutions. The outgrowth of this study has been a series of monographs issued by the Historical Seminary of the Johns Hopkins University. This series, which has covered the field of local institutional history with some thoroughness, is now rounded off by the publication of a comparative study of these institutions, prepared by Professor George E. Howard, of the University of Nebraska.

In this State, we are inclined to look upon the county merely as an arbitrary division of the State, and the township as an equally arbitrary division of the county, carved out as a minor judicial area. Yet these divisions, in their constitutional aspect, can boast an antiquity superior to that of the State or the nation, an antiquity equal to that of the social organism itself. It is in the township, indeed, that we see a survival of the germ of national organization. Tracing it back through the pages of history, we find its counterpart in the tunscipe of Saxon England, the

[1] "An Introduction to the Local Constitutional History of the United States," by George E. Howard. Vol. I. Development of the Township, Hundred, and Shire.

"The Town and City Government of New Haven," by Charles H. Levermore.

"The River Towns of Connecticut," by Charles M. Andrews.

Publications in the Johns Hopkins Studies in Historical and Political Science. Published by the Publication Agency of Johns Hopkins University: Baltimore.

mark of the Teutonic tribes, in the Ionic genos and the Italic gens. In all these organizations we find the people bound together in the beginning by a tie of blood relationship and the worship of a common ancestor, but in each this tie becomes weaker as the integrity of the organization is impaired by the adoption of strangers. Among the Greeks and Romans the genos, or gens, is combined into phratries or curia, and these in turn combine into phulia or tribes. But this development is but obscurely shadowed forth in the traditionary period of their histories. It is only with the fourth stage of development — the combination of phulia, or tribes, into the city — that the period of reliable history is reached. The city is, however, their highest political conception, and it is this political limitation that makes the successor of Ancient Greece a nation only by sufferance; that made the glories of Rome crumble before the advancing nationality of the Teutons of the north.

Our knowledge of the political development of the Teutonic race overlaps that of the development of the Romans and Greeks in both directions. Not only do we see them advance to the nationality that was denied to the earlier races, but we also know of them in the earliest stages of political development. The Germans of Cæsar's time were in a state of transition from the nomadic to the agricultural stage. The mark, an outgrowth of the family, was the unit of organization. A century and a half later the mark has become a local self-governing community, and by the combination of marks, hundreds and Völkerschaften have appeared. The hundred is a judicial unit, and the Völkerschaft a gathering of the tribes.

Such was the early organization of the Teutonic tribes on the continent; in England we find a very similar arrangement, the tunscipe, or township, corresponding with the mark, the hundred, and the shire corresponding with the Völkerschaft. During the Norman period the township becomes a manor, and comes more under the control of the lord of the land. The shire is drawn into closer dependence on the central government, and is known as the county.

During the thirteenth century the manor becomes a parish, the hundred and county are weakened until the former passes away, and the latter survives as the jurisdictional area of the court of quarter sessions. The parish was originally an ecclesiastical division, and corresponded territorially with a township, or with a group of townships. During the thirteenth century the growing necessities of the church for money led to the establishment of the vestry. At first the money was raised by vote in "open vestry," a meeting of the rate payers themselves, — the first instance, in the modern sense, of a self-taxing local body.

The powers exercised by the manor became more and more strictly defined in the charters granting their powers, and thus the residue of the civil business of the township, and any new functions arising from the expanding life of the community, were exercised by the vestry. Already the parish represents a double principle. On one side it is a township, under the headship of a constable; on the other, it is an ecclesiastical body, under the presidency of the parish priest. The vestry meeting was a genuine folkmoot, in which all who paid rates had a voice. By-laws were enacted touching all matters of public concern, and the constable, surveyors of highways, collectors of taxes, auditors, and minor church officials, were elected here. After the minister and the constable, the churchwardens were the most important officers; they were originally chosen in open vestry, but in 1603 their selection was vested in the vestry and minister. They were created as lay guardians of the church property, and their most important function was the making of the church rate, and the calling of the vestry to authorize the levy. The next step in the development was the appearance of the select vestry, a committee composed of former or "passed" officers, who were to advise the officers for the time being in the control of parochial affairs in the intervals between the meetings of the vestry. This committee was originally elected annually in open vestry, but about the beginning of the seventeenth century they usurped the power of filling vacancies in their own body, thus creating a close corporation.

The chief change in the organization of the county resulted from the institution, about the middle of the fourteenth century, of justices of the peace, appointed by the king. To the court of quarter sessions, presided over by them, were transferred the principal judicial and administrative functions of the old county court, thus centralizing the government more fully.

Such was the local constitution of England at the time of the settlement of the American colonies. Parishes in their two-fold aspect, — civil and ecclesiastical, — and counties of significance chiefly as the administrative area of the court of quarter sessions. The local governments established by the colonies in America may be divided into four classes, represented by Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. In the first, or New England, group we see an interesting revival of organs and functions on recurrence of the primitive environment. The New England town was a reproduction of the Germanic mark. It was the center of the political activity of the colony. The county, like the English shire, was little more than a judicial unit. In New York the town is also more important than the county. But instead of the town meeting with legislative powers, as in New England, the functions of the town meeting in New York consisted simply in the election of officers. The town government was purely representative. In Virginia we find an almost complete

reproduction of the institutions of the mother country. At the head of the parish is the vestry, whose principal duties were the apportionment of the parish rate and the appointment of church wardens. The vestrymen in the earlier period were elected, but later they obtained authority to fill vacancies in their own number, thus reproducing the close corporations of the old country. As a civil institution the parish was overshadowed by the county, which was employed as the unit of representation and administration. The county of Virginia had thus a greater significance than that of England. But it was a centralized body, as all important officers were appointed by the governor. The principle of popular election appears only in the choice of burgesses. In Pennsylvania the county is still more important; indeed, under the proprietorship of Penn, there was no smaller division recognized. The county court, composed of justices of the peace appointed by the governor, administered local affairs. In Maryland a distinct system of government consisting of manors and hundreds was set up. The manor corresponded with that of England; the hundred exercised powers that had never been exercised by the hundred before. But the whole system fell into disuse, and the government was brought into harmony with those of the other colonies.

In the Western States a new system of local government has been evolved. It is known as the "compromise" or county-township system. Professor Howard looks upon this as the highest development of the system. In New England the township had undue importance; in Virginia, and more particularly in Pennsylvania, the county was too prominent. It is in the Western States that a just equilibrium between the two is attained.

Professor Howard's book contains a mass of information on the subject of local government. He has, however, effectually closed the book to all but specialists by his method of arrangement. The development is not clearly defined, and the comparative study of institutions is almost entirely omitted. To get an idea of the local government of Massachusetts, for instance, it is necessary to compare two widely separated portions of the book; to compare this government with that of any other colony a wider selection must be made. The positive study of local institutions has already been quite fully developed in the regular monographs of the series. The present book shou'd have been devoted to a comparative study of them.

Doctor Landon has made a useful contribution to the study of the constitutional history of this country. The lectures that he has published[2] contain a brief review of the constitutional questions that have arisen during our century of history under this government, preceded by an account of the framing and adoption of the Constitution, and succeeded by an account of the influence of the Supreme Court in the development of that instrument. The limits which Doctor Landon set himself are too narrow for a thoroughly satisfactory treatment of the subject, but he has been judicious in the selection of facts for narration, and the book contains much of interest to the specialist, though addressed principally to the student in high schools and colleges. The early period leading to the adoption of the Constitution is admirably treated, particularly in the analysis and estimate of the Articles of Confederation. Yet, in treating this subject, as in the treatment of several others, he completely ignores the process of growth that is going on. He recognizes the Articles of Confederation as marking a preliminary and necessary step to the Constitution, but he speaks of it as a step in itself, as if the national advance had been made by a series of forward jumps, rather than by a steady growth toward nationality, of which the Articles of Confederation were but evidence. This failure to trace the growth of the Constitution, and of the national spirit behind it, through the succeeding periods of growth is, indeed, the weak feature of the work. The adoption of the Constitution is described, and the various important questions that have arisen in our history are taken up and treated, each with ability. But there is an absence of the thread of development. Perhaps this is partly the result of Doctor Landon's theory, that the powers of the national government today are identical with those enjoyed when Washington was President. It is a very pleasing theory that the framers of the Constitution were endowed with sufficient foresight to make the provisions of that instrument susceptible of expansion to meet the requirements of a country growing as this has done. But such a theory, however flattering to our pride in our revolutionary, or rather constitutional sires, is scarcely accurate. True, they did frame the provisions of that instrument in general terms, and in this they were far wiser than the modern constitution-maker; but the credit for the expansion of those provisions rests with their successors who have sat upon the bench of the Supreme Court. There is more safety as well as more accuracy in recognizing the implied powers as new powers raised to meet the growing requirements of the government. It is in the legal aspect of his subject rather than the philosophical that Doctor Landon is most happy. Here some of his insights are unusually clear, and no portion of the book is better than his review of the influence of the Supreme Court. He himself seems to feel a kindness for this branch of his subject, judging from the manner in which he dwells upon it, but none of his readers will regret this evidence of interest. The subject, naturally abstruse and dull, is made interesting not only to the specialist but also to the general reader. Owing to a carelessness in the use of unqualified general statements, several passages in the

[2] The Constitutional History and Government of the United States, by Judson S. Landon, LL. D. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston: 1889. For sale by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco. Price $3.00.

book are calculated to be misleading. Thus, in speaking of the discussion on slavery in the constitutional convention of 1787, he gives the impression (pp. 179-181) that the whole South desired slavery at that time; while the fact was that South Carolina and Georgia alone were its advocates in the convention, and the slavery clauses were introduced to satisfy the demands of South Carolina. Again, (p. 248) "The States had all legislative power conferred by their respective State constitutions," is evidently a slip resulting from carelessness in expression. The book throughout is pervaded by a tone of irrepressible optimism. The spoils system he admits is bad, but we are too strong for it to hurt us the negro problem is difficult, but it will solve itself; dangers from corporations and trusts are distressing, but they are dismissed with an easy confidence in the future that is exhilarating. Yet, one cannot help thinking that if the problems of the past had been met in that manner, we should not now have so much to gaze upon with complacency.

Doctor Mary Putnam Jacobi on Primary Education.

The several papers which Doctor Jacobi has collected under the title "Physiological Notes on Primary Education and the Study of Language," make a small book, but a very important contribution to the subject of pedagogics,— worthy, we should say to be classed with the record of James Mill's experiment upon his son, but for the important consideration that Mill's was given to the world after the life of its subject had been lived, and had thus given us data for judging of final results, while Doctor Jacobi's daughter is still a young child. The charming "protocol" on the *Iris tricolor*, given on page 38, gives us, it is true, a very fair idea of results up to date; and all the teacher's positions are so carefully taken and well argued that it is possible for any one who has thought much about education, and has tried to fit high ideals thereof to the actual possibilities of children's minds, to judge pretty fairly of the working of this or that process. Should the little botanist ever become an eminent woman, this account will certainly deserve rank with the account of John Stuart Mill's education. It demonstrates again what teachers and the public are so incredulous of, that children, if well endowed by nature and carefully trained, are intellectually capable of things greatly beyond the meager diet generally provided for them. It is the serious belief of the present reviewer that the greatest defect in the training of well endowed children today is the babying of their minds.

The first two of these papers appeared in the Popular Science Monthly several years ago, and the last in the American Journal of Psychology for November, 1888. The first essay, "An Experiment in Primary Education," gives notes of the methods used and the results obtained by Dr. Jacobi in following out a simple yet scientific scheme of education with a four year old girl. The second paper deals with the relative values of flower and leaf, as a starting point in the study of botany. The third discusses the effect of the study of language upon mental development, as compared with the effect of the study of other subjects. It further treats of the proper age for language study, and inquires what proportion the languages and other important branches of study should bear to each other in a general curriculum.

The essays are all very quotable, for Dr. Jacobi is a direct and forcible writer, and a clear thinker. "A person destined to receive a superior education," she premises, "is expected to develop more vigorous mental force, to have a larger mental horizon, to handle more complex masses of ideas than another. From the beginning, therefore, he must not merely receive useful information, but be habituated to perform difficult mental operations. The child must be trained in feats of sustained attention, and in the collection and association of elementary ideas into complex combinations. . . . And very early must be offered to the child problems to be solved, either by purely mental exertion, or by that combined with manual labor."

Things should be studied before words, she holds: "Words are fossils which, according to the understanding had of them, are a heap of meaningless stones, or the incarnation of a bygone life." That she does not by this mean, as some hasty and partisan reviewers conclude, that words really *are* "meaningless stones," and would throw them away as such from educational schemes, is evident enough later. She only insists that it shall always be kept a fundamental idea that "all arts of expression are [were] subordinate in importance to the subject expressed." When her child learned to write, the writing, though it had to be carefully done, "was recognized as no end in itself, but as a means to preserve a connected history of a series of interesting events, otherwise liable to lapse into oblivion,"— the life history of a group of hyacinths of her acquaintance.

The account of this "experiment in primary education" is too full of detail to be even outlined here. It seems to us to have been based on sound principles and to abound in suggestiveness to the wise. We should say in the most unreserved manner that every parent and teacher ought to study it, were it not for a fatal misgiving that the pedagogic stream, can never ascend higher than its source,— the teacher can never apply any system of education based on higher ideals of mental development, wider horizons, clearer and more powerful thought than his own; and the result of attempts on the part of meagerly equipped or hazy-minded pedagogues to follow such

[1] Primary Education. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For Sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

systems is pretty sure to be something so objectionably pretentious and hollow, that one would rather have thrown his influence in favor of an honest and unaspiring administration of the old-time "reading, writing, and arithmetic." Until the desideratum so clearly pointed out by Matthew Arnold, of supervision of the lower schools from the universities, comes to pass, such studies of educational method as this are of little use to "every parent and teacher." But certainly every college-bred mother, and every teacher of the higher order, ought to read it.

The paper on language study touches a subject of no wider importance than that on primary education; but much of it is a contribution, too important to be overlooked, to the most popular educational controversy of the day,— a controversy about which many people will read, who would not be interested in the other matters of the book. For these people, we quote:

"The moment arrives at last when the study of language must begin. This moment may to a certain extent be compared with that illustrious epoch in European history, when at the Renaissance of learning, classical Latin and Greek were re-discovered for the modern world. The extraordinary effect of this discovery may serve to prove the importance of language to thought. . . . Thus, although the material for the physical sciences existed in the same abundance then as now, these sciences failed to develop until after the Renaissance of classical learning. . . . The solitary labors of Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century had flickered like a taper in a vast cavern of darkness, and then failed for lack of air. The human brain could not advance in an analysis of the external world, until it had been disciplined and developed in its internal activity by training in language.

"But, at the present day, the educational value of the study of languages has begun to be seriously questioned."

"At the outset I would call attention to a fact which might seem self-evident, yet is generally overlooked in pedagogical discussions of the subject. This is, that the study of languages must be an extension, more or less complex, of the process of acquiring language — the highest physiological acquisition that distinguishes the human race from the lower animals. The method and educational results of such study are, therefore, primarily a physiological problem, and should be discussed by physiologists before they are handed over to pedagogues.

"The genesis of speech is one of the most extraordinary and mysterious phenomena in the history of mankind. It has always justly excited the astonishment and speculations of philosophers. . . . We are led to note the fundamental circumstance that speech implies a more extensive excitation of the brain than does any action performed without speech." Here follows a brief statement of the physiological action of the brain in originating the speech-idea. ". . . The genesis does not occur unless the supra-sensual, superadded convolutions of the brain have attained the highest degree of development, and this is why no animal but man is able to speak.

"When any one learns the terms of a fully developed speech, or a baby learns his own language, the process is different. . . . The sound of the word, as bread, falls upon the air, and causes a peculiar vibration of the nerve running from the ear to the brain — the auditory nerve. This vibration is transmitted to a special locality of the brain, apparently the first temporo-sphenoidal convolution." If the child knows bread, and has learned to associate the sound with it, "then another process takes place in his brain. At the same time that the name is registered in this part of the brain, the receptacle for auditory impressions, a visual impression of the object is registered at another point — the cuneus, or posterior portion of the occipital lobes."

"When the two impressions have been registered in the brain . . . they may then be combined. Exactly how this combination is effected we do not know; but we can represent to ourselves that vibrations, similar to those of the auditory nerve, are transmitted along the fibers which connect these two points of the brain. When this happens, a secondary vibration is coincidently transmitted in another direction to the convolutions 'superadded' to the simplest ones that belong to the sense impressions. . . . The association of written signs with visual images and with auditory signs is obviously only an extension of the same process. . . . *It is plain, therefore, that to learn the name of a thing, and to learn how to use this name, involves much more mental action than is required simply to acquire sense perceptions about it.* The name, moreover, constitutes an important rise above the level of sense perceptions, and marks the initiation of a process that is to lead to all abstract thought.

"The second step in this process is taken when the name of a single object is generalized to others so as to form a class. . . . In the act of extending an individual name to a class, the little child passes out of the animal world into the human world; he becomes a rational being. For this reason some thinkers, as Professor Harris, have held that the possession is not only the sign of the soul, but the demonstration of its immortality. Whether this be so or not, the possession is none the less marvelous.

"When verbal signs have once become associated with objects, it is possible for the mind to occupy itself exclusively with them, and altogether to disregard the objects. It is as with signs of number, with whose aid most complicated operations can be performed by the mathematician, which would be quite impossible if he were obliged to handle the concrete material objects to which these signs originally re-

ferred. . . . Thus the fundamental fact in the acquisition of language is that it rouses the activity of the highest centers of the brain — the ideal or concept centers, without whose functions all knowledge of the external world must remain as isolated groups of sense impressions. Language is essential to all but the simplest forms of thought."

"The acquisition of foreign languages modifies the cerebral processes just described, by rendering them even more subtle and complicated." A physiological explanation of the brain-processes, with diagrams, follows here. "Impressions are immensely multiplied, and the mind becomes accustomed to take cognizance of such subtle differentiations that its delicacy of perception is indefinitely increased. The capacity to appreciate subtle distinctions, more subtle than those existing in nature outside the mind, is essential to scientific work. It is also essential to a high grade of ethical culture. Not unjustly have language studies been entitled 'Humanities'; for it is the grade of mental development which they foster that is necessary for the harmonious and finely equitable maintenance of social relations. Without this culture, the study of the external world, even if successfully pursued — which is rarely the case — is liable to have a materializing and even brutalizing effect."

Comparing language and arithmetic: language signs "bring the mind much nearer to the infinite variety of nature than does mathematics. The abstractions of language prepare for the copious details of natural science and of practical life; the abstractions of mathematics, though essential to the scientific manipulation of these details, are liable, if uncorrected, to unfit the mind for their assimilation. Mathematical training facilitates the working of the syllogism; but language training tends much better to facilitate the discovery of the premises."

Compared with physical science: "Physical science consists of two parts: 1st, the acquisition of sense impressions through contact with external phenomena. 2d, the collation comparison, and classification of these impressions, reasoning upon them, and establishment of the laws of phenomena. The first process collects the raw material of science. But it is the second process that creates science out of its raw material. Science is not nature, but the product of the mind acting upon nature. . . . Words are the first products of the action of the mind upon nature. . . . Thus, language is the earliest and most perfect type of science."

"Now, it is quite impossible permanently to choose, as some people seem to imagine, between study of words and study of things, after the very first steps have been taken. The habit of handling abstractions, if not exactly essential to the simplest perceptions, is essential to all thought about these perceptions. It is essential also to all perceptions beyond the simplest and most obvious."

Coming to the question of particular languages, Doctor Jacobi holds it essential to study several, by comparative methods. "Nor is it necessary to dwell on the vulgar error which would distinguish Latin and Greek as dead languages, and hence less useful than modern dialects which may possibly be spoken. To an English speaking person of any culture, Latin and Greek are far more living than Spanish, or Portuguese, or Dutch, all spoken languages. As Professor Harris remarks, we are still living in the midst of Roman civilization."

"The inferences demanded of the child in translating Latin are simply the type of mental acts that are to be demanded of him all his life, and constitute an excellent preparation for these. The logical value of French and German is so much less, because precise knowledge of construction and inflection is unnecessary to the interpretation, and the general similarity to English renders much narrower the space traversed by the mind to reach the point of view of the foreign consciousness. . . . When a person, habituated to one form of construction, learns to understand fluently, to think, and still more to speak under another form, the functional grouping of these brain regions must be changed. . . This change, like all changes for nervous tissues, constitutes an immense stimulus and excitation, proportioned to the extent of the change. To consciousness, the mind seems to have traversed a certain space to place itself at the new point of view. The physical basis of this consciousness is the space occupied by the nerve fibers of the brain, which propagate vibrations from one convolution to another."

"The special value of the study of Latin over the modern languages may now, in answer to our question, be categorically stated.

"1. No European language, and no European history or philosophy, apart perhaps from the Slavonic and Scandinavian groups, can be understood without knowledge of Latin.

"2. Least of all can English language, philosophy, or history be understood, since the language is simply a combination of Anglo-Saxon and Latin, in which Latin considerably predominates, and Rome is indelibly impressed upon English history, thought, and institutions.

"3. In the study of words, which should initiate the child into the study of language, the Latin roots are best fitted for beginning, on account of their familiarity, conspicuousness, simplicity, and ready manipulation.

"4 The Latin grammar is the most perfect grammar of Europe, and should alone be used to teach grammatical principles, selected in the order of their natural comprehensibility to the developing mind.

"5. The construction of the Latin language as a whole compels the translation of the modern mind into a form of consciousness sufficiently remote from its own to necessitate a great change in the general

synthesis of cerebral activity. The same is true of Greek."

These extracts give the merest suggestion of the force of the reasoning, when read in full, and leave untouched a number of its points. The value of the specific details of Latin method is considerably less, because these are things that can be established only by experiment with pupils. For instance, the general principle that language study should come early, and be in great part out of the way and disposed of in time for other things, would, we think, be assented to by the best teachers; that children should learn to speak German simultaneously with English, to read it at six or seven ("a dozen lessons should suffice"), should begin Latin and French reading at seven, Latin grammar at nine, Greek between ten and twelve, and by fourteen or sixteen ("The effect on mental development and training is to be obtained, if at all, by the age of fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen"), be ready to start highly equipped upon the other studies of a general curriculum, — this is a specific scheme that experience might considerably modify. We understand that the little botanist of the "Experiment in Primary Education" has not thus far tested the value of the language-period—the seventh to the fourteenth year — in her education.

Three Views of Mexico.

WHEN an essayist, an artist, and a woman have set down their views of a country, there is little further about it that one would wish to know. Of course the account of the essayist is more prosaic, of the woman more poetic, and of the artist, more full of dramatic force.

All, however, have approached their subject with such freshness and light-heartedness that each of the volumes is of more than usual interest. There is no attempt on the part of the essayist and the artist to do serious work. Their books are accounts of vacation tours, and their jottings down are those of the superficial and casual observer.

The woman's intention is more serious. The studies of government are carefully made, and there is an honest effort to interpret truthfully the real spirit of Mexican life. If the accounts of the others are to be trusted, she has placed too much stress on the genius of the Mexican for government, and is too hopeful for the future of the republic.

Mr. Warner's view,— and Mr. Warner is a careful reporter,— is that the present government is republican only in name. He is particularly impressed with the utter hopelessness of arousing in the Mexican the feeling that it is from him the government derives its powers, and to him that it must look for their extension or limitation. The lower class Mexican not only does not expect but does not want to have a hand in his governing. All that he cares for is to be let alone.

All three of the parties traveled over the same well beaten roads, and from the similarity of their accounts one gathers the suspicion that they traveled with the same guide book,— probably Janvier's. Mr. Warner's work is done with less care than he usually displays; but his humor is as bright and his touch as deft as in the days when he had his reputation yet to make.

Few books published within the year have been so daintily artistic as *A White Umbrella in Mexico*. Its wide margins, æsthetic cover, and unusual illustrations are each a delight to the eye of a book-lover, and, unlike most books so profusely illustrated, the text is of more than usual interest. Some of the character drawing shows deep insight into human nature, and the Bohemian carelessness of the point of view, the sunny humor, and evident intention of making something good out of even the worst phases of Mexican life, make this as pleasant a volume as one would wish with which to while away an idle hour.

On Horseback in Virginia, etc. With Mexican Notes. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

A White Umbrella in Mexico, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Mexico — Picturesque, Political, and Progressive, by Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

THE two chief characteristics of the Semitic race, the religious and the commercial, were represented in the earliest times by the Jews and the Phœnicians. Coming from "Ur of the Chaldees," that starting point of so many of the races of western Asia, the latter dwelt along the eastern shores of the Mediterranean for a thousand years, and were then absorbed into the surrounding nations, leaving scarcely a trace of their existence in the land that had known them so long. But their influence was not confined to the land they lived in; indeed, it was probably the most widely diffused of all the nations of antiquity. The commercial instinct was strong in them, and perhaps a love of adventure also urged them on. Be the cause what it may, they ventured forth in their frail boats, battling with the stormy waters of the Mediterranean, and even braving the unknown wastes of the Atlantic at a time when superstition peopled that region with nameless dangers. Their commercial enterprises were extensive, and their colonies covered three sides of the Mediterranean, besides including a number of the important islands. But they were a commercial rather than a warlike people, and in those days of strife their prosperity soon attracted the avarice of their more warlike neighbors. The Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans each in turn conquered them, until their identity was lost. Their story is vividly and inter-

estingly told by Prof. George Rawlinson[1], whose familiarity with the entire history of the period permits him to indulge in sufficient generalization without obscurity. The discussion on the religion of Baal might have been made clearer for young readers, or omitted; as it stands, it is a trifle obscure.

Briefer Notice.

Invalids and those who desire to preserve good health in a suitable climate, will find very useful Dr. James's book on *American Resorts*.[2] The ground covered is so wide that only a short paragraph can be devoted to any separate point, but enough is given to characterize distinctly the peculiarities of each resort. Under "Pacific Coast" are noticed San Diego, Coronado Beach, Monterey, Santa Barbara, and other southern watering places, but no mention is made of any point in the State north of San Francisco. The last chapter is devoted to a translation from the German of those chapters of Woeikof's valuable treatise on "*Klimate der Erde*," which relate to North and South America, and the contiguous islands and oceans. A careful index makes it possible to refer at once to any particular point desired.—— To meet on familiar terms the famous men of other countries is one of the greatest pleasures of the traveler; and of the itinerants who travel with note books in their hands, those will give us the most interesting books of travel who have enjoyed the widest contact with the great minds of the countries through which they have journeyed. Mr. Wright was, in this respect, a peculiarly favored traveler, and, as a consequence, there is a deeper tone running through his book[3] than is generally found in the necessarily superficial impressions of a stranger. Setting out with the idea of observing every country in which an Aryan people have established civil government, he passes in succession through all the great governments of Europe, and winds up in the antipodes, with a description of the life, manners, and politics of Australia and New Zealand. The purpose of the book is political and social, rather than descriptive. The peculiarities of manners and governments all through this great range of territory are pictured with a fidelity and accuracy that show a mind more than usually keen in observation, and skilled in the distinction between important and unimportant details. Altogether, it is much above the ordinary book of travels, and will prove of interest and value to the historian.—— Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's reputation and experience as a politician, using that term in its best sense, make everything he may write on the subject of politics or political methods interesting. His *Essays on Practical Politics*,[4] which were originally published in *The Century*, are drawn from his three terms of service in the New York legislature, and from his struggles in the New York city elections. The first essay, Phases of State Legislation, is a pen picture of life at Albany, and, with the label changed, might very well describe our own Sacramento legislative body. We see the same ignorant and vicious foreign contingent from the large city, the same narrow-minded but honest representation from the interior. Machine politics in New York city is the same old story of bossism that curses all our great municipalities. Mr. Roosevelt offers no special remedy for these evils, but, in a short preface, in answer to some of his critics, he suggests that no one remedy will do, but that the main evils will disappear and are disappearing with the gradual improvement in the moral ideas of the average voter.—— *The Centennial of a Revolution*[5] is a somewhat disjointed discussion of the revolution suggested by the centennial celebration of 1887. The author's ideas are decidedly misty and obscure. He has evidently read very extensively on his subject, but has not profited by his reading. His style is decidedly flippant. It may be good taste, but we doubt it, to refer to Thomas Jefferson as "Tom" Jefferson, and to the late Professor Pomeroy as "that ancient fossil." The closing paragraph is characteristic of the book: "By rushing onward in the battle of ideas we place ourselves in solidarity with revolutionists everywhere; with those who in Europe call themselves the International — the Party of the Revolution. Revolution anywhere and everywhere. . . . We are all 'men without a country.' Let them come along: the Communist, the Anarchist, the Socialist, or whatever else! We are all in the swim! *Vogue la galére!* Let her go, Gallagher! *Vive la Commune!*" The book is not worth reading.—— "Good Company" is a happy selection for the name of the series now to be reviewed. In that series are published a choice collection of essays from pleasant and entertaining essayists. The books are neatly bound in red cloth, are printed on good paper, and in fair type. They are as cheap as the ordinary paper covered book, fifty cents, are just as convenient, and can

[1] The Story of Phœnicia, by George Rawlinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: 1889. For sale by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco. Price $1.50.

[2] American Resorts. With notes upon their climates. By Bushrod W. James, A. M., M. D. Philadelphia and London. F. A. Davis: 1889.

[3] People and Countries Visited in a Winding Journey Around the World. By O. W. Wright, A. M., M. D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[4] Essays on Practical Politics. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Questions of the Day, No. XLIX. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[5] The Centennial of a Revolution. An address by a Revolutionist. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[6] The Wishing-Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt. Good Company Series. Boston: Lee and Shephard. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

be preserved for future reading. Among the number are *The Wishing-Cap Papers*, by Leigh Hunt; *Fireside Saints and Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk*, by Douglas Jerrold, *Dreamthorp* by Alexander Smith, and *The Lover* and other papers by Richard Steele. *Broken Lights* and *Religious Duty*, of the same series, both by Frances Power Cobbe, are discussions, the former on the present condition and future prospects of religious faith in England, the latter, as indicated by the name, upon religious duty. *A Physician's Problems* is a valuable series of studies in heredity and other social questions.——Far better than most of the authors who have had their writings dissected for use in "birthday books" does Holmes lend himself to the operation. His writings are voluminous and varied, and better yet for the purpose, so filled with bright, humorous, and sententious utterances that 365 quotable passages were not hard to find.[1] The compiler has done his work well, and the publishers have given it a dainty dress and many charming landscape bits for illustrations.——A second edition of Lucia Norman's *History of California*[2] is issued by the Bancrofts, brought down to date by T. E. The same conservativeness that is characteristic of the book is maintained by the reviser, and the statements of the present condition of the State strike an ear familiar with "boom" literature as rather tame. This is to the credit of the book, and yet there are times when it is carried too far, as for instance when the yearly output of wine in the State is placed at ten million gallons. Good authorities double that estimate. We can but feel that too dark a picture is given of the character of society, even of the Vigilance Committee times. True, there were scoundrels, many and organized, there was lawlessness, gambling and vice of all sorts, but by the side of all this there was a great mass of men that were honest, industrious and strong, the men that laid deep and firm the foundations of the commonwealth.——A very valuable thing it is to have many people instructed in a plain and practical way what to do in the many emergencies that are always liable to happen. Of the many handbooks on this subject that have been printed, few or none deserve to outrank Doctor Butler's work.[3] It is to be commended for what it leaves out, all that is not perfectly practical in real cases, and the instructions are so brief as well as simple that they cling in the memory, and will help in accidents where books are as unattainable as doctors. Wounds, burns, broken bones, poisons, apparent drowning, and many other matters are treated of, and illustrations and a good index serve to make the information available.

Fireside Saints, Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk, and Other Papers. By Douglas Jerrold. *Ibid.*

Dreamthorp. By Alexander Smith. *Ibid.*

The Lover, and Other Papers. By Richard Steele. *Ibid.*

Broken Lights. An Inquiry into the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Religious Faith. By Frances Power Cobbe. *Ibid.*

Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. *Ibid.*

[1] The Holmes Birthday Book. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] A Popular History of California. By Lucia Norman. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged by T. E. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1889.

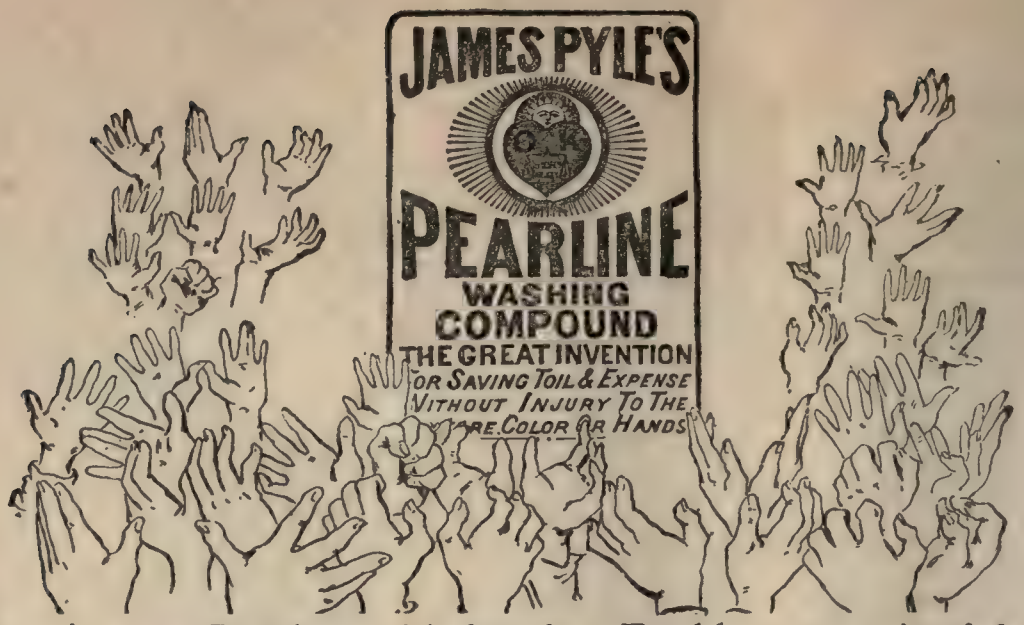
[3] Emergency Notes. By Glentworth R. Butler, A. M., M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1889.

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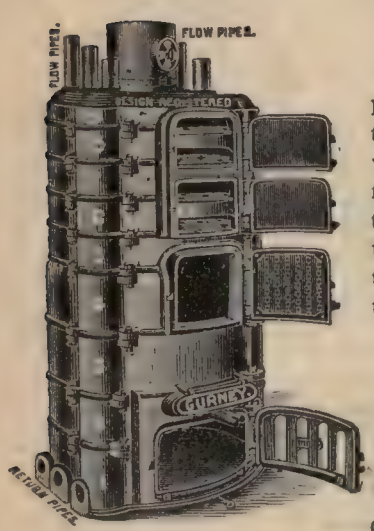
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Local Agents and Dealers must sell you an inferior Instrument or charge you double what we ask.

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4 lb. Family or Store Scale,	$1.00
$65.00 Sewing Machine,	18.00
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And 1000 other useful articles in same proportion. Catalogue free.

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SOLID GOLD SPECTACLES $3.50

Eye-Glasses same price. Set with our celebrated "DIAMANTA" lenses, usual price $5.00. Upon receipt of $3.50, we will send a pair of our **Solid Gold Spectacles or Eye-Glasses.** Send us your old glasses by mail, we'll take your exact size from them and return them with the new ones. Upon request we will send you a mailing-box so you can safely mail us your old glasses. If your old glasses don't suit, or if you have never worn glasses, we will furnish free a measure for testing your eyesight exactly. This method of fitting eyes never fails. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This offer for a limited time only. It is intended solely to introduce the goods for our wholesale trade.

M. ZINEMAN & BRO., Opticians, 130 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sole Manufacturers.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Gold Medal, Paris, 1878.
The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604, 351, 170, and his other styles,
Sold throughout the World.



IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

THIS ORIGINAL AND WORLD RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION is a Substance of UNRIVALLED PURITY and MEDICINAL WORTH. A solid extract derived by a new process from very superior growths of Wheat—nothing more.

IT HAS JUSTLY ACQUIRED THE REPUTATION OF BEING

A STANDARD DIETETIC PREPARATION,

And has been recommended and certified to by a large number of Chemists and Physicians, representing a very high degree of medical science, as

THE SALVATOR FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED,

A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVERS,

AND A RELIABLE REMEDIAL AGENT in all DISEASES of the STOMACH and INTESTINES, (often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the Granum was the only thing the stomach would tolerate when life seemed depending on its retention), and, while it is AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT FOR THE GROWTH AND PROTECTION OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN, we do not hesitate in saying, that no food for the nursling can at all compare with a healthy mother's yield of milk; when, however, the mother's milk is insufficient, either in quantity or in nutritive substance—the IMPERIAL GRANUM is, as has been proved in thousands of cases,

THE SAFEST FOOD.

Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition THAT WHICH MAKES STRONG BONE AND MUSCLE, THAT WHICH MAKES GOOD FLESH AND BLOOD, THAT WHICH IS EASY OF DIGESTION, NEVER CONSTIPATING, THAT WHICH IS KIND AND FRIENDLY TO THE BRAIN, and THAT WHICH ACTS AS A PREVENTIVE OF THOSE INTESTINAL DISORDERS INCIDENTAL TO CHILDHOOD. And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in food or dessert more creamy and delicious, or more nourishing and strengthening as an aliment in

Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Gastritis, Dyspepsia and General Debility,

Its rare medicinal excellence in all intestinal diseases, especially in

CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, CHRONIC DIARRHŒA and CHOLERA INFANTUM

HAS BEEN INCONTESTABLY PROVEN.

Sold by Druggists. **JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.**

CHICO VECINO.

Chico Vecino presents such lovely scene,
That to be admired *needs* but to be seen;
And seen but once enamored of the place,
We first admire, then covet, *then purchase.*

In a previous article in the Overland, we have endeavored without too much coloring to present the claim of *Chico Vecino* upon the consideration of those who are seeking homes or investment, whether they be Californian or Eastern people; and in doing so again, while we may reiterate some statements made in said article, we will endeavor to offer some new facts worthy of consideration.

As the name implies, (vecino means neighbor) *Chico Vecino* is designed to be a neighbor to the beautiful city of *Chico*, Butte Co., California, and adjoins it on the north, simply the barns, building, and a small part of the orchard of the Rancho Chico intervening.

Chico Vecino comprises over 1,000 acres, and is of the choicest part of the famous Rancho Chico of General John Bidwell, and we do not exaggerate when we say that no better land can be found within the State of California.



BRANCH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CHICO, BUTTE CO., CAL.

General Bidwell, the proprietor of Rancho Chico and Chico Vecino, was one of the earliest pioneers to the State, having come here in 1841; and during years of service in the employ of General Sutter and the Government, and in which service he was called upon to traverse at different times the entire State, from Oregon to Southern California; he was furnished unusual facilities for determining where the garden spots lay.

While surveying and mapping this section, in 1844, his attention was particularly attracted by the fertility and beauty of the locality, and in 1848 he secured the Rancho del Arroyo Chico by purchase from one William Dickey, who held it under a Mexican grant.

The title has since been confirmed in John Bidwell by United States patent and decisions of the highest courts.

Possessing this rich body of land, General Bidwell has built up a magnificent property, which is an omnipresent tribute to his ability, progressiveness, and taste.

To assure one's self of the productive ability of *Chico Vecino*, one has but to view the orchards of thrifty bearing fruit trees, noble shade trees, and the magnificent groves of oak surrounding it.

Chico Vecino is divided principally into twenty-acre blocks with five-acre subdivisions; but a small portion has been divided into lots 90x200 feet suitable for building purposes, where a person only wants a residence, and does not wish to indulge in the fruit or other industry.

All of the semi-tropical and many of the tropical fruits can be produced here, and in abundance, and the season just passed has added another link to the chain of evidence in that regard. Three-year-old peach trees have borne as high as one hundred pounds to the tree, and six-year-old peach and apricot trees have borne as much as two hundred pounds per tree.

Other fruit trees, such as cherry, apple, pear, plum, prune, fig, persimmon, pomegranate, and the nut trees, bear proportionately well, and seem to have found here their natural home.

Nearly all varieties of berries, vegetables, melons, etc., vie with fruit trees for supremacy as regards quantity and quality.

A failure of the fruit crop, or a total failure of any of the grain crops, has never been known in this section.

No irrigation is practiced on the Rancho Chico or Chico Vecino, for the growth of fruit trees, and but little for vegetables, and that only during the summer months; Dame Nature so generously consulting our interests and supplying us with copious rainfalls at the proper season, the average ranging from eighteen to twenty-four inches per year.

Owing to the precocity of trees in this section an orchard may be brought into bearing in a short time, peaches and apricots invariably bearing in two years from planting, and cherry, pear, plum, apple, and other trees from three years on.

The nature of the soil in CHICO VECINO — a rich, sandy loam — makes it possible to reduce the cost of cultivation to the least possible minimum, and thorough cultivation does away with any necessity for irrigation.

There is a first-class nursery on the Rancho Chico, and intending orchardists can be supplied with first-class trees, thoroughly acclimated, of a vigorous, healthy growth, and free from insect pests.

Large quantities of these trees are shipped from this nursery every season to different parts of the State, there being a large demand for them, owing to their superior quality.

The approximate cost of preparing the ground, planting an orchard, cultivating, pruning, and bringing it to a three years' growth, is from $60 to $75 per acre, at which time it will begin to bring in an income.

The market facilities for products of CHICO VECINO, and which apply to this vicinity generally, are good, there being a good local market; a large cannery in successful operation on the Rancho Chico, immediately adjoining CHICO VECINO, and which yearly consumes large quantities of fruit; excellent transportation facilities for Eastern green fruit shipping on the California and Oregon, and Northern Pacific, and the Central and Union Pacific railroads and a dry summer

climate free from summer showers, which enables, when necessity demands, a successful drying of fruits, without resort to artificial means so necessary in damper localities.

The facilities afforded for freight traffic apply in equal force to passenger traffic, there being two passenger trains each way per day, carrying mail and express, one train being the Overland from San Francisco, East, via Portland, Tacoma, and the Northern Pacific.

Chico and CHICO VECINO are only 96 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State, and 186 miles from San Francisco, the "hub" of the Pacific Coast.

In the matter of climate Chico Vecino is also favored, there being no better winter climate in the State.

Here we are blessed with an entire immunity from cyclones, blizzards, and extreme cold weather, which even while we write is the order of the day in most of the Eastern and Atlantic States, causing the wreck of thousands of dollars' worth of property and the loss of many lives. The temperature is of such a kindly nature that oranges and lemons thrive abundantly, and are even at this early date—Dec. 10th—ripening, and door-yard plants still bud and blossom to brighten and cheer our homes, and will continue so to do the entire year.

We would again call attention to the educational advantages to be afforded residents in Chico Vecino, by the excellent public and private schools located in Chico, and the Normal School to be opened in the summer of 1889.

The magnificent building dedicated to this purpose has been erected and enclosed this fall, and will be carried on to completion as rapidly as possible.

Excellent churches may also be found in Chico, representing seven denominations; the leading secret societies are represented, and a free reading room and library invites to culture and entertainment.

Summing it all up, we believe Chico Vecino to be an eminently desirable place to locate, to establish luxurious, happy, and profitable homes.

Maps, descriptive matter, prices, etc., furnished upon application, by

CAMPER & COSTAR, Agents,

CHICO, BUTTE COUNTY, CAL.





ITS INVARIABLE RESULTS OF OVER TWO YEARS' TEST NOW WARRANT THE FOLLOWING:

$10 "GUARANTEE" $10

UTICA, JUNE 1st, 1889.

On and after six months from date, on presentation of this certificate by mail or otherwise, We Promise to Pay to

the sum of Ten Dollars,

provided will make affidavit required by us that has thoroughly used the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher according to instructions at least once a day for a period of six months, and that teeth do not show improvement in perfect condition, lustre, smoothness, whiteness or cleanliness.

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ITS ECONOMY: Felt Polishers (18 boxed) 25c. Holders for same in bone or horn, imperishable and ornamental, 35c. In oxydized silver, very handsome, 50c. All dealers, or mailed by

The Horsey Mfg. Co., Utica, N. Y.

Latest Parisian Novelty

INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF THE

ORIZA-PERFUMERY OF

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ESS. ORIZA SOLID PERFUMES

12 delightful, concrete Perfumes IN THE FORM OF Pencils and Pastilles

To Perfume any article agreeably and instantaneously simply rub the pencel or pastille of solid Perfums upon them lightly.



LIST OF SOLID PERFUMES:

Violette du Czar.
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Héliotrope blanc.
Lilas de Mai.
New Mown hay.
Oriza lys.
Jockey-Club Bouquet.
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"What! Corns and Bunions all gone?"

"Yes, I am happy to say, through the merits of **Hanson's Magic Corn Salve** I can now walk with ease."

HANSON'S MAGIC CORN SALVE.

If your druggist does not keep it, do not let him convince you that some imitation is just as good; send by mail to W. T. HANSON & Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Every box is warranted to cure, or money refunded.

Price 15 and 25 cents.

DURKEE'S

GAUNTLET BRAND

SELECT SPICES & MUSTARD.

SOLD ONLY IN FULL WEIGHT SEALED PACKAGES.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and warranted to excel all others in strength, richness, flavor and cleanliness.



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A Practical Household Journal.

Now in its 16th year, well established, tried and true, as attested by a constituency of over Three Hundred Thousand Readers. The publishers, desirous of extending its influence into half a million homes, offer



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For **ONLY 10 CENTS** (Silver or stamps.)

10 cts. will secure SIX NUMBERS of this charming periodical (all different), each copy equal in size, quality and amount of reading matter, etc., to other illustrated papers that cost 10 cts. a copy or $4.00 per year.

The LADIES HOME COMPANION stands without a peer in literary excellence, typographical beauty, suggestive illustrations and helpful advice for every department of home life. It is beautifully illustrated, printed on fine, cream-tinted paper, and has a more brilliant array of contributors than ever before, consisting of

8 Regular Editors and Scores of Eminent Writers,

Whose facile pens will furnish **Short and Continued Stories** of absorbing interest, while all branches of household economy that can possibly come within the good housewife's province will be ably treated.

PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPING. This department is a well-spring of valuable suggestions for every branch of housekeeping, including a large variety of tested recipes, and how to prepare them at the least expense, in dainty and appetizing forms; also, hints for table decorations, methods of work, etc.

FANCY WORK. DECORATIONS. These departments give elegant illustrations and plain directions showing how to make all kinds of fancy work, embroideries, needlework, crocheting, knitting; also suggestions for ornamenting rooms, etc.; arranging and decorating furniture, curtains, etc., so that homes my be adorned with taste, and made attractive with little or no outlay.

FASHIONS, Or, WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT. Artistic illustrations are always found in this department, with descriptions of the newest and latest Styles and Novelties in Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Hats, Bonnets and other garments, with directions that enable one to dress well and economically.

MOTHERS find the portion devoted to them invaluable, and filled with a wide range of helpful suggestions obtained from practical experience relating to a mother's duties.

FLOWERS. The Foral Department is a treasure to the amateur florist and all who love flowers, with grand illustrations, like all other portions of this delightful periodical.

OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN. The Ladies Home Companion aims to keep women informed in reference to those things that wives, mothers and single women are doing to earn money, while in all its departments it is the most complete, most readable and

Most Fascinating Ladies Paper Published.

TOILET.—Recipes and hints for care of hands, face, teeth, eyes, hair, etc., color and harmony in dress, etc.

ETIQUETTE at home and abroad, at the table and on the street, at public gatherings, etc.

CHILDREN'S CORNER sparkles with interesting sketches and splendid stories for wide-awake boys and girls, while an opportunity is given to develop their mental powers by solving puzzles, charades, enigmas, etc., for which prizes are offered.

DEPORTMENT.—Rules, usages and ceremonies of good society, letter writing, good manners, the art of conversing well, accomplishments, home training.

SEASONABLE BILLS OF FARE are given, with plain directions for the economical preparation of healthful, nourishing and palatable dishes, with hints for serving, arrangement of table, reception of guests, etc., etc. Also menu for parties, teas, receptions, Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners.

So popular have our publications become that more than a million people read them regularly.

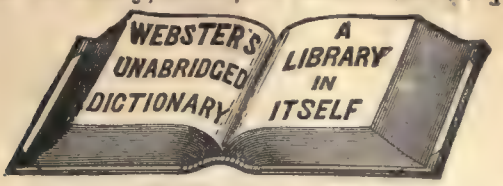
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JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 210 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.



HOW TO MAKE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with **fair faces** are deficient in beauty owing to **undeveloped figures, flat busts,** etc., which can be remedied by

ADIPO-MALENE.

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement. Send **6c.** in stamps for a descriptive circular, and receive "Beauty," a Monograph, with testimonials, sealed, by *return mail.* **Sold by druggists.**

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND.



Original, best, only genuine and reliable pill for sale. Never Fail. **Ask** for *Chichester's English* **Diamond Brand,** in **red** metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. **At Druggists. Accept no other.** All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are **a dangerous counterfeit.** Send **4c.** (stamps) for particulars and **"Relief for Ladies,"** in *letter,* by **return** mail. **10,000 testimonials** from **LADIES** who have used them. Name Paper.

Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

Does your Linen look like this?



"Aches and Pains I'll fear no More!!"

is what a lady said after using an

EMPIRE WRINGER!

"It works so easy I do my work in *half the time* it took with my old wringer, SAVES MY CLOTHES, and doesn't tire me out.' IT WRINGS DRYER, WEARS LONGER AND IS THE ONLY WRINGER WHICH DOES NOT HAVE THE CRANK ATTACHED TO EITHER ROLL, *it is constructed in this way to save labor. It is warranted against defects, requires no oil and never rusts.* ☞ Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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Or Spotted with oil and rust, or Torn (all through a Poor Wringer) like this?

FAT — **MADE** — **LEAN**

CORPUS LEAN

Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs. per month without **injury to health.** Send **6c.** in stamps for sealed circulars covering testimonials. **L. E. Marsh Co., 2315 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.**

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

Simply **stopping** the **fat**-producing effects of food. The supply being stopped, the natural working of the system draws on the fat and *reduces weight* **at once.** **Sold by all Druggists.**

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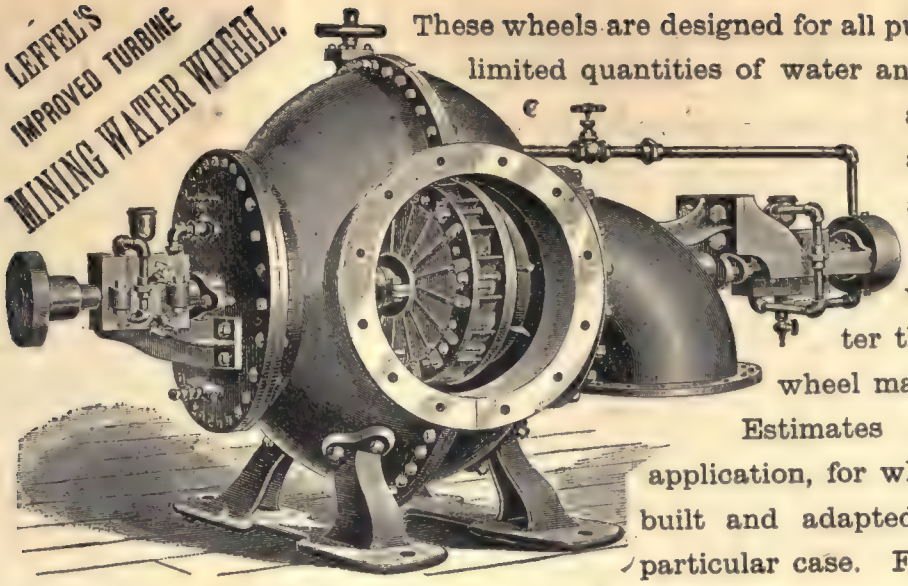
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THE FINEST LAUNDRY SOAP IN THE MARKET. Washes without rubbing, and does not injure the clothes. The Largest Family Washing in the city can be done in three to four hours. A girl of twelve years of age can do a washing with this soap.

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THE SHEPHERDS OF IRELAND were healers of the sick, and they have transmitted, from generation to generation, their knowledge of the healing art, and of the curative powers of certain combinations of HERBS, and the name of "SARSFIELD" is famous in the annals of that country. These facts are familiar to all readers of Irish history.

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SARSFIELD'S REMEDY FOR THE BLOOD.—A specific for maladies arising from disordered Liver Kidneys, Constipation, Malaria, Blood Poisoning, Scrotula, Salt Rheum, and troubles coming from blood impurities.

PRICE $1.00 PER BOTTLE.

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And a host of others whose testimonials we have.

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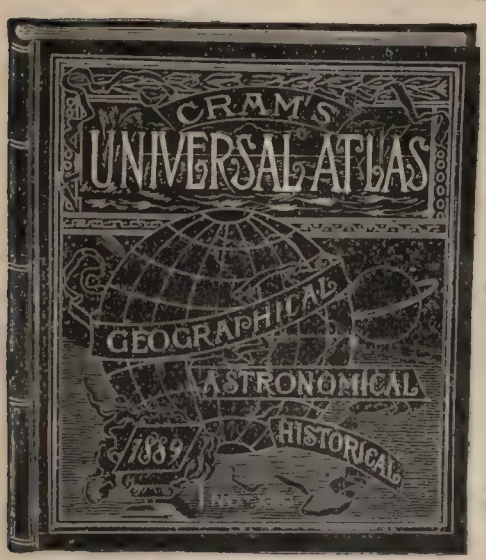
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This beautiful 12 inch globe, patented brass monutings, nickle plated, the base of cherry, mahogany, walnut or ash, making a handsome ornament for centre table or revolving stand, furnished with a copy of Cram's Universal Atlas of the World, bound in cloth, containing 28 maps, for $15 00. Safely packed for shipment.

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IN ITALY

SAPOLIO

Before they got Sapolio, the proverb ran—"The pan says to the pot, Keep off or you'll smutch me."

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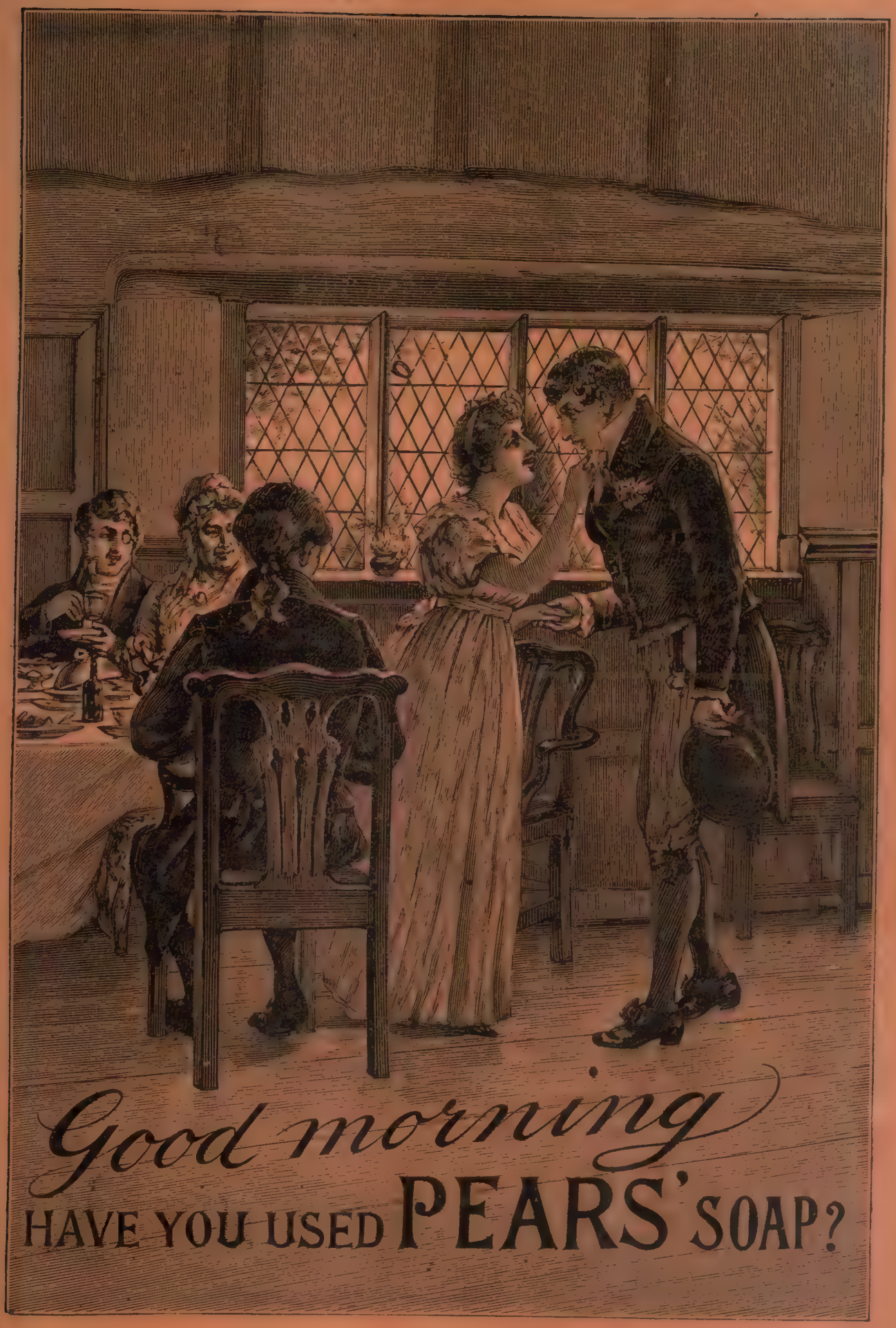
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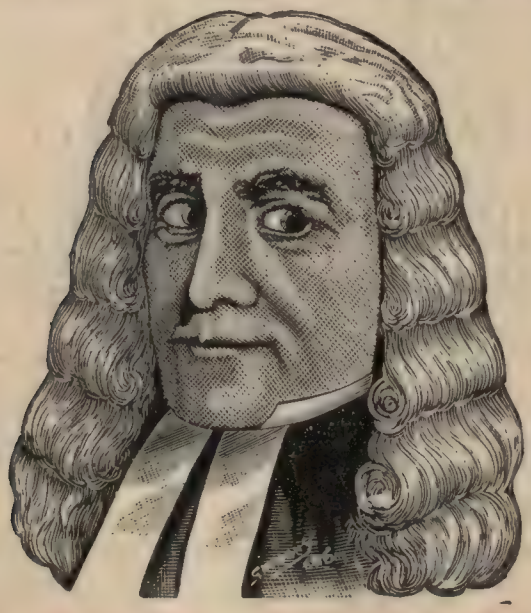
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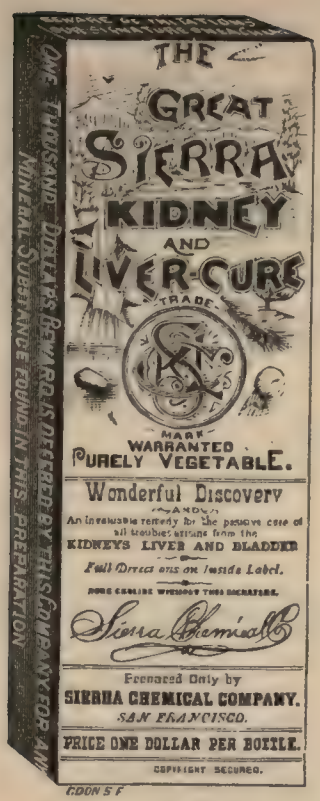
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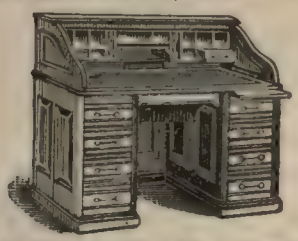
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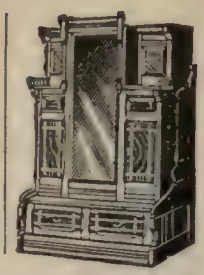
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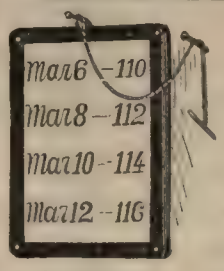
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THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV. (SECOND SERIES.)—OCTOBER, 1889.—NO. 82.

PHIL. SHERIDAN'S FIRST FIGHT.



UPPER CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA.

Photo by Watkins.

THE comparatively recent death of General Sheridan lends an interest to any event in which he was prominently concerned, and here it is purposed to give an account of the first fight he was in that approached the dignity of a battle. He had been with Major Rains in his expedition against the Yakinas in the fall of 1855, had been under fire a few times, but had never seen a soldier killed. Previous to that he had had some scouting experience in Texas, where he was stationed after his graduation at West Point in 1853, and had led a small party from Lassen to Fort Vancouver, seeing many Indians, more or less hostile, but having no fight with them. But in 1856 occurred the fight here to be related.

1855 and 1856 were troubled years in

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LIEUTENANT SHERIDAN.

Sketch from the engraving in Memoirs.—Chas. L. Webster & Co.

the extreme Northwest. Oregon and more particularly Washington Territory were then but sparsely settled by whites, and these were in serious danger from the attacks of the Columbia River Indians, the confederated tribes of the Yakimas, Klikitats, and other bands. Of course there was provocation enough to rouse the hatred of the Indians, and the medicine men of these tribes, especially Kamiakin, medicine man of the Yakimas, had incited their followers to avenge their wrongs, relating the constant encroachments on the Indian lands, and the inevitable fate of the red man if he remained passive, assuring them that the "medicine" was all in the direction of war, and that through its potency warriors would be invulnerable to the bullets of the white men. It is the old story of Indian wars told again and again across the whole breadth of the continent.

In March, 1856, the situation was something like this: The tribes mentioned were openly on the warpath. Nearly all settlers were driven from the outlying claims to the towns and blockhouses in all the region from Puget Sound to the Snake River. Two expeditions, aggregating some 1,700 men, were maneuvering against the Yakimas on the Upper Columbia. To these expeditions had been gathered not only all the soldiers, except a handful here and

there left on garrison duty, but as volunteers, most of the fighting material among the settlers of the Columbia and Willamette valleys. The last contingent to join these expeditions had left the Columbia River towns but a few days before the fight. It was little suspected that the Indians in face of these warlike preparations would venture to leave the interior where they were comparatively safe, to attack a town on the Columbia River itself, far in the rear of the expeditions, and on the great highway of the traffic of the time. Portland though largely drained of its young men, had material enough for several home companies in case of need. At Fort Vancouver, Second Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan, Fourth Infantry, not yet three years out of West Point and as yet all unknown to the world, was in charge of the Fort, commander of a part of Company H, Fourth Infantry, and a number of dragoons, forty men in all. These had been left behind to inglorious ease, it was thought, while their comrades were in active service up the river.

Forty miles up the Columbia from Fort Vancouver are the Cascades, which as the scene of the fight must be more particularly described. The Cascades of the Columbia are a long series of rapids where the river is vexed by the remnant ledges of the Cascade Range, which it cuts through on its way to the sea. They extend over a space of about four and a half miles of the river's course, and constitute an absolute check to navigation, though it is on record that two or three times they have been "shot" by venturesome steamboat-men. Now government operations of great extent are cutting a channel that it is thought will be navigable, but up to 1856 all goods traversing the river had been portaged at that point. The Cascades have a fall of twenty-six feet in their entire length, and are known as the Lower, Middle, and Upper Cascades,— the latter being the greater fall and impassable. The other two are navigable, but only at a low stage of water.

Steamboats from Portland and Vancouver discharged at Lower Cascades



THE MAIN RAPIDS OF THE UPPER CASCADES.

From Photograph by Watkins

Their cargoes were transported in "Hudson Bay" batteaux, hauled by Indian crews along the banks of the river by tow lines, or by small schooners when the wind was strong, up to the end of the wooden railroad at the Middle Cascades. In 1856 the Bradford brothers, Daniel and Putnam, large owners at the place, were rebuilding this railroad of wooden rails from the Middle Cascades to the Upper Cascades, where the Bradfords had a store, and where there was a settlement of some eight or ten families, employees of the Bradfords. This railroad was first built in 1851, and is claimed to have been the first on the Pacific Coast. To complete it two bridges were in process of construction, one across a little cove to reach Bradford's store, through the lower story of which the road passed, there being no space to go to either side because the bluff is there so close to the river. The other was just beyond the store, to connect with a small island, on which a new and larger warehouse was in the early stages of construction. The store was cut into the bluff somewhat, and was commanded by a rounded hill back of it. At the Middle Cascades was a small blockhouse, known as "Fort Rains" or the "Middle Blockhouse," and garrisoned by Sergeant Kelly and eight men of Company H, Fourth Regiment, Sheridan's company. They had a small howitzer besides their muskets.

Forty miles up the river was the thriving town of The Dalles, from which on the 26th of March Colonel Wright departed with four companies of the Ninth Regiment, Company L, of the Third Artillery, and Company E of the First Dragoons, to join the expedition to the Yakima country already spoken of. The Ninth Regiment, surnamed in jocose spirit "the Shanghais," from their red cock's plumes and long legs, was a new regiment, recruited in New York on the increase of our regular army that resulted from the martial spirit awakened by the Mexican war. This was its first campaign. Twelve of these men had previously guarded the Upper Cascades settlement and had been withdrawn only two days before.



ONE OF BRADFORD'S LOCOMOTIVES AND CARS.

At the Cascades there were about

sixty Indians, the remnant of the Cascade tribe that Lewis and Clarke had noted as numbering two thousand. They were broken in spirit, degraded by contact with the whites ; were under special treaty promises to keep the peace, and in the charge of an Indian agent. The whites had noted a growing surliness in their behavior, and it was rumored that Yakima emissaries were tampering with them, but there was no tangible reason for immediate fear.

On the morning of March 26th, 1856, fifteen bridge makers were at work on the bridge leading to Bradford's store, and the other settlers were scattered at their usual vocations, when the first sign of danger came in a volley from some two hundred Indian rifles on the hill close above them. One bridge builder was killed and three wounded.

There was an immediate rush for the store as the most defensible point. All the bridge men but three reached it. These three, running the gauntlet down the track, caught up with the cars, cut the mules loose, and rode with the drivers for the blockhouse, which they all reached but little Jacob Kyle, a fifteen-year-old boy, who was shot from his mule close to the blockhouse.

A Mrs. Watkins, living near Bradford's, saw the Indians, and started, driving her little flock of children before her, for the store. Her brother was shot on the way. A big Indian, in his anxiety to get a good aim at her, exposed himself too much, and was dropped by a snap shot from the store, which was rapidly being prepared for defense.

This preparation was not so simple ; for the stairs to the second story were outside within plain view of the Indians and it was quite possible for them to have captured the upper floors, had they been bold enough to make a rush for the stair down a ladder that rested against the bluff. They did not, however, and a stove hole in the ceiling of the first story was soon enlarged enough to let the whites gain possession of the whole building,—two stories and an attic. Most of the firing was done from the attic, through loop-holes made by punching out a shingle. The arms of the settlers had been (providentially, it seemed) increased by nine army muskets with ammunition, left at the store by mistake that very morning.



THE UPPER CASCADES, (BRADFORD'S) LANDING.

The store is the center, to the left of it the bridge where the men were first fired on; to the right Watkin's place. back of the wooded bluff from which the Indians attacked

On the small island off the shore close at hand were three men when the attack began. Two of these jumped into the rushing river — one being shot through the arm and the leg — and swam to the bank and so reached the store. But Mr. Watkins, whose wife's narrow escape has been told, was badly wounded in the arm, and was left crouching behind some large stones on the shoreward bank of the

island, in plain sight and hearing of the people in the store but out of reach of help, although three several attempts were made to rescue him. He lay there for two whole days until the arrival of the troops. Several times he fainted and rolled down into the water. This revived him, and he could crawl back to his shelter. He died from exhaustion two days after the rescue. All the time his wife and children were in the store, and it was agonizing to hear the little ones asking if papa wouldn't come.

There was a small sawmill on Mill Creek about a mile from Bradford's. On the eventful Wednesday morning there were five men at work there, and Mrs. Brown, the newly married wife of one of them, lived near by. How the Indians came upon them has never been told, and never can be, for they were all killed. The body of Mrs. Brown was found in the creek afterward, and an Indian was taken with a long-haired scalp in his possession and a bloody spear. It is needless to say that his shrift was a short one.

Bradford's steamer Mary at the time of the attack was lying tied to the bank in the mouth of Mill Creek, about four hundred yards from the Bradford landing. Her boiler was empty, and no wood on board. At the first signs of hostility a number of men started for the steamer, closely followed by the Indians. The engineer, P. S. Buckminster, with a five-shooter defended the gang-plank at close quarters, for the colored cook was shot, and fell overboard with the only gun on board. Johnny Chance, a brave little eleven-year-old boy, got a horse pistol, climbed to the upper deck, and shot an Indian, and was wounded himself in the leg. Meanwhile the fireman, James Lindsley, who had received a bullet through the chest, chopped up a hatch door and soon a little steam was raised. The men who cast the boat loose and pushed her off were not able to get on her again and took to the woods. Slowly she swung out into the stream, her pilot house, to which Hardin Chenoweth had crawled and was lying on his back turning the wheel from below, being the target for scores of unavailing rifles. It was a moment of no little danger, for below them were the roaring Cascades, and the scanty fire hardly availed to hold the boat in the rapid current. Gradually a little head was made, and the boat steered for the Oregon shore. On reaching this rails were taken from a fence, and with the Wasco, another boat, which was lying on the Oregon side, the Mary started up the stream for the Dalles and rescuers. They carried all the settlers from the Oregon side, and some from the other shore that had crossed in small boats. At Bradford's this departure, signaled by vigorous tootings on the steam-whistle, was greeted with cheers of delight; for they could not see the Mary at her berth, and when smoke rose in that direction, they feared the Indians had captured and fired her.

But while the store was invested and the Mary attacked, equally stirring events were happening down the river at the Middle Blockhouse. The nine soldiers had spent rather a convivial night of it, for there was not the least suspicion of danger. They were scattered around the neighborhood in the morning, when a shower of bullets notified them of the attack. All of them reached the blockhouse but one, Private Lawrence Rooney, who was out chopping wood and was taken prisoner. Another soldier, Private Bernaur, was on his way back from Upper Cascades, where he had been to get a canteen of whisky to replace that used up the night before. He was shot in both legs, but managed to hide over the edge of the river bluff until night, and then to gain the blockhouse, where he had been given up for lost. A family of settlers also ran to the blockhouse, together with the three men from the bridge and the car drivers before spoken of. Nevertheless, there

were three persons killed and seven wounded here. One of the killed was George Griswold, who, thinking the Indians to be Cascades, and not knowing that they were the warlike Yakimas, was so sure that there must be some mistake about the attack that he boldly exposed himself, motioning to the Indians to cease firing.

Once inside the blockhouse the defenders were in comparative safety, for their howitzer and muskets kept the savages at a distance. To occupy the time the Indians brought their captive, Rooney, as near the house as they could with safety, and tortured him to death where his friends could hear his screams, but do nothing to save or avenge him. They found him afterward horribly mutilated, hung with a willow withe.

At the Lower Cascades, though but ten minutes of grace was allowed between the first warning and the appearance of the redskins in force, that little was sufficient for the settlers to take to boats and drop down the river with but one man wounded. It was a wonder, too, for here, as at the Middle Blockhouse, the first warning was received with incredulity, so impossible did it seem that an attack on the Cascade settlements could be made with so many troops in the upper country. The sound of the howitzer, however, was a discourager of hesitancy, for it showed that the blockhouse above was attacked, and the settlers dropped down the river in their small craft, as they could safely do, being below the rapids. A thought was entertained of defending the wharf boat; loaded with many tons of government stores, but there was a total lack of arms and ammunition; so when the Indians took position behind a small portable house of zinc that stood on the bank, — for it is open country at the Lower Cascades, without sheltering trees or bushes, — and fired on the wharf boat, it was abandoned. Soon it and all the neighboring houses were in flames. The boats going down stream soon met the steamers Fashion and Belle coming up on their regular trips, and turned them back to go to Fort Vancouver and Portland for relief.

Here, then, was the situation at noon on the 26th. The Mary and Wasco going up to the Dalles, to rouse the people of that lively town with such tootings as brought the whole population to the wharf to meet them; the steamers Fashion and Belle going down the river on a like errand, to bring succor; the settlers of the Upper Cascades, forty men, women, and children, penned in Bradford's store undergoing vigorous siege; the nine sol-



LANDING AT THE LOWER CASCADES.

George Johnson's hotel in center; to the right, the zinc house; in the foreground, the wharf boat.

diers and a group of settlers shut in the Middle Blockhouse keeping the Indians at bay with their howitzer; and the Lower Cascades deserted by the settlers and given over to flames. Add to this a few settlers in hiding, waiting for night to give them shelter; little Jake Kyle mortally wounded near the blockhouse and dying in sight of the soldiers, his struggles to rise only bringing a fresh shower of arrows about him; Watkins behind his rock on the little island near the store, wounded and growing weaker, within a stone's throw of his wife and children; and poor Lawrence Rooney near the blockhouse undergoing agonies at the hands of his ruthless tormentors.

The most vigorous fighting was at Bradford's, and to that we turn again. A Mr. Sinclair, of Walla Walla, Hudson's Bay Company's agent, went to the open door to learn the cause of the first firing and was instantly killed by a bullet. This was in a measure accidental; for the Indians never harmed British subjects knowingly, and often expressed their preference for them over the Americans by the emphatic bit of jargon, "King George man, *hyas klosh* (very good); Boston man, *cultus* (good for nothing)!"

Then followed the inrush of settlers and bridge-builders till there were forty persons in the house, "four women and eighteen men who could fight, and eighteen children and wounded men," as Coe puts it. Their position was not a very safe one, for the warriors gathered on the bluff above the house, and made it impossible to look out of a window. The settlers fired from loopholes which they made for the purpose. Nor was this all; the Indians began to roll great stones down on the roof and sides, and to make up fireballs and to heat iron bars red hot and hurl them down on the devoted roof. This was serious peril, for there was no water in the store and the roof was soon blazing in several places. The defenders punched out the burning shingles with poles, and as a happy thought knocked out the heads of the government pork barrels on the lower floor and used the brine to put out the fires, bringing it up in a tin cup. Luckily this improvised fire department was effective.

The lower floor was in charge of L. W. Coe, a clerk of the Bradfords, who, though perhaps the youngest man there, at once took command and directed the defense. The second floor was in charge of Daniel F. Bradford, and the attic and roof of J. H. Alexander. The lack of water was distressing, but a few bottles of ale in the stock lasted during the day. There was in the store a barrel of whisky in transit, but Coe with wise forethought took an early chance of opening the spigot and letting it run out. He saved a bottle or two of it for use in case of need and hid them in a rice barrel, but one of the women found them and applied the liquor to the quieting of her nerves, — with incomplete success.

There was but one case of lack of fortitude among the men. This fellow, who is not elsewhere mentioned in this article, was the fiercest of all in appearance, but when the attack came he was completely overcome by terror. He wailed and cried, and got in the way of the defenders till they were so exasperated that they threatened to pitch him out to the Indians if he didn't behave. At this he dove under a bed and was not heard from for a long time. It is not to be wondered at that one man broke down under such a strain, but rather is it to be recorded to their credit that all the other persons in the beleaguered building were in full possession of their faculties. As Elgin expresses it, "What guns we had were in the hands of mighty good men; they weren't afraid to stick their snoots to a porthole to look out for an Indian, for fear of getting them shot off."

The Yakimas troubled them but little at night, for Indian ghost lore is very vivid, and woe to the unfortunate that is killed in the dark. Nevertheless a strict watch was necessary, and in the morn-

ing the casements were found stuck full of arrows. The burning of buildings in the neighborhood made it too light for the whites to venture out with safety at night.

On the night of the first day of the attack the Indians had taken possession of the small store kept by one I. H. Bush but a short distance from Bradford's. The stock of this store was principally liquors. It was related to Bradford by a friendly Indian after the fight, that the Indians after gaining possession of the liquor, made an agreement among themselves that none should drink during the day. They divided themselves into two night watches, one was set to guard the whites, while the other was to be permitted to drink as much as they pleased. The second night the Indians who had caroused the first night were to take the place of the watchers, who were to carouse in their turn. It was further stated by the same friendly Indian, that on the third day a combined attack was to be made on the whites; and no doubt their lives were only saved by the arrival of Colonel Wright's command from the Dalles.



THE MIDDLE CASCADE LANDING.

The wooden railway ending in a chute to the wharf boat. The middle Blockhouse; to the right of it the cooking tent, to the left Griswold's place, and below it the Palmer Brothers' saloon.

At the Middle Blockhouse the afternoon of the first day was passed without any very serious attempt of the Indians to more than keep up the blockade, though an unremitting watch was necessary on the part of the besieged. The chief trouble was lack of food and water; the cooking had been done in a tent, and so there was nothing to eat in the blockhouse. Toward sunset their hunger had grown to such an extent that it was worth run-



BLOCKHOUSE AT THE UPPER CASCADES.

ning some risk to relieve it. One of the soldiers, Robert Williams (to whose published account we owe most of our knowledge of events at the Middle Blockhouse), and two of the refugees, Switzler and McDowell, volunteered to make an attempt to secure eatables. Every man was stationed with his gun so as to protect them in their endeavor, and "forth went the dauntless three." They made their way to the Griswold house near at hand, and Williams crawled in through the window, to find to his great delight a large dish-pan full of doughnuts on the table. Cramming three of the doughnuts into his mouth, he handed the pan out to the others, and on a little further search found a large ham in the pantry. This was sufficient in the way of food for all the people in the blockhouse, but the equally pressing demand for drink was not filled. In the morning, therefore, a second foraging party was sent out, Williams and Houser, both soldiers. They broke open the door of a small saloon, belonging to the Palmer brothers, and there found sundry bottles of porter, whisky, brandy, and wine, and a box of oyster crackers. With this addition to their stores and with the cheering sound of guns at the Lower Cascades, showing that Sheridan was coming with help, — though it did not reach them until the third morning, — the people at the Middle Blockhouse were more at ease.

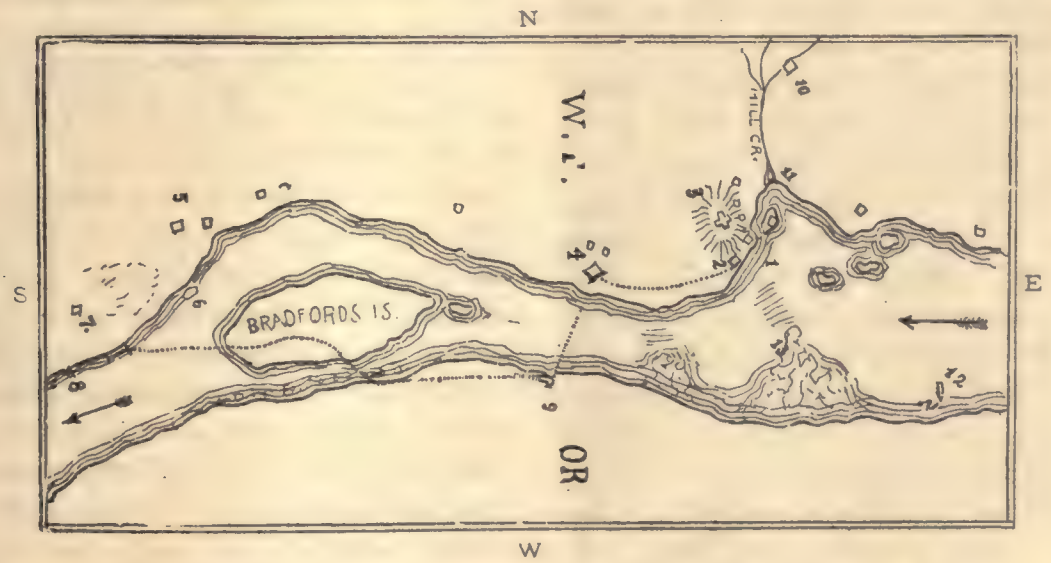
At Bradford's the second day was passed much as the first had been, in the vigorous repelling of continual attacks. Every bush, tree, and rock on the hill above them was watched for a chance to send an effective bullet, and there was afterward found evidence proving that some of these shots reached the mark. A remarkable instance of bravery, not only on the part of an old man, but also on the part of an Indian, was here displayed. J. H. Alexander, who was some sixty years of age, and has lately died at nearly ninety, was in possession of the attic. Through the stovepipe hole in the roof he could watch the crest of the hill, or bluff, behind the store. On the afternoon of the second day, an Indian of large stature appeared at three several times on the bluff, and instantaneously a discharge of two rifles was made. On the third shot the Indian was seen to throw up his arms and fall; thus the

duel between these two came to an end. Alexander escaped with but one scratch on his cheek, while the Indian was found where he fell, with a bullet through his body just above the hips. He had fallen so near the edge of the bluff that it was impossible for his companions to obtain the body without great danger.

But as the day wore on the hearts of the whites were troubled because nothing was heard from the Mary and Wasco and the help it was hoped they would bring. The troops, it was feared, had left the Dalles and gone so far that they could not be brought back. A long siege must be stood till aid could come from below. This they could stand, they believed, if only they could get water. At last this need was met, for on the second night a Spokane Indian, who had been with Sinclair, volunteered, "on our insisting that he could do so" (Elgin), to run down to the river for the water they sorely needed. He stripped and ran to and fro with great speed till he had filled two barrels.

Help from down the river was nearer than they knew, for the roar of the Cascades drowned the sounds of the gallant fight that Sheridan was making to bear them aid. The Fashion and Belle had lost no time in reaching Portland and Fort Vancouver. At Portland a company of volunteers was raised without difficulty, but they were unable to find arms enough to equip them. This was because nearly all available guns had been taken by the men in the Yakima country expeditions. What few guns there were belonged to the Territory, and the persons in charge of them refused to deliver them over without proper authority. All day Thursday this search for arms delayed the Fashion and Portland rescuers, and at last it was found necessary to send to Fort Vancouver, to the government arsenal, so that it was not until Friday, the third morning of the fight, that the Portland men reached the Lower Cascades. There were thirty-three men in the company, commanded by L. J. Powell.

But Sheridan at Fort Vancouver had not been so delayed. The Belle brought him word on Wednesday evening of the attack, and at two o'clock the next morning, he with his forty soldiers and a small saluting cannon on a wooden platform obtained from Captain Dall of the San Francisco steamer was on his way up the river in the Belle. The Lower Cascade settlers were many of them picked up on the way, the men volunteering to serve under Sheridan.



MAP OF THE CASCADES OF THE COLUMBIA IN 1856.

1. Upper Cascades Landing. 2. Bradford's Store. 3. Bluff from which attack was made, site of Block House (built after fight). 4. Middle Blockhouse. 5. Johnson's place at lower Cascades 6. Wharfboat. 7. Hamilton's Place. 8. Point where Sheridan landed. 9. Ruckel's Place, point reached by Sheridan on South bank. 10. Sawmill. 11. Point where the *Mary* lay when the attack began. 12. The *Wasco's* berth on the Oregon shore. 13. Main ledge that forms the Upper Cascades. Between 2 and 4 The Wooden Railway. Between 8, 9 and 4 Sheridan's course on the third day of the attack.

He tells of his movements in his "Personal Memoirs."[1]

We reached the Lower Cascades early in the day, where, selecting a favorable place for the purpose, I disembarked my men and gun on the north bank of the river, so that I could send back the steamboat to bring up any volunteer assistance that in the mean time might have been collected at Vancouver.

The Columbia River was very high at the time, and the water had backed up into the slough about the foot of the Lower Cascades to such a degree that it left me only a narrow neck of firm ground to advance over toward the point occupied by the Indians. On this neck the hostiles had taken position, as I soon learned by frequent shots, loud shouting, and much blustering; they, by the most exasperating yells and indecent exhibitions, daring me to the contest.

After getting well in hand everything connected with my little command, I advanced with five or six men to the edge of a growth of underbrush to make a reconnoissance. We stole along under cover of this underbrush until we reached the open ground, leading over the causeway or narrow neck before mentioned, when the enemy opened fire and killed a soldier near my side by a shot which, just grazing the bridge of my nose, struck him in the neck, opening an artery and breaking the spinal cord. He died instantly. The Indians at once made a rush for the body, but my men in the rear, coming quickly to the rescue, drove them back; and Captain Dall's gun now being brought into play, many solid shots were thrown into the jungle where they lay concealed, with the effect of considerably moderating their impetuosity. Further skirmishing at long range took place at intervals during the day, with little gain or loss, however, to either side, for both parties held positions which could not be assailed in flank, and only the extreme of rashness in either could prompt a front attack.

Sheridan had a batteau holding about twenty men, which he retained when the steamer departed. By means of this he crossed his command to the Oregon side early in the morning of the 28th, in order to get around the Indians in his front. The water was too rough for the batteau to be hauled up close to the Oregon shore, and so with ten soldier volunteers Sheridan crossed to Bradford's Island. Along the bank of this a boat could be hauled, though with much labor.

Before crossing to the island, Sheridan had climbed the bluff on the Oregon shore, to make an observation of his enemy. He found them busily engaged in horse racing and similar sports. Thus reassured, he proceeded on his hazardous undertaking.

Quickly returning to the boat, I crossed to the island with my ten men, threw ashore the rope attached to the bow, and commenced the difficult task of pulling her up the rapids. We got along slowly at first, but soon striking a camp of old squaws who had been left on the island for safety, and had not gone over to the mainland to see the races, we utilized them to our advantage. With unmistakable threats and signs we made them not only keep quiet, but also give us much needed assistance in pulling vigorously on the tow-rope of our boat.

I was laboring under a dreadful strain of mental anxiety during all this time, for had the Indians discovered what we were about, they could easily have come over to the island in their canoes, and, by forcing us to take up our arms to repel their attack, doubtless would have obliged the abandonment of the boat, and that essential adjunct to the final success of my plan would have gone down the rapids. Indeed, under such circumstances, it would have been impossible for ten men to hold out against two or three hundred Indians; but the island forming an excellent screen to our movements, we were not discovered, and when we reached the smooth water at the upper end of the rapids we quickly crossed over and joined the rest of the men, who in the meantime had worked their way along the south bank of the river parallel with us. . . . I had much difficulty in keeping the men on the main shore from cheering at our success, but hurriedly taking into the batteau all of them it could carry, I sent the balance along the southern bank, where the railroad is now built, until both detachments arrived at a point opposite the blockhouse, when, crossing to the north bank, I landed below the blockhouse some little distance, and returned the boat for the balance of the men, who joined me in a few minutes.

But just at this time a diversion was made that calls us back to the Upper Cascades for an explanation. Early that morning the Bradford's store people were overjoyed by seeing far up the river the Mary and Wasco with a flat-boat in tow, and on all three boats the line of light blue that showed that they were crowded with troops. When the steamers had reached the Dalles on Wednesday night they found that the soldiers had left the same day and were at Five Mile Creek. A messenger reached that

[1] Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, Vols. 2. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co., 1888.

place after taps, but Colonel Wright ordered the men out again and marched back to the Dalles by night, the long legs of "the Shanghais" doing good service. Thursday morning they were on board the Mary and Wasco, ready to be taken down to the Cascades, where they were so confidently expected. But the Mary was in no condition to make good time; for scarcity of water in the boiler on the morning of her escape had so heated it up as to start a plate. This made great caution necessary, and the trip down the river was little more than a drift. The Wasco did not carry men enough alone to raise the siege, and was held back by her consort. Neither was it safe to approach the Cascades at night.

Nevertheless, by six o'clock on Friday morning they were at the landing. They were greeted by the Indians with a brisk fire, which, strangely enough, did not kill a man. As soon as land was touched the soldiers made a quick charge up the hill, and the enemy fled before them.

Now the people in the store could unbar the doors for the first time since the attack began. Glad was the welcome they gave their friends from the Dalles, who eagerly crowded in to learn how they had fared. Now they could relieve poor Watkins from his long days of suffering from hunger and cold and loss of blood, and could make him comfortable for the two days he had yet to live.

But no sooner were they relieved than their thoughts were turned down the river, and many of them went with Colonel Steptoe and the soldiers, sent by Colonel Wright to raise the siege of the blockhouse. This was quickly done and the troops kept on down the river.

Sheridan's narrative at this point is as follows:

> Soon after I had landed and communicated with the beleaguered blockhouse, the advance of his command arrived under Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe. I reported to Steptoe, and related what had occurred during the past thirty-six hours; gave him a description of the festivities that were going on at the Lower Cascades; and also communicated the intelligence that the Yakimas had been joined by the Cascade Indians when the place was first attacked. I also told him it was my belief that when he pushed down the main shore the latter tribe without doubt would cross over to the island we had just left, while the former would take to the mountains. Steptoe coincided with me in this opinion, and informing me that Lieutenant Alexander Piper would join my detachment with a mountain howitzer, directed me to convey the command to the island, and gobble up all who came over to it. . . . Near the lower end of the island we met, as I had anticipated, the entire body of Cascade Indians. . . . They were very much frightened and demoralized at the turn events had taken, for the Yakimas at the approach of Steptoe had abandoned them, as predicted, and fled to the mountains. The chief and head men said they had had nothing to do with the capture of the Cascades. . . . I did not believe this, however, and to test the truth of the statement formed them all in line with their muskets in hand. Going up to the first man on the right I accused him of having engaged in the massacre, but was met by vigorous denial. Putting my forefinger into the muzzle of his gun, I found unmistakable signs of its having been recently discharged. My finger was black with the stains of burnt powder, and holding it up to the Indian, he had nothing more to say in the face of such positive evidence of his guilt. A further examination proved that all the guns were in the same condition. . . . I arrested thirteen of the principal miscreants, crossed the river to the lower landing, and placed them in charge of a strong guard.

Regarding this account of Sheridan's it must be stated that in some particulars it seemingly conflicts with the recollection of both Bradford and Coe, as well as with the statements of Sergeant Williams and J. H. Elgin. All of these authorities represent Sheridan as across the river when Steptoe's advance reached the Middle Blockhouse. Elgin, who had come with the soldiers from Bradford's, says at this point:

> We waited at Palmer's until the soldiers all came up, when we started for the lower landing. The six of us kept thirty or forty yards in advance of the soldiers, until we came opposite to Bradford's Island. . . . But just here Phil Sheridan demanded our attention by shouting to us from across the river. We had not seen him up to his calling us.

Williams, in the blockhouse, knew nothing of Sheridan's communicating with it before Steptoe's arrival. He says:

The next morning Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe, . . . and some of the officers, came to the blockhouse to see how all was with us. . . . Now that relief had come . . . we soldiers also went where our fancies directed. . . . Lieutenant Sheridan then came up to us with his command. . . . . He also had the cavalry bring up to us the twenty-eight Indians whom he had captured.

Lang says:

While Sheridan lay on the south side, herding his prisoners and awaiting the crossing of the enemy, from whom he seems to have expected an attack, Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, sent down by Colonel Wright to the relief of the blockhouse with a strong detachment, arrived on the enemy's flank.

Coe's letter written at the time says:

Sheridan took his command, and with his batteau crosssed to Bradford's Island on the Oregon side, where they found most of the Cascade Indians. . . . They were crossing and recrossing all the time, and Sheridan made them prisoners. He pressed a boat's crew and as they towed up to the end of the island and above saw great numbers of Indians on the Washington Territory side and opposite them. Sheridan expected them to cross and fight him, and between them and the friendly (?) Indians in his charge, thought he had his hands full. Just them Sheridan saw Steptoe and his dragoons, infantry, and volunteers, coming down from the Mary, surprising completely the Indians, who were cooking beef and watching Sheridan across the river.

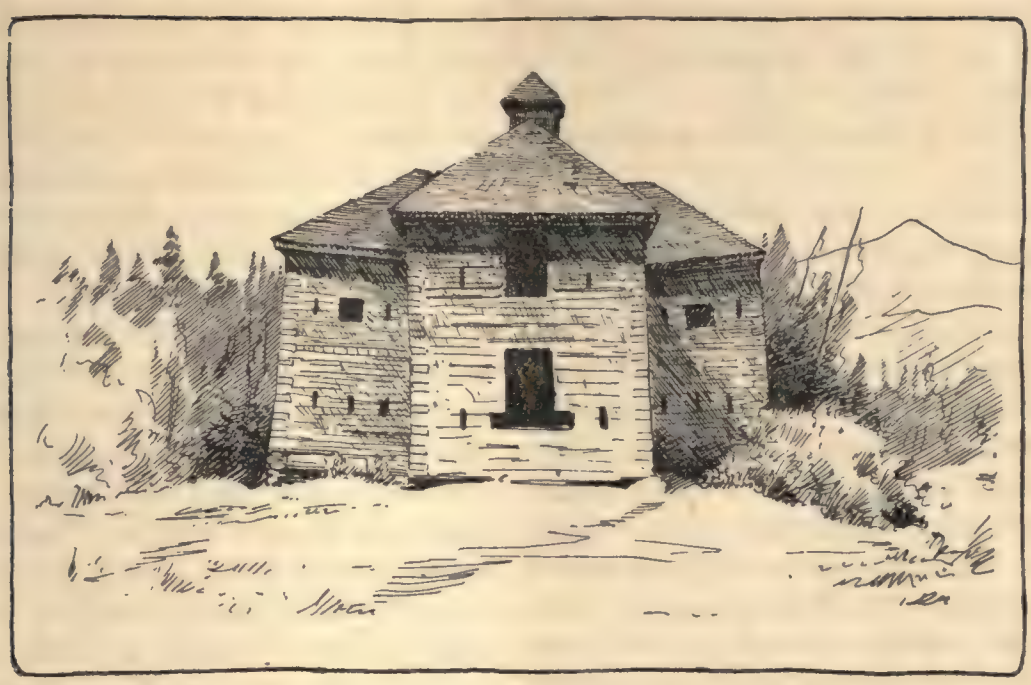
An explanation reconciling all these accounts and Sheridan's narrative is possible, but it is rather forced. It is better to give the data as above and let the reader judge, taking into consideration that Sheridan's and most of the other accounts were written many years after the event.

With Steptoe's command was a small troop of dragoons, and when it was discovered that the hostiles were watching Sheridan on the island across the river, a halt was made at the foot of the hill, some fifty feet in height, that led to the plateau on which the Indians were. The order was given to make a charge up the hill; it was probably military tactics for the order to be given by the bugle. But for this fact the punishment of the Indians would have been very severe, for they knew that military sound too well to delay long, and a few hundred yards placed them where a dense growth of trees prevented the troops from successfully following them. The result was the death of one soldier and no Indians —a matter of much chagrin to the whites, who thought that but for the bugle full half of the Indians could have been captured or killed.

This ended the fighting; for the Indians withdrew as suddenly as they came. They had not accomplished all they had hoped for, being foiled by the brave defense of Bradford's and the Blockhouse; but they had killed seventeen settlers, and wounded many more, they had destroyed many houses and a great quantity of stores, and they had spread terror far and wide by the swiftness and unexpectedness of the attack. Even the people of Portland were startled. Besides sending a second steamer for the relief of the Cascades on the 28th, they held a mass meeting to consult about home defense, and established a company of mounted rangers to look for hostile Indians on the Oregon shore of the Columbia.

The number of Indians engaged in the attack has been estimated at about three hundred. There were enough of them to carry on three separate fights at one time, at Bradford's, at the Middle Blockhouse, and with Sheridan. The losses of the Yakimas and the Klikitats in the fight are not known with any certainty; thirteen at least were killed, and probably more. The poor Cascade tribe suffered most, for they were left in the hands of the soldiers. Colonel Wright held a military court next day. Here let us quote from a letter written at the time by L. W. Coe to Putnam F. Bradford, who was in the East.

Old Chenowith (chief) was brought up before Colonel Wright, tried, and sentenced to be hung. The Cascade Indians being under treaty, were adjudged guilty of treason in fighting. Chenowith died game, and was hung on the upper side of Mill Creek. I acted as interpreter. He offered ten horses, two squaws, and a little something to every "tyee" (big man) for his life, said he was afraid of the grave in



VIEW OF THE BLOCK HOUSE.

the ground, and begged to be put into an Indian dead house. He gave a terrific warwhoop while the rope was being put around his neck. I thought he expected the Indians to come and rescue him. The rope did not work well, and while hanging he muttered, "*Wake nika quash copa memaloose!*" (I'm not afraid to die!) He was then shot. I was glad to see the old devil killed, being satisfied that he was at the bottom of all trouble. . . .

The next day Tecomeoc and Captain Jo were hung. Captain Jo said all the Cascade Indians were in the fight. The next day Tsy, Sim Lasselas, and Four-Fingered Johnny were hung. The next day Chenowith Jim, Tumalth, and Old Skein were hung, and Kanewake sentenced, but reprieved on the scaffold. Nine in all were executed. Banaha is prisoner at Vancouver, and decorated with ball and chain. The rest of the Cascade Indians are on your island (Bradford's Island), and will be shot if seen off of it. Such are Colonel Wright's orders. Dow, Watiquin, Peter, Mahooka John, and Kotzue, may be more, have gone with the Yakimas.

To prevent any chance of further attack at the Cascades, Colonel Wright set his men at work to build a new and larger blockhouse on the mesa above Bradford's store, on the same spot from which the Indians had made their most effective assaults. This blockhouse is still standing, and shows prominently in pictures of the Upper Cascades. It is one of the sights of the place, and many a tourist gazes upon its crumbling walls in the firm belief that this is the very blockhouse in which stood the siege "in the brave days of old." But alas for sentiment, its frowning loopholes never saw a foe.

But, you think, it was not much of a fight after all. Seventeen killed on one side and perhaps as many more on the other; not more than three hundred men engaged on either side; only a handful of settlers cooped up for forty-eight hours, and a dozen houses and some tons of government stores burned. No, judged in that way it was not much of a fight; but yet it deserves to be kept in menory, if only to show to the younger generation, a picture of the dangers and hardships that their fathers bore to found these commonwealths now so secure; and more than that, to show them the dauntless spirit and patient courage that should come to them as their birthright.

The fight is of some importance, too, from the men that were engaged in it.

Colonel Wright is said to have been the best Indian fighter the country ever had, surely a high claim; he perished in the wreck of the Brother Jonathan in 1865. Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe was killed by the Snake Indians in the campaign of 1858.

But, of course, the greatest interest attaches to Sheridan, laid in his grave by the Potomac only a year ago. The nearest approach to a personal description of him at that time that has been obtained recalls him as "a bullet-headed little Irishman and hell on a horse." But though it is not possible to make a hero of Sheridan for his doings in this fight, yet when the force under his command is considered, I am mistaken if there be not in the meager details given some indications of the qualities that afterward made him great, — bravery, persistence, rapidity of thought and action, and even a premonition of the time when he was to be "hell on a horse" at Cedar Creek. At any rate, at the Cascades he gained his first military honors, and was commended for "gallantry" in the official report.

A word must be said as to the sources of this article. The printed ones, besides Sheridan's book of "Personal Memoirs," are: (1) L. W. Coe's letter to Putnam F. Bradford, already quoted; this is the only contemporary writing on the attack and bears the highest authority. Coe, it will be remembered, was one of the leading spirits of the defense of Bradford's store. The letter was published, as were all the papers that are here to be mentioned, in the Portland *Oregonian*. (2) An account of the fight by James H. Elgin, one of the bridge-builders, also besieged in Bradford's store; his story was obtained and given to the press, largely in his own words, by a writer signing himself S. A. C. (3) A letter written by Sergeant Robert Williams in 1881. Williams, then a private, was one of the garrison of the Middle Blockhouse and the narrative of the doings there rests largely on his authority. (4) An account written by H. O. Lang, in 1886, published in the series of "Oregon war papers" in the Sunday *Oregonian* of April 4. This account quotes Coe's letter freely, but adds to it much of more general historical nature. These articles have all been largely used in the preparation of this paper, though it has been impossible to specify in each instance the authority for a particular statement. But the living sources of information have been equally important. Suggestions have been received from J. M. Baltimore of the *Oregonian*, from F. M. Stocking, long a resident at the Dalles, and from Captain McFarland, who was engineer on the Wasco when she brought troops to the rescue. Daniel F. Bradford, who was one of the owners of the besieged store and was in command of the second floor during the fight, has read the manuscript carefully and added new material; nothing has been allowed to stand that seemed doubtful to him. Most important of all, however, has been the aid of L. W. Coe, already many times mentioned. He has given the writer much that is new to print in this article, beside furnishing the sketches and adding the weight of his authority to all that it contains.

Charles S. Greene



A TALE OF THE INCREDIBLE.

I.

TRACING back the steady sequence of events to the time and place in which the story begins, — if it can be said that in this shifting world, where each link of circumstance precedes another and is itself preceded, there can be a fixed beginning to anything, — we reach at last a certain bright New Year day, at the moment when Paul Haydon, loitering along the Piazza di Spagna, had arrested himself in front of the book-stall of old Guidicci.

Guidicci had seen him coming; and now beckoning him in, took from behind his counter a blackened and time-stained volume, handling it with loving care.

"It is three hundred years old," he said.

"And what is it about?"

"Old things, — all about old things."

It was, beyond all question, the most dingy and antiquated volume in his collection. Other books upon the same shelf were suitably stained and worm-eaten; but there were none among them whose merits in an antiquary's eyes could have equaled this. The once pure vellum had become blackened almost beyond identification of its original tint; the clasps had been broken off and lost; the back was separated from the sides so as to hang only by a string; the label was torn, twisted, and half defaced. The whole volume, in fact, bore such marks of age, apart from the violence of incidental ill-usage, that it charmed Paul Haydon upon the spot; and he purchased it at Guidicci's price, without stopping to examine its contents, except to see that it appeared to be a random gathering of long forgotten events in Roman history.

For three months past Paul had been learning to love old books. He had taken to them at first merely with the hope of findingsome suitable subject for his easel. He had already been two years in Rome, and might be presumed to have passed his initiate in art. He had established his studio for more than a year, and had sketched off a few things that, if not triumphs, were not discreditable. He believed that the time had come when he could produce a painting that would live in art and ensure his lasting fame. In common with most young artists, he had little doubt of his ability; all that seemed needed was a happy selection of a subject. This was not altogether an easy matter. Every character in mythological lore appeared to have been already put upon canvas, and by masters in the art who could brook no thought of rivalry; the most noted events of history had been delineated by them in every variation and with equal success, forbidding any attempt at repetition. Then suddenly it had crossed Paul's mind that in old annals he might find some minor incident which would serve him for a subject, and under his treatment would come before the world with something of the freshness of unoccupied ground. It was under this impulse that he had purchased his first book from old Guidicci.

Little by little the taste had grown upon him, and week after week he found himself dipping more deeply into the darksome past. He had begun moderately, with volumes not over a century old, tolerably cleanly to the handling, and written in a dialect not greatly differing from the Italian of the present day. Finding nothing there that exactly suited him, he had yielded to the increasing fascination, and slowly worked his way into chronicles three or four hundred

years back, proportionately torn and dilapidated, printed in queer old type that at times seemed to defy elucidation, and in language as different from the present as is the language of Chaucer from the modern English.

The more frequently he met difficulties, the more he felt charmed with his task. What pleasure can there be in a book that every one else is reading, except that one can talk understandingly about it with others? But to burrow into a book coming down through the half-forgotten centuries, whose author's name has long been lost, or at the best stands altogether unregarded upon a mildewed title-page, — a book that has not been read by any one for generations, and of which there is perhaps no other copy remaining, unless awaiting the feast of rats upon the library shelf of some mediæval monastery; to know that for all its neglected state it contains a world of startling incident, marvelous in itself, and casting perhaps a lurid light of much needed explanation upon some of the better known incidents of history; to feel that one holds exclusive right and power to delve into that treasury of forgotten facts, and wrench them from their tomb, bringing them to the scrutiny of the whole world, as sparkling ore wrested from the mine; — what pleasure in the realm of study can compare with this?

Those were such strange old days about which he read! The world is very wicked, it is said; never did it seem more wicked than in those olden times, when Rome and Florence and Pisa and all the well known cities of the peninsula were centers of disorder; each filled with cruel ambition to rule the others, and among them all no thought of Italian unity, except where some Mighty Grand Duke studied how he might most readily employ fire and sword to bring the others under his despotic sway. Princes and dukes waging war on the most frivolous pretexts, and never feeling any scruple at obtaining by the basest treachery whatever advantages valor could not produce. Popes and cardinals leading lives of open profligacy, and filling the richest offices of the Church with their own acknowledged offspring. The paid assassin standing with drawn dagger behind every door, and the poison lurking for its victim in the bottom of every cup, fair ladies of high degree smiling ready assent at the bravo's offer to rid them of their rivals, and betrayed lords taking the law upon themselves, and with their own hands drawing the silken cords around their erring wives' throats. Lust and cruelty, falsehood and treachery everywhere rife, and open to observation in the very highest ranks, and so working down through every order, until reaching the lower classes, which in their degree reeked with the universal foulness. Rapine and burning, assassination and cruelty, in every direction; where else or in what other age did civilization ever present so vile a front?

Yet there was an ever increasing fascination in perusing those terrible annals; and day by day Paul dwelt upon them, unable to tear himself from their contemplation, until the purpose for which he had begun to read them grew faint to view, and almost faded altogether away, and at last it seemed as though he no longer cared to discover any subject for his canvas, but found himself gloating over those sickening scenes of social depravity for their own sake alone. And how, indeed, could he hope to eliminate from such a festering mass any one pure thought or conception with which to dignify his art?

And now, in anticipation of still deeper horrors, — so promising of their revelation did that old blackened volume seem, — Paul took it to his studio, lighted his lamp, and in the midst of gathering shadows set himself at work deciphering the blurred and distorted text.

The book had lost its title page, and with that had gone its author's name and the date. About the one he cared noth-

ing; and his familiarity with different texts assured him of the probable age, some three centuries ago. It was not the annals of any principality or dukedom, as at first he had supposed; but the history of a single family, compiled by some retainer, whose interest or sense of gratitude or both together had led him to do all he could to ennoble his subject. It was the record of the Monleffi, who seemed to have been a noble family of the lower order, clinging with a not too well assured tenure to the great families above them, and thence drawing patronage and place with something of a reflected grandeur; while, with the other hand, they held in iron grasp their own few miserable, crushed serfs.

Throughout all, ran the thread of the same old story, — wrong, deceit, and treachery, war, rapine, and lust, — now climbing through the falsehood of men or the dishonor of women into temporary alliance with some powerful ducal house, then ignominiously cast out from the proud association, and wreaking their spleen in new cruelties upon their feudal inferiors. It was very strange to note how that monkish author, whose profession should have educated him into some perception of life's duties and proprieties, detailed with unblushing candor successive incidents in the career of the house he must have loved, the slightest hint of which would have consigned a modern family to ignominy; and nothing, it seemed to Paul Haydon, more clearly exhibited the degeneracy of that age, than this inability to comprehend the degrading influence of acknowledged crime.

And yet, in one respect at least, the writer seemed capable of discriminating between good and evil; inasmuch as, towards the close of one portion of his annals, he showed a just perception of purity and sweetness. It was the one golden thread that Paul found running through that almost unvarying groundwork of blackness. This was where he spoke about the beauty and gentleness of heart which marked the life of Marcia, — at one period the sole daughter of the Monleffi household. In his contemplation of her, the writer seemed to arouse himself from his dull record of naked facts, and awaken into enthusiasm. Her grace and beauty; her self-imposed isolation from the companionship of other ladies of her class, whose conversation or action spoke the degeneracy and corruption of the age as fully as did the coarse deeds of men; her unconscious but none the less powerful influence upon those around her, softening their asperities and often leading them to abstinence from cruel practices; — all these sweet qualities the writer never seemed weary of depicting; until, in obedience to his evident suggestion, Paul found himself following that golden thread along through the blackened pages, and letting the whole underlying fabric of crime go unheeded.

At the age of sixteen — so ran the chronicle — such was her shrinking from the coarseness and profligacy which she could not help seeing spread out on all sides, that she desired to retire from the world and enter into a convent. This, at that time, in the eyes of many a needy Italian family, would have been looked upon as no unwelcome decision. It would have relieved the estate from the necessity of providing a dowry for her, and have allowed an insufficient income to become wholly devoted to what were considered the more pressing needs of statecraft and court pleasures.

But it chanced that the old Count, her father, was somewhat fond of her, and wisely or unwisely, as it might be, dissuaded her from her intent; apart from the consideration of his affection for her, perhaps looking upon it as a misfortune that so much beauty and gentleness should be removed from the sphere of casting their bright influence upon her own family. Therefore at his persuasion the idea was abandoned; and two years

after the Count endeavored to arrange for her an alliance with one of the most influential and noble houses of Pisa.

The Duke of Pergola was brave and gallant — so it was said; and though those qualities might not be looked upon as much in assuring the happiness of the young Marcia, yet at that period they certainly counted for something in an alliance, judging from the satisfaction with which the chronicler depicted the exultation of the house of Monleffi.

But Marcia, never having seen the Duke, was naturally averse to giving her consent to the projected alliance, merely upon a description of his qualities as given her by others, and she therefore declined the overtures until she might have an opportunity to make up her mind from her own observation. Again her father seemed to have proved indulgent, — too much so, the world evidently thought, — and it was arranged that before the alliance was definitely concluded she should be given an opportunity to look upon the Duke, and judge for herself how far she might consider him suitable.

Not in any formal manner of presentation, indeed, to be observed by all the world. That would never do; since in the event of her rejection of him, the fact would then be noised abroad beyond the power of recall, and it would be considered that a slight had been cast upon a noble family. It was therefore privately arranged that the young Duke should leave Pisa with merely three or four retainers, upon pretense of a simple visit to Rome: and that when there, he should take an early opportunity to ride off alone to the Palazzo Monleffi, and thus, as though by chance, enjoy a stolen interview with Marcia, to result in an alliance or not, as she might then conclude.

"And inasmuch," the chronicle continued, "as the young Duke of Pergola was unknown, in person, to any member of the House of Monleffi, even to the Count himself, who, not having seen him for many years, since when a stripling at the Court of Pisa, now knew him only by reputation as one who, having come to man's estate, was esteemed a true and valiant knight, — and for fear, further, lest any person getting knowledge of the meeting, and being mischievously or maliciously inclined, might endeavor to represent himself as the expected wooer, whereby, though no lasting injury could come, there might be much ridicule and contumely cast upon the two houses, there was given to the young Duke a token wherewith, upon his coming —"

II.

And that was the end. Twenty or thirty of the succeeding pages of the volume were missing, and their place supplied by a portion of some old treatise on Arianism, of similar size and appearance, cunningly interleaved so as to conceal the loss. When further on Paul found a continuation of the family annals, they no longer spoke about the gentle Marcia or her fortunes. Her life must have been concluded within the compass of the missing leaves; and beyond, there was only a renewal of the story of intrigue and bloodshed, with no new thread of purity running through it, to break its monotony of crime. If there were no other copy of these annals to be found, then was the story of Marcia lost to the world, — forever blotted out from all human knowledge.

Paul closed the book, with a dull feeling of disappointment and despair. Until that moment, he had not realized how deeply the story had engrafted itself upon his interest. The reading of it had not been a matter of one evening only. Despite his increasing skill in such studies, the intricacies of the type and the quaintness of its language made his progress slow, and he had succeeded in deciphering a very few pages at each sitting. Now he had been nearly a fortnight at it, and he felt that the story was

taking hold upon him with a singular fascination, so that he would find himself thinking it over during the day with a kind of impatient anticipation of the evening task, — looking upon it not as dry history, but rather as a novel which he might read in fragments, spreading out the pleasure, and enjoying an artistic satisfaction in conjecturing what was to come. And now that the story was so suddenly interrupted, how could he ever hope to satisfy his awakened curiosity, or be content at leaving that pleasant thread of mystery?

Constantly he found himself revolving the matter, at his easel and during his daily walks. The sweet and gentle Marcia, — what had been her fate at the last? Was there anything in the story as already told that could guide his conjectures into the truth, and so enable him to resolve the uncertainty? Could he hope to evolve anything from the few details of her life and surroundings already given?

If the story had been completely told, it might be that he would have read it with interest to the end, but then forgotten it. He would have enjoyed the contemplation of a sweet and loving character, and perhaps would have arisen from it influenced for good. But all the same his curiosity would have been satisfied; and there being nothing left to retain his thoughts in that direction, in a few days the pleasant tale might have been all but forgotten. But now, should he never know how the young Duke Pergola and Marcia met? Did their souls at once reach out to each other in sudden love, and did the alliance prove in all conditions happy and prosperous? Was it thenceforth the story of a calm and tranquil life, adorned with every virtue that can gild the existence of two loving hearts, and at last attaining the proper reward of continued success and a revered old age? Or was the Duke like so many others of his age, fond for a while, and after that, neglectful; until the fair Marcia lost the rich bloom of her cheek and the sunshine from her heart, and so, at last pining away, sank into an early grave? Or different yet, did she arouse herself in her pride so as not to seem borne down by the misery of that neglect; and teaching herself to wear a false smile, harden her heart against all that had hitherto constituted the grace and beauty of her existence; until at last, as sometimes happens, she had recreated herself into a different mould, and grown as false and cruel and revengeful as before she had been true and tender and forgiving? Alas! about all this it seemed that now Paul could never know.

It dwelt upon his mind more than ever, one morning as he took one of his accustomed strolls. When strangers come to Rome, they seem as though they would never weary of visiting all the salient points of interest; but after a long residence, such things pall upon the taste. It becomes an old story to frequent well known ruins and churches, and perhaps even an aggravation to encounter newer strangers wandering around with their eternal guide-books in hand. There is apt to come — it certainly happened so to Paul — the taste for stealing away into other and unfrequented quarters, where one could be almost alone; so lonely, indeed, as to enjoy a kind of sole proprietorship in the scene, almost cheating oneself into a belief of being the only person that has ever visited those secluded regions, and hence entitled to claim some measure of glory as the discoverer of them.

This was something the feeling with which Paul loitered into an almost unused way, pursuing a devious route behind the Pincian Hill, and after a while losing itself in the desolation of the Campagna. In its beginning this path was narrow and winding. In many places it seemed almost too narrow for carriages to pass; and throughout its greatest length it was closed in with high, rough walls, built partly from the ruins of other

walls of the olden Rome, so that it bore the appearance of a prison corridor rather than of a public highway. Sometimes for a short distance it ran straight, then diverged at a sharp angle or with a curve, always jealously shut in by that close line of rubble wall.

To Paul, that street always had an especial charm, for it spoke of undeveloped mystery. Behind that wall lurked in a proud seclusion, which was never meant to be broken, the residences of many of the nobility of Rome, — the palaces of families that had become ennobled at a time when the ancestors of the greatest of English houses had lived in huts, and fished for subsistence out of skin-covered boats.

Of some of these old residences he could barely see the chimneys peeping up above the walls, and the straight-trimmed trees that clustered behind; others stood entirely out of sight, known to be there only by the closed gateway that evidenced an approach to something within. Many of these gateways were closely framed, leaving not a crack for even a ray of light to peep through, much less the regard of a human eye to rest upon the enforced seclusion; others were of open iron-work, and allowed a glimpse within, though often sadly fettered by intervening foliage.

Whenever the view was somewhat more open than usual, it was always nearly the same. There would be a broad, low mansion, generally many centuries old, and after the incongruous taste of its period, decorated in woeful violation of architectural beauty, with pilasters that could not be needed, and arches that supported nothing; — the whole fabric here and there unpleasantly overloaded with queer, inartistic ornamentations, yet as a whole so stained with colorings that had come down from the Middle Ages as to have a peculiar beauty of their own, which, in a measure, atoned for any misplaced or unauthorized eccentricities of design. There was almost always a broad portico in front, leading down to an open space, in which as the central attraction would be a fountain, a statue or a sun-dial. The fountain seldom was at play, and the statue or dial nearly always showed mutilations befitting its antique surroundings. The trees were clipped and angular, as though set in form never to be moved even by the passing breeze; the grass parched, and seemingly properly so, since a full, luxuriant green turf would be rather an anachronism than a beauty; not a face at any window; no such thing as a child ever seen at play about the grounds; if any life appeared, showing itself merely in the form of some feeble old gardener affecting to tie up a few withering shoots. No sound, — no human voice, — only the suggestion of a living tomb in which that ancient nobility might vegetate in proud and haughty isolation, refusing to mingle with the outer world, and clinging, disdainful of all else, to their mouldy escutcheons.

What was to them, Paul wondered, the charm of that secluded life, tenaciously holding aloof from everything that in the minds of other people gave interest to the world and its onward progress? And what to himself would not be the joy of passing behind those impenetrable screens of heavy walls and closed façades, and searching out the treasures of art that might there be lurking, coming down through many generations, and occupying dark mouldy corners, in the almost total forgetfulness of their unappreciative owners? And why should not those inner and outer worlds sometime agree to meet and exchange their ideas and treasures, to their mutual benefit?

He had advanced about one third of the distance along that narrow roadway, when he saw that the iron gate in front of one of the residences at his right had been swung open, disclosing a better view beyond than he could have had by merely peering through its interstices. Two men were engaged in repairing the

side wall, which had begun partially to fall away. It seemed to be older and more moss-grown than any other portion of the wall, so that certain long cracks that ran from top to bottom appeared to have established themselves there by some natural or prescriptive right, like wrinkles upon an old face, their absence from which might almost have been resented. There was really something very artistic and picturesque in this record of decay; and when Paul saw those two workmen plying their picks against the sloping bank at the base of the wall with lazy effort, he wondered whether they might not be dimly conscious of profanation, and he felt captiously disposed to seek occasion of interference with their ill-judged labor, forgetting that in Rome no restorations are ever made except upon the most urgent necessity.

"What place is this?" he asked; not that it seemed to concern him in the least, but that it gave him some apparent motive for stopping and peering in through the open gateway.

The men arrested their labor, and gazed inquisitively and somewhat doubtingly at him. It took a little time for them to consider whether his question was lawful or proper, and to be answered without incurring severe penalties. But noticing that he was not terrible in aspect, and seemed innocent in intent, one of them finally concluded to answer him.

"It is the Palazzo Monleffi, Signor."

The Palazzo Monleffi! It gave Paul a little start to hear these unexpected words, and at once his heart seemed to warm towards the mansion, as to an old friend; while, upon its part, all coldness and forbiddingness of aspect began somehow to vanish away, as though in recognition of his sympathetic reaching out to it. An old acquaintance, truly; and about which he had thought much, though never before having happened to see it. Unless there were some other mansions of the family in or about Rome, must it not have been here that the gentle Marcia had once lived?

The house was old,—old enough, seemingly, to have shown signs of decay, even while she graced it. The front was cracked; the chimneys leaned over from the perpendicular, though, in their still continuing solidity, it might be many centuries yet before they would fall; every feature of the place gave evidence of decrepitude. The trees in front and at the sides were split and gnarled, and never seemed to have been anywhere replaced with a more hardy stock; the grass was worn away, or yellow; in front was a shattered ruin of stone that had once enclosed a fountain basin, now long dry, and in its center was a rugged base, from which the fountain figure had entirely disappeared. At either side of the stone porch was a carved rail, ending in an upright pillar. These pillars had once supported vases, only one of which remained; and that so worn with time and weather, that the beautiful figures in relief which had once adorned it had almost disappeared, leaving little more than the cold and severe outline of the vase itself.

"It may be the place where Marcia stood and waited for her betrothed," Paul said to himself. "On the last step of the terrace, — her hand resting upon one of the vases, — her face turned to catch the earliest sound of his approach."

It was a very singular coincidence that even as he thus vaguely pictured out the scene, a door opened at the rear of the terrace, and a young girl emerged, advanced a pace or two, and then rested immovable, her hand lightly laid upon the rail.

Paul felt a sudden thrill run through him, as though in the power of some occult influence charged with the duty of acting out his errant fancies; then he became composed, as he saw how different this was in all its essentials from what might have been the picture of three centuries ago. This was merely a maid servant of the household, — loose and untidy in dress, and with rough, uncombed locks.

And yet at the distance, and in that moment of surprise that preceded more attentive examination, there was certainly something very striking in the scene, and interestingly suggestive; for there was undoubtedly an unpolished pretence of beauty in the girl, manifested in bright black eyes, red lips, and clear, olive complexion; and her tangled hair was thick and curling, and even the torn, soiled dress hung with a natural, unstudied grace, that could only have come from being worn upon a frame endowed with symmetry and fullness of outline. It was not Marcia: and yet to the eye of an unartistic observer it might very well have served as a rough model of her.

"But the lover, — he, at least, has not come," Paul muttered.

Yet even here chance was favorable to his fancies. For at that moment he heard the sound of hoofs coming down the road, and a single horseman emerged into sight from behind the nearest curve. An Italian gentleman, evidently, if one might judge from his dress and features; being studiously clothed in a style differing from that of the ordinary tourist in Rome, and having a dark complexion and his mustache carefully waxed to a point. Leisurely approaching, for the instant his horse seemed to slacken its pace, and almost inclined to turn in at the open gateway. Perhaps it was merely the instinctive movement of the animal, tempting it to pursue any unanticipated passage way; but the impulse seemed to give momentary bias to the intent of the rider himself, as though he would let the beast follow out its purpose and turn in. Whatever the cause, the pause of irresolution was so marked that Paul wondered whether this might not be the owner of the place returning home from his accustomed ride. Then the impulse of man and beast faded away. The rider sharply drew the rein, and turned the animal again into the public way, — let his glance rest for an instant upon the girl standing motionless at the portico, — nodded slightly to the two workmen who had drawn up respectfully at one side to let him pass, — touched his hat to the artist, who too obstrusively perhaps remained gazing at him, — and so slowly trotted out of sight.

It was not Marcia; she should have stood in velvet and pearls, and adorned with all appliances of cultivated grace, to welcome her future lord. It was not the young Duke of Pergola; he should have been arrayed in slashed doublet, and silk cap with plumes, and with his sword at his side, and his steed richly caparisoned with armorial insignia. But nevertheless the picture was brought before Paul so vividly, and with such brilliant suggestion of the past, that it gave him, as in a flash, his long delayed inspiration. He had been vainly so far seeking a subject for the painting that he fondly hoped would establish his fame; what better subject could he have, indeed, than Marcia, sweet, blushing and expectant, awaiting the coming of her betrothed?

III.

To the world at large, the painting would not be Marcia. Unless other copies of that old black volume, were extant and they had been read with some thing of Paul's own zest for mediæval lore, it was not likely that the world could know anything about Marcia, much less appreciate her modesty, sincerity, and grace. It would recognize in the artist's efforts merely a beautiful girl of patrician rank, standing in expectant posture and seeming to await somebody, who might be lover or might only be friend.

But to Paul himself the picture would be much more than this. It would be the recreation into life of a scene already so familiar to his fancy, through long dwelling upon it, as to have become almost a reality; the transfer to canvas of a face so adorned by his imagination with sweet

attributes, that in its contemplation he would find himself reviving a pleasant recollection rather than simply illustrating his art. He felt, moreover, that any merit which might characterize his work would be due rather to this singular interest inspiring him, than to any ordinary ambition for professional success. But whatever the source of his inspiration, he trusted that from it he would be able more surely to gain that reward for which he had been looking forward; the sweet fruition of a long cherished hope, — the hope of winning his cousin Florence.

His cousin and he were betrothed. Not openly and acceptedly, and with the full knowledge and approbation of their two families, as should most properly have been the case; but with secret plighting of their faith, as boy and girl will often do, and with little thought of wrong in the concealment of it. Though they were of maturing years, they had been so far merely children in their knowledge of the world. To Paul, certainly, had come no perception of the impropriety of their action. He was so inexperienced in the ways of mankind, and so strong in his silly confidence of being able to bloom out a Raphael in the field of art, after a very few months of foreign study, that he failed to realize the differing views that others might hold about Florence's future, or the wrong he might be doing in making such use of the trust reposed in his intimacy with her. And as for Florence, — of what might she, a simple girl of seventeen, dream, other than that it was all proper, if Paul said it was; and that the concealment of their love need not last longer than the few months that must roll by before he had fairly accomplished the measure of his fame?

So they had parted; and contrary to the usual course of such pleasant little romances, their mutual affection had endured. There was probably more in it than at first they had realized. When away from Florence, Paul's tenderness for her had seemed rather to increase than diminish; looking upon her as a guiding star whose steady contemplation should lighten his path to fame. And she continued earnest and steadfast, as at the first. They wrote constantly — that certainly was allowable; were they not cousins?

If, as time went on, Florence began to seem a little more conscious than at first of the impropriety of that concealed engagement, she never spoke about it. Possibly her familiarity with the subject may have sanctioned it to her mind in the same proportion as her knowledge grew, and so have left her perceptions of right or wrong balanced as before. Possibly they both felt a more lively realization of their fault as time ran on; and so it came about, as an instinctive concession to their consciences, that they forebore writing with quite as warm expressions of affection as at first.

Yet all the while, there was no fading away of the attachment in their hearts. And perhaps, while growing older not only in years but in their experience of the world, they had learned in a measure to discontinue needless expressions of love, which when already spoken do not always find themselves in good taste with repetition; and so confined themselves more rigidly to the record of each other's daily life, about which there was constantly something pleasant to narrate. So that at last their letters became very decorous in style, and might have been read by others without awakening suspicion of anything further than friendly interest. But they who had learned to read between the lines still saw much in those simple words to help them keep up their mutual trust.

And now, might not the time be close at hand when, Paul's ability through one masterpiece of art becoming acknowledged by the world, they might confess their love, with full assurance of meeting not merely the consent of Florence's

father, but also his approbation? He was a very practical man. Art met with but little sympathy from him. But even with him, a real success in any path of life would scarcely fail to command approval. What if now the fair Marcia, her features portrayed in all their original loveliness, should gain for Paul much merited honor and acclamation; might not then Florence's father grant a favorable answer to his appeal?

Inspired with that triple sentiment of love, ambition, and an almost inexplicable craving to employ his art in giving reality to what seemed a pleasant memory rather than a mere fancy, Paul began at once to sketch out his picture. And doing so, he made it his resolve to let historic accuracy prevail; and not allow himself, for greater attractiveness, to sacrifice strict truth by the introduction of false accessories. He would not try to impose upon the world with incorrect details; he would aim only to satisfy himself with exact adherence to the actual past.

Sketch-book in hand, he repaired once more to the Palazzo Monleffi. The outer wall had been rebuilt, and the gateway was closed; but the gate was of open ironwork, and he could easily look through, and take in all the salient features of the palace façade.

These he sketched out upon his canvas with conscientious fidelity. Then he projected the portico and steps in front. These demanded greater care, being more prominently brought forward into relief, and in part so worn and dilapidated as almost to defy artistic restoration. Yet in this also he succeeded, the column that was broken in one place being whole in another, and the missing vase being supplied by a duplication of the one that remained, which in turn could be restored from a study of the few ornamentations that were still intact, and needed only to be carried in repetition around the curve.

Then came the time for the crowning work of all,—the young girl herself, standing upon the upper step of the terrace, with her hand lightly resting upon the carved rail. It was not difficult to sketch into its place a tall, lithe figure, one foot slightly in advance, and the whole body somewhat inclining forward. Nor would it be difficult to clothe the figure in the fashion of its day,—embroidered silk, rich Genoese velvet, delicate laces, and lustrous pearls: for all these accessories could readily be copied from paintings of that time, even if old chronicles did not sufficiently describe them.

Yet how, when all this was done, should the artist ever succeed in depicting the face itself, with all its presumed beauty, its impress of childlike expectancy and shrinking modesty; mingled, as it seemed to him it should be, with a warning dread of disenchantment from her cherished fancy?

She must be smooth-browed, with lustrous eyes and delicately curved lip, and with a wealth of curling dark hair; those details spoke for themselves, as necessary features of the work. But the eloquence of expression that must not only speak of a story, but almost whisper as in instinct of prophecy the pleasant incidents of the particular story she was there helping to enact,—how could Paul even dare hope to portray any capable suggestion of that? And how, as the work advanced, could he expect without a living model to supply those deficiencies that most certainly would one by one develop themselves, and that his imagination alone, sufficient as it might prove for the mere effects of form and feature, could scarcely dare attempt to create successfully? Certain shades upon the brow, varying as one looked upon them from different points or in changing lights; the smile upon the corner of the lip, seeming to ripple into a laugh or fade away as one stood afar off or near by; the reflex of subdued expecta-

tion upon the whole face, — where could he look for these?

There were models around him everywhere; but such as he now desired it seemed impossible to procure. What he did not need swarmed everywhere in thick profusion. Black-browed Judiths, stately Virginias, lustrous-eyed Cleopatras, — whatever was redolent of full and mature beauty, or was sensuous with repletion of earthly love, could be mustered in crowds into his studio, from the recesses of the Trastavere. But the fair young girl, all in a tremor with nervous waiting for the love of which she knew as yet only the first faint imagining, could nowhere be found.

Yet he felt that he must no longer delay, but must seize his inspiration, such as it was, while it remained with him; and perhaps even as he labored on without assistance, some more perfect conception of his design would gradually awaken within him. Such things had been and they might be again. And so, without further waiting for what perhaps might prove unattainable, he placed upon his canvas such a face as he had gradually developed in his own imagination.

And soon he found that, as he had hoped, the conception began to grow upon him, through much dwelling upon it, — taking not merely form but expression as well; beginning to harmonize, as it were, with the imaginings that had so long pervaded him; — a beauty of face that he had never dreamed himself capable of producing gradually taking its place upon his canvas, as though it had all the while merely awaited his labor for its full realization in form and substance.

And so it came to pass, that he began at last to fix the ideal of his imagination with sufficient distinctness to grasp it in more than outline. It grew up before him, — a tall, shapely figure, with hands clasped, and face bent downward reflectively; the hair looped into a loose mass with a narrow ribbon; the eyes partly lowered; the nose nearly straight, as becomes Grecian art, and yet with a slight curve adding expression, and taking away something of that impress of coldness that perfectly correct features are apt to indicate; the mouth small, and partially drawn down as with intensity of thought, yet with a faint bending in the corners as though ready to break into a sunny smile; the whole attitude and expression as of expectancy; — a timorous shrinking, perhaps, pervading all, yet having mingled with it something of childlike curiosity in the dawning realization that love was coming to her, and was close at hand.

With that, Paul's work, which at first had seemed an almost unattainable fancy, began in a slight degree to please him. He felt that the face still lacked something that he would like to give it; yet it had beauty, and he knew that it would attract. Its defects would naturally be more noticeable to himself, who had so deeply studied it for weeks, than to the casual and less interested critic. To such he knew that the picture would seem finished; — attitude, figure, and expression, if not perfect, yet far enough advanced towards excellence to suggest of themselves no salient faults. In time, of course, the living model whom he had so vainly sought might come, so he could copy those expressions that as yet had found no sufficient delineation from his imagination. Meanwhile he might now venture partially to emerge from his seclusion, and begin to show his painting to the world, inviting its criticism.

Until now he had labored with bolted doors. He had been so carried away at times with enthusiasm for his work, that he had felt he could endure no interruption. Occasionally steps would be heard coming up the long flights that led to his studio, and a trial at his door would be made; to which he gave no response, and merely waited with bated breath

until the intruder might depart. Once or twice his name would be called outside, and he would recognize the voice of some friend from whose intimate association he had so suddenly in his seclusion dropped off as to provoke inquiry; but still he answered not, leaving it to be inferred that he was absent. Gradually these few calls became infrequent, and at last almost ceased; and it seemed understood that for some reason he had grown misanthropical, and no longer looked for the society of his fellows.

But he did not pay any regard to that. All the while his work seemed rapidly progressing towards success, and he cared little about what his old companions chose to think of him, so long as the time was drawing near when he could once more throw open his door, reveal his finished picture, challenge the criticism of the world, and show that his temporary reticence had sufficient justification in its good results. Not yet, indeed, to all; but first, as an exception, to one intimate friend, who, differing from himself in his line of art, was thereby removed from rivalry with him, and so being free from any unconscious bias, would be more sufficient for him in his judgment of the work. Now Paul called him in, upon promise of present secrecy; feeling assured that whatever he might be pleased to say about what had been done would be of service, as a well intended and independent criticism.

"It is good,—it should become a successful picture," was the verdict, after a somewhat prolonged and attentive inspection. "You say it is unfinished? It seems to me that there remains little to be done; and yet we all know that there are details to be added in the very best of work; and so I suppose that this will continually tempt you to further elaboration, until at last perhaps you will ruin it altogether. And I must confess that there is still wanting — You have had no model?"

"None as yet, Rodman. I have partly worked this out merely from my own dreams and conceptions."

"I see. And I hope that your dreams and conceptions will always continue. In them, should they still so successfully guide you, I think that you will not fail to find fame and fortune at last. Still — in this case, the model is necessary. Your young girl's face is beautiful, and yet it needs originality and character. It is necessarily so. We cannot invent a face: it must be supplied from outside and from real life. But be patient and wait. You may search long for the model you need, and not find her. But in the end she will surely come; and when she does appear, you will know her at once."

IV.

With that Rodmam departed; and after a few minutes Paul abandoned further work, covered his picture with a light cloth, and locked his studio door behind him. For many days past he had scarcely gone out of the building, so fully engrossed had he become with his task. Now he felt that he had reached a point where he stood so well advanced towards success that he might rest a little, while awaiting that new inspiration that should lead him on to acknowledged triumph.

When he had descended to the ground floor, the old concierge came forward and put a letter into his hand. It was in Florence's writing. Paul dropped into the lodge to read the letter, for outside it had already become dark.

When he had broken the seal, a leaf fell out and fluttered to the floor. This was Florence's usual token from home. Each letter had hitherto enclosed a faded leaf from the old willow beneath which they had sat upon the evening before their last parting. It was one of those little manifestations that, without a word being said, were to remind Paul of that parting and their love.

Now, as he picked up the leaf, he de-

tected a slight odor emanating from it, for it had not been so long upon its way as to have lost its freshness. It was an orange leaf this time, and the letter bore the Naples postmark. Florence and her father had left home three months before for an extended tour, and were now in Italy. In a few days — she could not tell how few — they would run up to Rome, and once more Paul and she would be together.

He pressed the leaf to his lips, regardless of the knowing smile of the old concierge, placed the letter close to his heart, and hurried away with quickened pace. Florence was coming,—in perhaps a week he would see her. He must fly off at once from that pressure of work that for so many days had weighed him down; he must realize his great joy away from his studio and its suggestions, and become mirthful again.

In another moment he had descended the Trinita di Monti steps, crossed the Piazza di Spagna, and found himself wending his way in the direction of the Café Greco. Why should he not now enter after so many days' absence, and give himself once more over to mirth and merriment, with his comrades in art? Who, more than himself, might be entitled to give a loose rein to pleasure, and celebrate his new joy in the midst of festive gathering?

Yet when he drew near the Café, and saw the light gleaming from its windows, and heard a burst of loud laughter from a group of his friends within, he paused. After all, there seemed something irresponsive to his present mood in that boisterous revelry. He must certainly let himself be joyful, but it must be with a secret joy that he might hug jealously to his soul, not letting any one else know it was there. Could he tell any of them the real reason why his soul had so suddenly become elate? Could he endure the pleasant jesting that would be sure to make itself heard; — in all good feeling, indeed, but all the same, to himself seeming so unbecoming and misplaced?

With that he turned away again, and strode rapidly down the narrow streets and alleys; the narrower the better, if thereby he could be altogether alone, so as to think the more undisturbed about Florence and his expected joy.

It was no new thing for him to wander through the tortuous streets by night. It had been one of his habits in the past, when troubled with vacuity of thought or depression of spirits, and more especially not many days before, while he had been seeking inspiration for his picture. If ever he were to depict aright that serene beauty of face and expression that he had vainly been seeking — thus had run his thought — that charm and sweetness so thoroughly in his imagination, a memory of mediæval Rome, he must recall mediæval Rome itself. Not by coursing its streets in the glare of day, crowded with tourists and everywhere alert with life, but rather at night, when the shadows hung over the place, as a pall thrown down to cover its wickedness, and never for a moment to be lifted to admit the light of civilization that elsewhere shone.

To glide ghostlike through the narrow passages, caring little about possible risk to life or health; meeting few people, and those stealthily hurrying along, as though engaged upon unholy purposes; seeing no light, except now and then from the half opened window of a low *trattoria*, or the glimmer of a corner shrine, or possibly catching a faint gleam from some window overhead; to stand within some dark recess of porch or angle, and wonder how long it might be since some closely cloaked bravo had lurked in that same spot, intent upon assassination; to think of all the murders that had been perpetrated upon just such nights in almost every such deep recess; matching except in quantity or openness the villainies of the Colosseum or of Hadrian's Tomb,— this had seemed the way to learn mediæval Rome and

imbibe its subtle influences. In this manner only — so it seeemed to Paul — could he gain any proper realization of the young girl who, having lived in the time of such scenes, must have become so associated with them that her very grace and purity would need for their brighter comprehension that background of crime and bloodshed.

This had been his practice in the past, and for the time it had borne fair success, assisting in some degree his desired mood of revery; and aiding thereby, though not as much as he had desired, the crude conceptions of his fancy. But now, no sooner did he strike into the first dark alley-way, than he found that his mood had changed.

There was something else for him to dream about than the shrinking Roman girl, so environed in his imagination with darkness and mystery. He must put her from his thoughts; he must only think upon a fair, sunny face, with golden locks clustering about it, which was drawing near to him from the brightness of its western home, and seemed already smiling responsive to his greeting from the very atmosphere about him. That radiant vision of his fancy coming now so close to him, the sure precursor of the sweet face that was approaching near to gaze lovingly into his own in actual presence, and needing no dream or revery to give it form or life, would brook no such dark setting as that with which his imagination had surrounded the mediæval maiden. It must have its environments of light and cheerfulness,— it must seem to look into his eyes from open space and under the glow of the bright moonlight, and not as peering out from close overshadowing arches.

He hurried on, therefore, looking for better things; and soon the street began to widen, so that at one side the gleam of the full moon struck down aslant, and half way towards the ground brightened the front of the tall buildings upon one side; then, as the route still broadened, stole lower and reached the level of the roadway. After that came promise of still increasing brightness in front, and in a few minutes Paul emerged upon an open piazza. The soft tinkle of water on one side drew him thither, and Trevi's fountain stood before him, glowing beneath the full moon with almost the brightness of polished silver.

The fountain was no stranger to him. Often hitherto, both by day and evening, he had sat upon its brink, and watched the water leaping from the battered figures of Neptune and his Tritons into the basin below. The place had almost a charm of mystery to him, indeed, with such singular pertinacity did it always seem to present itself before him. Perhaps if he had ever sought for it, he might not easily have been able to find it; for in all that time he had never learned more than its general direction, and that too, in a very vague, indefinite manner. But when not seeking it, his walks seemed always to lead him unconsciously towards it; ever as now bringing him upon it unawares, and from some quarter hitherto unknown to him, — the figures from out their flecking of foam seeming to gaze intimately upon him, at his approach, as though they had awaited his coming, and were pouring forth their waters in merry tinkling to guide his steps hitherward.

He crossed the piazza to the fountain as to a trysting-place, and seated himself upon its projecting brink. There, with the soft lull of the water sounding in his ears, and the reflection of the full moon in the fountain basin gleaming up pleasantly at him, wavering to and fro the while, in the constant disturbance of the water's surface, he thought again, and this time uninterruptedly, about Florence.

It seemed as though the fragrance of that single orange leaf even now stole upon his senses, from its concealment in the envelope; with more assurance he could press his arm against his side and

feel the letter crackle in answer, and know that it was there, waiting to be re-read and re-read again.

He recalled his last meeting with her. It was at their country home, whither he had ridden out upon the morning of his sailing, for a minute's farewell. The horse was waiting at the gate; time was speeding on; there was a very little while left for good-bye, and the good-bye must be of the most formal order. But still, before he spoke farewell to those upon the porch, there was a single moment under the willow tree with Florence, who had run down to the gate to meet him; and a meaning pressure of the hands, and one earnest, loving look into each other's eyes, telling with a glance that everything they had hitherto said they still meant, and that through all, they would be true to each other. Then their hands had lowered, and there had come the boisterous and less tender separation from others of the family; amid which once more, and this time in as formal a manner, Florence's hand and his had clasped. That, however, was nothing. What they had remembered was the sweet hand-pressure beneath the willow tree; and its withered leaf, sent to him in every letter afterwards, told him without words added that Florence as well as he remembered the scene, and was faithful to that troth.

Soon he could see her again. Meanwhile, what had he to show for his two years of study away from her? In reality he had not been idle; and he believed that his last work, so nearly completed, would make his reputation, and launch him upon the beginning of his life's success. Perhaps the illusions of boyhood, which had led him to look forward so confidently to enduring fame, had been somewhat scattered; but for all that he felt some assurance that a career of recognition by the world was at last opening before him. His picture of Marcia,—had it not been said by one whom he could trust that it was a work to be commended, which would lead to yet richer reward of reputation? From that might come competence and even wealth; for fame and wealth in this world are very apt to go hand in hand. Would not Florence's father then yield to his request, and let him tell her the story of his love, believed by all to have been until then deferred?

They would be openly betrothed — it must so come about after a little while; and then he would return home. Rome was the place for study, where they could find those associations that would lead to fame and competence; yet after all, one's native land could be the only permanent home for any one.

But some time, — it might be years after, but some time, — they would return to Rome for a little while to review old scenes. And he would revisit Trevi, as an old friend who must have been awaiting his coming, and Florence would be with him, and would sit with him here upon the old ledge: and that it might surely so come to pass, before again separating they would come together to this place and drink Trevi's water from the palms of their hands, — even as now he would do it for greater assurance, and had often done before.

He lifted some water in the hollow of his hand, drank a few drops, and then scattered the rest to the winds with an upward motion of his palm, as a libation, it might be, to the ocean gods before him. Then he would have turned to go, when a low voice at his left hand arrested him.

"Why do you do that?" the voice asked, speaking in Italian.

Looking around, Paul was startled at seeing a young girl sitting upon the fountain-brink, about four or five feet from him. He could not see her face — she was so placed that her back was partially turned towards him, and her head away; but from her attitude, even in its immobility exhibiting something of grace and immaturity, he should have judged her to be about sixteen or eighteen years of age. In her dress she was a little

singular, — quaint and old fashioned, it might be said; the material rich and heavy beyond the fashion of the present day, with a rather unusual adornment of gold ornaments and pearls overlaying it.

Did beauty of feature accompany that youthfulness of figure? This was Paul's first question; but as has been said, he could not see her face. Yet as he gazed, wondering who she might be, and how and why she had come there, she turned her face partially towards him, just sufficient to disclose the outline of a well rounded cheek and a dimpled chin. He saw, too, that the forehead was smooth and shapely, and partly covered with thick tresses escaped from a silver net which held the rest of her curls in place, and was set off with pearls.

He gazed bewildered, for the moment not heeding the question. Was she an artist-model, knowing him by sight, and so venturing to address him, after the customary freedom of her class? That could scarcely be; for not only was her dress beyond the quality belonging to one of that degree, but in even the little Paul had yet been able to notice of her person, there seemed to be nothing about her indicating a different class of life. Was she some young girl from abroad, who had just arrived in Rome, and had innocently strayed away from her own party, and now perhaps had tarried at the fountain, weary, and not knowing the way back? Perhaps: and yet he could scarcely believe that any one of her apparent position could be left so loosely guarded against harm, or be herself so childishly ignorant or regardless of the customary restraints surrounding her. Was she a girl from the provinces, born to wealth and culture, but never before permitted to leave her home, now coming for the first time to Rome, and carelessly left to wander away from her guardianship?

There was something in the tone of her voice that might encourage this idea; a little quaintness in accent, as of intonations that might have lingered in the mountain districts for generations, after they had become modified by intercourse with other languages in the cities. And yet—

"You do not answer me. Why do you drink the water, and make that motion with your hand?"

"I ask your pardon; I did not think —Do you not know the olden legend, that he who would see Rome again, after having once left it, must drink from the water of Trevi? I am not Roman; I must some time go away; I would return. Therefore I drink."

"I see. And I will do the same." And she dipped her hand lightly into the basin, sipped a few drops, and then with a successful imitation of Paul's action, spread out her fingers as in libation. "There; I have done it," she continued, laughingly. "And yet, I have been in Rome before; and, whether I drink or not, I shall some day be here again."

"Then you come from—"

He paused, not knowing how to continue. But his hesitating question elicited no response. As though she did not hear him, she sat with her head somewhat bowed; while, seemingly in deep thought, brushing her fingers lightly to and fro over the surface of the water.

"At least, let me say this," Paul continued. "You should not be here. It is wrong for you,—dangerous to your health. Let me conduct you to the place where—"

As he spoke she turned her face directly towards him. In the brightness of the full moon, he could now look upon her with all distinctness, as at mid-day.

His voice failed; his speech seemed absolutely frozen upon his lips, indeed, as he beheld the face that for weeks he had been searching for,—the face that in every line and feature had lived in his imagination as the prototype and reality of Marcia, the face that when

transferred to his canvas, as sooner or later it must be, would so surely of itself tell the story of the picture and make for him his fame.

The broad, low forehead, the dark eyes, the curved lips,—those were all there, just as he had been wont to frame them in his reveries, and as with some success he had already depicted them upon the canvas. And there was also the sweet, sad smile that he had not yet been able to paint, telling its tale of maidenly diffidence mingled with loving anticipation; of timorous shrinking of the frame, struggling with the impulse to be brave in heart, and without disguise hold out a welcome to affection's ardent coming.

How long should he grasp the prize thus brought to him after so long waiting, and hold it for his own?

"Tell me," he cried, disregarding everything in his sudden excitement, except that he must somehow gain her acquaintance and claim her services for his art. "Tell me who you are, — whither I shall lead you, for you must not tarry here, — and how, tomorrow, if you will allow — "

With that he arose, and began to advance towards her. She too arose, and stood before him at full height. How wonderfully in the bright moonlight she resembled the Marcia whom he had already placed upon his canvas, — tall and graceful, standing half shrinkingly, with her right hand partially bent, as though clasping a pillar top that should have been there to make the picture complete! In all respects the same, except the face, which still he must depict to seal the measure of his fame.

"Let me only now know your name," he continued, "let me part from you with some assurance that we may meet again, and that — "

As he advanced she waved her hand warningly. He paused. The momentary impulse of audacity seemed to have left him, and he remained as though frozen to the spot. He must not approach nearer. But might she not still answer him, and tell him when they could meet again? It was surely a subtle fate that had thus thrown them together, after such long waiting on his part: could it be that this fate was, after all, to be baffled?

She stood and gazed at him, reprovingly; and yet, as it seemed to him, not angrily so. There was even a smile of encouragement, he thought.

Perhaps he might once more advance; but before he could do so, and even as though she had read his intent, again came the motion with her hand, telling him that he should desist. Then slowly she receded, her face towards him as at the first, but gradually turning aside, until he realized that she was gliding away, leaving him no sign or promise for the future.

Despairingly he watched her go; spellbound, as it were, and unable to follow. She passed the fountain; in a moment more had disappeared from sight behind the line of tall houses in the rear. Then all at once the forbidding spell left him, and he rushed forward. Now all in vain however. She had gone; she must have entered some neighboring doorway; hardly else could she have so rapidly disappeared. But every doorway stood dark and silent; no light gleaming in any to show a human figure, no footstep resounding from it. Paul stood alone, and helpless with the feeling of having been baffled in his search.

V.

She had escaped him; but he determined that it should be only for the moment, and that he would not suffer himself to be so easily defeated. He would search diligently for her, and did not doubt that in the end he would succeed. It was scarcely to be supposed that a person gifted with such beauty, and not seeming studiously desirous of

concealing herself, could long remain unknown. That slight quaintness in attire, too, should she continue to maintain it, would somewhat assist in attracting attention.

It could not be many days, Paul thought, before her appearance would be noised abroad, and especially among his artist friends, always on the alert for new characteristics of beauty; and so her name and condition would be ascertained. Then he would press forward, even venturing to assume the right of an acquaintance already formed; and it would be singular if in some way he could not succeed in renewing his conversation with her, and in gaining her consent to sit for his picture of Marcia, if only for the sake of art itself.

Meanwhile he would pursue his search in the streets and at the theatres, in galleries and among ruins; in every place indeed where strangers were most wont to congregate.

This was his settled determination, as, the next morning, he sat in his studio and surveyed his picture. He had passed an almost sleepless night; the vision of the fair young girl appearing to stand lifelike before him. It seemed as though already, in the slight glance of her that he had obtained, her features must have sunk into his memory. Not indelibly, however; and therefore he felt that even amidst his anxiety to begin his quest for her, it were better that he should apply himself at once to his work at home, and strive to fix those features upon the canvas, before they faded away from his perception.

But now, somehow, it seemed as though his usual baneful fate were following him. He had arisen with a bright vision of beauty gleaming distinctly before him, and he doubted not that it would require only a few minutes of industry to copy every line and expression. And yet, before he could begin, everything belonging to the vision seemed at once to fade away, leaving not a trace that he could perpetuate. There was left only the perception of a type of loveliness that still glowed harmoniously in his mind as a whole, but it lost all coherency as soon as he endeavored to dissociate any feature from the rest.

He closed his eyes in a vain attempt, by shutting out every outward distraction, to bring back the face in its former lifelike distinctness. For an instant it would come to him vividly as before, then dance mockingly away from his perception,—then return, yet with wavering and uncertain outline,—then for a while once more entirely disappear. Again it seemed to come back, as though responsive to his energy of will;—and then, when he opened his eyes to see if he could at last arrest the shifting vision, it was still there, and more lifelike than before.

For now she stood before him; not a phantasm or a memory, but the young girl herself, in all her life and beauty of the previous evening. She had apparently stolen in with quiet and noiseless step, while Paul had been sitting with closed eyes endeavoring to evoke her, and now she stood gazing at him, silently awaiting his recognition.

He sprang to his feet, bewildered with the suddenness of her appearance, and nervously caught the edge of his easel to sustain himself. Even as he did so, he could not help noting how much more calm and composed than himself she remained, gazing with a pleasant smile into his face, as though enjoying his surprise, and perhaps a little wondering to herself that he should think it at all singular that she had come.

"You are here," Paul said, "This very moment I was longing—"

"Yes, I have come," was her answer. "And I knew that you were wishing to see me. Even last night I read it in your thoughts. And so I have felt that it could not be very wrong for me to aid you. It is for your art that you need me, is it not? And now I will stay and be

obedient to what your canvas may require, until you tell me that you have finished and that I may go."

He could only gaze at her for the moment, silent and spellbound, in wonder and admiration. The dark, curling hair, the lustrous eyes, the pleasant curve of lip, and the sweet, innocent smile irradiating all,—these were again before him. And beautiful as she had seemed the evening before, she was still more beautiful now. Accurately as she had then corresponded to his crude conceptions of the Marcia of his art, she appeared now still more nearly the prototype of his imaginings, standing before him with one hand resting upon a carved chair at her side, in the very attitude he had already sketched out for her. Beauty and grace, and in every conceivable aspect, the model of his dreams! And now, drawn doubtless by some artistic sympathy, she had come to him of her own sweet will, that he might endeavor to place the full measure of her loveliness upon his canvas, and so make his fame forever!

"You do not speak," she said, "Then have I done wrong in coming?"

"Not wrong. On the contrary, my debt of gratitude — Yet tell me whom I must thank for —"

"Why thank me at all? Or why know whom you should thank? You would place me on your canvas, and I am here. Is that not enough?"

Like lightning a succession of random thoughts passed through his bewildered mind. Was this merely a kindly trick of his friend Rodman Glenn, who, knowing just what face was needed for the proper development of the picture, might now be sending it to him in his usual quaint way of doing things?

If not, how could he venture to accept this young girl's presence in his studio, not knowing but that in all innocence she might have strayed away from those who held guardianship over her, and who, finding her with him, might bitterly resent his unwitting agency in the matter?

And yet, on the other hand, she was the one for whom his art had been searching for weeks past; now that she had come, must he reject her aid? Fate or good fortune,—call it what one would, —had brought her to his door; should he not avail himself of the strange chance, even as a gift from the gods? Perish all untimely scruples! Fortune such as this should never be neglected, —it were an act of idiocy to do so; once repulsed, it would surely never come again.

"It is enough,—it is more than enough," he responded. "What further can I say? That I shall feel eternally grateful; that I will not ask you who you are or whence you came, since you seem to wish that it should be so; that I will try to think of you only as one who has been brought to me in my dire extremity, to help me onward to fame; and that I hope so skillfully to depict your fair features that they, too, will live in story during the coming centuries;—what else can I do, or in what other manner thank you? Will you sit down?"

Responsive to his gesture, she seated herself upon the chair, against which she had been leaning. He would have handed it to her, but as he made a motion to approach, she held him back, with mere uplifting of one finger, just as she had restrained him the previous evening. Then slightly rearranging the folds of her dress, which in their graceful flow really needed no new adjustment, she sat with her eyes cast down, in reflective mood apparently, and as though she had entirely forgotton where she was, or the reason for her coming.

Paul placed himself at the easel, which was turned with its back towards her, and there stood gazing at her, affecting to be very earnest at his work, but in reality doing very little, beyond here and there putting in an unimportant line or shade.

He could not work, indeed; it was all so strange. Her first appearance to him, — was it not as though a kindly fate had thrown her in his way for the encouragement of his art? And when the purpose of that had seemed to fail, here was her second coming to him; brought thither for his relief as if impelled by some subtle instinct that she could not control, and that in spite of herself must have overborne any reluctance that she might at first have felt. A point here and a shadow there upon his canvas; — and then there were long minutes during which he could only gaze and wonder.

And while he looked and drank in her beauty, it pleased him to think how, by some singular, unwitting foresight, he had been enabled to give suitable surroundings to her loveliness, adding to it those accompaniments that it so richly deserved. Those were not the days of elaborately furnished studios; in general artists' quarters were poorly equipped, and often bare of all ornament. But it happened that from the first Paul's own peculiar taste had led him to gather into his studio such embellishments as might take away its original harsh uncomeliness, — here a quaintly carved table and there a mediæval tapestry; until at last much that was beautiful had been collected about him, and his studio began to take upon itself something of the desired tone of rare and rich culture. It was here where most he lived, — he had said to himself, — and he would make it a proper place for the purpose.

And now it seemed as though everything that he had there gathered around him had been brought with instinctive intent to supplement and adorn this young girl's beauty. The chair in which she sat was massive and richly carved, and she seemed resting in it as upon a royal throne. Behind her, an antique tapestry hung against the wall, giving picturesque background to her small figure, now as graceful in its repose as it had been in its erect vivacity. Her hand thrown lightly over the arm of the chair lay upon a round bronze table, — her embroidered sandal rested upon a velvet foot-stool.

Added to all this, it chanced that she was sitting just where the sunlight, gleaming through the open window, threw one soft, slender ray upon her shoulder, making her beauty to glow yet more brightly than before, if that were possible, and casting over her costume and her features a few faint shadows of relief, just where an artist's eye would decree that shadows should exist. She seemed to Paul more than a mere being of beauty; a study to contemplate, rather, in ultimate despair of ever becoming able properly to depict it on the canvas.

Two hours passed almost in silence between them, while Paul affected to work and she seemed buried in revery. Occasionally she would raise her eyes and let them meet his; then he would turn more closely to his canvas, in poor pretence of thinking only about that. Then again her eyes would be lowered to the floor, and he would stealthily turn aside from his labor and gaze anew.

"Am I to see what you have done?" at last she asked.

"Not yet," he answered. "That is, if for a while you will allow it so. You must know that an artist never wishes his undeveloped work inspected; he would rather wait until it is more nearly finished. The day will come, I hope, when —"

He spoke this tentatively, as wishing to learn whether she would consent to come again. If so, it would be well; if not, his time would after all have been wasted, for he had as yet reproduced scarcely a line to his satisfaction, and he knew that in spite of his stolen glances he could no more successfully than before carry any recollection of her features or expression into his work. She answered nothing to this, and he could not tell whether he was destined ever to see her again or not.

"And my attire — do you copy that also?"

"In part," he said. "There is a certain something about it, — a quaintness of fashion, if you will allow me —"

"Yes, it is old, — of a former day," she interrupted. "Yet it was called beautiful in its time."

"It is this very quaintness which pleases me, I was about to tell you," Paul responded, more than ever yielding to the theory that she had come from some mountain district, with merely a few ancestral heirlooms to draw upon for her adornment in the capital. "You must know that I am endeavoring to paint you as you would have appeared three centuries ago; how could I better do so, than from the suggestions given in a costume a little different from the present fashion?"

"And the ornaments, — these pearls. This ring, also; you will paint this ring, will you not?"

He had been observing the ring for some minutes past, and had been wondering a little why it had attracted him so much more than certain other adornments, which at first sight were more noticeable. It was a large gold ring, heavily chased, and worn on her left forefinger. Now he approached to look at it more closely, and for that purpose would have lifted her hand in his. But as before, with a single movement she prevented him, and he could only bend over her hand as it lay upon the velvet cushion of the little bronze table, and so observe it.

A large gold ring, in representation of a coiled serpent. A common enough conceit, as far as that went; but the serpent was double-headed, and the heads were crossed around the tail, which, twisting in between them, completed the circle. The serpent's heads were flat, and on each was engraved a cabalistic cipher, or what to him was unknown in any other character.

"What does the inscription mean?" Paul asked.

"There was another ring like this," she said, evading his question, or perhaps not hearing. "It has been lost."

"I will paint this as truly as I can," he said, returning to his easel. "It is a very little thing to be represented upon a figure of so much less than life size, but I will do all I can."

As accurately as possible he sketched out the ring upon Marcia's hand; not deeming it of much importance as an accessory, but simply to please, if possible, her who wore it. It was his first real labor of the day; for many minutes he now bent earnestly over his task, and finally succeeded in producing something like a correct representation of the original ornament, — copying the serpent indeed, but finding no room for the inscriptions upon the two heads. At last he succeeded somewhat to his satisfaction in doing all that was possible under the circumstances, and turned aside to announce the result, — then rubbed his eyes in astonishment and dismay. The carved chair stood vacant; his fair visitor was gone.

Leonard Kip.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]



AMONG THE APACHES. II.

The first section of this paper closed with the account of the purchase of Arizona, and the Apaches therewith, — well nigh its sole inhabitants; and of the entire ignorance of the region then prevalent throughout the United States, most people supposing it to be a worthless desert.

The reports of Lieutenants Whipple and Ives of the United States army, who were directed by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to explore the newly acquired territory, gave us the first real inside view of our purchase, and are among the most valuable of the contributions made to our knowledge of this interesting region. Lieutenant Gray, in 1854, made a survey from Marshall, Texas, to El Paso, thence across the country to Tubac, from which point he made branch surveys — one to Point Lobos, on the Gulf of California, and the other to Fort Yuma and San Diego. Mr. Bartlett, of the boundary commission, also made some very important surveys, and added materially to our knowledge of the topographical peculiarities of the country, its climate, and productions. Lieutenant Parke, in 1854–5, made a survey of a route from San Diego to Fort Yuma, the Pimo villages, Tucson, El Paso, and into Northern Texas. Lieutenant Beale made numerous surveys and explorations through Northern Arizona, and in 1855 the boundary survey was completed by Major Emory and Lieutenant Michler.

In the meantime private enterprise had become interested in the discovery and development of the resources of the new public domain. In 1854 Charles D. Poston, a private citizen, landed at Narachista, on the Gulf of California, and explored the country as far as Western Sonorita, and thence through the Papagoria to the Big Bend of the Gila, Fort Yuma, and San Diego. In August, 1856, an exploring party set out from San Antonio, Texas, and after a perilous journey through the Apache pass arrived at Tubac, and proceeded under the direction of Poston to examine the silver mines reported to exist in the Santa Rita, Cerro Colorado, and Arivaca Mountains; and in 1857 companies were formed for the purchase and development of these mines.

In August and September, 1857, the San Antonio and San Diego semi-monthly stage line was established. This continued till the Butterfield semi-weekly line was put upon the route, in August, 1858, under a contract of six years with the Postmaster General, at $600,000 a year. An enterprise of greater importance than this had never been undertaken by any private citizen. It was one of the grand achievements of the age to span the continent by a semi-weekly line of stages, under bonds to perform, by the sole power of horseflesh, a trip of nearly 2,500 miles within the schedule time of twenty-five days. Few believed it could be done; and when the vast deserts through which the route lay, and the hostile tribes of Indians that inhabit them, are taken into account, it is a marvel that it was not only a success but a triumph.

From 1857 to 1860 a large amount of capital was expended in transporting and erecting machinery and developing the silver mines south of Tucson; but in consequence of the inaccessible nature of the country, and the high rates of duties levied upon all importations through Sonora, these enterprises were carried on at great expense, and under extraordinary difficulties. Boilers weighing 6,000 pounds and heavy engines had

to be transported in wagons from Vavaca, in Texas, to the Rio Grande, and thence across the continent to the silver regions — a distance of 1200 miles. The roads were almost as nature had made them — rough and rocky, abounding in ruts and pitfalls and heavy sands, and every mile of the way from the Rio Grande was beset with dangers. Fierce and barbarous Indians lurked behind the rocks and in the deep arroyos, ever on the alert to plunder and murder the little bands of white men who toiled wearily through the inhospitable deserts.

The sufferings of these hardy adventurers were almost without a parallel in the history of human enterprise. Hunger and thirst, and burning suns, and chilling nights, were among the least of the trials to which they were subject; sudden death from hidden foes, or cruel and prolonged torture, stared them in the face at every step. The wayside was lined with the bleached bones of unfortunate men who had preceded them, straggling parties who had fallen victims to the various perils of the journey. When, after weary months of toil and suffering, the jaded teamsters arrived in Arizona with their precious freight — now literally worth its weight in silver — they found no established homes, no prosperous communities of families to greet them, but a country as wild as that through which they had passed, almost desolated by the ravages of the Apaches.

For three centuries these Bedouin of the desert had continued their depredations upon stock, robbing the ranches, killing the *rancheros* and harassing emigrant parties. No industry could prosper under their malign influence. The whole state of Sonora was devastated, and the inhabitants in a starving condition. Arizona, by this time, possessed at least the pretense of military protection, in the scattered little regular army posts established here and there by the United States. It soon became infested with the refuse population of Sonora, — the most mongrel, faithless, and abandoned, perhaps, on the face of the earth. What the Apaches left undone in the way of murder and robbery they seldom failed to complete. The newspapers were filled with accounts of bloody affrays, robberies, and Apache raids.

Yet, despite all these drawbacks, men of enterprise began to learn the great natural resources of the Territory; the silver mines of Santa Rita and Cerro Colorado attracted attention as they became developed; and in 1860 Arizona seemed in a fair way to receive a rapid increase of population, and obtaining from Congress what it had long needed — a Territorial form of government. Efforts had been made to effect this object as early as 1857; and a bill had been introduced in the Senate to organize the Territory of Arizona, but jealousies on the railroad question had defeated it.

The rebellion, which broke out in April, 1861, gave Arizona an almost fatal blow. The Overland mail line was stopped and all the Federal troops withdrawn. The hostile Indians, ignorant of our domestic disturbances, believed they had at last stampeded the whole population. On the public highways they fell upon small parties and slaughtered them. They rushed in from their mountain strongholds and ransacked the mines, destroying the machinery, and murdering the few employees that remained. From that date until the last session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, Arizona remained almost depopulated, without a Territorial organization. Few people were left in the country and there was no protection to the mines. They were all abandoned to the plundering Apaches. The ranches were in ruins; south and east of Tucson there was not a single inhabited spot within the boundary lines.

Between the withdrawal of the regular troops, transferred east to take part in the war between the States, and the arrival of the California volunteers or-

dered to replace them, a reign of terror almost indescribable held sway all over the desolated land. The valley of the Santa Cruz above Tucson was a rich and most beautiful grazing and agricultural region. It had already been well settled by an enterprising set of frontiersmen as far up as the Calabasos ranch, fifteen miles above Tubac. In an incredibly short time after the regulars left the Territory it went to ruin with an almost unparalleled rapidity. The Apaches, supposing that they had created a panic among the whites, became more bold and vigorous in their forays than ever before. Ranch after ranch was desolated by fire, robbery, and murder. No white man's life was secure beyond Tucson; and even there the few remaining inhabitants lived in a state of terror. On the road between San Xavier and Tubac, a distance of forty miles, the graves of white men murdered by the Apaches were bloody mile-posts. Not a single living soul remained to enliven the solitude. It became silent and death-like — yet strangely calm and beautiful in its desolation. Here and there were fields with torn-down fences; houses burned or racked to pieces by violence; everywhere ruin, grim and ghastly with associations of sudden death. A country more richly favored, yet more depressing in its associations with the past, after the Apaches went through it, had seldom been seen.

In the whole territory hardly a horse could be found, unless in the possession of these adroit thieves, who had made a clean sweep of them all; and never had their sarcastic saying that the Mexicans are their *vaqueros* upon whom they depend for their horses and cattle, and the Americans their teamsters and mechanics, who haul goods for them and supply them with arms, been more true. Cochise, the famous chief and warrior of the Pinals — a county in southeastern Arizona, in which is the site of his famous stronghold, has been named after him, since he shuffled off the mortal coil — rode the finest horse in the country, stolen of course, its former owner lying dismounted and at rest, scalpless and outraged in some unknown Apache-made grave.

The Franco-Arabs of Algeria, reputed the keenest set of thieves that ever lived, could not hold a candle in that respect to their North American congeners, especially in the matter of stealing horses and cattle. When Arivaca was occupied, great precautions were taken to prevent the loss of stock by theft. The work animals were driven into a strongly made corral every evening before dark. A small adobe house, in which the *vaqueros* slept, stood opposite the entrance with the door fronting the gate, so that it was supposed nothing could go in or out without attracting the attention of the guard. Watch-dogs were kept, in order that the guard might be aroused in case he should happen to fall asleep during his watch, and the *vaqueros* were obliged to keep their door open. The bars of the gate were fastened with a heavy chain lashed around them, so that the least movement would be likely to make a noise. Besides there were white men in several of the quarters, well-armed and always on the *qui vive*. With all these precautions a band of four or five Apaches came one night, and attempted to cut through the wall by sawing a gap in it with their hair *riatas;* but finding the material too hard they chose the alternative of making an attempt on the gate. To get the bars down without making a noise, they carefully unfastened the chain, and taking it link by link in their *serapes* as they moved it, actually succeeded in effecting an opening without even arousing the dogs. The Mexicans in charge were barely aroused in time to see thirty-nine valuable mules and several fine horses in full flight for the mountains. A party of five men was immediately dispatched in pursuit. The main body of the Apaches lay in ambush

on the trail, and as soon as the pursuing party approached within a few paces, fired upon them, killing one, wounding another, and compelling the rest to fly for their lives.

A more adroit case of horse-stealing occured in Sonora. A wealthy *ranchero* built a stone corral ten feet high, determined that the Apaches should never get possession of his stock. The gate was massive and iron-bound, and locked with a strong iron lock. One night a small band of those dexterous thieves climbed over the wall and lay down quietly under its shadow. At the usual time in the morning the *vaqueros*, unsuspicious of danger, unlocked the gate, opened it to let the animals out as usual, and were profoundly astonished to see them dash forth in a stampede, five or six of them ridden by yelling devils of Apaches. Before they could fully realize the state of affairs there was not an Indian or an animal in sight; nor did the horses ever come in sight again.

The officer referred to herein, had commanded a company of Apache scouts in the field against Ju, the Chiricahua chief, before being detailed as inspector at San Carlos. He was very eager to see his nimble-fingered rascals at work, and had expressed his wish to them several times. One cold January night in the Burro Mountains, with the snow lying thick all around, he slept with all his clothes on under half a dozen blankets and a small shelter tent above them. The cold woke him up and he found himself as naked as when he was born. Blue overshirt, tight top boots and tighter buckskin pants were all gone, and when his scouts, laughing, asked him if he wanted more he answered with his teeth chattering that he had had quite enough and did not wish for any more of the same kind; for he was afraid that if he did, they would steal the hair off his head next, and, perhaps forget to put it back again where it grew.

When the war of the rebellion closed and peace came once more to our distracted country, the California volunteers, who had replaced the United States troops while they were engaged on eastern fields, were disbanded, and the long line of frontier military posts extending from the great plains to the Pacific Ocean were once more garrisoned by the regular forces of the United States, and a vigorous campaign inaugurated against the thieving Apaches and their congenors all over the western and northwestern parts of the American continent.

They were first hushed into submission and then brought gradually — one tribe after another — on the reservations established and set apart for them from the public domain, where under the combined effects of gradual starvation and compulsory endeavors to accustom themselves to the food and habits of an alien and more advanced race, they became fewer and fewer as time went on, by a process of systematic decimation, which soon assumed the proportions of almost complete extermination. In the meantime they reverted every once in a while, to the great dismay of the fast returning settlers, to their old favorite practices, by breaking away in warlike bands under restless chiefs like Victorio, Ju, Geronimo, and others, and harrying, burning, and murdering every live thing they came across on their way to Sonora and Chihuaha, whose mongrel inhabitants had a hard time of it all, despite the Mexican troops, whom as a general rule the Apaches whipped every time they encountered them.

In 1871 the War Department confided to General Crook the task of whipping into submission all the bands of the Apache nation still off the reservations in Arizona. How thoroughly that duty was accomplished is now a matter of history. But at the last moment one band — the Chiricahuas — was especially exempted from Crook's jurisdiction. They were not attacked by troops, and for years led a Jack-in-the-box sort of an ex-

istence, now popping into an agency and now popping out, anxious, if their own story is to be credited, to live at peace with the whites, but unable to do so from lack of food.

In 1880, when General Willcox was commanding the Department of Arizona, they were enticed by diplomacy to leave the wild mountain haunts in which they had secreted themselves near the Mexican boundary, and came on the San Carlos reservation under their chief, Ju, where rations in abundance for themselves and families had been promised them. A difference of opinion soon arose with the agent as to what constituted a ration, the wicked Chiricahuas laboring under the delusion that it was enough food to keep the recipient from starving to death, and objecting to an issue of supplies based upon the principles according to which grumbling Jack tars used to say that prize money was formerly apportioned—that is, by being thrown through the rungs of a ladder, what stuck being the share of the Indian, and what fell to the ground being the share of the agent. To the credit of the then agent it must be said that he made a praiseworthy but ineffectual effort to alleviate the pangs of hunger by a liberal distribution of hymn-books among his wards.

The perverse Chiricahuas, not being able to digest works of that nature, and unwilling to acknowledge the correctness of the agent's arithmetic, made up their minds to rally out from San Carlos and take refuge in the more hospitable wilderness of the Sierra Madre. Their discontent was not allayed by rumors whispered about of the intention of the agent to have the whole tribe removed bodily to the Indian Territory. Coal, as I have related, had been discovered on the reservation, and speculators clamored that the land involved be thrown open for development, regardless of the rights of the Indians.

Matters reached a focus when the agent one fine morning sent his chief of police—a young white man—to arrest a Chiricahua charged with some offense deemed worthy of punishment in the agency guardhouse. The offender started to run through the Indian camp, and the chief of police fired at him, but missed his aim and killed a luckless old squaw who happened in range. This wretched marksmanship was resented by the Chiricahuas, who refused to be comforted by the profuse apologies tendered for the accident. They silently made their preparations, waiting long enough to catch the chief of police, kill him, cut off his head and play a game of football with it; and then, like a flock of quail, the whole band, men, women, and children—seven hundred and ten in all—started on the dead run for the Mexican boundary, one hundred and fifty miles to the south.

Hotly pursued by the troops, they fought their way across Southern Arizona and New Mexico, their route marked by blood and devastation. The valleys of the Santa Cruz and San Pedro witnessed a repetition of the once familiar scenes of farmers tilling their fields with rifles and shot-guns strapped to the plow-handle. The Chiricahuas gained the Sierra Madre safely,—slipping through the cordon of troops surrounding them on all sides—and the operations of the American and Mexican generals in the field against them, in the mountain fastnesses of Mexico, have passed into history. The majority of the chiefs and of the different bands who broke away from the reservation are prisoners of war in Florida, their lives ebbing away slowly, far from their native mountains, while the remainder of the Apache nation—once so powerful—is on the San Carlos, slowly but surely being crushed day by day under the advancing Juggernaut wheel of American civilization.

. . . . . .

Some years after he had been relieved of his duties as inspector of Indian sup-

plies at the San Carlos Agency, our army friend happened to be detailed as instructor of something or other at the United States Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

One day the thought struck him to take a stroll to the Hampton Industrial School some three miles above the fort, and see how things in general were getting on in that establishment.

He was struck with the marked improvement and progress he noticed everywhere among the young Indians and Negro students collected there for instruction in the white man's arts. As he was about to leave, he was accosted by a dark complexioned young man, dressed neatly and looking the perfect gentleman, who came up to him with both hands extended towards him, and a bright, happy smile upon his intelligent face.

"Nonton Cla-la-hum! I am so glad to see you! How do you do?"

The officer, who had not heard this Indian appellation for years, gazed perplexedly in his interlocutor's eyes, and asked:

"Why, who are you? I do not remember your face, although there is something familiar in it!"

"I am the Apache boy who used to take care of your horse when you came down from Fort Thomas to inspect San Carlos."

"What!" replied the officer thunderstruck — "are you little Naraghel?"

"*Homo sum*— I am a man, and *the* man — John Naraghel Robinson, at your service."

"When do you graduate here, Naraghel?"

"Next term."

"And what then?"

"I go back to my people to teach them what I have been taught here."

"Naraghel," said the once inspector to his whilom hostler, as he caught his hand and pressed it strongly, "Man plants hope even upon his tomb, and sometimes that hope has blossomed to make others who came after him happier than he was. For the first time in all my experience of your race a hope springs forth in my heart that the remnant of your unhappy people may yet find a resting place upon the American continent, and join in the efforts of all races to improve as time goes on. Go back to the San Carlos, when the time comes for you to go, and may God go with you! Scatter the good seed you have received here among the wild Apache Mountains; and when the time comes for you to sleep your last sleep among them, may it spring above your resting place, and keep your remembrance green in the hearts of those of your race who will come after you. Farewell and God speed!"— and he returned thoughtfully to his duties among the big guns at the Fort.

A. G. Tassin.

A CALIFORNIA SUNSET.

A VIVID gleam of crimson light
  Athwart a yellow sky;
A wide-spread reach of poppy fields
  That deep in slumber lie.

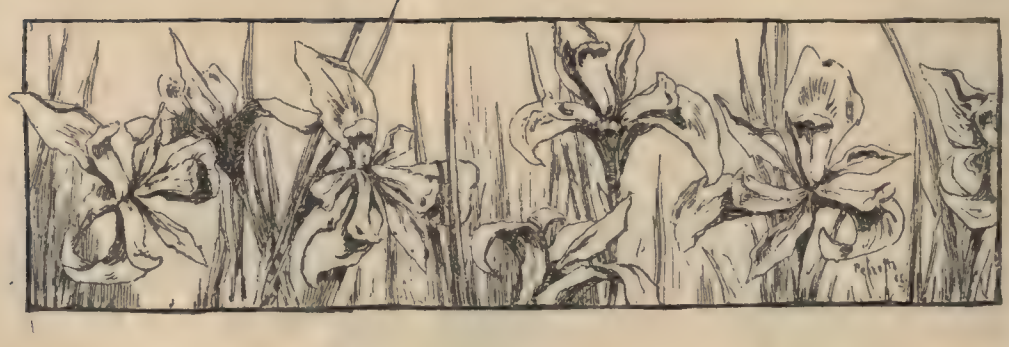
Fair cloudships, pink and amber-hued,
  At anchor in the west;
A bird low-flying o'er the grass
  That holds a hidden nest.

A further light upon the hills,
  A topaz-tinted sea,
The tinkling of a mandoline
  Beneath an orange tree.

The mountain cañons dark with shade,
  The sea-sand gray and lone,
From southern palm to northern pine
  A goodnight kiss is blown.

Daylight is o'er; the sails are furled,
  The sheep are in the fold,
The night has come, and with it, dreams
  Of argonauts and gold.

Clarence Urmy.



THE CABIN BY THE LIVE OAK.

X.

I soon found that nothing would be done about the school lands before January. There was no use in my waiting at the capital; and being a little home-sick, (the first time in my life,) I took the up-river boat next morning for home.

In my journey from the city — as a few days before on my way thither — the steamboat more than once grounded on the shoaling sands of the river-bed, at points where I well remembered the deep water of earlier years, through which steamers of much greater depth of draught had passed easily. This was the beginning of the debris trouble; the mighty power of hydraulics was tearing down the mountain sides of the Feather, Bear, and Yuba headwaters shed, and the lighter particles of the dissolved earth were already beginning to block the great artery of trade with the interior.

But there was no grounding of the steamers when I came down in January. The winter storms began at the close of November, and raged through December with a fierceness only equalled by that of the wet winters of '49, '52, and the later season of '61. The mountain streams poured turbid floods into the valleys, and the already partly filled up beds of the valley streams had little room for the raging torrents that rushed into them on either hand. Standing on the vessel which (its own motive power aided by the swift current) bore us rapidly down, we seemed to be passing through the center of an immense lake, whose outer shores were so far away as not to be visible. It was pitiful to see the desolate looking houses, surrounded by the waste of water, and the poor bands of sheep and cattle huddled together on some little piece of levee yet spared, or standing humped up in the ice-cold water, with no place of refuge to turn to.

But these sights were not long before us, for at the rate of speed at which we traveled, it was not many hours before we hauled up alongside the landing at Sacramento, and stepped down upon the land. I had before this seen the river when at its flood stage, but it had been at a time when its banks were comparatively uninhabited and unimproved, and there was but little to destroy.

An inquiry for Jasper at his former quarters developed the fact that he was never in lodgings, so I put off the search for him until the next day.

There was no longer the buzz and bustle that stirred the city on my recent visit. The new governor and state officers were installed, a senator elected, both houses organized and transacting business, while the hungry crowd of expectants that were thronging the state house then, were now gone to their homes.

I did not go up to the state house until afternoon, and I must say that my preconceived ideas of legislative dignity received a sad rebuff. "No man is a hero to his own valet," and I find it true that all great bodies are worshipped best at a distance. About two-thirds of the honorable gentlemen were in their seats, nearly half of them were engaged in gleaning the news of the day from the many daily papers with which the sergeant-at-arms had kindly,—at the expense of the state,—furnished them. Many of these gentlemen, that they might better digest the contents of the paper, had assumed the picturesque attitude of lying back in their seats, while the desk in front of them furnished a resting place for their American heels.

The clerk, meanwhile, was reading in a droning voice the sections of a bill which had been rescued from its tomb in some committee room, and placed upon its passage. Few seemed to pay any attention to what was going on, and when the reading of the bill was completed and it was put upon its final passage, not more than half a dozen voted for the measure, and none against it. No wonder that the statute books of years ago became ponderous volumes.

Jasper was in his seat, but as the hour for adjournment was evidently near at hand, I did not send any message in. When the speaker's gavel finally announced the close of the session, I passed to the steps and waited until he came out.

He greeted me cordially. "I 'm sorry you came just now, though," he continued. "There is no probability of that business coming up for several weeks yet, and tomorrow I shall go away for several days."

"What is delaying the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing unusual. I find that the public lands committee look upon the measure favorably. They will make a favorable report, but recommend another reference, to see if it is constitutional in all its parts."

"Humph, — well I suppose that is the safest plan. But where do you think of going? Not home?"

"No, — O no. I shall go away with the hospital committee, of which I am a member. The newspapers will call it a junketing excursion. I don't know how long it will take us, but we shall leave Stockton for the last place."

"You go to Stockton to — "

"To visit the insane asylum, and inquire into its management."

"Jasper," said I, "I wish almost that I was a legislator and one of your hospital committee."

"That 's an odd wish. Why?"

"I have an old friend there, who has been in the insane asylum ever since the State had one. I should like to see him."

"You don't need to be a legislator for that. I understand there are days when any citizen can visit the asylum."

"That is undoubtedly so. But a member of your committee would be apt to have more privileges allowed him than a mere visitor."

"Tell you what, Mr. Sheldon; go as our guest; I feel sure I will be warranted in giving you this invitation."

"Thank you, I shall be pleased. Now if you can only tell me when and where to meet you."

"I cannot say certainly just now. We shall go first to the Bay, where we may remain several days. I will write and post you when we take the steamer for Stockton."

But as I had no particular desire to wait in Sacramento, when there was nothing to be done, I followed the next Saturday's rush of legislators, and at night landed on the wharf at San Francisco.

XI.

WHILE it is said truly of San Francisco that she stands at the Golden Gate and levies tribute on each morsel that is taken to the interior, yet we cannot but realize how much importance the city has been to the interior. Built up in a great measure by men who had sought fortune first in the mines, it became in later years the central point of a favored region, to which the dwellers of the mountain ranges turned their eyes, and within which they hoped to be able to rear a home for their declining years. And so it is turning out; from all quarters of the mountains have come representatives whose presence in the metropolis of the Pacific has brought good to those left behind.

This was my first visit to the city in a State residence of seventeen years; so it was new and very interesting to me. I met men from almost every part of the

State where I had been; and old times and old scenes, hundreds of miles away, were talked over with untiring zest. I mentally vowed that this first visit should not be the last by any means, and was enjoying myself so well that I was just the least annoyed when Jasper came to my lodgings and left word that we would start for Stockton the next day.

The State insane asylum was even then overcrowded. We were cordially received by the officers, one of whom, I was glad to find, was an old mining friend, and of course I felt right at home after that.

I inquired after Wynkoop, and found that he was yet an inmate of the building, though it was long since he had been treated as a patient. His memory of everything belonging to his early life was a complete blank, except that he retained a clear recollection of all the details of his former occupation. His father had conducted a nursery and seed garden for many years, and the boy had learned the business thoroughly; so, as he dreaded going forth again into the world, he was employed on the asylum grounds. We went in search of him, and it required but a few minutes' talk to convince me that any hope I might have had of being able to recall myself to his recollection might as well be laid aside.

I was quite disappointed at this, and so expressed myself to my friend Willey. I found that Willey had been an attaché of the institution for several years, and I was deeply interested in the details of several of the cases that had fallen under his observation. He took me about wards where the more violent of the patients were kept; but a very little of this satisfied me that gazing upon the hopeless wrecks of what had once been intelligent loving beings was no pleasure; and as Willey told me that the harmless patients could best be seen that evening at one of the little "sociables" they often held, I gladly quitted the place, and I felt relieved when we were once more out under the blue sky.

The sociable was attended not only by the harmless patients, but by the families of some of the officials, and guests from the neighboring city. Had I not been told in advance that the majority of those present would be patients, I could not have believed it; and, indeed, it was hard to believe it in any case. Willey, whose wife was one of the guests, was my guide, and many an interesting story was told me before the evening closed. It was so hard to distinguish between the patients and their guests, that more than once I found myself disputing with my informant, and only slowly being convinced.

Toward midnight the attendance thinned out and the pronounced characters became more noticeable. Several times during the evening I had observed that a beautiful woman, dressed with exquisite taste, had passed before me, now dancing, now in the promenade, and finally seated near me in earnest conversation with a grave old physician, one of the senate committee, which had joined with that of the lower house. I supposed her to be a Stockton belle, and so intimated to Willey.

"No, George; that, too, is one of our patients."

"O, drop it. Will you never let up?"

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Willey with a comical expression. "I see now it is Mrs. ——. Shall I introduce you? Still, I think it proper to tell you she *is* a patient."

"Very good, Tom; perhaps she is,—you ought to know. I 'll take the introduction. If *that* is a crazy woman, it 's mighty funny to me."

Willey made the introduction, which the lady received with much grace. Hardly had I seated myself by her when the band struck up a stirring schottische, and a gentleman came to ask her for the pleasure of a dance with her.

"You are such an old friend, Mr. Selfridge, that I know you will pardon me for asking to be excused. I am *really* tired, and I have just made the acquaintance of this gentleman, who has not yet danced, I believe."

"And does n't know how," said I. "If I did, I certainly should have been on the floor ere this. But if you desire this dance, Mrs. ——, don't let my presence keep you from it. I shall only exact a promise from your partner to bring you here again."

She laughed pleasantly, and taking his arm was soon passing by me in the revolving circle. She did not remain on the floor until the music ceased, but was led up to the seat beside me, (which remained vacant,) while others continued their enjoyment. We entered into casual talk, and if I had been charmed in the first instance by the lady's person and manner, I was doubly charmed by her conversation.

Willey did not come near us, nor did the lady dance again. Several times she was sought as a partner, but declined, and I had the audacity to think that she preferred my society. I began, however, to be a little ashamed of myself for thus monopolizing the society of one whom I should probably never see again, and while it was difficult to find the right place to take my leave, at last rose.

As I did so she put her hand on my arm. "You are not going?" she said.

"Yes, it is time I should."

"Stay a moment. I wish a word with you. Am I mistaken, or are you one of the gentlemen who came here yesterday morning?"

"You are not mistaken, Mrs. M——."

"I thought not. I rarely have the opportunity to speak with strangers, to invoke the help I so sadly need. But something tells me that in you I have found a friend at last. Can I rely upon you?"

"You can, to the utmost of my ability. In what manner can I serve you?"

"Hush. Sit down again and I will tell you. I am kept here against my will. They say I am crazy, but I am not. No, not so daft as those whose words have sent me here. But they had their object. Were I once without these walls, where I could breathe the pure air of freedom; where I knew that my feet were free to wander to any part of God's green earth that I might will; where I could turn like a bird of the air, and fly to those who would give me shelter and protection gladly if they knew my needs, — those who are feasting and reveling on what is mine, would have to hide their grasping souls by flight. Restore me to liberty, and great shall be your reward."

"But," said I, disconcerted at this unexpected proposition. "I am simply a citizen, not one in a position to aid you as you wish. What would you have me do?"

"That is for you to judge. It is no use to speak to those in authority here, for they are leagued with my enemies. Go from here to Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, the land of the olive and the vine. Tell them all that Judge Brincurd's only child is imprisoned here, and an army will follow you to set me free."

"But you are here by legal process, are you not?"

"What do they care for the few who warp its powers only to their own advantage? See here, are you married?"

"No I am not, yet. The miner who found only a 'grub stake,' as we call it, is not in a condition to become a Benedick."

"Then you are a miner, one of that generous class of men who have become famous for their kind deeds? I feel now that my appeal will not be in vain. It is the finger of God that has led you hither. I have mines so rich that a hundred men come daily staggering in, loaded with sacks of the purest virgin gold. I have lands where the herds of cattle blacken the hillside, till the eye grows weary in striving to look beyond

them. I have houses where the merchant princes traffic in the products of distant lands. These, with myself, will I gladly give for freedom. Once let me know that I am free through your efforts, and I am yours."

"You astonish me, madam," said I, "that one so gifted can be snatched away thus, and left in a place where it is evident her friends cannot penetrate. I shall try and help you, though not with the object you have indicated, for I have already met one who claims my whole allegiance."

"Then I must yield to despair again. Oh, how hope reigned in my bosom, when I saw that I could talk to you unheard by the despots that keep me chained! You will go forth, only to forget me when once you have passed these walls, as others have done. It is too bad, too bad!" And she bowed her head and seemed overwhelmed.

For once in my life I was nonplussed. Here was a beautiful woman invoking my aid, and—just then I caught the eye of Willey, who was standing close to us. There was an amused smile on his face, which broadened into a grin as he caught sight of my rueful countenance and beckoned me away. I went gladly. When we had gone a few steps he stopped and turned toward me. "What do you think of her now?"

"I'm puzzled, Willey. She talks right enough, unless it be that her ideas are exaggerated to some extent. Why do you ask?"

"Did she want to marry you, if you would procure her liberty?"

"That was about it."

"The old story. She makes the same offer to every man, old or young, that comes here, and she can talk, too. I set her at you on purpose."

"Thankee for nothing, then," said I.

"I wanted you to have a little proof, as you seemed to doubt my word about it. Look at her now. She is so gentle, so sorrowful, so mild, so womanly, that no man living would believe she could ever have been the she-devil she was."

"What was her case?"

"A pretty hard one. Married to a young man who doted on her, she left her home and husband to consort with a gambler. She took her child with her and it was drowned. But when after a while her gambler wearied of her caprices of temper, and deserted her for another woman, she went crazy."

"And the great wealth she claims to have, is that all imaginary?"

"Pretty much so. Her husband was in good circumstances, and her father the same. But, it's a common thing for a crazy person to imagine that he is confined because of his riches, or at least, that he has great riches. This in the lowly walks of life more commonly than with those who really may have had some foundation to their claims."

"Have you many such characters here?"

"Many. And some that would be amusing from the ludicrousness of their pretensions, if it were not too pitiful. Some, again, talk with such earnestness and such apparent belief in the truth of what they say, that if their stories are at all reasonable, you have to believe them. By way of illustration—do you see that darkey who was one of the musicians. There he goes by the door, with the violin case under his arm. He thinks he has a large bag of gold dust buried. You get to talking to him, and the chances are that if he takes a notion to you, he will want you to take ten or twenty pounds of the dust and buy him."

"And buy *him?*"

"Yes, him. You see he has been a slave, or at least thinks he has, and refuses to believe that the slaves have been freed."

I had looked carelessly at the negro, when Willey first spoke of him. I now looked at him again. He had stopped at the door and was looking toward us, so I saw him clearly. Quick as thought

could act upon the brain I recalled Abe.

"What is the darkey's name?"

"His true name we do not know, but he is borne on the books as Sam Black. His being here was the result of a criminal trial, in which he was tried for nearly killing one of a party of young fellows who started in to have a lark with him. He would not give his name, so it was put 'Sam Black' in the indictment. He was acquitted on the criminal charge, (the man he hurt being shown to be in fault,) but his insanity was so evident that the judge who tried him at once had him examined and committed here."

"I want to have a talk with that fellow tomorrow, Willey," said I. "I begin to think again that my theory that all are not insane who are confined here is correct, after all."

"Why, — do you know the coon?"

"I think I do; if not, I knew one whose story is almost identical."

XII.

I returned to the asylum alone next day, the two committees having obtained all the information they deemed requisite upon the matters within the circle of their duties. I had already found out where Willey held forth, so I lost no time in hunting him out, and together we went in search of "Sam Black," or "Abe" as the event would prove.

We fouud him scratching the back of a pet hog, and my first glance at him by daylight confirmed the conviction of the night before. But he glanced at me without any sign of recognition whatever.

"Where 's your chum, Sam?" asked Willey, after we had been there a few minutes.

"Who yo' call my chum? Dat big Irishman w'at wucks wid me?"

"Yes, Red Mike. Where will I find him?"

"He 's done gone down to hitch up de Doctah's horse, sah. Shall I go fotch him?"

"No, never mind, I'll find him myself in no time. I'll be back in a few minutes, George;" and Willey was off, leaving me with the negro.

I hardly knew how to begin. I had thought it over the night before, but each plan formed was rejected; for, to be frank, after I heard of the desperate assault he had made, I became a little "tender footed" myself; and this feeling was not lessened by the fact that he gave not the least sign of recognition of me,— though I could hardly expect that after so many years.

"You have an odd pet here," said I' stroking the pig, which grunted appreciatively.

"Boun' ter make a pet ob somethin', suh,— dat 's human natur'. 'T would be chill'en ef dar was any, but dey makes de chill'en keep mighty shy of us fell's."

"You 're right about its being human nature to have something to pet. I saw an old fellow on the San Antone who caught all the squirrels he could in a box trap. He made pets of the young ones, but the old ones would not tame."

I thought the mention of the San Antone would give me an opening, but it did not. He made no sign that he had ever heard of such a place.

"Children are the ones, though, as you well say, Mr. ——, Mr. ——. I beg pardon, I don't think Willey gave me your name."

"Dey call me Sam Black, sah."

"That name 's as good as any, I guess. But they might just as well have called you Abe Lincoln, after the great liberator of your people. Abe is a good name, good as Sam."

At the mention of the familiar name an apprehensive look came for a moment into his eyes. But he had evidently schooled himself against self-betrayal, and quickly as it came it was gone again.

"P'raps, so, suh. We collud people doan' always hab choice ob w'at we 'd like. I answers to Sam as well as any-t'ing."

"How do you mean, can not have choice?"

He looked intently around, and saw that no one was within hearing distance. "Because, suh, de slave man mus' tek his marse's name."

"Then you were a slave?"

"I is, suh."

"And *your* master's name was Black. Where did he live?"

"Doan' ax me, suh, doan' ax me, 'less yo' mean ter be my frien'. An' dat I caint know."

"Suppose I do mean to be your friend, —what would you have me do?"

"I doan know you, suh, an' I can hab no frien' now. Da' was a time w'en a frien' could 'a' bought me an' made me free, but dat time is gone by now."

"So it has, my friend. There are no slaves in our country now. Don't you know that?"

"I been tole that, suh."

"And don't you believe it?"

"I doan' know w'at to belieb, suh?"

"Well, believe *me*, Abe."

A tremor shook his frame, and for a moment his self control forsook him.

"Was yo' speakin' to me, suh?" he asked.

"To you, of course."

"Den call me Sam, suh."

"Very well, Sam, just as you say. Did you ever work in the mines?"

"Some, suh."

"Ever work on the San Antone?"

"'Pears to me as ef I seen such a stream, but I doan' know."

"Do you remember the summer of 1850 on the Consumnes Rio?"

It was a center shot. I saw his tremor return, while his hands clenched spasmodically. The look of mingled fear, wonder, hatred, curiosity, and despair that he threw upon me was indescribable.

I hastened to put in a word to allay any feeling of excitement which might take possession of him.

"Don't be afraid, Abe, nor excited, I tried to be your friend once, and now I can and will be. Have you forgotten that you sent for me to come to you when you were sick, down at the San Antone?"

The look on his face changed to one of deep perplexity. It was evident he was trying to recall something of which his recollection was too dim and indistinct to be trusted. I waited for his answer.

"I doan' seem to 'member it, sah. It seems to me dat I 's seen such a crick, but I kain' 'member it now."

"Let me help your memory then, Sam, or Abe, or whatever your name may be. You were sick, and you sent Indian Jim for me, because, as you said, of something you heard me say once when talking to the man you came to California with, upon the Consumnes Rio. You told me that you had run away, and why, and that you wanted me to write back to Kentucky and buy you and Julia with money you claimed you had dug out and had buried. Don't you remember that?"

"I 'clar to God, suh, I doan'."

"Then, don't you remember the Consumnes Rio, and the Colonel, and Mr. Robert, and little Miss Ethel?"

"I gives it up, suh. I doan' know if yo' is a frien' or no, but ef I mus' go back to Kintuck I s'pose I mus'. Yo' knows me, suh, an' I kin hol' out no mo'."

"Never fear about going back to Kentucky, Abe. Your old mistress is dead, and the Colonel would not think of taking you back, even if you were yet a slave,—which, thank God, there are none, now?"

"Does you *mean* dat, marse? Suah?"

"Mean it — of course! Don't you know that in the years that have passed since I saw you last there has been a great war and many thousands of people killed, and that among other great changes made all the slaves were set free?"

"I 's heard 'em talk dat, suh, but I t'ought dey was tryin' to fool me, to get me to go away from yere, so 's dey could cotch me an' take me 'way. An is it true, marse, dat I 'se a free man?"

"Just as free as I am myself, Abe, except that you are kept here."

"An' is Julia free, too?"

"Free, yes,—and living down in the Cache Creek country, at the Colonel's place you ran away from. And your little mistress, Ethel, has grown to be a beautiful woman, and I guess she will marry that young man you may have seen with me last night."

He fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands together raised his eyes to heaven, and for some minutes was engaged in silent prayer. Suddenly rising he turned from me and ran like a deer till he disappeared from view behind a building.

"Hallo, what 's the matter with your darkey?" asked Willey, who had been watching us unobserved but now came in sight.

"I 'm afraid now the poor devil *is* crazy, but it 's over good news."

"Is he the man you thought?"

"O, yes."

"And is he sane?"

"I think so. He would not believe in the truth of some things told him, but he may have had good reason for being suspicious."

"How much did he offer you?"

"Not a cent."

"Then you are an exception, I must say. For years here he would take a visitor out and tell him of the gold dust that was buried, and offered as high as twenty pounds once to be free. But the trouble was that he could never tell where his wealth was buried."

"He told me of that wealth years ago. Before he ever saw the Stockton Asylum."

"And you believed him?"

"No, I did not. He had been in a high fever a little before, and I thought it one of the delirium fancies. But if he should tell me the same story now, I should believe it."

XIII.

Abe did not come back, and we went to Willey's post in the main building, where I told him enough of Abe's history to explain the interest I had shown in him. It was sufficient to explain to Willey the apparent inconsistences of conduct that led to the negro's being kept at the asylum so long. He had long been recognized as a harmless patient, and more than once had been told that he could leave the quarters; but the dread that he had of being taken back to servitude was sufficient to overcome this natural longing for freedom, and make him stay in a place where he believed the most important part of his secret, that of his own name and the name of his master, was unknown. He had freely acknowledged his status as a slave, but stubbornly refused to give any facts that would go to fix his identity; and fearful of shadows, remained in durance long years after his people were led from the land of bondage, rather than take any chances by mingling with the world.

I had a conversation with the resident physician, from whom I found that there would be no difficulty in procuring Abe's release at any time, when I might convince the man himself that it would be better for him to go, and with this assurance returned to the city. I made arrangements with Willey to drop me a line and let me know how the darkey acted after he must know that I had gone away; for to tell the truth it seemed to me that although Abe might have been all right before, the unexpected manner in which the glad tidings had been, as it were, forced upon him, might be too much for his slender intellect, for the time being, at least.

I did not fail to tell Jasper and Ethel of Abe's whereabouts, and Ethel imme

diately sent word to her father, with whom it will be remembered Julia lived.

The Colonel soon after came up to Sacramento, and we renewed the acquaintance begun on the Consumnes so many years ago. While the Colonel was in the city, I received a letter from Willey, telling me that Abe had at last become convinced that I had told him the truth, and that in all probability he would be granted leave of absence to come and see me.

Sure enough, so it proved, for in a day or two there came a rap at the door of my room, and the messenger told me that a colored man wanted to see me. As I expected, it was Abe, and right glad I was to see him, you may be assured. He had come from Stockton with another convalescent, in whose charge he had been placed by Willey, who gave the pair minute directions as to where I could be found.

I was much surprised at the change for the better that my protege showed, and he was dressed as well as I was myself. But I learned afterwards that Abe's skill as a musician had first and last brought him in a great many dollars, and his wants being few outside of what was furnished he had quite a little stake, for one in his position.

I helped him to find a suitable room, and after he was rested from the fatigue of the trip, took him up to the house where Ethel was staying. When that young lady appeared and had renewed her friendship with their old time chattel, I found an excuse to absent myself and let Abe find out all about his sweetheart. The news must have been of a very gratifying character, for when I next saw my colored friend, he was so supremely happy that he looked absolutely silly.

"Now, Abe," said I, when a few moments were past, "I want you to tell me what became of you after I saw you on the San Antone?"

"Well, Marse George, I clar to de Lord dat I doan' 'member 'bout dat. Somehow dere's a time dere I doan' seem to know nuffin' 'bout."

"What, have you forgotten sending the Indian Jim for me?"

"Done forget it, suh."

"Do you remember me at all."

"I'se been furbishing dat mem'ry of mine a good deal since yo' talked to me at Stockton. I remember you on de Mucosme now, an' it 'pears as if I saw yo' some place arter, but dat's all."

"Do you recollect Indian Jim?"

"Oh yes, sir. 'Member him well. But doan' know whar it were. Jim use ter buy de tings for us; I was 'feard ter do it."

"Well, it was on the San Antone, one of the poorest creeks in the Middle Mines. You sent Jim for me when you were sick, and it was then you told me about your running away from the Colonel's, and about Miss Ethel and Julia, and how afraid you were that you would be followed and caught by the Colonel's brother."

"So I was, sah, I 'member dat. I could'n' lay down to sleep but I would tink I heard 'em aroun' de house. Sebral time I went away to get cleer ob dem."

"That's what had happened, I suppose, after your sickness; I never could get track of you again."

"I don't 'member dat sickness, nuffin, of it. I knows dat I lost Indian Jim' an' neber saw him again, but doan know how. I kep' goin' from one place to 'nudder; sometimes I'd fin' a man by hisse'f, an' get a little flour an po'k or sometin ob dat kin. I allus had a set ob tools, an could pan out a little money. Den it happened dat a man's sluice box was robbed, an' dey tought 'cause I was a lone nigga, it was me dat done it. Dey come to 'rest me, an' I tought dey was catchin' me to teck me back to Kintuck. I fought 'em, an' 'a mos' killed one young feller, an' arter dat they tuk me down to Stockton."

"That 's the way of it, was it? I sup-

pose, Abe, that after the fever left you that time it left you weak-minded and out of your head — I 've known such cases. You were pretty flighty at times when I was with you. Pretty big stories you told me, too, of the dust you had buried."

"Did I tell yo' ob dat, too, sah?"

"Yes, you did. It was too big a story, though, Abe, for the San Antone diggings."

"But it was true, marse," said Abe, earnestly.

"True, you black rascal? Why, Indian Jim told me that you and he were only making grub. And your cabin looked that way too."

"Kaint holp dat, sah. Dat Injun Jim was a mighty or'nary cuss. W'en he had a few dollahs he 'd go off un' buy whiskey, an' dat was de las' of Injun Jim till de money gin plumb out. He was gone for mo' dan free week one time, an' while he was gone I foun' a place dat was plumb full ob gol'. I got great chunks, big as yer fis', an' afo' Jim got back I wo'k de place all out."

"You really took out big money, Abe?"

"Slathers ob it, sah."

"Good for you, Abe. You can go back now and get it, if some lucky miner has not sluiced it out."

"I ain' 'feared ob dat, sah, but I doan' know the place any moah. Dat money's gone, sah."

"Maybe not, Abe. But in so many years it may have been found, for you don't know what work was being done in the mines while you were away. I have been to places after a few years' absence and did n't know them. But it's about time to get a bit of lunch now."

XIV.

I PARTED with my friends a few days after this, and went home. I was well pleased with the result of my mission, which had proven entirely successful, and I was now quite prepared to settle down contentedly to every day life.

Before going, however, I had the pleasure of being one of the witnesses to the union of my colored friend, Julia having come up to Sacramento for the sole purpose of being married; Abe had insisted that I should be one of the chief guests, and I did not feel able to take a trip through the tules to the place where Julia was living. Jasper and Ethel, the Colonel, I, and some colored people with whom Abe had formed acquaintance since coming to the city, were the only ones present; and I venture to say that no couple in the higher walks of life were the recipients of more earnest and heartfelt good wishes than were these two humble lovers.

The case of my friend Jasper proved an exception to the old adage about the course of true love. The Colonel's people were willing that Ethel should become the young doctor's wife, and Jasper's were only too glad. So the matter rested in the hands of the young people entirely, and it was with no surprise that I received an invitation to their wedding soon after the close of the legislative session. Jasper's father and mother would be among the guests, and the temptation to once more meet my old partner and talk over bygone days would have been too powerful to resist, even without my kindly feeling toward the young people themselves. So it fell out that one beautiful day of mid-spring I reined up my horse before the gates of Colonel Sawyer's residence in the foot-hills of the Coast Range.

It was my old friend, Abe, that led the animal away, and the joyous tones of his voice assured me that whatever his present occupation might be he was contented in it. I found that I was the last of the expected guests to arrive, and it was not long before Sellers and I were again running a long tom on the San Antone, as in 1854. Sellers, like myself, had tried many different places since,

with varying but generally indifferent success; but he was ready to agree with me in the opinion that of all miserable mining streams in the land of gold the San Antone was certainly the worst.

The appointed hour came, and in the presence of her friends and those of her chosen husband, Ethel pronounced the words that bound her irrevocably to the one who had won the first love of her pure young heart. We crowded forward to extend our congratulations and good wishes to the happy young couple.

Among the last to come were Abe and Julia. There was a huskiness of the old darkey's voice such as I had never noticed before, and it became evident to me that there was some thought in Abe's mind that detracted from the pleasure I expected he would feel. As he and Julia passed me I laid my hand on his shoulder and stopped him. "What 's the matter with you, you foolish boy? Your 'Little Missy' has gained as likely a young fellow as ever the sun shone on."

"I knows dat, sah. But he 's gwine to take her off, sah. 'Pears to me I b'long to Missy Ethel, an' I doan' like to see her go 'way so far."

"O, that 's it, is it. Never mind, old boy. Perhaps they will have you and Julia come to them after awhile."

"Dat 's jus' w'at Jule 'posed, sah. But Missy Ethel say the doctah is po' and kain' affo'd help. O, marse George, ef dis head ob mine wasn' so t'ick."

"Your head may be thick, Abe, but you 've got a grateful heart, and that 's better than to be wise and thankless. Ethel must appreciate and thank both you and Julia for your unselfish desires."

"Dat ain' w'at I 's tinkin' ob, sah. Ef dis ol' head ob mine would on'y come soun' right, Missy Ethel an' de Doctah wouldn' be po' much longer. Dere 's 'nough ob dat gol' so dat Missy needin' brack her lilly finger, neber. But I done kain' fin' it no mo'."

"Do you think, Abe, you could find it if you were at the old cabin?"

"Fin' it? Suah I could! I kin see dat big live oak, an' de little live oak, an' de scrub bush, an' de pile ashes, jus' as plain as ef I was lookin' at 'em now. But dat doan' do me no good."

"Maybe it will, Abe. I 've been thinking about what you told me off and on every little while since I talked with you before about it. Unless some miner has sluiced away the ground where the old cabin stood and around it, the dust is there yet. I can go as straight to the spot as I can to Sacramento."

"You kin, marse?"

"I can. I'm afraid, Abe, there is not one-tenth as much of it as you think, for a dollar's worth of gold looked mighty big to me when I was on the San Antone. You can get one of Colonel Sawyer's horses, I have my own, and we can go there and back in a week. Only, don't tell anyone where we are going, for it might raise hopes that will come to nothing."

"O, marse George! Ef we *kin* fin' dat, we'se all rich."

"Foolish boy! I think you may have got a hundred or two dollars together, and to your excited imagination it looked like enough to buy the world. Tell Julia I want you to go to my place and teach my men something about tobacco planting, and we'll be off tomorrow."

XV.

Evening of a day in delicious Spring. One day's travel had been altogether in the mountains and foothills, which at this season were in their richest garb. The sloping sides of the hills were decked in emerald green, from which the darker hue of the manzanitas, with their wealth of blossom, stood out in bold relief. From the thickets of lilac the perfume came to us on the breeze, at times almost overpowering. From the branches of the few oaks and pines left along the road came the song of birds, and from below the sharp bark of

the ground squirrel, as the tread of our animals scared him from some predatory expedition.

The shadows were lengthening from the westward, and more than once we had paused to take a brief rest in the shade of some peak taller than its fel lows, when we began our journey up the San Antone.

There was little or nothing in the topography of the country that had a familiar look, as we approached that part of the stream where we had wintered fourteen years before. Other places where I had mined, I had revisited in after years to prospect some remembered point, sink a shaft in some water, or run a cut over the rimrock in some hill, which, in similar circumstances in some new place, had paid well; but my disgust of the San Antone had been so great that I never even thought of returning, if only for a day, until now. But others had evidently found better reward than had our crowd, for the banks and base of the stream had been worked years before, if anything was to be gathered from appearances. Where had once been a red mountain, covered thickly with stately pines and spreading oak, was now a waste of yellow bed-rock, over which piles of bowlders were scattered, which still threw out the heat gathered from the rays of the moonday sun. On the lower flats and branches, fields of growing grain or blossoming orchards met the eye, in the place of the unsightly rocks of former years. I began to fear that the possibility held forth by me to Abe, that some lucky pet of fortune had unearthed his hidden treasure, might be a probability, for it became evident that the miners, when richer diggings were exhausted, had flocked to the San Antone, and laid bare its ridges and swales.

We came at last to the bluff of gray granite that stood above the site of our old cabin—that, at least, was recognizable. Above us a little way was a cabin of unplaned lumber, half buried in the foliage of climbing grape vines which clustered round and over it on every hand.

As we needed some place to stop for the night, I rode up to the gate of the yard, in front of the cabin, and called lustily to the occupant to come forth. My calls were answered by the bark of a dog, which presently bounded around the corner of the house and made for the gate. A voice ordering the dog to be quiet was next heard, and presently the proprietor of the dog and voice followed. He was a man of middle age, dressed like a working miner.

"What's wanted, stranger?" asked he.

"Is there a place near here where we can put up for the night?"

"Thar's some Eyetalians a couple of miles further up, that keep people sometimes. Thar's no regular tavern here."

"Two miles," said I; "and it's nearly dark now. What's to hinder you, friend, from letting us stay with you? We don't want to go farther if we can help it, and we'll pay you for our keeping."

"You kin stay if you want to, stranger, but I can tell you aforehand you'll get mighty poor far'. I don't keep no hotel, and could n't cook much if I had it, which I hain't. If you can stand it on biscuit and beans, get right off."

He raised his hat as he spoke and I at once recognized an old acquaintance, Sam Holden, the "Lazy Sam" of fourteen years ago.

"All right, Sam, we'll take what we can get," said I, getting off my horse. "If we can get a bite of grass for these poor devils of horses, we can get along."

Mr. Holden looked curiously at me when I called him by name, but he smothered his curiosity, and taking the animals led them to a little field, where they were turned loose. While he was so doing I had an oportunity to study the situation.

I had more than once, when passing through the mines, met with Mr. Hol-

den's prototype in all things except, perhaps, laziness. He was one of a class more common at that day than at the present, the unmarried pioneer.

The single pioneer is one who has given up all idea of ever returning to the home of his boyhood, so has reared a a home that suits himself, and he doesn't care one continental whether it suits any one else or not. Whatever visions he may have entertained in former years, of a home that would be graced by the presence of woman, have been relegated to his domain of dreams.

He isn't married, doesn't expect to marry, and doesn't want to marry, but has settled contentedly down to await the day when his old comrades will pack him off to the "bone yard," and that day may as well come to-morrow as to wait a dozen years, so far as he is concerned.

The single pioneer has his cabin. It has a porch in front or at one side, where he can sit at midday and read. There is a wood-house close at hand, and a fire place where he can put in big chunks, and get before the ruddy coals. Your pioneer despises the stove, and uses one to cook with only because the timber has been cut away, and he can no longer go out and gather up the oak limbs and manzanita branches that once sent a generous warmth to the furthermost corner of his cabin.

His cabin is generally on some good piece of mining ground, or at least he thinks it is. There are peach and apple and plum trees on it, and grape vines. He raises the finest cabbages and turnips, has a patch of green corn, and no one can begin to produce such luscious green peas and beans as he. Some day he intends to run a drift under the potato patch, where he expects the bed rock will pay at least a dollar to the barrow load, and there are two feet of good gravel above it. But he never does. He puts it off from year to year, and finally he is laid with his fellows, and the public administrator sells the garden to some plodding gardener.

The single pioneer has a dog and cat. He cares more for his dog and cat than he does for himself, if we are to judge by his acts. He cannot afford or does not care for beef for himself. But Tabby has caught off all the mice and ground squirrels, and cats, you know, need meat. So he buys Tabby a piece of beef. His dog follows him to the butcher's and gets the bony part at once.

Sometimes he keeps a cow, but not often. He likes fresh milk and new butter, and can keep a cow as well as not. But Bob Green was his old pard, — Bob was killed on French Hill,—and he buys his milk and butter of Bob's widow. For our single pioneer is very unselfish. Had he been less so he might have been better off; but after all he is as happy as the majority of men, if he does live in a rough old cabin and cook for himself.

We found that Mr. Holden had not overdrawn the picture, when he represented biscuit and beans as the sum total of the *cuisine* at his domicile. But hungry men are not sticklers for delicacies, and while I cannot vouch for my friend Abe, I will say for myself that I would not ask for a better supper than we sat down to that night. Nor could I desire a sweeter rest than that born of fatigue which I found under a pair of Lazy Sam's blankets.

But while Sam's stock of grub was limited, his curiosity was not. My calling him so familiarly by name had aroused all of that quality that was in him, and we had no sooner finished our attack upon the biscuit and beans, than I was called upon to account for my knowledge of his Christian name. Of course I told him who I was, and Sam was highly delighted. But I was careful to say nothing of the object we had in coming back to the San Antone, leading him to think that a piece of float quartz was the main reason I had returned. For which "white lie" I trust to be forgiven.

After supper Sam and I fell back into the usual rut of talk, and before retiring for the night had mined the San Antone from one end to another. His cabin mate, "Greasy John," had long since gone the way of all Johns, whether greasy or not, and the men on the creek at the time I lived there were scattered to the four quarters of the earth so far as he knew, and the years of labor that must have been done, if the leveled banks and denuded hillsides betokened anything, were put in by men who came at a later day. I was surprised to hear that these tenderfeet had developed more than one paying mine on the once despised stream; that even the flat which the Package Man once prospected and left because it was such "bloody 'igh and 'ard" bed rock, had given a company a fortune when worked with a newer process. But such is the way of placer mining everywhere.

While the morning was yet cool, (having first obtained permission of Sam to stay with him,) Abe and I took our way in search of the old cabin under the live oaks. And here, left to myself, I should have failed completely. Not a vestige of the cabin was left, except a few rocks from the fallen chimney. We learned afterward from Sam, that it had been looked upon as the resort of Chinese sluice thieves, and the indignant miners had burned it down many years before. Of only one thing were we completely satisfied, and that was that its site had not been mined away. The live oaks had been cut down, for fuel probably. But Abe's recollection, when brought upon the ground, was equal to the task of finally locating the place by the stumps.

We had brought no tools for digging with us, so postponed the search for the hidden treasure till afternoon. Then Sam and I went to work at a quartz ledge, of which he had a high opinion, and Abe started out by himself.

We did not return until nearly night, and coming to the cabin we found Abe had our beans and biscuit ready. I caught his eye long enough to be assured that he had been successful, but had no chance for a talk until next morning, when I asked him how much he thought there was.

"Doan know, suh. I put um in a sack, an' luff em in de bushes."

We made our way to the place where the treasure was concealed; and, sure enough, Abe brought me a flour sack which he had got from Sam's in our absence. I took hold of it, and was astonished at its weight. I opened and looked into it, and there were bright lumps of gold and quartz weighing fully thirty pounds.

"Abe," said I, "I wish you could remember the place you got this."

"'Member dat well 'nough, suh. Kin show you de place in a few minutes."

He led the way along the mountain side until we came to a place where the shallow earth showed signs of work, now almost obliterated by the ravages of the seasons. One glance at the spot was enough to show to my practiced eye that the old fellow had stumbled on a pocket, and that it had proved to be a rich one.

XVI.

I LAY down my pen, and settling back in the easy chair close my eyes, wearied with the long and steady unwonted exercise of writing. How does it come that, after more than twenty years, these things I have written down all come before me, bright and vivid as when they occurred? Not these alone, but others. The frosts of time have silvered my hair, and as I walk to and from my daily labors I feel more and more each year the departure of the strength and spirit of youth. My home is in the mountains I love so well, but I can no longer climb their steep sides, as in the days of forty, nay of twenty, years ago.

The question is easily answered. On the table before me lies an envelope, addressed to me in the well known hand of Doctor Sellers. Within it is an invitation to me to be present at their Southern California home, on the occasion of the marriage of Maud Ethel, their eldest daughter. The sight of that little message has sent my mind back to the hours when, flushed with youth and hope, I joined the exodus that threatened to depopulate that portion of the country of its young men, and started for the distant shores of the Pacific. I can see each step of the long, long, weary journey across the plains, with each of the few incidents that occurred to relieve its dull monotony. The long lines of white-covered wagons that followed each other day by day; the crossing of the shallow quicksand streams; the sad feelings that came over us when we saw the newly filled grave of the first dead emigrant, and read the rude lettering of the headboard, which told us that one as young, as stalwart, and hopeful as ourselves had lain down upon the threshold of the journey; the solitary tree in a space of two hundred miles; the Mormon city; the dusty road down the Humboldt River, and the glimpse of what seemed another world almost, when we footed it over the fifty-mile desert, and drank of the pure sweet waters of the Carson River; — all pass in swift succession before me.

And following these thoughts came those of my California experiences. I doubt if there is one who came to the Golden State in those early times, and remained within its borders for even a decade of years, whose adventures and experiences, if jotted down, would fail to interest. I can recall a hundred times or more, where old miners meeting and exchanging experiences told things that, if appearing in the form of fiction, would be condemned as too improbable.

But we are now advancing into the last decade of the half century since Marshall's discovery. The old miner is one of a class that is rapidly passing away. Go to the cemeteries of any of our mountain villages, and the marble stones or painted headboard in the ever-growing city tell us in terms not to be misunderstood that the day is near when the men and memories of pioneer days will live only in the remembrances of their descendants.

Along the line of his pathway to the Western waters, then so solitary, great States have been builded, and the westward bound traveler makes the journey in three or four days that it took him as many months to travel. The State of his adoption has yielded the first place as a mining State to others, unknown regions when the pioneer scaled the rugged heights of the Sierra Nevada.

I lay aside the reverie that Jasper's letter has conjured before me. The letter still lies before me, and I once more glance through its contents. I have seen my friends but once since their marriage. That was when, tired of the heat, mosquitoes, and malaria of my valley home, I sought to change it, and among other regions I looked at was the one where they lived. I found that Jasper had built up for himself an excellent practice, and was on the road to reputation and prosperity, while Abe and Julia, who had bought themselves a little farm with the proceeds of Abe's good fortune, were close at hand, and in effect as much the servants of "Missy Ethel," as he persisted in calling her, as though no such man as Abraham Lincoln had ever lived.

And now to think — but it makes me feel old to do so. I can't go to the wedding of their eldest, as I would gladly do; but their invitation has brought up a train of thought; thoughts of events that can never happen again in free America, and I could not resist the temptation of writing them down.

T. E. Jones.

THE SUPPLANTING OF STEAM.

One hundred and twenty years before the Christian era Hero, a renowned mechanician of Alexandria, Egypt, discovered the power of steam when confined in a closed vessel, and he invented the ælopile, a machine whose arms were propelled by the reaction of issuing jets of steam. It was only an ingenious toy, but it contained "the promise and potency" of the remarkable motor which, twenty centuries later, re-invented by Papin and Savery, finally received its finishing touches from the fertile brain



HERO'S ÆLOPILE.

and cunning hand of James Watt. He left the steam-engine the practically perfected machine of today. Whenever improvements have been made, they have been on lines laid down by Watt.

This greatest of man's inventions has enabled him to solve problems once deemed hopelessly insoluble, to overcome otherwise insurmountable natural barriers, and transport himself and his goods over land and sea, and under or over mountains, with the speed of the eagle's flight, and even gives him "reasonable promise," as the distinguished president of the Society of American Engineers puts it, of complete dominion over the aerial ocean thus far monopolized by its feathered denizens. In a word, Steam has woven its many-colored woof into the warp of modern civilization, and what an utter wreck the costly fabric would become were the means of producing steam to be suddenly destroyed.

But this consummate creation of man's ingenuity, the steam-engine, wonderfully perfect as it seems, and wholly indispensable as it appears in man's service, is itself the abject bond-slave of coal — "bottled sunshine," as that other great engineer, contemporary of Watt, George Stephenson, poetically styled it, — or some other form of carbon.

Coal is only a small fraction of the enormous stores of carbon which the light and heat of the sun during the countless cycles of time have been condensing upon our planet. This earth we inhabit was once a portion of the sun itself, "without form and void," and all life and motion of whatever kind that now exists or ever has existed here owes its maintenance if not its origin to the light and heat from the giant orb of our solar system. We know comparatively little of the elemental constitution and condition of the sun. We do know that in its fiery envelope or photosphere it contains nearly all of the so-called elements composing the earth, and some of which we know absolutely nothing beyond the fact that the spectroscope tells us that they exist. We know that the sun's surface is in a state of almost constant violent action and interaction, compared with which the eruptions of Vesuvius or Kilauea would appear as a tiny electric spark beside the tremendous discharge

of the lightning's flash from heaven's awful battery. But the store of energy that the sun daily pours down upon the earth is truly enormous, and calculated by scientists at thousands of billions of horse-power. Immense amounts of that energy have been stored up in the form of coal; still greater amounts have been fixed in the shape of forests and kindred vegetation all over the habitable globe; and every form of vegetable and animal life in the world is daily being transformed in a large measure from the carbon of the earth and atmosphere into new supplies for man's use, either as fuel for his steam-engines and furnaces, clothing for his body, or food for his stomach — that most efficient of heat-engines, beside which the most economical steam-engine is put to shame. From the necessity of using carbon as the great source of warmth in the animal economy there is no possible escape, unless "citizen George Francis Train" shall demonstrate to us at the end of his attempted hundred days' fast that eating is only a gross and filthy habit bequeathed to us from our remote ancestors, the anthropoid apes.

But our bondage to coal in household grates and in the furnaces of our steam-boilers we can emancipate ourselves from. It has been done for several years, it is being done extensively now, and before 1890 crosses our thresholds, the revolution already fairly begun will be progressing at full speed and with daily increasing momentum; and many eminent but incredulous scientists, who have within a year prescribed the bounds within which the rivals of steam must be confined, will be confronted with an absolute demonstration of the failure of their theories, as was Dr. Lardner when he scientifically demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, the utter impossibility of the Savannah's carrying enough coal to enable her to make the first trip ever made across the Atlantic. His prediction was published in London almost at the same hour that the Savannah triumphantly made fast to her dock in Liverpool!

But, the reader will inquire, why this persistent hunt for a substitute for steam as a motive-power? Air and various gases have been experimented with by hosts of inventors; rose-colored claims have been put forth for them all as the coming motor, but steam has pursued its triumphant course, contemptuously indifferent to the attempts to supplant it. I answer that the supersedure of steam is not only desirable, but the time is rapidly approaching when it will be a necessity. While admittedly the most powerful and efficient, steam is at the same time the most wasteful and extravagant, of servants. For every pound of coal that is shoveled into the furnace of the boiler, steam returns to us only, on an average, 10 per cent. of its ascertained theoretical value in actual work. The very best of modern engines may yield 15 or even 20 per cent., but the great majority do not return even 10 per cent. It is an efficient locomotive that gives 7 per cent.

It is no part of my present purpose to show why this is so, for the unprofessional reader, for whose eye this paper was written, would hardly care to follow me in elaborating the mathematical formulas that great scientists like Clerk Maxwell, Joule, Faraday, Tyndall, and a host of others have employed in demonstrating the whys of this peculiar behavior of steam and the steam-engine. Millions of dollars, re-enforced by science, invention, and mechanical ingenuity, have been expended in trying to avert this enormous waste, but all to no avail. The problem is the despair of science. Water yields as high as 95 per cent. of its potential energy, under exceptional circumstances, in a good water-wheel or turbine, thus exactly reversing the conditions exhibited by steam.

In addition to this tremendous loss of coal, there is yet another and a close

second. Mining authorities assert that for every pound of coal that reaches the consumer two are inevitably wasted, either as supports left in the mine, or as dust or "culm" from repeated handlings; so that by the time the coal is transformed to power to drive the main shaft in the mill, considerably more than nine-tenths of the carbon is wasted or disappears without performing useful work.

What wonder, then, that the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, the greatest coal road in the world, with its watered stock mounting up into the hundred millions, and stretching out its numerous feeders like a giant octopus over one-half the anthracite coal supply of Pennsylvania, and virtually controlling the other half, convinced that partial exhaustion of the mines is close at hand, and that production will virtually cease by the end of the next half century, is alarmed not only for its dividends, but for its principal as well, and has already discounted the future by creating a sinking fund to meet the sure though distant disaster?

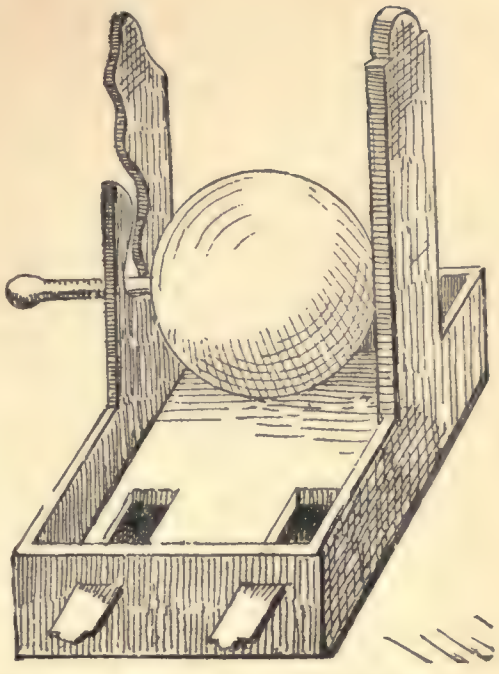
In Great Britain the case is even worse. Mr. Price Williams, in a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society in London, has made a careful survey of all the coal districts of Great Britain, and he shows that while some of them will cease to yield in fifty years, the entire supply, estimating the annual increase at the same rate as during the last decade, will be exhausted in one hundred and two years! This state of things, he shows, must bring about profound disaster in the very near future, because the inevitable increase in price as the supply decreases will certainly transfer Great Britain's immense manufacturing industries and proud naval and commercial supremacy to some nation blessed with a greater abundance of that fuel, upon which all her material interests now depend. As a New York journal sums up the situation — "No more coal, no more Great Britain!" Such facts as these, at a time wholly unparalleled in the use and development of the steam-engine, may well give us pause.

At least $100,000,000 are invested in this country alone in turning out electric machinery for the production of light, heat, and power, and of these the four largest establishments, aggregating about $50,000,000, are running day and night; and still they are months behind their orders, and obliged to employ outside shops in the construction of new implements to add to the facilities of their already vast plants. The craze for electric lights, electric motors, and electric street-cars is abroad in the land in all its severity, and every ship and steamer that leaves our ports conveys electric machinery into every quarter of the globe. Australia, Japan, Africa, Asia, Europe, Great Britain, South America, Mexico, Colombia, Ecuador, Canada, and even China itself, it is recently stated, have either installed or have contracted for American electric light and power plants, and England has a dynamo of five hundred horse power, run by steam, which is producing five hundred pounds of aluminum per day by an American invention, which employs the heat of the electric arc directly in a closed crucible; and the price of that rare and valuable metal, which but a few months since was $13 per pound, has now declined to $2.50 per pound. Of late it has been produced directly from clay; and as that mineral is composed of one-fourth of aluminum, and the clay being literally more abundant than any other mineral, the prospect is certainly brilliant for an unlimited cheap supply of this lightest, and, in many important respects, most precious of known metals.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed, more than nine-tenths of all this machinery as yet obtains its first impulse from the steam-engine, which *must* consume coal. Consequently, the makers of

steam-engines are enjoying a genuine boom. They do not see the handwriting on the wall; and yet it is there, and needs no Daniel to interpret the message to steam — "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting!"

This startling decree having gone forth, let us examine the probabilities for the date of its execution. This will take us back to the period of steam's elder brother, Electricity. Thales, a Grecian, about four hundred years before the time of Hero of Alexandria, first observed that the curious substance known as amber, when rubbed, possessed the power of attracting light substances, as feathers, bits of wood, and the like; and in accordance with the universal superstition of his time, which peopled the earth, the air, and the water with myriads of fabulous unseen beings, he attributed to this rare and highly-prized substance the possession of a soul, which he called the amber-god. Though this was the first recorded manifestation of electricity mechanically produced, it was, nevertheless, the identical energy, force, call it what you will, that blazes and corruscates in our streets, glows in our public halls and private residences, toils in our workshops, tugs in our street railways, and digs, drills, blasts, stamps, ventilates, and floods with light the dark, noisome mines thousands of feet beneath the light of day. But notwithstanding the transcendent importance of this discovery of Thales, like that of Hero, it slept more than twenty centuries. Then Doctor Gilbert, physician to "good Queen Bess," in 1600, showed that some thirty other substances, as glass, sealing-wax, etc., also had "souls" like amber. Dr. Gilbert's work was most thorough and scientific in character, considering the time in which he lived. It was swiftly followed by eager experimenters, who soon produced the frictional electrical machine with its brilliant spark. Later they literally bottled it up in the Leyden jar; but while it could be chained

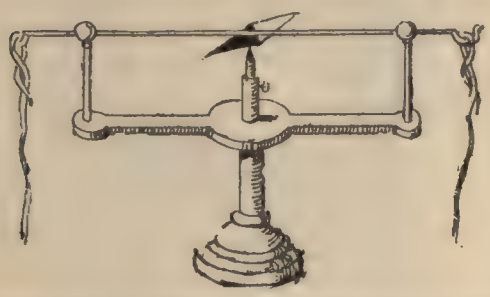


GUEERICKE'S SULPHUR BALL ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

it refused to be tamed, and do regular, useful work for its captors. Franklin soon demonstrated its identity with the lightning's flash. But it was not till Volta invented the pile, closely following the battery, about the end of the seventeenth century, that electricity began to crystallize into a system of phenomena that were recognized as subject to definite laws of action. Then, and then only, was the telegraph made a possibility — that wonderful instrument which was shortly to weave its network of wire filaments, like a giant spider's web, over the entire globe, and under every sea and river.

But it was reserved for Œrsted, a German scientist, to stumble, as it were, upon the phenomenon that led to the discovery of the vital principle upon which depends the operation of every one of the electrical machines that now play so important a part in the industrial world. This was the effect produced upon the magnetic needle when brought in close proximity to a wire through which a current of electricity was passing from a galvanic battery. The needle was violently deflected to a position

nearly at right angles with the wire. He published his discovery in 1820. He showed that a secondary or "induced"

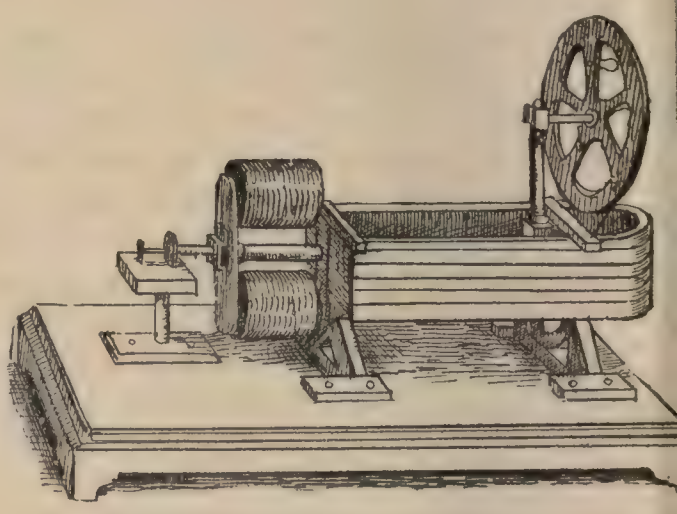


ŒRSTED'S DISCOVERY OF ELECTRICAL INDUCTION.

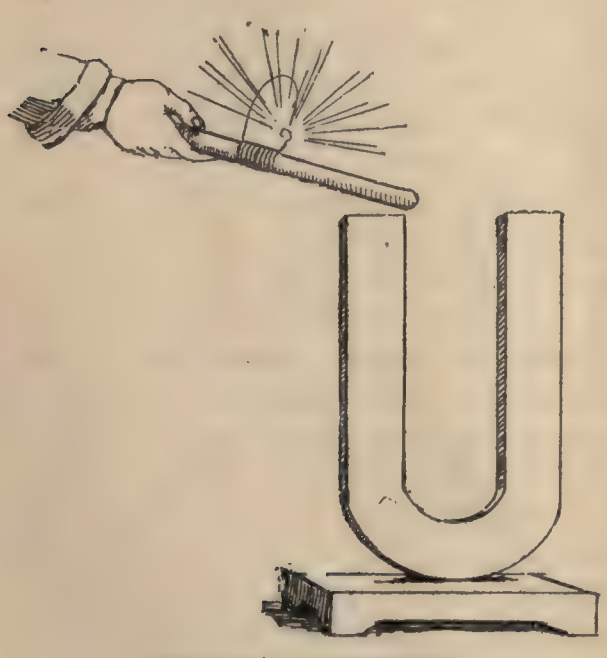
current was set up in a second wire by the current in a primary wire, and, strange to say, in the opposite direction.

This discovery marked the beginning of an epoch in the development of electricity as a science, and thenceforward its progress was characterized by leaps and bounds. Faraday, one of the greatest physicists of his own or of any age, took up this discovery, and in 1831 produced the electric spark from a permanent magnet, by winding a few turns of wire around a bar of soft iron, and bringing one end of this armature in contact with one pole of the magnet, and on bringing the ends of the wires together a spark was produced between them.

Here was a phenomenon of intense interest to every scientific investigator, and they eagerly followed its leadings. It was but a short step to the "induction coil," and thence to the electro-magnetic engine was an easy journey. This last being accomplished in 1881–3, by Saxton of Philadelphia among others, many enthusiasts foresaw the speedy



SAXTON'S ELECTRO MAGNETIC ENGINE.



FARADAY'S EXPERIMENT.

overthrow of steam as a motor. Professors Henry and Page, in this country, made successful working engines, as did Jacobi and a great many others in Europe; but slowly it began to dawn on the scientific experimenters that there was one very serious drawback in the competition of galvanic electricity with steam. This was the fact that the fuel, zinc, by which the current was produced cost at least two hundred and fifty times as much as the coal required to do the same work in a steam-engine. So the empire of steam survived, its power strengthened daily, and its boundaries continually widened.

But the faithful few who eagerly pursue knowledge for its own sake, without fee or hope of reward, as well as the

many who seek to patent their discoveries in the expectation of acquiring fabulous wealth, still led in the fascinating quest for the discovery of the secrets of this mysterious, impalpable, imponderable force, which surged through the wire literally with the speed of light.

No one had yet dreamed of producing the electric current for commercial and industrial purposes by mechanical power. True, it was thus daily used soon after Faraday's discovery, in the laboratory of the scientist and the teacher in school and college, and by the skilled physician and the ignorant quack. But the great scientist and the eager inventor were alike oblivious to the immense significance of the phenomena thus occurring constantly under their very eyes. So, voltaic or chemical electricity seemed the only resource of experimenters, and all sorts of batteries, composed of every known metal, with every possible combination of acids, was tested. But while great improvements were effected, the main problem of the economical production of electricity, like that involved in the use of steam, remained obstinately insolvable. Nevertheless, the work went on, till Pacinnotti, an Italian, invented the "ring" dynamo, and Gramme and Siemens made it a commercial possibility for particular industries, and even for the electric light, where expense was a secondary consideration. But the greatest discovery in the practical application of electricity was yet to come. It came suddenly and utterly unheralded.

This most important development in industrial subjection of electricity to the service of man was the fruit of an accident. M. Fontaine was exhibiting at the Vienna Exposition, in 1872, two Gramme dynamos, both run by batteries, but each in a different section of the grounds, about a mile and a half apart. An accident caused the failure of the current from one battery, and one dynamo was disabled. This embarrassing situation caused Fontaine a sleepless night, but it produced some very important thinking. Why not, argued Fontaine, during the long and weary silent watches of that memorable night, use the current produced by the battery-driven dynamo to propel the helpless machine in the distant section? Why not, indeed? Bright and early the impatient electrician was on the scene, and the necessary arrangement of wires was soon effected. The current was turned on to the armature; and lo, it started off, gathered speed, and was soon humming at a rate even greater than its distant primary.

The most difficult and the most important of all electrical problems had been completely solved — how to convert mechanically produced currents into useful work. The battery was at once relegated to the limbo of antiquated and inefficient instruments, and steam stepped still further to the front in the character of indispensable assistant, without whose co-operation his still half-grown elder brother could not walk. The demand for steam-engines to aid in the production and distribution of light and power by electricity increased enormously. It really seemed that the dictum of Professor Thurston, the learned director of Sibley College, of Cornell University, must be accepted as true, that "electricity is only the servant of steam,"[1] and, so far as science could now foretell, must remain so until a future Ericsson or Edison should teach us how to utilize the immense stores of radiant energy that the central orb of our solar universe daily showers upon the earth, to be in great part dissipated from our atmosphere into the boundless regions of space.

The horoscope that Professor Thurston draws of the far-distant future of the race is certainly a dark one, and there would seem to be no escape from his final predictions of only a year ago. But, happily, the progress of science and invention have already thrown a

[1] See "Steam and its Rivals," in *The Forum*, 1888.

cheerful and even a roseate light across his sombre picture of the more immediate future, as we shall see later on.

It would seem that with such brilliant triumphs as had now been achieved, inventors might give us a short breathing spell, and rest upon their richly won laurels, while they perfected the mechanical details by which these wonderful results had been produced. But no; fuel was only added to the fire of their eagerness. Gramme, Siemens, Varley, Edison, Brush, Maxim, Weston, Thomson, Houston, Ferranti, Thompson, and a host of others of greater or less ability, whose names even would occupy several pages of this magazine, plunged at once into the broad field this discovery opened for profitable exploitation.

Here was considerable mechanical power transmitted a mile and a half over a bare, slender copper wire, with almost inappreciable resistance or leakage *en route*, and delivered again at the final terminal to a driving-shaft with far greater efficiency than had ever been obtained with a steam-engine — more than forty per cent. Where was the practical limit of this extraordinary mode of transmitting and delivering power from one locality to another? If it could be done over one mile, why not ten, twenty, a hundred, or even thousands, as in the case of the telegraph instrument? Did the laws that control the transmission of a current of water through a pipe also govern the progress of this "current" of harnessed lightning through the wire? It was known that a "high-tension current" of electricity would develop intense resistance or "friction" in a small platinum wire, which is a very poor conductor; would make it glow with intense brilliancy, and even dissipate it in a gaseous condition, if the current was very strong. Trials with copper wire established the fact that with the exception of silver it offered less resistance to the passage of the current than any other metal. It was further ascertained that the resistance in a given wire is inversly as the square of the volume of the current, and practically irrespective of the speed or tension of the current! Herein exists the only apparent difference between the behavior of a current of water in a pipe, and the so-called current of electricity in a wire. It is a very important difference, as we shall proceed to show. If we wish to transmit 100 horse-power over a wire one-third of an inch in diameter a distance of 2 miles, at an electrical pressure, say, of 100 volts, corresponding, we will assume, to 100 feet of head of water, or 10 pounds pressure of steam, then to transit the 100 horse-power 4 miles at the same pressure, the size or sectional area of the wire would have to be increased 4 times. Now, if we double the distance, then to convey the power 8 miles the copper wire would have to be increased 16 times, and so on. At this rate by the time we had transmitted the power 100 miles, the cost of the copper would be something enormous, amounting to many millions. Of course, with such a state of things, the limits of commercial use of transmitted power would be very much circumscribed, as is the case with water, steam, and air. Not even a "copper trust" more reckless and prodigal of its millions than the late unlamented Paris syndicate would dare to undertake, with such figures before them, the oft-mooted project of transferring Niagara by copper cable to put it on exhibition in harness in New York, Boston, and Chicago, with huge slices dropped by the way for the delectation of less ambitious communities.

But the electrical engineer, not at all disheartened by a little trifle like this, had soon discovered another law of this mysterious "fluid" by which he could practically set aside the obstacle set up in his path by the law last mentioned. If he increased or doubled his "pressure" from 100 to 200 volts, he could reduce the area of his wire one-half, or make the same wire carry the same

amount of energy twice as far with no more loss, and so on. Thus one law neutralized the other, and the distance to which the power of a now unutilized waterfall could be economically transmitted would depend mainly upon the limit of electrical pressure which could be practically maintained and safely used in a given wire. The electro-motive force maintained in the Brush light and power circuits in San Francisco is about 3,000 volts. There are quite a number elsewhere that employ 6,000 volts, though the usual voltage employed in the majority of installations ranges from 200 to 1,000. But Duprez, a celebrated French engineer, who made the first really long-distance transmission experiment, scored a success from the beginning. He put in turbines at a waterfall at Creil, thirty-five miles from Paris, established a "three-line wire circuit," with bare copper wires less than a fifth of an inch in diameter, and succeeded in delivering at a Paris factory over this slender aero-hydro-electro pipe-line 52.6 horse-power, at a total efficiency of 40 per cent, only 11 of the 60 per cent loss being due to leakage or resistance in the wires. Within the past year Duprez has succeeded in completely reversing these conditions, by realizing 70 per cent over the same wires, by increasing the voltage from 2,000 to 6,000. Thus, the useful effect is increased as the square of the electro-motive, force practically irrespective of the distance.

Of course, there is a limit somewhere to the electro-motive force which such a wire is capable of safely carrying, but the most experienced electricians have not yet ventured to establish that limit. Indeed, Prof. Elihu Thomson, whose writings and remarkable inventions place him in the very front rank of scientists, in a recent lecture in Boston on "Ladies' Night" of the Harvard Club, predicted that the rolling stock of our trunk-line railroads would at no distant day be moved by electricity distributed from convenient great central stations, as is now being successfully and profitably done on more than one hundred street railways, with another hundred under contract and being pushed vigorously to completion. Prof. Thomson further asserted that it was possible to transmit the entire power of Niagara to Boston over a single telegraph wire, at a pressure of 80,000 volts! The reader will please bear in mind that this is Professor Thomson's statement and not mine. Niagara's water-power is variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 horses. Alfred H. Cowles, inventor and electrical expert, roughly estimates the power at 16,000,000 horses.

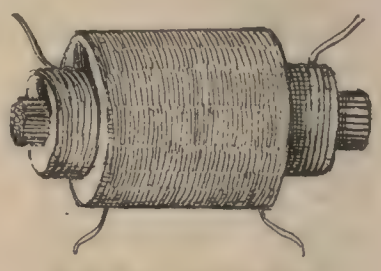
One of the most remarkable instances of electrical transmission of power has only recently been accomplished in the State of Nevada, on the world-famous Comstock lode, and in the almost equally famous Sutro tunnel. At the Nevada mill there is a ten-foot Pelton water-wheel, which receives water through a pipe-line delivering water from the side of Mount Davidson under a head of 460 feet, giving 200 horse-power. Here the water is again caught up and delivered into two heavy iron pipes, and conducted down the vertical shaft and incline of the Chollar mine to the Sutro tunnel level, where it is again delivered to six Pelton water-wheels, this time running under a head of 1680 feet. Each of the six wheels is but 40 inches in diameter, weighing 225 lbs., but with a jet of water less than five-eighths of an inch in diameter, they develop 125 horse-power each. On the same shafts, which revolve 900 times a minute, are coupled six Brush dynamos, which generate the current for the electric motors that drive the stamps in the mill above ground. The result is that where it formerly took 312 miners' inches of water to operate 35 stamps, but 72 inches are now required to run 60 stamps. This is the most enormous head of water ever used by any wheel, and by itself constitutes an era in hydraulic engineer

ing. A solid bar of iron thrown forcibly against this tremendous jet rebounds as though it had struck against a solid body instead of a mobile fluid. The speed of this jet where it impinges upon the buckets of the wheel is two miles a minute. Truly, the California miner has trained water to perform many astounding feats in his eager hunt for the coveted root to all evil. He has long since caused it to remove mountains, and cast them into the valleys and rivers, and now he has yoked it to a little wheel that a man may readily lift, and lo! it spins with the speed of a top, and creates an obedient force, that puts to shame the powers of a hundred horses, deep in the bowels of that wonderful bonanza whose fame has been flashed to the uttermost ends of the earth, and enriched as well as ruined more thousands than any other single similar discovery of ancient or modern times.

There is another quality of this extraordinary wheel which renders it absolutely without a peer in the large family of prime movers. This is the immense power it exerts per pound of weight. Those in the Chollar mine, for instance, give out a horse power for every 1 4-5th pound of weight. If there is anywhere a motor that begins to compare with it in this respect, I have never been favored with a knowledge of it. And it seems there is no limit, outside of that which sets bounds to the head of water itself, to prevent further progress of the wheel in the same direction. It is easy to see that 25,000 feet of head would yield one horse power for every pound of weight in the Pelton wheel; what is to prevent getting a similar result from every ounce, by climbing still higher up the sides of the Sierras with the steel pipe cast by the use of ferro-aluminum.

The incorrigible toper, when warmly arguing against the virtues of water as a beverage, could only be brought reluctantly to admit that "water had done a great deal for navigation." It will be seen before we conclude, that the progress of electrical science has enabled water to be cheaply and easily converted into not only light and power, but into heat as well, and that thereby the whole Pacific coast has received the inestimable gift alone wanting to insure the full development of her incalculable mineral and agricultural resources, a cheap and plentiful substitute for coal. California has water-power amounting to hundreds of millions of horse-power, daily leaping down from the high Sierras, waiting to be impounded and transmitted to any place where it can be most profitably utilized.

There remains another phenomenon to



ELECTRIC CONVERTER.

be noticed in the use and development of electrical transmission and delivery, which is remarkable and important as facilitating a more widely extended application of the machinery of transmission and safe use of the electric current. It is called the "transformer" or "converter," and is a kind of electrical relief or reducing valve, so familiar and useful to the engineer in the use of high pressure steam, air or water, and affords another example of the curious parallelism existing between the behavior of the so-called currents of electricity and those of fluids under pressure in pipes. An electric current of a tension of, say, 6,000 volts may be taken off the main wire and reduced down to 1,000, 100, or 10 volts, according to the purpose for which it is to be used, for an arc light,

a motor, or glow-light. Thus a current which would instantly destroy the lives of a thousand men, if passed through a circuit of which they formed a part by joining hands, may pass securely on elevated poles, or, through underground subways, be taken through the transformer and introduced to the shop or residence, with more safety than a current of Spring Valley water, which may flood your house, poison your stomach, or play havoc with your pocket book. But the strangest feature of this little machine is, that not only will it "convert" high pressure into low, but it will reverse the process, and convert a low pressure into a high one; something that the steam engineer would be slightly puzzled to accomplish. The principle of its operation is substantially that of the well-known induction or Ruhmkorff coil. One of these latter instruments, constructed by the late Sir James Spottiswoode, weighed 1400 cwt., and could produce a spark 42½ inches long, quite a respectable flash of lightning, and one which would be as fatal to the recipient as one of heaven's own manufacture. The apparatus is now in possession of the British Royal Museum.

Infinitely the most daring engineering project of this most daring age is already well on to completion across the Atlantic. The corporation styles itself the London Electrical Supply Company. It now possesses the largest installation for light and power in England, at Grosvenor Gallery, whence it distributes nightly 30,000 arc and glow lights. This company is constructing at Deptford, an immediate suburb of the great metropolis, a great central station designed to employ eventually 140,000 horse-power. At present, however, they install only about 10,000. Two "small" dynamos of 1,500 horse-power each are already completed, the necessary boilers and engines are in place, and the cable may inform us at any hour of the success or failure of this truly gigantic undertaking, which dwarfs all other installations as much as the Eiffel tower overtops the loftiest structure since the dispersion at the tower of Babel. I have seen no description of the dimensions of the "large" dynamos, save that there are to be two of them (one to be held in reserve,) of 10,000 horse-power each.

But full details are published of the "small" ones. As described in the London *Electrician*, they will weigh 500 tons each, their shafts will be of the finest quality of steel 36 inches in diameter, and their armatures 42 feet in length. But this is not all. De Ferranti, who is an electrician and inventor of proved ability, as his great Grosvenor Gallery installation shows, proposes to carry currents of 10,000 volts on specially invented hollow copper wires (two, one for the return circuit,) bare on the outside but insulated from each other, into the very heart of London. His rivals,—and they are legion, for the competition for public franchises before the vestries, which answer to our supervisors, is very intense—these rivals strenuously object, on behalf of the dear public, to allowing wires which are charged with veritable thunderbolts, liable to explode at any moment, to be presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box, as it were. Our English cousins are very old-fashioned in their notions as to the sacredness of human life, and it is pretty certain that their prompt methods of dealing with the "accidents" that happen under the regime of "death, the gripman" would horrify our cable magnates.

It has now become a well-established fact, accentuated by daily practice of electrical engineers, that waste water-power can be converted into electric energy, conveyed from 10 to 100 miles on a small copper wire, in amounts from 10 to 500 horse-power, at a cost not to exceed $6,500 per mile for the greater distance and the larger power, for the installation in complete working shape;

and I know of responsible parties who would be willing to give good bonds to execute a contract based on these figures.

Having, then, established the proposition that falling water is easily transformed into electricity by two of the simplest, most effective, and durable motors known to mechanics, the water-wheel and the dynamo; that this energy may be transported with the speed of lightning — for it *is* lightning's very self — over precipitous mountains and across yawning cañons in electrical conduits whose gossamer filaments, compared with the lumberman's flume, the miners' ditch, or even his ponderous hydraulic pipe, marvelous as were the results wrought out with them during the last quarter of a century, seem like the rude tools of some savage aboriginal tribe; that, having thus arrived at its destination, this invisible energy may be made to reappear again by the simple trick of reversing the dynamo, as light, as the most intense heat, as mechanical power, as hydrogen and oxygen, or even the self same water, if we desire—having, I repeat, established these startling propositions, the question naturally arises, What is the available amount of water-power in California.

There are nine principal rivers, which alone daily discharge into the Pacific Ocean an average of 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of water every minute. This is exclusive of the hundreds of smaller rivers, and numberless streams and rivulets that may and soon will be penned and stored up and husbanded as carefully as the ranchman does his live stock or his grain, or the orchardist his choicest fruits. These 1,500,000,000 cubic feet of water weigh, in round numbers, 300,000 tons, and on an average every ton has fallen 3,000 feet, including the foothills and the high Sierras, before being swallowed up in the Pacific, thence in the winter to be pumped up to the mountains by the sun's gigantic hydraulic apparatus, again to commence its unceasing round of journeys to and fro. This enormous mass of water exerts, every time it descends one foot, 300,000 horse-power. Therefore, 900,000,000 horse-power is the grand total which these nine rivers alone offer gratuitously every minute of the year to the improvident, heedless, unthinking Californians, who, as fierce as a sleuth-hound on a hot trail, where the gleam of gold or the glitter of silver is seen, have allowed it to idly glide by their doors, unsuspicious of the wealth of energy of which they had neglected to take toll.

Let us follow up these amazing totals to the ultimate pecuniary results, which are the only tests which excite more than a languid interest for the typical Californian. Is there any money in it? Let us reckon again: It is safe to estimate that 3 pounds of coal per hour are consumed in producing a horse-power in all the steam engines in our State. A few use less, but the great majority exceed this figure. Three pounds of coal per horse-power per hour would amount to 1,920,000 tons of coal per day of 24 hours, if we could find use for that somewhat excessive amount of steam-power. At $6 per ton this would cost $11,520,000 per day, or $3,594,240,000 per year of 312 days,— which would be quite important to be saved if the water were persuaded to do the work instead.

But there are yet immeasurably vaster sources of the wasted energy which that giant dynamo, the sun, is delivering to the electric motor, our planet, through the conducting ether that pervades illimitable space. It is garnered up in every sea and ocean, and manifests itself in the majestic rhythm of the resistless tides that twice daily bathe our magnificent coast-line, and not less in the heaving, tossing, never-quiet waves that beat upon our grand extent of sea-beach, now curling with a line of white foam

as far as the eye can reach, to the accompaniment of a subdued murmur that charms the ear like a lullaby, and anon rising to a thunderous roar that obliterates all puny artificial sounds and awes every sense. This latter force in unlimited abundance is hourly hammering and pounding at the Golden Gate, pleading, demanding, thus far vainly, to be admitted and given steady employment.

It is true that a good business man and skillful mechanic, with a prevision in advance of his time, has hearkened to the appeal, and has set this blind, rude, and often boisterous giant at work pumping sea-water, which everybody needs, but which nobody, as it seems, will have, even as a gift. He has absolutely demonstrated that he can supply from the waves at Point Lobos in unlimited quantities sea-water for cleanliness, which is next to godliness; but the "bears" appear to control the market in this commodity, though, strangely enough, everybody seems to be "short" on the article. Then he shows that these waves can be easily made to deliver in this city by the sea, the 50,000 horse-power upon which the coal pirates daily lay such heavy tribute, while they defile the air and poison the lungs of our citizens; but the stolid victims, having eyes, see not, when their holiday outings to the Cliff House take them right past this *avant courier* of the new industrial age, that is even now ready to be ushered in. Their ears are wide open to the hoarse cries of "Ben Butler" and his bellowing companions, the sea-lions, but no sound of the wave-giant's labored breathings and groanings as he tugs at the great lever, drenched with spray and foam, penetrates their dull tympanums.

Here is a mine of wealth that would literally beggar the bonanza of the Comstock, were it worked with even a tithe of the admirable foresight, skill and dogged persistence which renders it one of the wonders of the world. Verily, there be shrewd money-kings in San Francisco today, who will go about the streets within a few years, imploring some sympathizing acquaintance to kick them for their stupidity in not seizing upon an invention that has been going begging for three years. But this amazing blindness has existed since the birth of history, and will doubtless continue to exist "till the last syllable of recorded time." "What fools these mortals be!"

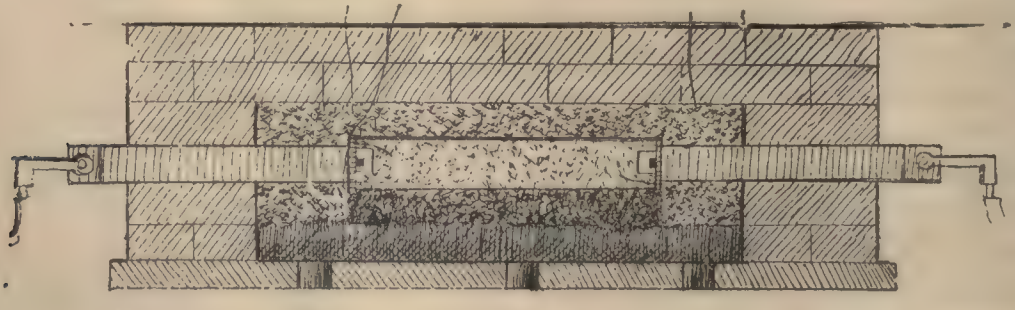
Next in importance to electric transmission of waste water-power, and especially valuable to the Pacific coast, is the direct application of the intense heat of the electric arc to the reduction of the most valuable and yet the most refractory ores. I do not need to enlarge upon this topic to the intelligent miner. A plain statement of what has already been accomplished, with a slight hint of the promise it affords in the very near future, will be sufficient on this head. Aluminum ores, among the most difficult to reduce, have been mainly operated upon, but as the fuel is supplied by water, and the machinery the very embodiment of simplicity and efficiency, it should furnish the missing "open sesame" to unlock other vast treasures known to exist in the mountains and valleys of both slopes of the Rockies, but unprofitable to work in the absence of cheap fuel. Waste water is raw fuel, and electricity will convey it to market in the twinkling of an eye, and will convert it at once into heat at 7,000° to 9,000°, as an arc, or as gases that are four times as effective as hydrocarbon gas, giving temperatures only second to that of the arc. Aluminum, as I have elsewhere stated, now worth $2.50, was formerly quoted at $13 per pound; ten years ago it was more costly than gold, and twenty-five years since not to be had at any price. Clay-beds are everywhere in far greater abundance than sand.

As a characteristic instance of the hazy ideas which prevail, and are enter-

tained too by one whose profession as an accomplished steam and hydraulic engineer, a successful inventor, and above all an able editor of a high-class scientific and industrial monthly, I recall a recent utterance in which the fact is stated that one-fourth of a ton of aluminum, worth more than $6,000, is contained in a ton of clay; but bewailing the fact that while we had abundance of clay and water-power, Omniscience seemed to have forgotten to remember to apportion to California her due share of the common inheritance of available carbon, to assist in coaxing this shy metal from the haunts of its obstinate mineral associates. And yet, as I have shown, this water-power gives us the concentrated essence of fuel.

I could fill a large book with a description of the later processes for extracting aluminum, and its multitude of valuable applications to the industries and sciences of today. I could show that even now it has rendered practical the project hitherto deemed visionary of permitting man to navigate the air with far greater celerity than he now does the ocean. But to what purpose? What I have already narrated are sober, every-day, stubborn facts, putting to shame the vivid fictions of those old unknown romancers of the "Arabian Nights," whose ascendancy in that field is as fixed as that of Shakspeare in the drama. And yet probably the majority of my readers will think that I have some little skill in the art of mendacity, and remain obstinately incredulous of these alleged wonders, as they did in the halls of Congress, when roars of contemptuous laughter greeted Morse's modest petition for a small appropriation to pay the board and expenses of lightning as a district messenger-boy between Washington and Baltimore. Some people have to submit to a surgical operation to enable a new idea or a strange fact to be obtruded inside their skulls.

In direct connection with this electric smelting process, comes the equally remarkable electric welding invention of Thomson-Houston. By this method two bars or pipes of the same metal, or even dissimilar metal, can be so nicely welded together that they will break anywhere else in preference to the point of union. Electric welding is thus practiced daily in the great machine-shops of this city, and must soon banish that most ancient of wind-bags, the bellows, from the shop of the smaller metal-worker, much to his physical comfort, and the improvement of his personal appearance. It has already been applied to the construction of very long continuous railway-rails, welded smoothly together after being placed on the road-bed, thus immensely reducing the wear and tear of the ponderous wheels upon the ends of the rails. The welding operation occupies about fifteen seconds. The rails are first placed in contact, and a current of low voltage is then passed through them. They are then slightly separated, when the arc is formed, as with the carbons in the arc-light of our streets. When the intense



COWLES'S ELECTRIC FURNACE.

heat has produced the proper welding point, which the skilled artisan infallibly knows by the color, a slight pressure upon one against the other is given, and a perfect union is at once effected.

There are many other features in the field of electrical development which are hardly less remarkable than those which I have described. Indeed, scarcely a week passes that there is not announced some new and surprising discovery in electro-static or dynamic science, which promises to enlarge the already broad field which electricity has opened to man's exploration. Not only can we avail ourselves by it of the boundless waste forces of the universe as they hourly manifest themselves through wind and water, but we can and do store away the imponderable energy produced by them as we now do gas and water, to do our bidding at the pressure of a button. Stored electricity is lighting our railway trains, has banished horses forever from the street cars of several of our cities, and even drives the letter-carrier's tricycle in London; it has banished steam from scores of pleasure yachts and passenger boats, and it is rapidly displacing the galvanic battery from the telegraph lines, from the chemist's workshop, and the physician's laboratory. Its latest promise is to transmit our mail and express packages across the continent inside of twenty-four hours, and the inventor's exhibit has been satisfactory enough to induce the formation of a company which undertakes to construct an initial line from New York to Pittsburg. Another shows us how the exact fac-simile of an entire page of a daily paper, pictures and all, may be transmitted over the wires in less time than is consumed by a ten-word message. And Edison tells us he will teach us to see our absent friends by telegraph six hundred miles away!

Of these and other phases of this great subject, I hope to treat briefly in a succeeding number.

Alvan D. Brock

A HOT WAVE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE long procession of summer days has passed,—soft, rainless, full of sweet airs, sweet sights and sounds, yet not monotonous, for countless variations of wind and fog have varied the temperature, the sky, the aspect of everything, and given each hour a beauty and color of its own.

One morning you woke to a dull gray lowering sky,—a high fog,—which would last all day or several days, and soften the tints of the light brown earth and yellow fields, while it deepened the green of oaks and sycamores.

Again you looked out on gardens dripping with dew, pepper boughs tipped with gems, roses nodding, birds sipping the moisture and preening their feathers after a bath. A low fog had come in the night, and answered the purpose of a summer shower.

Again the sun streamed early into your chamber, a brisk wind came from the clear blue sea, and the white clouds lay piled above the mountains or sailed away over the sky. The Southern California summer you found to be by no means the hot and cloudless period your ignorant imagination had painted it.

So the days have gone on till the end of July, and everybody says, "What a perfect summer," and dreams of no break to this spell of content. The twenty-sixth of July is a warm day—an unusual-

ly warm day. The shade, of which we are usually a little cautious, is welcome today. We think of the laborers out in the fields, and remember with comfort that sunstrokes are unknown in this part of California.

There is little air stirring and the sea is merged in a light blue haze. Towards the end of the day the mountains grow wonderfully clear. From eight to fifteen miles away, they seem within reach of our hands. "Ah!" we say, "if it were winter we should know what was coming. This clearness is a sure sign of rain."

The daily drive — an unusual circumstance — is deferred till after sunset, and by one consent we turn straight towards the sea. But even at the edge of the water the air seems lifeless.

The sun has left a deep orange belt in the Western sky. It throws over the water a weird, greenish light, and the great waves roll up and fall heavily on the sand. Old stories of spells and enchantments come into one's mind. The very sounds are dull and dead. The birds have gone to sleep. Nature seems breathless, waiting for something, we know not what. Turning away at last from the sea, we have driven but a few rods when the mystery is explained. Across the lifeless air sweeps a hot, stifling blast as from the mouth of a furnace. It is not to be mistaken; we have never felt it before but we know it at once. It is the Mojave,—the hot wind from the desert.

The first puff is followed by a cooler current of air, and for the first few moments hot and cold succeed one another as if the door of some gigantic oven were opening and shutting. But soon the steady hot current sets in. It increases in violence and if possible grows hotter.

The horses are nervous and restive, and we now recall the uneasiness of all the animals about the place during the day, as well as many symptons in ourselves of nervous irritability. The air is full of electricity, and later in the evening such signs of it are seen as are connected in our minds with extreme cold. Brisk brushing of the hair produces sparks, and silk snaps and crackles under the hand.

The wind grows more furious. The trees strain and creak as against a blast of March. The air is full of dust, falling leaves and twigs, and the various *debris* with which the long dry summer has strewn the ground.

All through the night the tempest rages, howling down the chimneys, shrieking round the corners, uprooting trees, carrying off roofs of sheds, and leveling corn and grain, while at the same time the heat remains unabated. The glass of the window panes is hot to the touch, and if in despair you throw up the sash the stifling blast soon becomes intolerable. The greatest relief is washing the face and hands at frequent intervals, or hanging a damp cloth in an open window, in which case it is dry in a few minutes.

Sleep, except in comfortless snatches, is out of the question. And morning brings no respite. The wind never flags, and the sun burns with an intensity not to be expressed in words. Even flies, bees, and wasps are overcome and fall lifeless about the doors and windows, or swarm into the house for refuge at every chance. The birds are nowhere to be seen, sheltering themselves probably as best they can in the deepest depths of the forest.

We try to think of some experience worse than this. Nothing suggests itself except a plague of locusts brought by the simoon in Algiers, an account of which, by Alphonse Daudet, one of us had recently read. The story is now read aloud with a suitable chorus of groans. And we agree that that was not so bad as this, because in that case, there were the locusts to be killed. For us, there is nothing that can be done.

Life becomes simply endurance, while as the day wears on an element of actual terror is added to our misery.

Summer in Southern California is a season of rest for both nature and man. None but the deeper rooted plants and those under constant irrigation present any degree of freshness, and the fields and uncultivated country are covered with stubble, as with us in November, or with dry grasses, weeds, and wild grain, growing dryer and dryer every day. The farmer or ranchman spends his summer, as the farmer at the East spends his winter,—in resting from his more active labors, and making preparation as far as possible for the coming season.

The easiest way to clear the ground for next year's crop is to burn it over, and all but the exceptionally cautious, are accustomed to resort to this method to a greater or less extent. The new settler, anxious to clear his land of trees and underbrush, is only too likely to set fire to some out of the way corner of his "claim"; and the son of the soil, the native Mexican, is still more inclined to save himself trouble in this way. Parties of campers, morever, going out from the towns, are not always careful about extinguishing their fires, and explorers for mines have been known, it is said, to reduce their labors by burning their way before them.

From these various causes it is not surprising that towards the end of every summer, forest fires break out in the remote districts or on the mountain sides, doing more or less mischief according to circumstances; and, though the State Forestry Commission has for several years made efforts to enforce the law against reckless burning of fields or woods, it has never yet succeeded in securing the conviction of an offender.

On the afternoon of July 27th, three such fires were discovered on the sides of the mountains surrounding this Mojave-visited valley. They appeared almost simultaneously, and in less than an hour had made alarming progress. Everything was of course in their favor; herbage and underbrush dry as timber, and wood heated to within a few degrees of the blazing point; wind ready to fan each spark into a flame, and carry masses of burning material to start another fire; worst of all, a general lack of water, for the mountain gullies, filled in winter with rushing streams, were dry today as Egyptian sands.

As night came on, and these fires swept rapidly down the mountains, while the storm showed no sign of abatement, the outlook was not far from desperate. The aspect of the lower hill-tops, with flames bursting out at many points, the sky filled with flickering red light, against which the figures of men and horses stood out with startling effect, the roaring and shrieking of the wind, —all this, combined with the exhausting heat, produced a feeling of indescribable dread.

The fires added little, probably, to the heat, except to those in their immediate vicinity. Before their appearance, thermometers had stood at 110° in the shade, and beyond this point few cared to investigate. Indeed, as night came on there was work more serious to do. The men of every household went out to fight the flames. The women were busy packing their valuables and making ready their families, in the prospect, every moment probable, of being obliged to flee from their homes.

The wind became gusty and shifting. No one could tell where it would go next. And the fires, beginning at three distant points, were rapidly converging. Horses and wagons stood loaded and ready at many doors, and it was a night of fearful exertion and untold endurance.

In the morning, however, only five or six families found themselves homeless. Twelve buildings were completely destroyed. But these figures give no im-

pression of the devastation of the night. The houses consumed were at great distances from one another, and the very bread of life was represented by the wide, open fields or wooded country between them. One man depended for his living on his oak wood, and it lies today in ashes before him. Another lost cattle or horses — another his poultry — another his great stacks of hay — another his plantation of pampas, the plumes of which would have brought him at least a thousand dollars this Fall.

The houses that were saved were saved by the most persevering exertions and liberal use of the scanty supply of water stored up in tanks. They stand today in the midst of blackened fields, no vestige of fence or garden or trees about them. Giants of the forest, which were the growth of centuries and the pride of this generation, lie charred and lifeless today, and fearful tragedies among the citizens of the wood are hinted at in blackened birds' nests or the bones of various little creatures.

But at two o'clock in the morning of the 28th, the wind suddenly dropped. Blessed dispensation! The lull wakened the children, who had fallen into weary slumbers. Men ventured to pause a moment in their work. Women stopped their packing to give thanks.

For half an hour there was a dead calm — hot and breathless. Then a soft breeze from the sea sprang up. Most blessed boon! It was a warm breath still, but it came from the sea! The Mojave was over!

The flames crept gently now over the hills, and the work of subduing them, though it lasted till daybreak, was one of comparative ease, and was accomplished with hope and courage. The sun rose on the desolation we have briefly noted, but on a hopeful and thankful community, breathing freely once more and grateful (for once) for the common air.

Fire, of course, may come at any time and in any place. The Mojave it was which was the peculiar and most fearful element in this experience, the propelling and stimulating force that urged the fire to do its worst, but which alone can be counted as nothing less than a scourge.

The Mojave, however, be it thankfully recorded, is limited in its reach, and infrequent even in its narrow circle. "Once in seven years you may look for it," say the old and easy-going Californians. "Once in three or four years," say more accurate and careful observers. Once in a lifetime, say we, is enough.

S. W. Weitzel.

THE LUCK OF A SILVER MINE.

THERE'S news in the busy village, all the town is wild today,
For the mine in the mountain yonder is full of silver, they say,
And the man who leased the region is young, he is debonnair,
And before the moon is full again he will be a millionaire.

Just a dollar was in his pocket, perhaps a year ago,
When, with youth and hope, he came out here to see what he could do.
The land was so cheap he leased it for a song, the men declare,
And since they have struck the silver, why, he is a millionaire.

They said when the news was told him, of the silver in the mine,
His breath came quick as he whispered low, "Thank God, O Geraldine."
"Now, boys, bring on your forces, we will work by night and day,
For in two months' time my lease expires, and I must be away."

So by day and night they press there, the miners from far and near,
And the deeper down the diggings, the richer the veins appear.
The lad himself is everywhere, and says in his quick, bright way,
"Now, boys, we must work like blazes, for the lease expires in May."

O never did sunlight seem so lovely, or stars so softly shine,
The day went speeding along on wings for him who owned that mine.
And when the work was over, and the moon rose bright and fair,
From his bosom he took a golden lock, a lock of golden hair.

"The world has nothing too precious for her, the darling, the dear,"
If he could but find some jewel sweet enough for her to wear.
And from the city he ordered a necklace of rarest pearl,
And laid it with tender fingers by the shining, golden curl.

O how sweetly, on bright glad wings, the days went speeding away,
And, at last, the lease expired, in the leafy month of May,
In all his race there had never been a man so rich as he,
As he turned his eager face to a city beside the sea.

The train drags on too slowly, for his heart is already there,
In the still old town, with the giant trees, and the sea and the salt air,
O what will she say, the darling! And how will her brown eyes glow,
When he tells how they found the silver, only two short months ago.

The weary journey is ended, and he turns his eager feet,
Into the shade of the swinging trees, the old familiar street,
And out from the ivy-covered church there comes a wedding train.
What strange, what ghostly fancy has seized upon his brain!

In the low-roofed porch she lingers, the bride, she is strangely fair.
The lad stands watching with folded arms — did I say she had golden hair?
O God of love, be merciful! He pushes the crowd aside,
His heart stands still, but his white lips cry, "My darling is the bride!"

M. S. Bacon.

THE UNION OR THE DOMINION?

An engrossing topic of the year is that relating to the commerce and traffic of the country; in comprehensive bearings. These embrace inland traffic and ocean commerce. As inland transportation, by railroad, has become the chief factor in this traffic, which is now expanded to continental conditions, the subject is of utmost magnitude. The United States is most gravely interested. The Dominion of Canada, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on the North, and Mexico, to the South, have, by their distinctive railway systems, materially affected the situation, as concerns the United States. As matters exist, the railroads of Mexico offer no menace to the traffic of the United States, certainly not to our commerce. These roads are, instead, and are likely to continue, valuable auxiliaries. The railroad system of the Dominion of Canada, as conditions exist, must be regarded in different light. These conditions were not foreseen, unless by those of singular prescience. There is now an awakening to the great importance of the subject. It is actually of the first magnitude in matters which involve more than consideration of the effect, in future, upon our ocean commerce and inland trade. The protection and the defence of the United States, in a national point of view, are in a great degree affected. The Dominion stands as an aggressive and gradually encroaching competitor upon our northern border, all the way across the continent, in respect to inland transportation. Beyond this, she is a growing menace and a formidable rival in relation to the commerce of the Pacific. To her aid and support is the mighty power and vast wealth of the Imperial Kingdom — the boasted Mistress of the Seas — and British domination is an inflexible policy to which every arm and every resource of the ambitious Empire is ceaselessly directed in every quarter of the globe. The Canadian Pacific railway has made this contest for the mastery of the transcontinental traffic and of the commerce of the Pacific feasible, if not facile as well. In connection with the railway, lines of ocean steamers across the Atlantic to Canadian ports, and from British Columbia to the ports of the Pacific, are already established, to assure the connection with England, and to secure the most valuable of this very lucrative and increasing traffic to the British Empire.

This is the broad situation. The construction of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and the means employed in its management and operation, have made apparent the ulterior purpose of the British Government, in its policy toward the United States. The monopoly of the commerce of the world, of the carrying trade, is the paramount policy of England. To obtain it, she abolished her system of excessive duties; and to retain it, she holds to the peculiar system of Free Trade, by which she imposes a tariff sufficient to supply the revenues of the kingdom upon less than a dozen commodities which cannot be produced at home, while she opens her ports to productions of the whole world which her population require; and to the production of these free duty commodities her own soil is inadequate. Tobacco will not grow in England, neither will cotton. Yet England imposes an exorbitant tax on tobacco, and to make sure matter of the enormous revenue, controls the trade herself. As with spirits and some other commodities, tobacco is an article that all classes of persons consume and will have. England cannot manufacture tobacco into any form to command mark-

ets abroad in trade competition. It is at home only that consumption is effected and desired. Hence the excessive duty. With cotton the conditions are totally dissimilar. In geographical aspect, England is isolated. She has a population beyond the capacity of her soil to subsist. She depends upon her manufactures and not upon her products. Her native iron and coal are as the backbone of the kingdom. But her manufactures of cotton fabrics are of vast importance. With these she can compete in the markets of the world, and her manufactures of iron and her coal are invaluable adjuncts.

To her manufacturing industries England sacrifices her agricultural interests. This policy is the foundation of her singular system of Free Trade, which abandons Protection to the agriculturalist, in order to assure profit to the manufacturer. By this policy England thrives. She consults the greatest interests of the greatest number of her people, and legislates accordingly. She has to her support her colonies and possessions in the vast domain upon which the sun never sets, nor ceases to set. These, from the Dominion of Canada to Australasia, are still English in sentiment and loyalty. From these evidences of devotion to the Imperial Government the people of the states of the United States can derive a wise lesson in the regulation of their own conduct toward their own broad country. The action of Congress will manifest the quality of the consideration and the fervency of the devotion, on the part of the representatives of the States of the Union. The ensuing session should determine this very important matter.

Directly involved is the question briefly stated: Shall the Government of the United States favor the interests of the British Empire, in matters of inland trade and ocean commerce, to the disadvantage of the interests of its own citizens? The Canadian Pacific Railroad is essentially a British road. It was devised in British minds; it was built by British capital, it is operated by British managers. The Dominion of Canada is simply as a British custodian. The British Government has never ceased to regret the Northwest Boundary treaty of 1846, by which the demands of the United States to the territory to the forty-ninth parallel were conceded, and the surrender was made of all the British claims. At that time the vast territory of the Pacific, embracing the Oregon of today, Washington, Idaho, and Montana, was comparatively unknown, either in the United States or in England. The general impression was that the territory was valueless, except as to its geographical conditions upon the ocean coast, in view of harbors and for advantages of navigation. In accordance with these views, England abandoned her claim to the territory north of the Columbia river, to Puget Sound, and to the possessions south of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude.

Following that Northwest Boundary treaty have occurred the cession, by conquest and purchase, of California; the discovery of gold; the development of Oregon and of the territories that have been carved from her; the inestimable value of Puget Sound as a harbor, and an anchorage for shipping and for fleets; the discovery of the magnificence of the forests of the Sound, and their usefulness and profit; the exploitation of the wealth of the mines of gold, of iron and of coal; and the paramount worth of the Columbia and of Puget Sound in commercial aspects. These are, to the British Government, as the awakening from a stupor to one who has, while in it, abandoned or surrendered precious possessions to another too formidable to fight and too wary to be taken at disadvantage. But always grasping, always aggressive, always arrogant and minatory, and always crafty, the British Government seeks to recover by tact

and finesse that which has been lost by other means. To possess the transportation of a country is virtually to own that country; to extract and enjoy the profits of the products and of the industry of the country, with full exemption from the burdens of taxation and every other contingency of habitation and community association. This is the position that the Canadian Pacific Railroad enjoys in the United States, as the conditions exist.

The Congress of the United States has imposed upon the railroads of the country a general law which, in effect, subjects them to penalties, while it admits the Canadian Pacific road to trespass with absolute impunity. This is the Interstate Commerce law. It is misnamed, but this is its least fault. A more appropriate terminology would be Interstate Transportation law. Commerce is more comprehensive than traffic, more expansive than transportation. Transportation is simply the carrying of commodities which constitute commerce. The commerce of a country is made up from the products of the tillers, from the work of the manufactories, from the industries of every kind, upon the one hand, and upon the other from everything which comes from abroad to supply the community with commodities which are not produced at home and are desirable. The transportation of all these commodities, coming and going, constitute the commerce. In domestic relations, this is termed trade, or traffic. Between distant countries, commerce is the more definite and customary term.

A fair and just consideration of the Interstate Commerce law requires that the distinction between commerce and transportation should be understood. The law does not regulate inland commerce, as it purports; it confines its powers to transportation. It operates, by the commission, in such manner as to divert, impede, and injure local traffic, in many cases. In other cases the law has the effect, as it is enforced and as matters exist, to materially favor and substantially benefit the Canadian Pacific railroad, and to work corresponding harm and damage to the American roads. The law does this; it imposes conditions upon the American roads, all the way across the continent, in addition to the burdens put upon them by State legislation and local authorities, from which the Canadian road is entirely exempt. The United States has no authority to regulate the manner of operating the Canadian road; it cannot impose upon that road any of the regulations that apply to American roads. But the United States has the authority to restrict the manner of inland transportation, just as it exercises authority to regulate coast and foreign commerce. Foreign vessels of every nation are allowed to bring their cargoes and carry exports from the ports of the United States. But foreign vessels are inhibited from plying or from trading between American ports. The traffic and commerce of the world, in foreign bottoms, enjoys full equality with that in American bottoms; but in the home and coast traffic, the United States assumes complete protection to American vessels, and permits no trespass upon it. Only an American vessel is allowed to trade between any of the American ports, from Maine to Oregon, or to the ports of Alaska. Yet the Canadian Pacific railroad is permitted to take freight from any station in any part of the East and transport it to any station on the Pacific coast, by arrangement with local roads; and in this transportation the Interstate Commerce law, so called, not only protects the Canadian road, and allows it free swing to cut rates and to go as it pleases, but practically encourages this order of cut-throat competition by a foreign road, by crippling every American road, and preventing self-protection by severe penalties. The situation is this: Under the Interstate

Commerce law, together with the laws of the several States, an American train starts from the easternmost station on the Atlantic for the westernmost station upon the Pacific, and in addition to the requirements of the Interstate Commerce law, it must also submit to the exactions of the law of every State through which it passes. It is hampered and taxed from ocean to ocean. But this is not all, or the worst. Railroads are not as vessels. Except upon canals, there is no tax upon the means of transportation by vessels. Rivers and lakes are free of taxation. Railroads are constructed and must remain as built. The track is as an anchorage and is made real property, subject to State and local taxation. In some States the modern institutions known as State Boards of Equalization are not yet founded. In these States the taxation of property is left entirely to County Boards. Assessments in counties depend very much upon the fancy of the Assessor and the temper of the community. To relieve themselves, this or that community think it a very proper thing to adopt the popular idea—"cinch the railroads!" An appeal is sometimes simply a delay with added costs at last to be paid; in any event it is vexatious, and engenders more antagonism. The railroad is the ultimate sufferer. Thus stands the case with the American roads. The provision of the Interstate Commerce law, by which the "pooling" of railroads is prohibited, further aggravates the situation.

The Canadian Pacific road is exempted from every one of these exactions upon American roads, as its trains come through American territory. It is not subject to the Interstate Commerce law. It neither owes allegiance nor acknowledges submission to the government of the United States; it is independent upon American territory, while every American road is subjective. Built by British capital, operated in the interests of the Dominion, in accordance with British interests, favored by the local government in the exemption of taxes for twenty years, endowed with enormous grants of land and privileges, in comparison with which the most extravagant that have been granted to American overland roads by Congress appear stinted, and backed by all the power of the home and the Imperial Governments, encouraged and sustained by British merchants and manufacturers and shipping magnates, the Canadian Pacific Railroad occupies the phenomenal distinction upon the continent of North America of unstinted support at home and in England, and of surpassing favoritism in the United States — a favoritism on the part of the Government which is denied to the overland roads of the United States.

Immediately following the compelled acknowledgment of the Independence of the original States of America by the British Government, the merchants of London, who had enjoyed the great profits of the traffic with the Colonies, and appreciated its greater worth in the future, sent to the chief ports of the infant Republic cargoes of merchandise that were offered in the markets of Boston and Salem, of Newport and Philadelphia, and of Norfolk and New York, at prices much below the rates at which American merchants could compete with them. The object was apparent. American common sense discovered it. American patriotism spurned it. Their country and American interests were held in loftier estimation than all the wealth of Great Britain could overcome, than all the blandishments of British tact could seduce. The power of the British Government had been exhausted in the seven years' war to subjugate the Colonies; the people of the States of America were equally as invincible in maintaining the noble independence they had in war achieved, in their sweeter triumphs of peace, and in the pursuits of business. They desisted

from the "Boston Tea Party" demonstrative behavior; but with similar spirit they let the British goods severely alone, and patronized only their own patriot fellow citizens. The imported London merchandise either rotted in the warehouses or was shipped back to its owners. The lesson will not be amiss in these days of individual profit weighed against the consequences to result from neglect of true patriotic duty.

It is not within the purview of this article to discuss the details or deal with the statistics of the subject. In "An Open Letter to the United States Senate Committee on Relations with Canada," by Mr. A. N. Towne, third Vice President and General Manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, bearing date June 20, 1889, the whole matter is set forth in lucid, terse and singularly instructive manner. Mr. Towne has had forty years of experience in the operating and management of railroads, all the way from local and divisional employment, to the superintendancy of the oldest overland railroad of the country. He states facts and gives figures. The logic of his argument is incontrovertible, and his comprehensive knowledge of the subject, as an eminently practical authority, is made clear and conclusive in every statement, view and proposition. The reference to this very valuable contribution for public understanding and Congressional action, is made to enable any who are interested to study the importance of the subject, as it concerns the future of American traffic and of American commerce.

Besides this contribution of Mr. Towne there is to similar purpose the action of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, and the subsequent proceedings of the conference of leading citizens of the Pacific Coast, by invitation of the Chamber for the purpose, held in this city during the closing days of August. Representatives were present from Portland and Astoria, from Tacoma, and from other points of commercial importance in Washington, soon to be a State. The conference made expression of views, and agreed upon a course which cannot fail to have good effect upon Congress, to such amendment of the Interstate Commerce law as will relieve the situation, so far as the interests of transportation are concerned, with due regard to the protection of American roads from the ruinous contest waged by the Canadian Pacific road.

Within thirty years the English sparrow has been introduced in the United States. The parties to the introduction thought only of the gratification of their own fancy and desire. They were English born, and the sparrow was a bird of their earliest and cherished memories. Thousands of the sparrows were imported. The government facilitated the importation, and enabled their distribution throughout the States and Territories. They were mainly the States of the North in which the sparrows were distributed — the States bordering upon the Canadian Dominion line, and the belt of States next adjoining upon the south; all above the Mason and Dixon intangible line of the period of slaveholding. It is remarkable and suggestive that these boundaries likewise include the States which are now most affected by the Canadian Pacific railroad. The sparrows were welcomed as a joy, if not a blessing. They became numerous in the States across the continent. They overran California and pervaded the Pacific Coast. State legislation and local ordinances protected them. The English sparrow was not to be harmed or shot. The game laws, which allowed the killing of every species of native and migratory birds in the open season — birds of song and beauty and of general delight — were not extended to the imported sparrows; they alone were protected. Only to the English sparrow was granted the complete privilege of town and country.

Some knowldge of the nature and habits of the English sparrow, as the bird has developed in the United States, and something more of the consequences of his presence in this country, has been acquired in these thirty years. As with the rabbits in Australia — introduced to gratify a fancy of a native Englishman who cherished home memories — they have multiplied to millions, and their destructiveness to crops and every species of useful vegetation has become of such magnitude that a million of dollars is offered for their extermination. It is too late. The rabbits will continue to multiply in Australia; the English sparrow will exist and increase in the United States, and make its presence as a calamity. Already Michigan is offering a bounty of a half cent for every scalp of an English sparrow. Ohio pays ten cents a dozen for sparrow scalps; and the legislature of New York has enacted that it shall be a misdemeanor to wittingly give food or protection to the English sparrow.

Besides the fancy and desire for the English sparrow, at the time of the introduction of the birds in this country, it was held out that the species were invaluable for their insectivorous qualities—they would rid orchards of destructive bugs, and be a profit to the fruit grower and the farmer. The English sparrow has amply developed his real qualities. The American orchardist and farmer, and all others, have learned by costly experience; the English sparrow is insectivorous, but, between the ravages of the insects and the destructiveness of the sparrows, the fruit-grower prefers the bug pests. The English sparrow is of the nature of the British bulldog;—no other species of dog shall have place or living if it can be conquered. The English sparrow has driven away the native birds of sweet notes and enlivening chirp — the birds which made rural homes delight in their morning melody, gave charm throughout the day, and from flower, shrub, and fruit tree ridded the preying pests. Their toll of compensation was as the sip of the sweet extracted by the bee to distill it into honey. The toll of the English sparrow is as the sway of the freebooter, and no other is allowed to share.

The Canadian Pacific railroad is encouraged and patronized now by many of the people of the United States. States yield to it all that is required, the general government aids it by inaction. The road is subsisting upon the traffic of the United States. From the accretions of this traffic British steamships will be built, to lure and to wrest from the shipping of the United States the rich commerce of the Atlantic and the monopoly of the carrying trade of the Pacific. Dominion legislation and British capital and Imperial subsidies are to the backing of this vast ocean commerce. In less than thirty years the people of the United States, who received the English sparrow as a generous gift, and have found the bird to be a pest, will unquestionably learn that, in admitting the Canadian Pacific railroad to the advantages and privileges it now enjoys, they have simply repeated the folly of the admission of the English sparrow. It is the old and familiar story of the wooden horse of the Greeks, which crafty Ulysses managed to have the Trojans themselves drag into Troy, by the arts of the faithless Sinon. The admission of the Canadian Pacific road to the traffic of the United States, within the territory of the United States, is equivalent to the surrender of such territory to the British interests which control the Canadian Pacific. The actual condition should be considered. The Canadian Pacific is free from all taxation and restraint within United States territory, while all of the American roads are subject to the Interstate Commerce law, and to the taxation imposed by the various States. Besides this, the Canadian road is supported by home authority, and assisted by the pow-

erful backing of the Imperial Government. The steamships that are run in connection with it upon the Atlantic and the Pacific, receive generous subsidies from the Dominion and the Imperial Government, while to the American steamships the General Government at Washington contributes no aid whatever.

With such manifest inequality of operating conditions, it is not possible for the American roads or the American steamship lines to compete with or contend against the Canadian road and the British steamships. The Interstate Commerce law forbids the American roads to "pool," or arrange among themselves the means by which to make successful contention and competition with the Canadian road; and the State taxation to which the American roads are subject, while the Canadian road is permitted free course untaxed, operates as an additional advantage to the latter. Practically, it is as though the American Government bound the arms of the American roads, and not only allowed free license to the Canadian road on American soil, but besides furnished it all the assistance required by it short of subsidy, — which the Dominion plentifully supplies.

In this unequal contest and rivalry for inland traffic and ocean commerce, there can be, eventually, only disaster, if not final ruin, to American railroads and American steamships. The railroads ask no support from federal legislation. All that they require from the general government is that protection which the Constitution guarantees in rights of property and the rights of persons — rights which not even the States shall trespass, by unjust or excessive taxation, or otherwise. A fair field is the right of the railroads, and no favors should be the rule. Against any injustice or extortion by the railroads, the Congress of the United States and the State legislatures are always prepared to provide, in the event that the laws which regulate common carriers, and the conditions of the charters of the roads, prove inadequate to the requirements of justice between the roads and the people.

With regard to ocean commerce, a different policy should prevail from that which was instituted in the early days of the Republic. The vast controlling powers of the world have since been discovered; the great agencies to intercommunication and commerce have been wrought from experiment to marvelous accomplishment. Steam and the uses of electricity have revolutionized the world. The building of iron ships, and the spanning of continents with railroads, have converted commerce and traffic from the accustomed conditions of past centuries into the boundless realms that human prescience can yet scarcely conjecture. Governments are for the people, and should progress with the people to the highest enlightenment, to the advancement which is compatible with the greatest good to all. The Government of the United States should be in the lead of every other, as concerns the people and the glory of the Republic, equally as enlightenment and invention, the application of science to the arts, and the greater intelligence of the people, are superior in kind and degree to that of any other nation, to any other people of the globe.

With due reverence and respect for the wisdom and purity of the founders, the Republic is maintained, inviolate and undiminished. The rock upon which they built the government is as solid and as firm as the rock upon which the Christian faith is invincibly founded. Yet, as Christianity has undergone changes through these nineteen centuries, and is strengthened thereby, likewise have important changes during the century of the Republic added strength and given greater glory. The early National Bank was established as a necessity, and at last abolished as a power of evil greater than of good. Today, the national bank-

ing system of the United States is a blessing at home and is honored abroad. It accommodates the people, and assures every person in the complete security of his money held in that form. The government of the United States is the safe endorser and the unquestioned security.

In the early years, and until within the last half century, it was the predominant principle that the government should not engage in internal improvements. The exigencies of the Republic and the demands of the people have compelled the departure from the principle, and the benefits are witnessed in our rivers and harbors, in the magnificent roads which span and bind the continent. The Republic of thirteen states, with no ocean shore except upon the Atlantic, and a doubtful right to a portion of the Mississippi river, has expanded to the boundaries of the continent, embraces the Gulf of Mexico, owns the entire Mississippi, possesses the wealth of the Pacific, and extends to the Arctic line upon this grandest of oceans. From three millions of people the United States has advanced to the majesty of sixty millions of free men, and there is no longer the blot of slavery upon the mightiest Republic of any age.

Linked with internal improvements, by the general government, in the estimation of the people during the early period of the Republic, was the subject of subsidies to ocean commerce. Nevertheless, the government gave the New England fisheries a drawback on the very important commodity of salt, and this operated as a bounty. It was urged that these fisheries were the nurseries of the navy; that a navy was essential to the protection of American commerce; and that the apprenticeship in the fishing vessels would produce the able-bodied seamen and brave hearts which made a navy formidable and invincible. An analysis of the salt bounty will result in the conviction that it was a subsidy to promote and aid the fisheries. The United States were without a navy during the administration of Washington. The first Secretary of the Navy was appointed by President John Adams, in the second year of his administration But the New England fisheries were all the time encouraged and aided, although the term applied was not "subsidy." Still, that would have been the fitting nomenclature. It is remarkable that the public sentiment which upheld the salt bounty to the fisheries, to nurture and supply a navy, should oppose any form of aid to encourage and sustain the mercantile marine of the Republic in the lines of ocean commerce, for the reason that such aid would be a subsidy.

This sentiment is most prevalent in the States of the early West, now the central States of the Union. Yet, less than thirty years ago, before overland and other lines of railroad had virtually annihilated distances, and made Washington practically as central as St. Louis, the project to remove the National Capital from Washington to St. Louis was agitated mainly in the West, and by the people who strenuously opposed subsidies to American steamships to ply the ocean in competition with the munificently subsidized steamships of Great Britain. In their eagerness to win favor for the removal to St. Louis, the advocates of the scheme held out extraordinary inducements. The people of St. Louis made dazzling offers. The people of Missouri backed them in their promises. The necessary Federal buildings should be duplicated in St. Louis without cost to the Federal Treasury. Even more extravagent promises were made. All these, when fairly analyzed, appear as something beyond "subsidy." They must be catalogued as bribes. But all the while the representatives of Missouri and of the other Western States favorable to the removal, stubbornly resisted in Congress every measure which was intended to aid and expand American commerce upon the two great oceans.

Similarly with respect to grants of lands to railroads. The clamor is strong in antagonism; strongest in the States of the so-called West. With political parties, this article has nothing to do. But it is significant and interesting to point to the remarkable fact that, despite this opposition and clamor against grants of lands to railroads, the first grant of lands ever made by Congress to aid the construction of a railroad, was that to build a railroad from Chicago to Mobile, and 2,595,053 acres of government land, in alternate sections along the entire line, were voted for the purpose. The bill for the grant was introduced by Senator Stephen A. Douglas, in 1850, and it was supported by every Senator from the States of the West. It passed both houses of Congress—Democrats and Whigs—the former being in majority. The grant was unquestionably a subsidy. The bill was the precedent for subsequent similar legislation by Congress.

Investigation of facts and reflection lead to the conclusion that the clamor against subsidies by the Government is sheer demagogy. In every city and town the residents continually do that which they in turn condemn when the government is concerned. When the Custom House was ordered built in San Francisco by the government, the property owners of the two main divisions of the city of that period were vehement rivals in the endeavor to secure the location. Toward Clark's Point—now Broadway—was the plant of business. South of California street—then sparsely settled—was the promise of the future, made so by Folsom, Cunningham, Macondray, by Howard and Freese, and Maynard, and other sagacious prominent citizens. Offers of land for the site of the contemplated structure were made by representatives of the rival owners of the lands. These were simply offers of subsidy to benefit the parties to the offer. Very similar are the movements of today in the matter of the location of the Post Office building in San Francisco, to be erected at the cost of the general government.

The subsidies granted to British steamships, by the British government, enable Britannia to the supremacy of the seas. The neglect and refusal of the government of the United States to aid the Collins line of splendid steamers, in competition with the British Cunarders, thirty years ago, lost to the United States the rich traffic of the Atlantic. The similar niggardly policy, notwithstanding these intervening years of experience and example, on the part of the government, toward the American steamship lines of the Pacific, will as surely lose to the United States the coveted commerce of this vaster ocean.

There must eventually come a conservative change of sentiment. The clamor against subsidies must give way to alleviate the situation, to inspirit commerce, to fortify traffic, and to yield the contributions of the government to home enterprises, instead of perverting them into insidious channels of foreign nature. Radically, the government gives subsidy to the pre-emptor who locates a quarter section at $1.25 per acre; it subsidizes mail routes, wherein it extends the service and increases the pay; it is the equivalent of a subsidy wherein the government is concerned when committees and commissions are appointed by Congress to go about the entire Republic, at public cost, to investigate and to ascertain that of which the members of these Committees and Commissions are supposed to have fair information. It is the individualizing of the subsidy, but the germ and substance are in the practice.

None are more prone to this system of subsidies than they who oppose it, in community, in State Legislatures, in Congress. The legislator who will bend every energy to secure a local victory which may return him, or promote him, is of the type of the "statesman" in

Congress who fulminates against subsidies, and exhausts himself in efforts mainly directed to securing his own re-election, without consideration whatever of the rights and interests of other portions of the Union. These men vote against aid to American commerce because theirs is a remote inland constituency. They likewise declaim against railroads, for no better reason than that it is popular in their district to do so. But in relation to local matters, such as procuring an enlargement of a contract for mail service in their own State or district, which may swell the cost to the government from thousands to tens of thousands, these peculiar economists and strict constructionists appear to have no limit of action. The subsidy under the name of relief, or urgency, which puts into the pocket of a favored mail contractor the thousands which are extracted from the national treasury, they contend, is for the public good. Yet every proposition to award American steamships fair compensation for carrying the mails on ocean routes is obstinately opposed, even when more than liberal rates are allowed to foreign steamers which run in opposition from American ports. The fault goes up from State legislatures to Congress. It has occurred on this coast, in the State of Oregon, that a legislator from an inland county, who had emigrated from a State west of the Mississippi, and had never in his life seen a ship or a square-rigged vessel, was made Chairman of the Standing Committee on Commerce, whose duties embraced the regulation of the ocean port pilotage; and in the same State a "statesman" was elected to represent the entire State in Congress, whose idea of port dues and pilotage was that the vessel was charged according to her length instead of her water draft — as, for instance, the vessel of 200 feet length, drawing fifteen feet water, at a rate of six dollars per ton pilotage, should pay $1200 instead of $90. Representatives of this order are every session sent to Washington, to represent their State or district, the same as others of like quality of intellect and statesmanship are sent from their counties or districts to the State legislatures; and the votes of this class count equally with or against the votes of the representatives of broad views and highest intelligence.

With regard to railroads, the trouble and evil are similar, but more generally felt in immunity, from the conditions of the traffic differing from those appertaining to ocean commerce. In the customary vocations of life, men are selected for the various positions agreeably as they prove their aptitude and merit and capability. It is an axiom that "law is the perfection of human wisdom." Surely, then, the men selected to make the laws ought to be endowed with at least an average intellect, and this should be improved by observation, study, experience, and judgment. Unfortunately, this wise requirement is ignored in many cases.

Every interest of the country, great and small, is more or less at the mercy of incompetent or venal representatives. It is the brighter light which attracts; the greater interest which invites corruption. The railroads have surpassed the steamboats and every other species of water craft, in the transportation of this vast country. The primitive laws relating to common carriers, framed in an age before Fulton taught the world that steam could be applied in propelling vessels; before Stephenson had evolved the locomotive and rail car, — these laws were made in the past age of sailing craft on rivers, lakes, and canals; of highways, and wagons, and stage coaches. As well confine the uses of electricity to the condition of the whale oil lamps of half a century ago, as to limit the regulation of common carriers to the laws that governed at the time of their adoption. The world has

advanced in discoveries, in inventions, in broad enlightenment, in universal knowledge, and the glories of the future are beyond human calculation. The most enlightened are agnostics in the contemplation of the possibilities of the coming centuries of more astounding developments.

The transportation of a country is the activity and largely the vitality of a country. It is as the arteries and veins of the body. It should be wisely regulated, and it should not be obstructed or subjected to harsh conditions. Railroads have, more than any and all other agencies, advanced the marvelous development of this mighty country. Illinois alone stands as the grand demonstration of the influence and power of railroads to improve and to populate a wilderness, and found a prosperous State. Fifty years ago, the enterprise and sagacity of comparatively few in Illinois projected and managed to build railroads. The obstructionists moaned and howled that the extravagance and wild schemes of these men of enlarged and advanced enterprise would result in the ruin of the State. Note the consequences. Until then Ohio had been the advancing State of the Northwest, as distinguished from the West that Kentucky typified. The rivers and the lakes seemed to assure to Ohio the supremacy of the trade of the Northwest. Illinois was not considered a competitor. Railroads wrought the greater development of Chicago. Porkopolis — the vast mart of the Northwest — moved from Cincinnati to Chicago. Porkopolis is immovably at Chicago. The Illinois which was declared bankrupted because of her ventures in railroads fifty years ago, has emerged to the distinction of the State fourth in rank of population in the American Union. In 1820, Illinois was lower than Delaware and Rhode Island in population. In 1850, she had increased to nearly one million; and in 1880, the census placed her population above three million. Ohio had tenfold the population of Illinois in 1820; now the population of the two States is nearly equal. The railroad enterprise of Illinois wrought the change. By it, Chicago outstripped Cincinnati and St. Louis; and, adhering to it, Chicago maintains the supremacy she enjoys. Illinois and Chicago serve as examples of the worth and power of railroads in promoting the development and assuring the growth of cities and trade centers, in more rapidly advancing the prosperity of the State.

Transportation is the promoter to traffic, which must be measured by the facilities of communication. The charges are borne chiefly by the producer. The crop is his, and he must market it. The facility and cost of transportation are chief factors. Competition and the condition of the market are to be considered; but the means of transportation control the traffic. These should be made to the better interest of the producer, for the benefit of all. Legislation should promote the means of transportation, and not hamper or burden it. The old laws pertaining to common carriers are not justly applicable to present conditions. Laws adapted to the changed conditions are required. These should be promotive of the public good and not oppressive toward the carriers.

Commerce and transportation are problems which will occupy the attention of the world in elucidation and practice. Changing conditions cause changes of manner and create differences of method. Practice, experience, study, and intelligence are the essentials to a full and clear comprehension of the question of transportation by railroad, and unless these qualifications are possessed there is possibility of error in the direction and supervision. Railroading is within the space of life still existent. Men are living whose boyhood preceded the first railroad on the American continent. The *business* of railroading, as concerns the competition of rival lines of railway, is

still undergoing the crucial tests toward the survival of the fittest. The commerce of the Republic is in similar condition.

It is an axiom of highest statecraft, that the people governed best are governed least. It is the misfortune that, in a Republic, the men better qualified to promote the interests of the people and to frame wise laws, are not chosen to the duty. The observant Roman was right in his remarks to the populace of the imperial city more than two thousand years ago, that one who proclaimed himself and talked mainly of himself, was preferred to the citizen who thought and spoke mainly to the benefit of his country. The blatant demagogue succeeds, and the conscientious citizen of worth and ability fails, by the popular vote. These demagogues infest State legislatures and pervade Congress. Without knowledge of commerce they vote to cripple it, and cry out against subsidies that are just and essential to the carrying of the mails to foreign lands, while they clamor for and log-roll to secure the passage of a bill to increase the pay of a local mail contractor, or vote for appropriations to benefit their district or a local corporation. They legislate to govern railroad transportation without information upon the simplest matter involved in operating railroads. The Interstate Commerce law is the existing demonstration. The abhorrent, obsolete and absurd laws that regulated the weight of the loaf of bread and the roll of butter were no more unjust or tyrannical than are some of the State laws to govern railroads and regulate transportation. Congress has added to the oppression by laws framed in similar spirit. These laws affect the entire country, but they press upon the Pacific coast most damagingly, and California interests suffer the most, in proportion to her larger population and greater importance. It is this discriminating and unjust legislation which makes opportunity for the Canadian Pacific railroad to operate through the country with free license, and imposes upon American roads onerous restrictions and oppressive obligations to impair their ability in competition, to depreciate their values, while heavy taxes are exacted by State laws.

In this species of legislation the anomaly is presented that a legislator in Congress is appointed to a commission to investigate and regulate railroads, although he has never had an hour of experience in railroading beyond the opportunities of a passenger; and the commission thus made up determine, in obedience to popular clamor or prejudices and self-interested local sentiment, while the earnest statements of men who have passed their mature years in learning railroading are rejected and ignored. The unfounded expression of the reckless demagogue, with no more real worth in character than in property, is accepted, while the clear testimony of the practical railroad man of years of experience and honored in society is rejected. This is not honest legislation. It is demagogy and fraud. Still it is of the legislation which prevails in Congress, in connection with ocean commerce and the regulation of railroads. It allows full license and bestows reward to foreign ships and Canadian roads, and refuses just aid to American ships, and hampers American roads with restraints and exactions to the detriment of traffic.

Relief from this order of legislation is needed on behalf of the American roads. A very different measure of action toward the Canadian road is essential. These changes in legislation should be accompanied by equally important changes in the aid of ocean commerce. As the government of the primitive period granted the bounty of free salt to the New England fisheries to nurture a navy, the government of this period should grant subsidies to encourage and expand American commerce. The antagonism to internal improvements by the general government has disappeared

before the vast benefits apparent from the improvements in rivers and harbors, and the grants of the wilderness to aid in the building of the overland railroads which have converted these wildernesses into settled communities and important trade marts. The vehement antipathy to a National Bank of the Jacksonian period has changed to the general satisfaction with which the national banking system of the present is regarded. In every portion of the Republic a dollar note is the equivalent of the American dollar, subject to no discount. It has forever driven the fluctuating bank note paper of different and distant States from the fields of currency, and buried the wild-cat institutions beyond the possibility of resurrection.

In view of these bounties of the past, and the more advanced sentiment in relation to internal improvements and national banking, the country should further progress to the demands of internal traffic, and to the encouragement of ocean commerce. The United States, peerless in position, commanding the two mightiest oceans of the globe, ought likewise to rank supreme in the commerce of these oceans, of every sea and of every clime. With surpassing native forests, with inexhaustible mines of iron and coal, of copper and of gold and silver, to enable the best ship-building of all the world; with the best skilled of builders to the accomplishment, and the ablest navigators to the service, the United States should rank every other nation in the magnificence of her shipping and her commerce. Only upon the American continent is one nation bounded by the two great oceans, with the largest gulf to the south and the vastest of lakes upon the northern boundary; with the grandest rivers of the globe coursing this incomparable domain from the lakes to the valleys, and from the mountains to the sea. Thus endowed, and with the lines of transcontinental railroads, the United States should possess the keys to the markets of the world, and command the commerce of both oceans, of the Pacific islands, of Australasia and of Asia.

It is within the province of Congress to make provision for the achievement of this splendid destiny. Legislation to foster and encourage the inland traffic and ocean commerce is required. To hamper either is to impair both. The misnamed Interstate Commerce law is a mischievous impediment to transportation and thereby trammels trade. It operates as a prohibitory tariff in some respects; and it usurps the rights of owners by virtually compelling the use of their property to public convenience without just and proper compensation. The law trespasses the guarantee of the Federal Constitution as to vested rights, and sacrifices the common carrier to satisfy the clamor of the populace. The sentiment of the intelligent, the property-holding and tax-paying community in every State, is averse to this species of aggressive and illiberal legislation. One of the effects of the Interstate Commerce law is to cripple American railroad transportation to the benefit and profit of the Canadian Pacific road. And this advantage is pressed further in the putting on of ocean lines of steamships between England and the Dominion, and between the Dominion and the ports of the Pacific — of Japan, of China and of Australasia. The law acts obstructively within the territory of the United States, as similar legislation by Congress, or the lack of it, acts as an embargo on ocean commerce.

There is a sound lesson for the country in the ancient fable of "The Belly and the Members." The members thought that the belly was getting beyond its fair share of the nourishment of the body. The head thought, the lungs gave breath, the heart dispersed the blood, the arms worked, the legs bore all. Belly received everything needful to the body — and enjoyed all this. Ac-

cordingly, the members set the example of this Age and "struck." Belly suffered in consequence. But mark the effect upon the strikers. The head drooped and could think of no other means of sustenance. The lungs ceased to fulfill their function, the heart was pulseless, the arms were unnerved and powerless, the legs could perform no service. The common sense of common connection was awakened. The striking members discerned that although Belly was as a sort of bloated holder of every good to which they contributed, he was indispensable to their own existence. Similarly with railroads. At first invited, greeted, welcomed, in turn they are denounced and made the object of political machinations. The populace clamor, and the legislature proceeds to "cinch" them. It was the man that warmed the snake that the serpent bit. General Sam Houston gave as the reason why he had outrageously assailed a friend, that if one could not assail his best friends who in the world could he assail? Congress acts upon the Houston theory and "cinches" American railroads, while it bows the recognition of "go as you please" to the Canadian railway; and refuses fair subsidy to American steamships, as it tips the wink and taps the Treasury to pay exorbitant sums to foreign steamships for mail service. Congress assumes the privilege to assail its own constituencies — except in cases wherein re-election is the paramount consideration. Transportation bears relation to the vitality of a country similar to that of the Belly to the whole body—brain, lungs and limbs.

The statistics and facts incident to the situation occasioned by the operation of the Interstate Commerce law, in its restraints upon American railroads, and the exceptional opportunities it enables to the Canadian Pacific road to enjoy in the transportation and commerce of the United States, as these statistics and facts have been set forth by Mr. A. N. Towne in his "Open Letter" of June, and since then by the conference held in this city during the closing days of August, invited by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, and attended by delegations from the similar organizations of Oregon and Washington, have made clear the damaging consequences which the Interstate Commerce law have wrought with regard to American railroads, in traffic, and in earnings and valuation. The surpassing advantages and benefits which accrue to the Canadian road, and thereby to British lines of steamships upon the Pacific, are likewise comprehended in Mr. Towne's admirable letter, and are fully corroborated and strengthened in the reports of the San Francisco conference of capitalists, bankers, merchants and business men of rank and degree. These intelligently represent the interests and industries, the traffic and commerce and activities of the coast and of the country. They are entitled to the earnest attention of Congress, to promote the essential reforms in the laws which regulate commerce and traffic.

California and her sister States of the Pacific are very much interested in the needed improvement in these laws. The development of these States into greater importance is progressing beyond the prophecy of the most sanguine of the early period. Ship building has become a conspicuous industry of San Francisco and of Oregon and Washington. The splendid accomplishment of the *Charleston* has called world-wide attention to the building of fleetest armored and armed war steamers upon this Bay. The many steamships and river steamboats, and the fleets of sailing vessels of every class that have been built upon this coast, in this port, at Portland and upon Puget Sound, attest the skill of the shipwrights and the excellence of the vessels, whether of iron and steel, or of native woods.

This immense coast line, from San Diego to British Columbia, and thence

of Alaska to the Arctic, merits and demands the attention of Congress, in respect to ocean commerce and continental traffic. The great lakes eastward of the Rocky mountains are shared by the Canadian Dominion, and furnish to that country a reason for rivalry in transportation upon that side of the continent. But there is no similar condition on this side, westward of the Rocky chain. In any view of the subject, the American Congress should legislate for the welfare of the United States, rather than for the subjects of a neighboring or foreign country, to the detriment of the States. This is the just and needful legislation which is sought by the people of those States of the Pacific. The reformation, relief and rightful aid is expected of the Congress next to sit, in December. The project of an extra session, to sit earlier, is abandoned. The regular Congress can legislate to serve the requirements of this coast, and this is expected of that governing body. The five or six States of the Pacific, to be represented in the ensuing Congress, will not falter or fail, through their Senators and Representatives, in the high duty to their collective constituencies thus imposed.

Transportation and commerce are the tokens of the ebb and flow of productiveness and prosperity, and these are factors to be fostered at home and protected from undue encroachment from abroad. America is worthiest to rank first upon the seas, and the trade of the continent which the Republic spans should be her own to command.

James O'Meara.

AT THE LAST.

What do you see, sad faded eyes,
Gazing abroad so wistfully
On the shining waste of the summer sea?
The voiceless threats of storms that rise
In the red and orange tinted skies?
Or a snowy sail in the distant west,
A winged hope for some anxious breast?

She lies so still; she does not hear;
Sees not the sea. Her thoughts are far,
Where other scenes and faces are.
Long-silent voices at her ear,
Echo through many a vanished year.
She breathes the breath of fairer flowers,
Than open in this world of ours.

(The red sun dips below the rim.)
From the vague shadows of her brain,
A happy, boyish face again
Looks into hers; years cannot dim
Nor changes change her love for him.
She would not recognize the wraith
He is today, of youth and faith.

Again he clasps her to his breast!
Once more she feels the mad refrain
Of all her pulses beat again—
The tumult of a love confessed,
The giving and the taking; blest.
Again, she sees in his dark eyes
The dewy mists of Paradise.

(How red the narrow sun appears!)
She feels to all her finger-tips
His kisses on her eyes and lips.
And though that bliss was paid in tears,
She knows that all the after years
With garnered joys could blot no part
Of that sweet memory from her heart.

('Tis gone, the last red line of light.)
She blesses God the soul can bear
More than one rose for love to wear.
And yet upon her heart tonight,
And to her lips so cold and white,
She holds that one immortal flower
That opened in life's morning hour.

(How creeps the strange, unearthly gloom.)
The waters now she cannot see
Yet there she lies so silently,
And smiles, as if the faint perfume
Of distant gardens filled the room.
She passes to another shore,
Where love is linked with pain no more.

Clara G. Dolliver.



A PROVO' MARSHAL'S STORY.

If the little incident in the war of the Rebellion that I am about to relate possesses no other claims, it has the merit of being true, and—as a natural sequence perhaps — will be brief. To substantiate this latter statement, I will at once begin my story.

After fighting through the fierce battle summers of 1861 and 1862, our regiment was ordered into winter quarters near a pleasant city in the South.

Soon after we had settled down for a good resting spell, our senior captain received orders to report with his company at headquarters for "provost marshal's" duty.

In a city of the size of the one where our captain was "provo'" his duties were multifarious. He issued all passes to civilians to go out of the city, registered all permits to trade granted by the general commanding, regulated the hours of opening and closing all places of public resort, administered the oath of allegiance, or took the "parole" of applicants. He held a police court every morning, opened a general intelligence office in the afternoon, in the evening received the report of the officers of his guard, and later in the night gave secret audience to his paid spies and volunteer informers.

During the day his time was mostly taken up in dealing with applicants for passes. The greatest number who asked for them were colored people, and as it was very seldom that they were found abusing this privilege by carrying beyond the lines anything "contraband of war," they were allowed to go and come freely.

Among those who called on the captain quite often for a pass was a young, sprightly mulatto girl, a servant in a very high-toned and bitterly rebellious family living in the fashionable part of the city. Mary, as the young girl was named, always prefaced her request for a pass to go and see her friends in the outskirts of the city, just outside the provo' guard, by the offering of a bouquet of the flowers that were to be seen in every garden plot, or as the season grew later, by bringing one of the superb magnolias for which the city was famous.

The other staff officers used rather to envy the Provo' those creamy-white, deliciously fragrant blossoms, surrounded by glossy, dark green leaves, and they chaffed him about Mary's decided preference for himself; but he took their jokes — as he did the flowers — with good-natured indifference.

One day, however, as Mary handed him her customary offering, he was seen to gaze at it more intently than usual, and then to drop it into his desk, which he locked, and then to appear somewhat confused. The next moment he was as cool as ever, and handed Mary the pass she asked for with a smile and pleasant, "Yes, certainly."

Some of the younger staff officers, noticing the captain's curious care for the flowers, agreed that he — the quiet, staid provo' — had "an affair" on foot; and they would have tried to find out all about it, but during the next few days there was a complete change in the disposition of the forces guarding the city; and in the hurry and bustle of carrying orders here and there, and in placing some heavy reinforcements that unexpectedly arrived, the episode of the magnolia was forgotten. And still, between the reception of that flower and the movements of the troops there was an intimate connection, which many years afterwards the captain explained as follows:

When Mary handed me the flower that

day, I looked up to thank her as usual, and was surprised to see her frown slightly, and point slyly toward the blossom. Then I looked at it more closely, and saw that there were some characters — scratched with a pin, I judged — on one of the smooth green leaves. Pretending to admire the flower I managed to make out the words, — "*Tonight* — 11 *o'clock* — *walk up Blank St. Say 'yes' to Mary if you can come.*" On the impulse of the moment I tossed the flower into my desk, wrote Mary the pass she asked for, and as I gave it to her said, "Yes, certainly."

When I was alone that evening I took out the flower and re-read the message. Mary, I knew, could not read or write, so it was n't from *her!* The writing, and in fact the whole device, was too delicate to be a man's, so I was puzzled. I was not vain enough to think that I had made what would now be called a "mash" of any fair one, so I concluded that the sender really meant "business" with me as provost marshal.

Being a little lame from a wound in the ankle, I always carried a stout cane, and with that and my pet pocket revolver I did not hesitate to keep the appointment.

It was quite dark that night as I walked up Blank St., and very quiet. I met no one for several blocks, and was wondering how far I should have to go, when I came to where the front gate of the yard to a handsome residence was partly open, and Mary stood in its shadow. I recognized her in a moment, as she did me, and pressing her finger to her lips motioned to me to follow her. We quietly mounted the steps to the front porch, Mary pushed open the door, which was not latched, and I followed her into the hall.

Once inside, it was so dark I could see nothing; but Mary grasped my arm and hurried me up a flight of thickly carpeted stairs. Reaching the landing in the upper hall she whispered, "Wait," and I heard her glide away.

"Thunder!" thought I, "here *is* a pretty go. Here am I, the Provo' Marshal, in somebody's house, without his leave or knowledge! It 's as likely as not that I have given them a "protection" against just such an intrusion, and I have no excuse for being here except that a pretty colored girl brought me! Suppose I am found here! Suppose — "

But just here my thoughts were interrupted by feeling some one — thank Heaven, it was Mary! — take my hand and lead me forward. Soon a door was pushed open, and I found myself in a sort of library or small sitting room lit by a single lamp. On a sofa opposite me sat a young lady who, as the door closed behind me, started up, and advancing to where I stood exclaimed excitedly, but still in a low voice:

"Pardon me, sir, I do not know what you must think of this strange meeting; but indeed I could not speak in any other way with any of you at headquarters, and yet I felt I must tell you what I know! Mary told me you were kind, and she knew you would never let it be known how or when you learned what I shall tell you, or of this meeting. You will not, will you?"

I hastened to tell the young lady that, whatever was the nature or result of what she wished to disclose, she would never be known in the affair, provided — I could not help adding — I left the house as unseen as I had entered it!

She reassured me on this point by informing me that her uncle and aunt — with whom she lived as their adopted daughter — had retired an hour ago; that Mary, her own maid whom she could trust implicitly, would let us know if any one was disturbed while I was in the house, and would finally see me safe out again. And then, we having seated ourselves on the sofa, she told her story.

It was a long one, but may be summed up as follows:

Her uncle and aunt were rabid Seces-

sionists — as, in fact, were almost all the residents in the city — and their house was a sort of headquarters for all rebel sympathizers. It was from there that most of the rebel mail was exchanged, and from there packages of quinine, gun caps, and other supplies of great value but small bulk, were made up and sent through our lines in charge of small farmers and others who were always passing in and out.

With such operations I was tolerably familiar, having seized many such articles while in transit; but I now learned that in spite of all our precautions the rebels were well informed in regard to our numbers and the disposition of our forces in and about the city, and that a well arranged attack on our defenses had been matured, and while this was taking place a concerted effort would be made by certain residents to burn the city over our heads!

"It is this attack upon the — the — the — defenses of the city I wish to prevent, if possible," the young lady concluded. "I do not hesitate to say that up to this time I have aided my friends in the Confederacy as much as I could; but in this plan to attack — you — all — here — to burn the city — I cannot sympathize. I want to prevent it, if possible!"

It took me a long time to note down the particulars of the plot, and when I rose to go a church clock near at hand tolled the hour of 1 A. M. The young lady started at the sound and hastening to the door outside of which Mary was supposed to be on the watch, found her sound asleep on the carpet.

When she was fairly awake again and ready to pilot me out, I turned to her mistress and said:

"You have shown great courage tonight, and have done us a great service. Let me, before I go, ask you one question, Why have *you*, a Southern girl, taken this great risk to tell me of this affair?"

She drew her hand away (somehow I had got hold of it) and said in a low voice:

"You must not ask me that, please. I cannot tell you now. Perhaps — before long — I hope before long — you may know. I am a Southern girl as you say. All — yes all — I love are in the South now. But one — the dearest — has not always been here. He —" I began to suspect something and could not help grinning a little. "You smile," she continued blushing prettily. "You must not ask me to say more. Goodnight — Heavens! What 's that?" she suddenly added — "some one in the lower hall?"

There was without doubt, for the tramp of heavy feet was heard and the sound of a rough voice. As the young lady and I gazed blankly at each other Mary hastily entered, and whispered excitedly:

"Lawd sabe us! — de patrool 's at de doah! Dey 's banging away to wake up ole Massa; an' heah *you* is, Cap 'n, an' dah 's Miss Jooly, an' heah I is, — an' — an' — oh! do hide you'self, Cap 'n!"

Then she ran to a sort of wardrobe at one side of the room, "Heah," she whispered, "you scrouge in dah! de key 's inside. You hol' de doah fas' shut; dey won't look in dah fo' anybody ef dey do come up heah!"

Knowing that it would never do to be found where I was by any one, I stepped into the wardrobe (it was a tight squeeze to get in!) and held the door ready to close. Then Mary said to her mistress

"We 'll make b'lieve we 's jest got up. I 'll pull off some my cloze, — turn de light down, please, — now den!" And making some hasty change in her toilet, she ran into the hall in her bare feet.

By this time the uncle and aunt had been fully aroused, and we could hear the voice of the former angrily demanding the cause of the disturbance?

"It 's the patrol, sir!" (I recognized the voice of one of my sergeants.) "We were going the rounds, — saw your gate open and the front door ajar. Orders are, sir, from the Provo' Marshal," (that

was *me!*) "to look out for the safety of all private houses. Thought it strange to see the house open this time o' night, — came to see if anything was the matter, sir!"

"The door open, you say?" exclaimed the uncle. "How's that? — Where's Mary! — O, there you are," — as Mary, half dressed, came part way down stairs. "What's the meaning of this, you jade?"

"Bless us, Massa!" answered Mary in a terrified voice, "I mus' 'a' done gone forgot dat doah! 'Pears to me, too, dat I did fas'n 'em 'bout lebben o'clock. I'll go ask Miss Jooly." And she retreated up stairs.

"About eleven?" roared the old man, "What the D — ickens were you doing down here at that hour? I'll — " then he checked himself, and turning to the sergeant said, "I thank you for your watchfulness; it is all a piece of carelessness on the part of the servants. I'll settle that with them in the morning. I bid you good-night."

The sergeant as he moved away offered, in the handsomest manner, to search the house to see if some stranger was not lurking on the premises; but much to my relief the offer was declined.

As the patrol went down the steps, the uncle banged to the door, locked and bolted it, and then, seizing the lamp he had brought from his room, ascended the stairs and tapped at the door of the room where we were.

"Julia," he called, "are you up? I know you must be awake, that Yankee soldier made so much noise!"

"Yes, uncle," answered Julia, "I'm up, but I'm not dressed."

"Well, then, I won't come in," continued the chivalrous old man, "that is, if you're sure no one has slipped in to steal?"

"O I'm quite sure of that," answered Miss Julia. "I have not been asleep yet. In fact, I only turned down the light a few minutes ago."

"Very well, then," responded the uncle. "But, Julia, speaking of the light reminds me, — don't open that wardrobe at all, my dear. I'm very nervous about that lot of fulminate — the percussion powder — I put in there today." (I held my breath.) "It's terribly dangerous stuff, you know," (a cold sweat started out all over me,) "and I've not had time to repack the bottles so they would be safe."

I shivered, and I believe my knees would have knocked together, had I not been afraid that one of those infernal packages might have got between them. Miss Julia assured her uncle there was no danger, as she would not disturb anything there was in the wardrobe, (I hoped I wouldn't!) and the old man retreated down stairs, and all was quiet once more.

When I did open the wardrobe door and cautiously stepped out, Miss Julia and Mary were standing with the light at the other end of the room. I assured them that though there was probably enough fulminate in the wardrobe to blow the roof off the house, yet unless it was stepped upon or otherwise crushed there was no danger of exploding percussion powder.

"I dunno' nawthin' 'bout de 'cussin powda'," said Mary, "but Massa 's done gone locked de doah an' took de key to bed wid him, — an heah you is yet, Massa Capt'n."

Here was a new complication, but Mary — that invaluable Mary — was equal to the emergency. "Can yo' climb a tree?" she suddenly asked me.

"Of course I can," I replied. "I'm up one now, ain't I?" — I couldn't help adding. — "But what has that got to do with the present situation?"

"Why," answered Mary, "I'll let you out de glass doah at de end dis hall on to the top of de po'ch ober de front doah! Den you let yo'se'f slip down de postesses an' out de gate, an' dah you are."

The plan was practicable, and was at once carried into effect. Bidding Miss Julia a hasty goodnight I groped my way

along the hall, stepped on to the flat roof of the porch, and lying flat down, allowed myself to slip over the edge until I could clasp one of the "postesses" (as Mary called the pillars) with my legs.

Sliding down to the rail, I stepped from there on to the veranda floor, glided softly down the steps, slipped through the gate, and ran — almost on to the point of a bayonet!

"Halt!" — a stern voice commanded, and I could see that I had been stopped by one of the patrol that the sergeant, as a matter of precaution, had left there.

"Halt!" he repeated, crowding me before his bayonet a little closer against the gate post, "don't you stir, or I'll pin ye where ye stand. What y' doin' here? An' who the devil are ye?" And he leaned forward curiously. "Blowed if it 't aint the Cap'n!" he exclaimed, as he brought his rifle to his shoulder.

"Yes, Harrington," I said, "it 's your Captain. It 's all right. Provo' marshal's duty, you know." (I could see him grin at that.) "All you have to do is to stay here until you 're relieved, and then report everything quiet. Mind you — no more than that," and I walked off, while Harrington resumed his beat, whistling softly,

"The girl I left behind me."

I made my report at once to the general, who sat up in bed to receive it, and the disposition of troops and reinforcing the outposts followed that prevented the contemplated attack, and, incidentally, stopped further investigation on the part of my brother staff officers into the episode of the magnolia blossom.

I saw Mary once more. She came into the office, and finding me alone, drew from the folds of her dress — my cane.

"You done leff him in de wahdrobe," she said, "te-he!" and vanished.

"Miss Julia" I saw several times afterwards. An artillery company that at the time of the contemplated attack on the city was stationed at an exposed point in the suburbs joined our brigade the next year, in a town we were occupying in another State. The captain of the battery, a noble fellow, brought with him on her way North his bride, who was no other than the "Miss Jooly" of my night's adventure.

While laughing over the incidents connected with that interview, she said:

"I think, Captain, when I tell you, as I can now, that I was then very much in love with the one who is now my husband, and that he was then with his battery at a post outside the town that would be first attacked in the proposed assault, you will understand why I — though I am 'a Southern girl,' was so anxious to prevent the attack upon the city."

F. L. Clarke.

AN ESTIMATE OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DAVID S. TERRY.

THE last chapter of a remarkable life is closed. David S. Terry, a prominent figure in the history of the Golden State is in his grave. His deeds are part of the annals of an important era.

It is too soon to analyze the life of Judge Terry for the popular mind. Public sentiment is too overwhelmingly opposed to him to receive an estimate given even in a philosophic spirit. If he had virtues, at this hour we count them of small value, and not sufficient to make an equation of his character.

But merely as commentator on prominent and passing events, what shall one say of him? A former Judge of the

Supreme Court of the State, one of the framers of its present Constitution, a prominent lawyer, and a conspicuous figure in most important affairs, has fallen by the bullet. The events in the dead man's career are so marked that they furnish a drama without adventitious aids from the poet or novelist.

David S. Terry was a man of well proportioned, massive frame. He would attract attention anywhere by his size, and a certain majesty of appearance. His friends unite in saying he had a quick and violent temper. When aroused he was practically ungovernable. He sought to command, and in his boyhood, such was his physical superiority, he must have been a recognized leader. Brave as he was and daring, he was just the leader boys are likely to follow. Taught the skillful use of arms, and having a commanding mien and address, he was just a man in a rude state of society to be obeyed. Born in Kentucky and growing to manhood in Texas, left mostly to his own resources—we have the material and the influences that made the man.

Further influences, those growing out of taking a part in the war for the independence of Texas and in the Mexican War, were powerful in giving bent to such a character. Still further rough life, soon after, on the trail to California and in the years that followed, when society was moulding its heterogeneous elements into order, is to be considered in the building of such a character.

Imperious and impetuous, he was a terror to those he hated, and his hates were strong. His reputation was that of a man of violence. Yet strong as were his dislikes, his love for his friends, and friendship for those who did not antagonize him, were as strong. He was a genial and companionable spirit when in his best estate, and attached men to him by his admirable traits. No one ever accused him of dishonesty. Judged by the standard of his class, he was the soul of honor. He was no fawning sycophant in the pay of wealth and power, his chivalric tendencies being in the direction of the people. It has never been charged that he was in the interest of wealth that oppresses and corrupts.

As a lawyer, David S. Terry showed by his looks that he was not one of the pale students intent on absorbing all law. Indeed, the life he led, almost always on the frontier, where books were few, made his reading desultory and not profound. His power as a lawyer was in his strong sense and ability of statement, rather than in legal learning. His attainments however, were large, and were at ready command. He was a forcible advocate, and making his client's cause his own, he won the confidence of men who hoped to be honestly served. He was never accused of selling out his client; but the complaint often was that he fought out his cause even to the bitter end.

Judge Terry was on the Supreme bench of the State from January 1st, 1856, till after the election in September, 1859, when as Chief Justice he resigned to meet David C. Broderick on a bloody field. I do not think there is any record of his work in that time that will give him eminence for learning or judicial intellect. His temperament and mind cannot be said to have been judicial. Perhaps the most important case decided in those years was that when the State debt, amounting to four million dollars, was declared unconstitutional. The first organic law of the State provided that no debt which in the aggregate should exceed three hundred thousand dollars should be created, unless by a vote of the people, except for certain specified purposes. The debt had gradually accumulated, until it exceeded four millions.

There is nothing remarkable, either in learning, or ability of argument, in the decision, and we only mention it to relate an incident connected with it. The

Judge had been saving of his salary, and about two thousand dollars in warrants on the Treasury were in his hands at the time the decision had been agreed on, but not promulgated. He needed money and there were present the influences of precedent and pressure. I have heard the tempter himself relate the circumstances. He approached Judge Terry when at work at his table, and said in substance:

"Judge, you cannot afford to lose this scrip you have on hand. You have a family to support. I have sold scrip for others to a certain firm here, and I will do the same for you."

My informant, who was in a position to know what the decision would be, said in an instant there was the form of an infuriated giant towering over him, and a stentorian voice in his ears:

"What! do you take me for a —— thief? Do you think I would cheat a Jew with what I have declared worthless? No, sir: I shall take my chances with the other creditors of the State for its redemption. Never come to me with such a proposition again, sir!"

With few affinities for the class to which Judge Terry belonged, I confess to have had a respect for him for his honesty to this day, from the impression this circumstance produced.

The people — to their lasting credit — the next year adopted the debt by a direct vote.

Another important decision, rendered during Judge Terry's occupancy of the bench — important from its influence on the public mind, and as showing the trend of his judgment, was in the celebrated Archey case. Stovall, a young man in poor health, had brought his slave, Archey with him to this State. Archey had assumed to be free. A case was brought before the Supreme Court. Burnett wrote the decision. After citing the law and precedents, the learned Judge says there are but two exceptions to the general rule, by virtue of which a slave can be taken to a free State, and not be a free man. A traveler has the right to take his slave in transit, and a visitor is granted the privilege by comity. But, says the learned Judge, it will be seen by the reasoning that the slave in this case does not come under either of the exceptions; but as his master is sick, we will not draw the line very closely, this time, as it is the first instance, but shall rigidly adhere to the rules hereafter. Jo Baldwin, himself a Virginian, afterwards Chief Justice of this State, wittily said of this decision, that it "gave the law to the North and the negro to the South." Judge Terry concurred in the decision, but added, that in his opinion this master lost none of his rights to the slave if he went to work to obtain a support while sojourning in a free State. It is difficult to tell where such a doctrine, carried out to all its logical consequences, would end; certainly, it is more far-reaching than the Dred Scott decision, made soon after, which only affirmed the right to take slave property into Territories.

Judge Terry was a believer in African slavery, and had little patience with any one who was not. His reasoning and sense of justice were warped to suit that belief. But should not the mantle of charity be flung over him, when in northern pulpits at that time reverend divines preached in favor of the institution from the texts, "Cursed be Canaan," and "Servants, obey your masters," as commands from on high, applicable to American slavery, while all around them lived souls imbued with a diviner sense of right than the god these sacred teachers affected to worship? Terry never had such advantages, and came nearer guiding himself by the best light he had.

On the whole, I think the impress made upon the laws of the State by Judge Terry was not great, but his record is equal to the average. David C. Broderick once said of him that he was the only honest Judge on the Supreme

bench; but he was, too, a man of strong enmities and passions, and his remarks on men often expressed the passion of the moment.

Judge Terry, when he had been about six months on the Supreme bench, made himself obnoxious to public opinion by his interference with the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco.

There had been perpetrated the most gross political frauds on the public for several years. The people had been plundered, ballot boxes systematically stuffed, and the vicious class had control of the municipal government. A Vigilance Committee, composed of good citizens, undertook the purification of affairs. They were governed by all the forms and rules that obtain in Courts.

The *Bulletin* had told the truth about a worthless fellow named Casey, who had fraudulently made himself an officer of the city. Casey shot the editor, James King of William. The Vigilance Committee brought the murderer and other malefactors to condign punishment. Judge Terry left his place in Sacramento, to assert his authority in putting down the Vigilance Committee. An officer of the Committee was dispatched to arrest one Maloney, who was wanted as a witness. Maloney and Terry were together when the arrest was attempted. Terry was armed with a rifle. Hopkins, the officer, took hold of Terry's rifle, and was stabbed in the neck for the act. Terry was arrested, imprisoned seven weeks by the Vigilance Committee, tried, and let go

Terry had no affinities with the ballot box stuffers and public thieves of San Francisco. He despised them as a class. In a letter to his wife, written in the prison of the Vigilance Committee, he says Maloney was a bad man, and his removal would have worked no injury to the community; yet though his arrest might have been attempted from good motives, he could not allow the consummation of an act in his presence that was a violation of the Constitution he had sworn to support. He says he looked to his oath and to the sacredness of a principle rather than the demerits of the man, whom he declares again he knows to be bad.

Political or partisan motives did not influence him, because the scoundrels the Vigilantes would put down belonged to another party. As he was himself a man ready at all times in case of provocation to take the law into his own hands, recognizing the code though the Constitution of the State made duelling a crime, it is difficult to account for Judge Terry's active opposition to the Vigilance Committee, except upon his own statement to his wife. He knew it was supported by the most respectable sentiment of the whole State. Perhaps he thought the Executive of the State was pusillanimous, and being a man of force and personal courage, he must do something to repair the defect. Accustomed as he was to feats of desperation, it was a field for his prowess. At any rate, it would seem that Terry was at the time acting under a paroxysmal devotion to the legalized forms of law.

He could easily have stayed in his chambers in Sacramento, and issued his writs of *habeas corpus*, or sat in cases of appeal, without mingling in the strife at San Francisco,—leaving all to the Executive branch of the State Government or to national aid. He antagonized a popular movement and lost caste. He stabbed an officer of the Vigilantes,—a worthless fellow,—and was popularly condemned for the act.

There are two opinions regarding Vigilance Committees. They are dangerous as precedents. It is fair to suppose Terry took this view of them. But to the credit of the Committee of 1856 it may be safely said, it purged San Francisco of a nest of murderers and thieves, and gave the city for years the best and most economical municipal government it ever had.

Terry had not recovered from the bad

eminence he had won by his opposition to the Vigilantes, when, in 1859, he resigned from the Supreme Bench, to challenge Broderick to mortal combat. The circumstances attending the duel conspired to give Terry more condemnation, and Broderick more sympathy and exculpation, than either deserved.

It was in a transition period of politics. Southern men of Terry's type, though there were scarcely more in California, from all the slave States together, than from the single State of New York, had dominated both the Whig and Democratic parties from the beginning. They were trained politicians, and practised all the arts, except that of stuffing the ballot-box. They assumed superiority, were aspiring, and had a way of ruining a northern opponent, by branding him as unsound on the slavery question. To be suspected of being an abolitionist was political death, and the suspicion was sure to be started if it would help a southern aspirant to office. These tactics had been carried too far, until a northern sentiment was aroused, made more pronounced by the atrocities in Kansas, the weakness of Buchanan, and the Dred Scott decision.

In the affair with Broderick, a fair statement of facts is needed, to show the relative position of the two parties.

The *casus belli* began in a speech by Terry, when a candidate for re-election, in which, commenting on Broderick's break with Buchanan, he said of the anti-Lecompton wing of the Democratic party:

"They are a miserable remnant of a faction, sailing under false colors, trying to obtain votes under false pretenses. They are the followers of one man, the personal chattels of a single individual, whom they are ashamed of. They belong body and soul to David C. Broderick. They are ashamed to acknowledge their master, and call themselves Douglas Democrats. The claim that he is following the lead of Douglas, needs the explanation that it is the lead, not of Stephen A. Douglas, the statesman, but of Frederick Douglass, the mulatto."

Certainly, there was small cause in these remarks to provoke great anger. Sharper and more malignantl auguage is often heard on the stump, in warm political campaigns, without eliciting more than tart rejoinders; and editors in no very bad humor indulge now, as they did thirty years ago, in quite as caustic remarks, when dealing with rivals.

Nor do we see any sufficient cause in the reported remark of Broderick, when he read the speech of Terry, at the breakfast table, for the events that grew out of it. Broderick is reported to have said that he had heretofore spoken of Terry as the only honest man on the Supreme bench, but now he took it back. Without the attending circumstances, this might mean that Broderick had discovered he had done injustice to others on this same bench, and wished to include them with Terry as honest judges. But the expletives, and violence of feeling of the man, must have been pronounced, as a challenge came to him in consequence from D. W. Perley, a friend of Terry, who was present.

The challenge was declined on the grounds that Perley was an alien, and had no political rights to suffer; that he was not equal to Broderick in position, and that Broderick had determined not to take notice of any attacks during the pending canvass. It would have been well if he had begun a little earlier, and had not noticed the thrust of Terry about his following the lead of Fred Douglass.

In the letter of Broderick to Perley, declining his challenge, the inference is conveyed, that after the campaign was over he might except an invitation to the field from "a gentleman holding a position equally elevated and responsible as himself." The evidence put on record by John S. Hittell, in the January

number of the OVERLAND, seems to be conclusive, that Broderick was intent on a conflict at arms with William M. Gwin, his colleague in the United States Senate, whose position was "equally elevated and responsible" as his own.

Terry resigned his seat on the Supreme bench the next day after the September election, in 1859, and sent Broderick a challenge. It would seem it was not incumbent on Broderick to accept the challenge. After Terry had stepped down from the Supreme bench, he became only a private citizen, and did not come within the scope of Broderick's letter to Perley. But the election had gone against Broderick. He was exasperated. He met Terry, a dead shot, and fell.

Neither can be justified by any code of ethics for this combat. But still this truth may be said: Broderick in this affair did not live up to his teachings. He was taught to believe duelling to be a relic of barbarism, and the killing of an antagonist by this mode as nothing less than murder.

Terry, on the other hand, received his impressions and principles from a rough state of society, in which the so-called field of honor was the spot to vindicate supreme manliness of character. The better class of Broderick's friends, all over California, abhorred duelling, and would have kept him from the field. Terry's intimates would urge him on, knowing the chances were many to one that his coolness and marksmanship would rid politics of a hated leader, and because, they made themselves believe, the insult to Terry could be atoned only with blood. There is evidence that most of Broderick's friends, who were cognizant of the intended meeting, attempted to dissuade him from taking the field, and to convince him that he was under no obligation to meet Terry; that the code duello did not demand it, and that his place in the Senate should not be hazarded in a political crisis. Some other friends insisted that he must fight.

Duelling had been common in California. Many of the most prominent citizens had recognized the code. Even men from Puritan families had not moral courage to resist the tyranny of a bad sentiment,—which nevertheless at most did not infect one fourth of the Californian population. The moral sense of the majority was opposed to the practice. Yet duels were numerous, as the list would show if collected. Without attempting to give more than a fraction of it, the following cases occur to me: Denver and Gilbert; Gwin and McCorkle; Broderick and Smith; Nugent and Hayes; Percy and Showalter; Lippincott and Tevis; Johnson and Ferguson; Lundy and Dibble; Weathered and Winters; Wethered and Shaffer; Nugent and Smith, and Broderick and Terry. Stephen J. Field himself submitted to the yoke of the code, and met Judge William T. Barbour with the full intention to fight

As I have said, the duel between Broderick and Terry occurred in a transition period in politics. We were rapidly making history on the grandest scale. The nation was approaching a point of culmination. Broderick was a sort of representative of a progressive purpose. His death was made a factor in the reactionary spirit of the times. He became hero for the moment, though in no sense a moral one, and Terry was made by the majority press and the eloquence of Baker the incarnation of evil. It was unjust so to balance the culpability between the two.

Much has been said and published to create the impression that Broderick was the victim of a conspiracy, in which a pistol with a sensitive trigger played its part. The statement made by Jo McKibben in Washington, since the recent tragedy at Lathrop, that the duel was a fair one in every respect is conclusive, and this letter, written at the time of the duel by a reporter, an eye witness, under

date of September 14, 1859, given in the "Bench and Bar in California," by Oscar L. Shuck, ought to settle the question as to the fairness of the duel according to the laws that govern such affairs. The writer of the letter says that McKibben, who was a second of Broderick, examined the pistol given to Broderick, and "snapped a cap on it, with an air of satisfaction." Had he found the trigger too finely set he would have notified his principal of the fact, and given him due caution. Broderick, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons, and his first second, Gen. D. D. Colton, won the word. According to Colton's private statement afterward, he had told Broderick if the word fell to him he would prolong the time several seconds between the words, "Are you ready?" and "One" so as to disconcert Terry, and when the word "one" came Broderick must fire, — which he did, the ball striking the ground a few feet in front of Terry, and in a direct line with him. The shot of Terry was made a second or two after, but within the time agreed upon, and according to the announcement of seconds but a few minutes before, which was understood by both parties to the affair. The bullet took effect in the right breast of his antagonist, who sank to the earth in spite of his efforts to brace himself for another shot.

Broderick died five days after, and was accorded one of the largest and most imposing funerals ever seen on the Pacific Coast, and a funeral oration by one of the finest orators the world has ever produced, worthy to have been spoken over the body of Lincoln.

Terry escaped the punishment of the law, as all duelists had done before him. The constitution and the statutes had become a dead letter. But he was under the popular ban, owing more to the changing politics of the times and Broderick's connection with a rising sentiment, than to anything else. Had a duel between the same parties occurred a few years earlier, it would have left no such remarkable impress.

The war of Secession came, and true to his convictions as a believer in slavery, and consistently with his previous life, Terry left a free State, going through Mexico, to take service in the Southern army. He served on the staff of General Bragg for a time, but raised a regiment of Texans soon after, and commanded them to the close of the war, approving himself a brave and able officer. His regiment was noted for being under the best of discipline.

When the cause was a lost one, he returned to California, declining a command under Maximillian in Mexico, and resumed the practice of the law at his own home in Stockton, and with success.

A few years ago, he was employed in the case of Sharon *versus* Sharon, one of the most notable trials in the legal history of California. We can give only the briefest account of the case. Sarah Althea Sharon, or Hill, sued William Sharon, former United States Senator from Nevada, and more than millionaire, for a divorce and division of property, alleging secret marriage, and producing a written marriage agreement. The trial in the Superior Court resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff, although the Court admitted the case reeked with perjury on both sides.

As an alleged citizen of another State, Sharon applied to the United States Circuit Court, where the marriage certificate was pronounced a fraud. Meanwhile Sharon had died, and Terry married the claimant. The heirs of Sharon continued the contest. Last year, in the United States Court, Judge Field presiding, the decision was made that destroyed the hopes of the plaintiff. She exhibited her resentment in a passionate manner in the presence of the Court, which could not be overlooked. The United States Marshal attempted to remove her forcibly. Terry forgot the

dignity of the Court — which, had he been on the bench, he would have been the first to protect — and seeing his wife struggling in the hands of officers, his chivalry was aroused, and he attempted to rescue her by force of arms. Though a giant in stature and strength, he was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed of a bowie knife. A pistol was found, also, in the satchel of Mrs. Terry. For this offense both were committed to the Alameda County jail, she for thirty days and he for six months.

It is to be observed in this connection that the decision at this time was not simply an adverse one, disappointing the plaintiff of a heavy money claim granted her by the lower court, but also involved the question of her character. The natural disposition of Terry being in any case to make his client's cause his own, and the life and character of Sharon having been notorious, Terry's conviction that his client in this case was a deeply wronged woman was doubtless profound, and excited his sense of chivalry to the utmost; and this sentiment, especially when she had become his wife, goes far to account for his violence on this occasion. I do not offer this as a palliation of his acts, but only as an explanation. Yet who among us, if unfortunately in the position of seeing a wife, whatever her faults, seized by force — even in the presence of the highest tribunal in the land—would not feel at least the impulse to interpose a strong arm for her relief? Reason and philosophy are not always at supreme command even in the best of our kind.

The evidence now, at this writing, coming before the public in the reports of the hearing of Neagle's case before the Circuit Court of the United States, Judge Sawyer presiding, shows that Judge Field and the public were impressed that Terry and his wife had indulged in frequent threats against both Justices Field and Sawyer, while under incarceration in jail, and since their liberation. There was bad blood, so called, on their part. She pulled the hair of Judge Sawyer some months ago, on the train from Los Angeles, which, of course, coming from a woman, he could not resent with force; and, besides, her husband was with her, and presumed to be ready to espouse the cause of his wife.

But the climax came. Justice Field had been to Southern California to hold a term of his court, and was on his return to San Francisco on the cars. Terry and his wife boarded the train in the night at Fresno. They entered the breakfast room at Lathrop, and saw Field sitting at table. She returned to her car for something. Terry walked behind Field and twice slapped his face.

By order of Attorney General Miller, the United States Marshal had furnished a body-guard for Field, in the person of a deputy, David Neagle, who was in company, and sat near Field at the table. He rose, called on Terry to stop, and immediately fired two shots at him, killing him instantly.

Neagle was arrested by the authorities of San Joaquin County, and lodged in jail at Stockton. Judge Sawyer, of the United States Circuit Court, issued a writ of habeas corpus, and brought Neagle before him at San Francisco. Justice Field was soon arrested by the same authority as Neagle, but was released by the action of Judge Sawyer, before whom a hearing is, at the time of this writing, going on.

There are complications growing out of the action of the Federal Courts, about which the best lawyers differ. I do not propose to discuss them here.

Looking back no farther than the conflict with the Vigilance Committee of 1856, we can see the beginning of influences on an imperious spirit that told in Terry's after career. His will was thwarted. The duel with Broderick gave to him no eclat, but rather to its victim. His political principles were repudiated by the nation and California in the elec-

tion of 1860. The lost cause was a lost one for him. He alone was defeated on the Hancock electoral ticket, in 1880. Fires destroyed his property. He lost standing with some of his friends and the public by marrying his last wife. The attempt to gain a part of Sharon's millions was a losing one. This he undoubtedly felt more on his wife's account than his own, as he was by no means mercenary. But the more than money question involved would touch him as nearly as possible. His anger was at its height for these reasons, and from incarceration in jail, which exasperated a restless spirit that never brooked restraint or control.

His latest acts were those of a foiled, angered, and disappointed man. The virtues of loving his friends and of being true to them in any extremity will not be denied him. He was generous to his relatives, and charitable to others in money or service. He was pure and devoted in his domestic life. He meant to be honest in his convictions, and no one has ever accused him of bartering his honor for pelf, either as a lawyer or jurist. The universal verdict will be, that he was possessed of sterling integrity of purpose, and stood out from the rest of his race as a strongly individualized character, which has been well called an anachronism in our civilization.

E. G. Waite.





O PATIENT SUN!

O PATIENT sun that shinest daily down,
Such scenes, such lives, such levels of content,
And dost not yet disdain to shine,—shine on,—
And light a radiant world to high ascent!

Compassionate! Send thy warm beams abroad—
Kindle a generous fire in frost-chilled lands—
Nourish the hungry nations, give reward
Of harvest to brown hands!—

Lift up the drowsy lids of dreaming flowers!—
Burn in the rainbow tints of darting wings!—
Smite the dull earth with gladness!—Gild gray hours
Till winters glow like springs!

Send thou a laughing sunbeam through dark space,
Past leering roofs, in alleys dank and cold,
To warm a little child!—with glimmering grace
To dance above the mold!

Then send thy great sweet angels down, O mother,
Saying, "I poured my golden gifts for *all:*
Shall man for man do less?—brother for brother?"
O patient Sun!—for still thy sunbeams fall!

Grace Ellery Channing.

ETC.

It was a notable event in the experience of San Francisco, that the Sixteenth National Conference of Charities and Corrections should have been held thus far away from the centers of philanthropic thought and activity. For these conferences are not altogether like the other national conventions that have come here of late years; there is little of the character of a pleasure excursion in the visit of the delegates (though we are glad to be certain that San Francisco, with its accustomed hospitality, has made it a pleasant one); but in a sense that is true not even of the educational conventions, it was for serious work. Nor is California a place to supply to these eighty experts in beneficent work much of the new suggestion and instructive experience they desire to receive at these gatherings; with us, they must give, rather than receive. It was, indeed, mainly in the spirit of helpfulness that these hard-worked men and women chose this isolated outpost for their gathering. For isolated California is in matters of charity; it has numerous and prosperous charities, some of them admirably managed and in accord with the best modern judgment as to methods; but of that organization and mutual helpfulness among them, that uniting together as a solid phalanx to stem the advance of the growing army of pauperism and demoralization, which constitutes the very fundamental motive of the conference, —of all this there is next to nothing. The various charities—as formerly in all other communities—are without mutual acquaintance and help, wastefully duplicating work in one line and leaving another bare for lack of knowledge of each other's work; even liable to jealousies, and rivalries, and pulling in different directions! It is a fact that at the time of the establishment of the Associated Charities, two years ago, the managers of leading charity organizations in the city were ignorant of the existence of other leading organizations. On such a state of affairs the deadbeat and trickster thrive. Against it the Associated Charities has been striving; and the most important achievement it has yet made has been the bringing of this conference hither.

One who has not attended conferences of this sort, has little idea of their great interest, not only to the specialist, but to all sensible people. They are on a higher plane of ability and of unsentimental, untheoretic earnestness, than any other conventions we have known of; their subjects are of a sort that every one really cares a great deal about, if he did but know it; and the papers and discussions come down to the facts of these subjects in a way that invariably rouses the interest, even the zeal, of the hearer. And the ignorance of the general public on the present status of thought and work about pauperism is curious; so that to almost any visitor to the conferences even the rudiments of their work appeal as a new and impressive revelation, which generally affects the bent of his mind towards the subject permanently. Some such revelation, some such permanent impress, has undoubtedly been made in the minds of the few hundreds of Californians that attended the conference; there would have been many more, if its nature had been more clearly understood.

To make this impress on the public mind, to give California this knowledge of modern charity method, was the first object of the conference; and as a sequence, its net result of advice was toward the foundation of a State Board of Charities. (The conference does not pass resolutions nor advise formally, but a certain unanimity and urgency of opinion in it on any one point, has even the more weight.) There are thirteen State Boards now in operation, and they are considered not merely satisfactory, but necessary to any efficient organization of the charities of their States. We should like to give some explanation of the construction and work of these State Boards, but cannot in the space at command say more than that it is imperative they should be non-partisan, and by being unsalaried, having no patronage beyond the needs of their own office, and appointed by Governor or Supreme Court, not elected, should be kept clear of politics. Indeed, nothing is more striking in all these discussions, than the extent to which politics figures as the foe of all honest charity. Doctor Byers's report on penolgy lays down as the first requisite to any improved dealing with criminals, an improvement of the police, so that there shall be an end of allowing gambling houses and dens of all sorts of mischief to run on unchecked, while the turbulent but not really vicious newsboy and bootblack are promptly marched off to be made worse; and as the first requisite to such an improvement, the non-partisan government of cities. Cases are reported in which strong suspicion has been provoked that the extravagant sums expended by cities in "poor relief" have been used as a political corruption fund; and so on. But even where the independent sentiment in a community is weak, the press subservient, and parties therefore unrestrained by fear of their own voters, with the usual results of political intrigue and demoralization in all appointments, the experts believe that a State Board of Charities can be so constructed as to be kept "out of politics." We shall probably revert to the subject, and explain the plan more fully hereafter.

ANOTHER important conference, of a very different sort has taken place in San Francisco since our last issue,—a commercial conference, to consider means for stimulating commerce on this coast. A number of reports were presented and suggestions made ; and it is striking to note that when the list of these actually adopted by the conference is made out, it proves to consist of appeals to the general government for assistance, and of these only. A committee report in favor of free ships was voted down by a heavy majority, and instead a proposition was adopted in favor of the direct tonnage bounty of France and Italy,—*i. e.*, that the federal government should pay over in direct gratuity from the public treasury so much a ton for ships built here. A report in favor of asking the federal government to lay transpacific cable and build extensive maritime defences was adopted. A report in favor of asking the federal government to prohibit foreign railroads (meaning the Canada Pacific) from carrying domestic freight between domestic stations was adopted, as also one in favor of asking it to exempt termimal points from the long and short haul clause the of Interstate Commerce Law.

WE have to speak very briefly of these results. It is highly proper that any section should interest itself in influencing the passage or repeal of federal legislation that bears on its interests. It is unquestionably just and necessary that the federal treasury should spend a great deal of money for public works, and that each section should make clear its need of any such. But when there appears a monotony of request for legislation and for money, with no disposition to look to any source but the federal government for the promotion of Pacific commerce, there is evidence of a very ominous disposition with regard to government help, in the very class of men that are quickest to object to the paternal idea when it is a question of government restrictive interference. In the matter of the handicapping of the railroads, to the advantage of the Canadian Pacific, by the long and short haul clause, a clear case seems to be made, as the reader may see by the paper of John Totyl in the September OVERLAND, or Mr. O'Meara's in the present issue. This is a question of removing a restriction that interferes with the natural course of trade and competition. To couple with it a request that government go farther, and add a restriction on the other side, telling against the foreign road, is only in the spirit of the protective system. The transpacific cable would seem to be a desirable thing in itself, and the time may have come when it is a need ; and if it is necessary for America to recognize as a possibility at all, and to prepare against foreign invasion, there is doubtless need of preparation here. It is interesting that the report on free ships, as presented by the committee, who had naturally given the subject more study than the other members, was in favor ; but it did not meet the mood of the conference. The discussion was one of the most animated that took place, but it closely followed newspaper and campaign lines of argument, with no indication of much individual consideration given to the matter. None of the members of the conference would have spoken in this tone, or with such equipment of data, on any question of his individual business. One speaker said that by allowing our citizens to own ships built elsewhere we should ruin the American ship-building industry. The American ship-building that there is to ruin, amounts at present to one-fifth that of Great Britain ; in 1860 it was 91 per cent. It has decreased not merely thus enormously in proportion to other countries, but actually, by eighteen per cent ; and carries now 13.4 per cent of our whole external trade, against 75.2 per cent in 1856. As the heavily protective shipping laws now in force fail to revive American ship-building, there are left only two alternatives—to find out why it no longer pays Americans to build ships, and remove the cause ; or to pay men out of the government treasury for building them, whether it pays in itself or not.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Roosevelt's The Winning of the West.

It is an oft repeated assertion, that American history lacks the romantic element ; that it is the hard, sober record of unbending Puritans, or equally prosaic planters, struggling for liberty of worsbip and independence of political action. Yet there is a vast mine of romantic material, as yet scarcely opened, in the reeords of the conquest of the trackless wilds of the West, and the overcoming of the savage red man and the almost equal hostility of nature. This very element of romance, however, renders the writing of a true history of the movement more difficult, for it presents a temptation to indulge in flights of the imagination, irresistible to the chroniclers of early history. Who has not heard the hardy pioneer relate in his old age some stirring event in which he took part in the early days? Frequent repetition has embellished the narrative with incidents that never existed save in his imagination, yet in which he firmly believes. His narrative, preserved in print, and uncritically copied into "histories," forms a part of the conflicting mass of material from which the true story must be gleaned. Mr. Roosevelt[1] has

[1]The Winning of the West. By Theodore Roosevelt. Vols. I and II. From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

undertaken the task of sifting this material, and has done his work well, presenting almost the only reliable account we have of this period.

In the two volumes that have been published, he tells the story of the settling of the territory between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, at the time when the colonies along the Atlantic were carrying on the struggle for independence. There is an occasional connection between the two movements, as when the British agents incite the Indians to acts of violence against the settlers, or when the backwoodsmen swarmed down from their mountain homes to turn the tide of battle in the Southern Colonies by their victory at King's Mountain. But generally their history represents a distinct movement, and Mr. Roosevelt preserves the local coloring of his narrative throughout by isolating it from the story of the struggles of the colonies on the seaboard. Presented in this manner, it is striking how distinct is the civilization of these Westerners. It has generally been accepted that the American type sprang from the two elements of the New England Puritan and the Southern Planter. But the tall, gaunt, sinewy backwoodsman, with his restless energy and his tireless endurance, shows characteristics that could not have developed from either of them. Mr. Roosevelt emphasizes the fact that they came from the Scotch-Irish, or Irish Presbyterians, who came to America during the later period of settlement, and passing the colonies on the coast found homes among the valleys along the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies. As they increased in numbers their settlements spread along the valleys north and south, cutting the old lines of settlement at right angles. Working backward along the western boundaries of North Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania, they slowly crossed the mountains and established homes in what is now eastern Tennessee.

Here the active conflict with the Indians commenced, and in his treatment of this subject Mr. Roosevelt shows the advantage of his personal experience on the border. Life on the frontier today is practically the same as it was one hundred years ago; indeed, it bears a striking resemblance to what it was one thousand years ago, when our Teutonic ancestors were the savages, and the theater of action was in Europe instead of America. The author here furnishes a valuable contribution to our understanding of the irrepressible conflict between the two races, and, by his comprehension of the character of the contestants, red and white, is enabled to present a satisfactory explanation of the actions of both. His point that the Indian title to the land in dispute was inchoate is well taken, and he shows clearly that the attempt to obtain a good title from any of the tribes was necessarily futile. In reality, the Indian title was a shifting one, resting, as did that of the whites, upon possession, and lasted only so long as that possession was maintained.

The settlement of Kentucky under the leadership of Daniel Boone, and of Tennessee under Sevier and Robertson, are chapters of striking interest in the history of this country, and bring out strongly the character of these fearless and hardy pioneers, as well as the relentless character of their foes; but the most impressive incident, both in its events and its consequences, is the conquest of the Illinois country by Clark. Mr. Roosevelt insists with tireless repetition on the fact that the extension of the western boundary of the United States in the treaty with Great Britain was the result of the conquest of the country by the backwoodsmen. Had they not won and held this garden spot of the continent while the colonies were gaining their independence, he claims that the Alleghanies would undoubtedly have formed our western boundary, and the Mississippi valley would have passed into the possession of some European country. This is probably true, but he pushes the consequences too far, when he implies that such a division of the continent would have been permanent. The subsequent expansion of our western domain proves that any such curtailment of our territory would have been only temporary, though this fact does not diminish the service rendered to the country by the Kentucky and Tennessee "long hunters" and settlers.

The admirable manner in which the author has done his work leads us to hope much from the forthcoming volumes, which shall continue the narrative. Typographically the volumes are handsome, though one might wish that the "rough edges"—a concession to the biblio-lunatic inexcusable in a book that is to be read—had been avoided. The incorrect paging of the table of contents in the first volume might also have been avoided with a little care.

Bruce on the Plantation Negro.[1]

That there are many very serious problems relating to the negro in the South nobody versed in the facts is disposed to deny, and it may be added that as a rule the more close and personal the opportunity for observation is, the graver the observer's conclusions. Mr. Bruce's book, consequently, being evidently the result of long and anxious study of the Southern Virginia plantation negro, is markedly pessimistic in its tone. He finds that the negro is rapidly increasing in numbers, that he is reverting more and more to the original African type, (mulattoes and quadroons being fewer in number than in slavery times, and allying themselves with the negroes not with the whites,) and that the gulf between white and black has been growing wider and deeper ever since the forced bond of master and slave was severed, so that the negroes, massing themselves by themselves, are losing contact with the civilization

[1]The Plantation Negro as a Freeman. Questions of the Day Series. By Philip A. Bruce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

of the whites and retrograding to the condition of primitive savagery. Religion among them, he thinks, is little better than fetichism, morality he finds only where the older negroes retain a little that was taught by a former master or mistress. Education hardly reaches the mass at all, and where it does has but little regenerative power.

Now we must believe from the testimony of General Armstrong, of Hampton, and of others of authority, that this picture is too dark. Still the official reports on education show that in several Southern States the average school term is not three months in the year, and that but a small fraction of negro children of school age receive even this modicum of training. That this is not the result of a lack of understanding of the situation by the whites, is shown by the fact that the rate of school tax (paid by whites alone practically, since they possess most of the taxable property,) is within one-fifth of a mill on the hundred dollars as high in the South Atlantic group of States as in the North Atlantic. (Rev. A. D. Mayo, in "Industrial Education in the South." Bureau of Education Circular of Information No. 5, p. 26.)

While the book probably gives, then, too gloomy a view, it will do good rather than harm; for the case calls for earnest consideration and wise action, if Mr. Bruce's gravest forebodings are not to become realities. A cheerful optimism leading to a policy of letting things drift is not the desirable state of the public mind on the negro, as on many another, question.

Emerson's Home Life.

Emerson in Concord is the felicitous title of the book which so closely describes the poet in his home life, that it fitly rounds off the words that were first written of the great man dead. His own works are always with us and unchangeable. The tributes to the greatness of the man, to his piercing vision, his spiritual force, instantly appear. Of these, and they are not few, Mr. Cabot, his literary executor, has given us the best. Still, we do not know our intellectual friend until some right person tells us how he lived, hour by hour at home, and grew as he lived. The right person has come in his son, Edward Waldo Emerson.[1]

Not a cunning master of words or fencer of expressions, the son does, however, inherit enough of the father's singleness of vision and aptitude for thorough sight to bring the great object close down to the human eye, and even as he was wont to walk among men. This personal literature has its immense use. This individual life is shown chiefly in outside relations, because that is a part of its own necessity of growth. The pious son well says: "But he never lost sight of the fact that, if the pine tree, from the moment of its sprouting, acted on the sand and rock and air and water, subdued and converted them into beauty and strength *of the pine tree*, and not of the oak or vine or animal, so he must bear his relation to family, village, county, world, and react with these surroundings for beauty and virtue.

And this pine tree that rose so high in the air before it began to branch forth, threw out branches of such length and a shade so cool and restful that it neighbored the whole vicinity. Emerson, a shy man, was the social heart of Concord. The kindness of his country as much as the grandness of its grace drew all contentedly around him. How his neighbors, who were his jury but not his peers, had the opportunity to judge him, is well told in this filial tribute.

[1] Emerson in Concord. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Boston and New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

A New Church History.

Doctor Kurtz's *Church History*, which the translator claims is the standard in German Universities in its subject, is reproduced from the ninth German edition by the publishers, in the hope that it will not only take the same high rank as a text book in American theological schools that it holds in its fatherland, but that it will also interest the general reader of intelligence.[1] However far this hope may be realized as to the theological schools, the book will hardly be in any sense a popular one, even among readers of the amount of intelligence it requires. That amount is not so very small; for nobody that does not understand Latin and Greek can read the book without continual perplexity. In addition to such knowledge, interest in the subject must be pretty strong, to lead the reader to go through fifteen hundred pages of minute researches into doctrinal discussions, and into all the struggles of heresy, false doctrine, and schism, told in the dry, learned German fashion. As a book of reference the work is of much greater utility; for with the aid of the index, which we trust Volume Three will contain, any particular topic may be found, and this colorless, candid, and matter-of-fact method of statement, difficult for continuous reading, does seem to carry authority with it. Volume One carries the history through the first nine centuries of the Christian era.

A Danish View of Russia.

Unhappy Russia, the disturbing element in European politics, the seat of the most strenuous present struggle between anarchy and despotism, the youngest of European civilizations, yet in some sense the oldest, the home of a literature that now holds most firmly the world's attention, an anachronism, a menace, a promise, offers to the traveler and the student a field of the greatest interest. Anything written about Russia[2] from a proper basis of observa-

[1] Church History, Vol. I. By Professor Kurtz. Translated by Rev. John MacPherson. Foreign Biblical Library. 1889. Funk & Wagnalls: New York.

[2] Impressions of Russia. By Doctor Georg Brandes. Translated from the Danish by S. C. Eastman. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.: 1889.

tion is eagerly sought by the reading world. For this reason Doctor Brandes's book attracts the reader; he takes it up with pleasant anticipation, he reads it with interest. As he reads it he is aware that he is learning, that Doctor Brandes had good opportunities to form judgments on Russian life, and that his opinions are sound. Nevertheless, there is a sense of disappointment, and often of weariness. Why, it is hard to say; possibly it may be the fact that the book is a translation, and in the decanting from one language to another has lost its sparkle, if it ever had any; possibly it is because Doctor Brandes, being a Dane, constantly compares things Russian to things Danish, which does not serve to much enlightenment of the American mind; possibly there is a dogmatism and self complacency in the author that is offensive. It is but fair to add that the latter part of the book improves very much; for there the author is talking of Russian authors, their lives and writings, and nobody could bedull on such a theme.

Briefer Notice.

A new and cheap edition of *Light on the Path*[1] shows that some people find it intelligible,—or think they do. Persons not initiate in the Eastern wisdom are warned off from it by the book itself. Such will hardly be persuaded to attempt to "hold fast to that which is neither substance nor existence."——Colonel Garrick Mallery's address as president of the Philosophical Society of Washington[2] is published in the Society's Bulletin. His statements of the aims of the Society and of the relation between Philosophy and the Sciences, and his plea for style, the poetic and the humorous in scientific and philosophical writing, are pleasant to read.——Mr. Holley[3] is one of those men to whom temperance means total abstinence for himself, and, *nolens volens*, for his neighbors. To drink is the capital sin, unless it be considered a trifle less heinous than to sell an alcoholic beverage; and to vote for license, high or low, or for anything else than absolute prohibition, is to render oneself responsible for the lost souls of all drunkards. His book is a collection of satires in Billingsgate prose and doggerel verse, chiefly intended to demolish the arguments whereby the advocates of high license seek to make good their position. It is so manifestly unfair and untruthful in the statements of the high license position, that it defeats itself.——The dainty white covers of *The Soul of the Far East*[4] are justified by the contents, but there is more in the book than prettiness. It is a strong and subtle analysis of the psychological evolution of the extreme Orient, China, Japan and Corea. The fundamental difference that Mr. Lowell finds between the civilization of these peoples and those of the West is, that they were arrested in the course of evolution before the idea of the individual had taken strong hold. The family is their unit, an absolute patriarchalism their social system, and all through life, from the birthday which the child celebrates in common with all the babies born that year, up to the time when he joins the pantheon of his ancestors the individual, his tastes, his desires, his rights, play small part in his or anybody's thought. Mr. Lowell carries his theme through all the relations of life,—physical, social, religious, æsthetic,—and with much keenness of observation and delicacy of touch sets it before his reader. It is an enjoyable book, and few will deny that the main argument is firmly established.

[1]Light on the Path. Written down by M. C. Theosophical Book Company. Boston: 1889.

[2]Philosophy and Specialties. By Garrick Mallery. Vol. XI, pp. 1–40. Bulletin of the Philosophical Society of Washington. 1889.

[3]Random Shots at Living Targets. By H. W. Holley. Funk & Wagnalls. New York: 1889.

[4]The Soul of the Far East. By Percival Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



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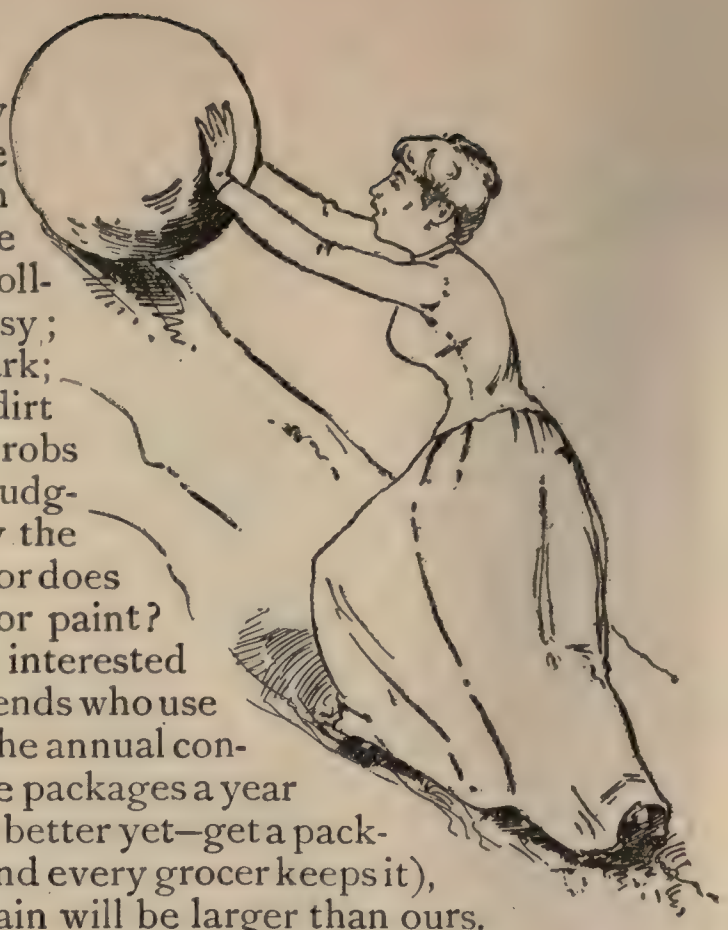
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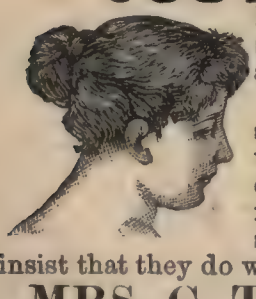
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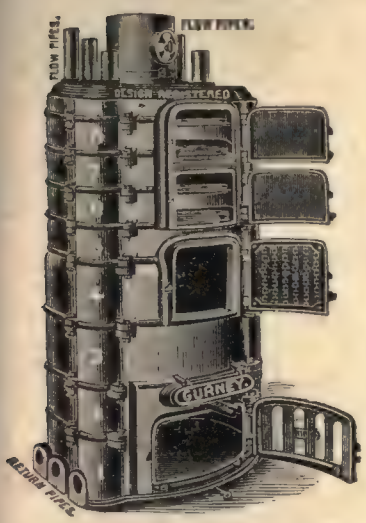
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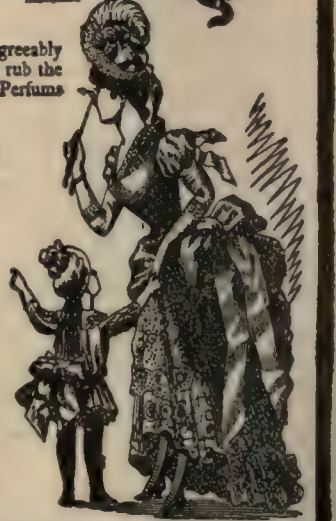
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CHICO VECINO.

Chico Vecino presents such lovely scene,
That to be admired *needs* but to be seen;
And seen but once enamored of the place,
We first admire, then covet, *then purchase.*

In a previous article in the Overland, we have endeavored without too much coloring to present the claim of *Chico Vecino* upon the consideration of those who are seeking homes or investment, whether they be Californian or Eastern people; and in doing so again, while we may reiterate some statements made in said article, we will endeavor to offer some new facts worthy of consideration.

As the name implies, (vecino means neighbor) *Chico Vecino* is designed to be a neighbor to the beautiful city of *Chico*, Butte Co., California, and adjoins it on the north, simply the barns, building, and a small part of the orchard of the Rancho Chico intervening.

Chico Vecino comprises over 1,000 acres, and is of the choicest part of the famous Rancho Chico of General John Bidwell, and we do not exaggerate when we say that no better land can be found within the State of California.



BRANCH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CHICO, BUTTE CO., CAL.

General Bidwell, the proprietor of Rancho Chico and Chico Vecino, was one of the earliest pioneers to the State, having come here in 1841; and during years of service in the employ of General Sutter and the Government, and in which service he was called upon to traverse at different times the entire State, from Oregon to Southern California; he was furnished unusual facilities for determining where the garden spots lay.

While surveying and mapping this section, in 1844, his attention was particularly attracted by the fertility and beauty of the locality, and in 1848 he secured the Rancho del Arroyo Chico by purchase from one William Dickey, who held it under a Mexican grant.

The title has since been confirmed in John Bidwell by United States patent and decisions of the highest courts.

Possessing this rich body of land, General Bidwell has built up a magnificent property, which is an omnipresent tribute to his ability, progressiveness, and taste.

To assure one's self of the productive ability of *Chico Vecino*, one has but to view the orchards of thrifty bearing fruit trees, noble shade trees, and the magnificent groves of oak surrounding it.

Chico Vecino is divided principally into twenty-acre blocks with five-acre subdivisions; but a small portion has been divided into lots 90x200 feet suitable for building purposes, where a person only wants a residence, and does not wish to indulge in the fruit or other industry.

All of the semi-tropical and many of the tropical fruits can be produced here, and in abundance, and the season just passed has added another link to the chain of evidence in that regard. Three-year-old peach trees have borne as high as one hundred pounds to the tree, and six-year-old peach and apricot trees have borne as much as two hundred pounds per tree.

Other fruit trees, such as cherry, apple, pear, plum, prune, fig, persimmon, pomegranate, and the nut trees, bear proportionately well, and seem to have found here their natural home.

Nearly all varieties of berries, vegetables, melons, etc., vie with fruit trees for supremacy as regards quantity and quality.

A failure of the fruit crop, or a total failure of any of the grain crops, has never been known in this section.

No irrigation is practiced on the Rancho Chico or Chico Vecino, for the growth of fruit trees, and but little for vegetables, and that only during the summer months; Dame Nature so generously consulting our interests and supplying us with copious rainfalls at the proper season, the average ranging from eighteen to twenty-four inches per year.

Owing to the precocity of trees in this section an orchard may be brought into bearing in a short time, peaches and apricots invariably bearing in two years from planting, and cherry, pear, plum, apple, and other trees from three years on.

The nature of the soil in CHICO VECINO — a rich, sandy loam — makes it possible to reduce the cost of cultivation to the least possible minimum, and thorough cultivation does away with any necessity for irrigation.

There is a first-class nursery on the Rancho Chico, and intending orchardists can be supplied with first-class trees, thoroughly acclimated, of a vigorous, healthy growth, and free from insect pests.

Large quantities of these trees are shipped from this nursery every season to different parts of the State, there being a large demand for them, owing to their superior quality.

The approximate cost of preparing the ground, planting an orchard, cultivating, pruning, and bringing it to a three years' growth, is from $60 to $75 per acre, at which time it will begin to bring in an income.

The market facilities for products of CHICO VECINO, and which apply to this vicinity generally, are good, there being a good local market; a large cannery in successful operation on the Rancho Chico, immediately adjoining CHICO VECINO, and which yearly consumes large quantities of fruit; excellent transportation facilities for Eastern green fruit shipping on the California and Oregon, and Northern Pacific, and the Central and Union Pacific railroads and a dry summer

climate free from summer showers, which enables, when necessity demands, a successful drying of fruits, without resort to artificial means so necessary in damper localities.

The facilities afforded for freight traffic apply in equal force to passenger traffic, there being two passenger trains each way per day, carrying mail and express, one train being the Overland from San Francisco, East, via Portland, Tacoma, and the Northern Pacific.

Chico and CHICO VECINO are only 96 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State, and 186 miles from San Francisco, the "hub" of the Pacific Coast.

In the matter of climate Chico Vecino is also favored, there being no better winter climate in the State.

Here we are blessed with an entire immunity from cyclones, blizzards, and extreme cold weather, which even while we write is the order of the day in most of the Eastern and Atlantic States, causing the wreck of thousands of dollars' worth of property and the loss of many lives. The temperature is of such a kindly nature that oranges and lemons thrive abundantly, and are even at this early date—Dec. 10th — ripening, and door-yard plants still bud and blossom to brighten and cheer our homes, and will continue so to do the entire year.

We would again call attention to the educational advantages to be afforded residents in Chico Vecino, by the excellent public and private schools located in Chico, and the Normal School to be opened in the summer of 1889.

The magnificent building dedicated to this purpose has been erected and enclosed this fall, and will be carried on to completion as rapidly as possible.

Excellent churches may also be found in Chico, representing seven denominations; the leading secret societies are represented, and a free reading room and library invites to culture and entertainment.

Summing it all up, we believe Chico Vecino to be an eminently desirable place to locate, to establish luxurious, happy, and profitable homes.

Maps, descriptive matter, prices, etc., furnished upon application, by

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"BABY'S TEETH."

MARION HARLAND, in the "*Homemaker*," for June, writing on the above subject, describes the



as "A Genuine Blessing"; adding, "It keeps the gums red and healthy, polishes the enamel, and prevents the formation of the unsightly and always-to-be-dreaded black line near the roots."

AN ACHING TOOTH IS ALWAYS FELT

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IS FELT IN THE BEAUTY CLEANLINESS and ABSOLUTE PRESERVATION IMPARTED TO THE TEETH AND BENEFIT TO THE GUMS

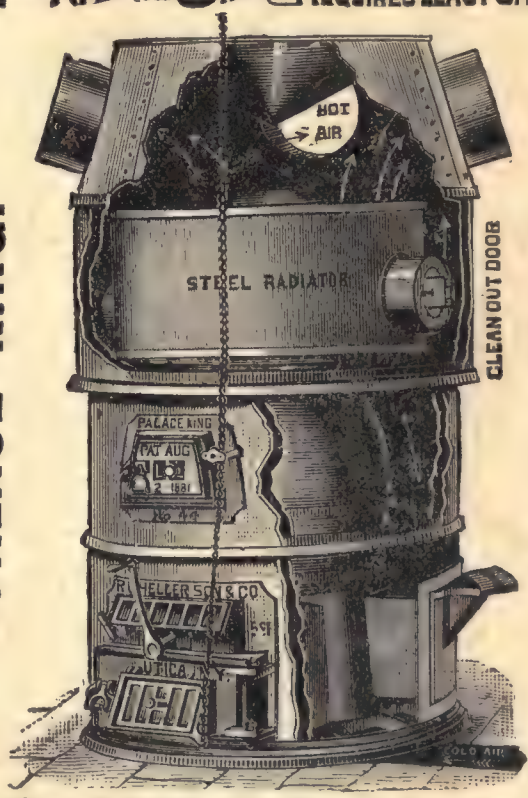
MOTHERS: If you wish your children's second teeth to come in sound, white and **regular**, preserve their first set in healthy condition **until the second is fully formed**, which can only be done by using the Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher and children love its pleasant use, when refusing to be tortured by bristles.

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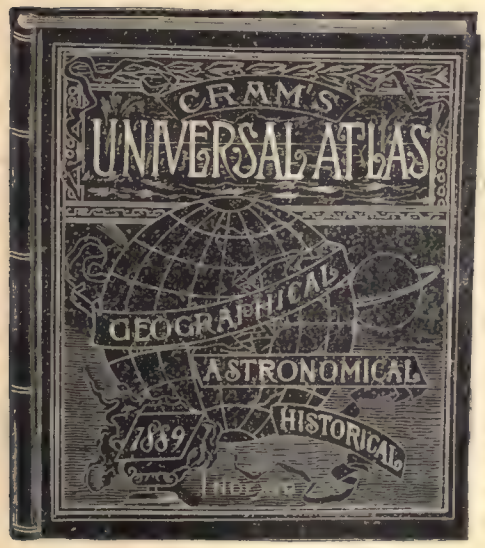
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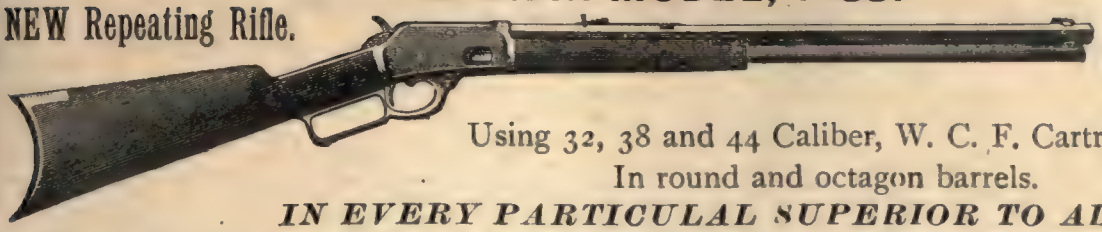
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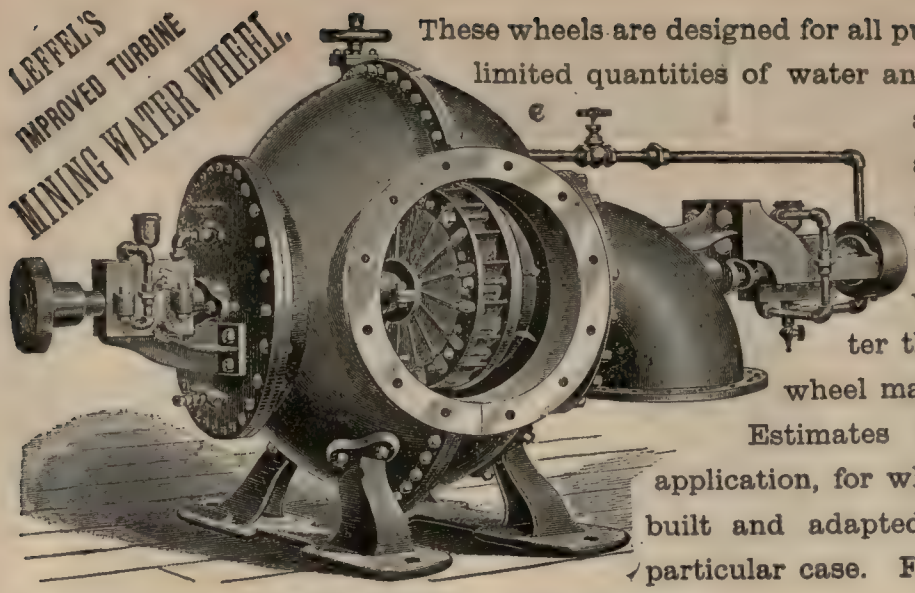
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THE Overland Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1889.



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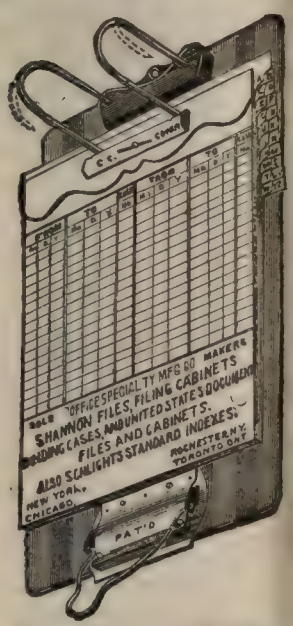
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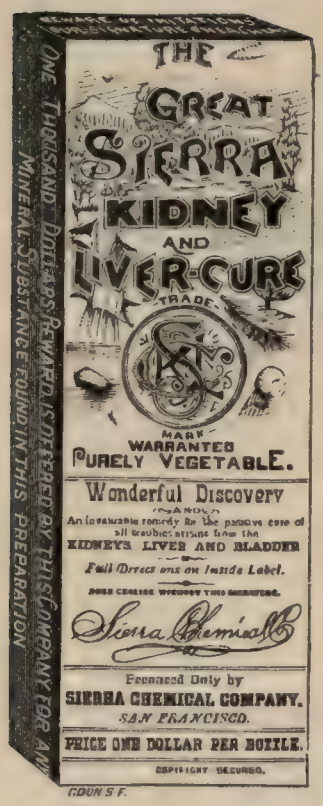
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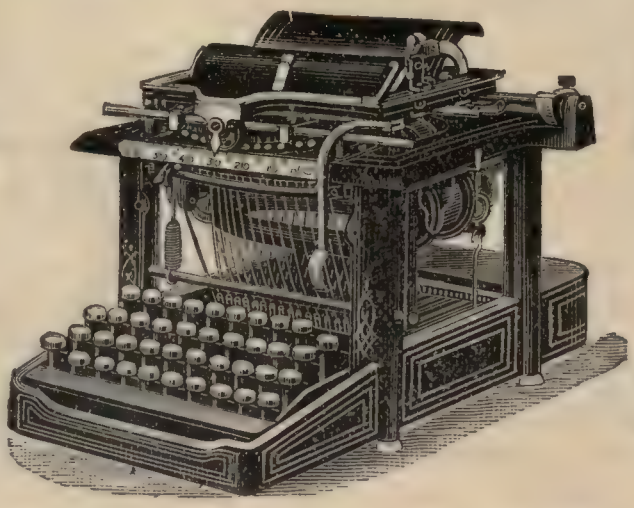
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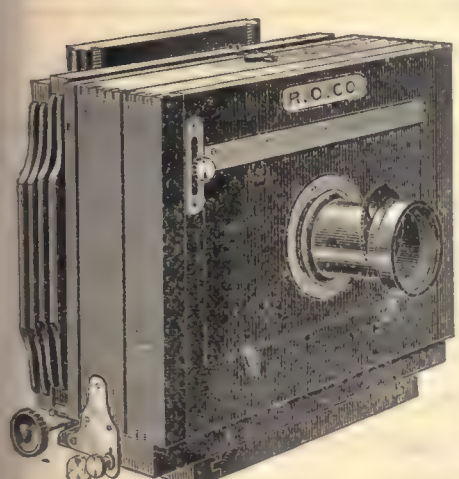
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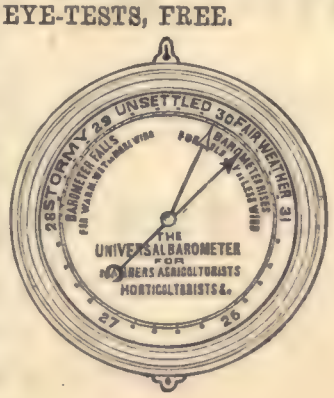


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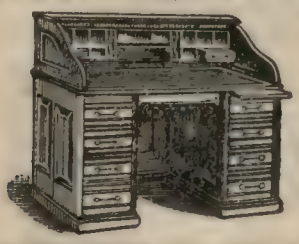
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OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV. (SECOND SERIES.)—NOVEMBER, 1889.—NO. 83.

IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN.



ADAM AND EVE.

HIS name was Adam Mercer, and her name was Eve, and partly because of their names, and partly because of their youth and innocence, and partly because of the beauty and restfulness of their little home, their friends made merry over it by dubbing it the Garden of Eden.

It must be conceded that Adam and Eve had decidedly the best of it, and could afford to have a little harmless fun poked at them by jesters of their acquaintance. Where, on all the San Francisco peninsula, could be found a prettier suburban home than their acre or two of garden and orchard, surrounded by a blazing hedge of scarlet geraniums, and situated on a little knoll at the base of the foothills, fringed by the woods and overlooking the bay? And where could be found a more energetic young business man than Adam, or a happier husband? or a sweeter little housewife than Eve, heart and soul ab-



THE SERPENT.

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sorbed in Adam? or a better cook, neater maid, or more devoted servant than Biddy, who ministered to the material demands of the household?

The Garden of Eden had been established for a year, and not a ripple had disturbed the peaceful current of life there, until the advent of Neal Meriwether.

Meriwether had been a classmate of Adam's at college, and had been left a considerable heritage by a deceased uncle, which somewhat unsettled the young man, and made it difficult for him to come to a decision regarding a vocation. He was drawn hither and thither by the force of various inclinations, and it was when he entertained an intention of becoming a farmer that he asked the privilege of sojourning for a time in the Garden of Eden.

A wonderfully ingratiating fellow was this Meriwether. He conceived a zeal for floriculture, and the flowers throve and blossomed under his hands as they never had before, while choice plants of his own contribution filled all the available space in the garden. He became enamored of horticulture, and the orchard trees bristled with new scions on every bough, engrafted with a reckless disregard of species, so that apple trees were made to bear plums, and peach trees waved branches of pomegranate, and one poor cherry tree was made to nurture a variety of small fruits, so that before the season was over a tangle of raspberry and blackberry vines enwreathed its leafless branches.

Next he turned his attention to poultry, and tried to raise chickens in midwinter; failing in this, he pilfered half the contents of the birds' nests in the surrounding region, and filled the hens' nests with miscellaneous settings of linnets' eggs, wrens' eggs, goldfinches' eggs, meadow larks' and yellow-hammers' eggs and quails' eggs, which were promptly devoured by the setting hens. Disgusted but not by any means disheartened, he hired an incubator, and did not abandon his enterprise until he had cooked several successive batches of chickens in different states of development.

Next he turned his attention in quick succession to landscape gardening, the construction of a rustic arbor, building a circular stairway about the big sycamore tree, the planting of a labyrinth, and the construction of a fishpond and a fountain; and although he nearly drowned himself in his fishpond, and the labyrinth grew only in spots and thereby defeated its own purpose, and the stairway up the sycamore was too rickety to be trusted, and the landscape was not improved by his gardening, he went about it all with such hearty good will that no one could fail to be interested in his efforts and tolerant of his failures.

Before little Eve was fully aware of it the hours no longer dragged when Adam was away. Instead of meeting him far down the road and enlivening his tiresome tramp homeward, he usually had to seek her in garden or orchard or henyard, where he invariably found her so engaged in helping Meriwether or watching the progress of his various enterprises that she had lost all count of time. Her solicitude for her husband's business ventures changed to an idle, wandering interest. She did not even observe how the shadow of care deepened on Adam's face, driving away the old, sunny smile, engraving forbidding lines upon it.

Now it is not to be supposed that a serpent can invade one's domicile, and trail its sinuous folds about his happiness or lure his wife on to destruction, without being perceived by a man of moderate intelligence. The day came when Adam's eyes were opened. He had come home graver than usual, his brain vexed by a stubborn financial problem, needing his wife's utmost sympathy and forbearance. He found his house deserted, the kitchen filled with smoke, and a beefsteak broiled to a coal upon the

open fire. On the edge of a little hillock commanding a view of the poultry yard he found the delinquent Biddy, arms akimbo, and a look of intense interest on her face. At the sight of her master a guilty sense of her neglect came over her, and the instinct of self-defense moved her to shield herself by diverting the blame elsewhere.



THE DELINQUENT BIDDY.

"The holy saints have mercy on us an' the dinner, Misther Mercer!" she cried. "But how in the name of all common sense a dacent woman's goin' to rimimber herself the while she's clare distracted by the carryin's on o' thim two young craythurs, lavin' the fact that wan o' thim's your wife, Misther Mercer."

But Adam was already taking great strides down toward the chicken yard, when a wild cry arrested him.

"Not a step, not a step further, Adam! O, Adam! stand right still. What if you should step on it!"

"Step on what!" cried Adam in consternation.

"The quail."

"The little quail we hatched in the incubator."

"We put it out to scratch in the weeds. It wouldn't eat anything we gave it."

"And I only left it a few minutes. If we leave it out all night it will surely die of the damp and cold. Hush! I'm sure I heard it cheep!"

"Hang the quail! You'd be in better business attending to Biddy and the dinner!" growled Adam, suddenly realizing that a serpent had entered into his peaceful home, weaning his wife's interest from her domestic duties, diverting her affections from himself. "As for you, Meriwether,"—he began, and then wrath and disappointment choked him.

"O, I'll do very well. But I don't think you are quite yourself tonight, Mercer," returned Meriwether, with more spirit and dignity than Adam had given him credit for possessing.

Fortified by the serenity that arises from good tempers and clear consciences, Eve and Meriwether went in to dinner. Adam complained of a headache and went hungry to bed, to dream about the serpent that had taken up its abode in his little paradise.

Could Adam have seen clearly, it was not so much a question of a serpent as of serpents; for at the very moment that he discovered the character of the guest he had so heedlessly entertained, the serpent of jealousy writhed into his own heart, and the serpent of dis content found a lodgment in the heart



"NOT A STEP FURTHER, ADAM."

of gentle Eve, and quite another sort of a serpent crept into Meriwether's heart, and each of these mischievous reptiles but waited the opportunity to do some deadly harm to its possessor, while the serpent of discord presided over all.

So days and weeks glided by, and the more surly and morose Adam grew, the more considerate and attentive Meriwether became, and the more naturally Eve inclined toward the companionship of the man who brought cheer and sunshine into her life, rather than clouds and shadow. And one day she too awoke to the knowledge that a serpent had invaded her home, and that she was in the toils of the tempter.

Both of the men had gone to the city that morning, Adam at his usual hour, Meriwether an hour later. Eve had parted with her husband in the formal way to which they had both grown accustomed, but Meriwether had snatched her hand and pressed a kiss upon it, looking at her with jubilant eyes, and crying out gaily:

"I shall have something to tell you, — something to tell you, when I come back!"

After he had gone the loneliness of the place oppressed Eve, and his words haunted her, until suddenly she awoke to the fact that she was not dull or lonely or desolate because her husband was away, but because for the first time in a month Meriwether had left her.

O, the shame, the misery, the humiliation of it! That this should have come to her! That she should have permitted another man's image to find so much as a lodgment in her heart! She, Adam Mercer's true and loyal wife! Thank

God that she had discovered it before it was too late. Thank God that the kind Providence that sometimes watches over the innocent and weak had opened her eyes in time. Thank God that she could spurn this unworthy and degrading thought with her first consciousness of it.

All day long she roamed from place to place in an agony of self accusation and self contempt. She went into the orchard and plucked Meriwether's grafts from the apricot tree under which Adam and she had stood and watched the glorious sunset on their wedding day. She went down to the poultry yard and set free a score or more of half-fledged chickens sheltered in an artificial "mother" of Meriwether's construction. She rearranged the books and papers in the little sitting-room, kindling the fire with some horticultural and poultry magazines. She lifted Meriwether's slippers with the tongs from where he had lazily left them that morning, beside the fireplace, and dropped them in the edge of the room he occupied, putting Adam's slippers in their place. As the day drew to a close she went out to listen for the whistle of Adam's train, and coming upon the remnant of Meriwether's abortive attempt at a labyrinth, shuddered as she fancied that she saw, in the broken lines, a resemblance to a serpent's sinuous trail. She fell upon it in a small fury, and uprooted the stunted evergreens with her hands, flinging them to right and to left.

While little Eve, in her fair garden, had been struggling with her tempter, Adam had been wrestling with one of his own, and had come off the conqueror.



"I SHALL HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU WHEN I COME BACK."

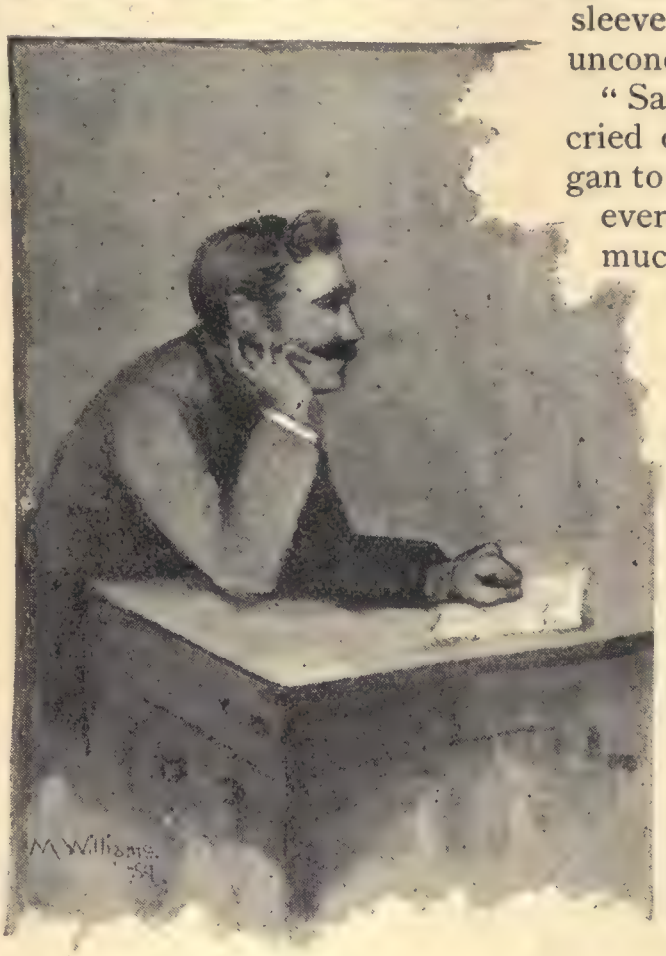


EVE CASTS OUT THE SERPENT.

It was no mean battle, for Adam's serpent was a stout and lusty one, a real Python of a fellow. It had met him on the way to the boat that morning, suggesting a simple and an easy way of escape from his financial difficulties. He was a crafty old serpent, who knew how to color his pleadings with a saturnine philosophy that appealed to a vein of grim humor in Adam's nature. His suggestion was the old one of fighting fire with fire, matching cunning with cunning, evil with evil.

In Adam's desk lay a check for a hundred and some odd dollars, drawn and signed by Meriwether and carelessly flung by when he had decided to change the amount by a few dollars. Adam had picked it up at the time, scolding Meriwether for his negligence. There it lay, instinct with evil potentialities. The addition of two figures, two words filled in a blank space would turn Meriwether's fortune into Adam's keeping. There would be no question at the bank, for he was known as Meriwether's friend, and was in the habit of cashing checks for him. Then he would only need to

ship on some outward bound vessel, leaving behind him all his troubles and perplexities; unrelenting creditors, false friend, false wife. No. By all the powers of Heaven and earth, he would not leave her! Eve could never be false. Thoughtless she might be, and reckless, but he could swear that her mind was never sullied by an impure thought. Even if the hour of temptation should come for her, who should be there to help her meet it but him, her natural protector? He would be true to her, true to his own manhood. The battle was over, and he laughed to see how poor and wraith-like a thing was the serpent after all, as its folds fell away from him, weak and flaccid, and he went out of his office a free man; freed from temptation, freed from groveling suspicion, armed with the strength of one who has conquered his worst foe—the evil in his own heart.



"A REAL PYTHON OF A FELLOW."

When he beheld Eve darting hither and thither through Meriwether's labyrinth, uprooting the stunted cypresses, he looked on for a moment in amazement. Then he spoke:

"What will Meriwether say?"

"Meriwether! What do I care!"

She flung herself upon her husband with a fervor that made up for weeks of coldness and estrangment.

Just then Meriwether appeared, pushing aside a bough of yellow acacia blossoms that hung down in his way, and that made Eve think of the flaming sword; but the young fellow brushed the shower of golden petals from his coat sleeve with his usual easy unconcern.

"Save the pieces!" he cried out gaily, as he began to gather the uprooted ever-greens. "Just so much of a start for me. I've bought the old Leighton place, adjoining yours. I hope you'll like my wife, that is to be, Mrs. Mercer. Professor Numskull's daughter, Mercer. You knew her."

The young pair stammered their congratulations, but Meriwether ran on, scarcely noting the interruption.

"I'm under a multitude of obligations to you, Mercer. I know I've been no end of bother to you, but the experience I've had here will save me a pretty sum, I don't doubt. In fact, I don't believe I'm just adapted to farming. Shall let a man run things here for me. I've got to look up something else to do. And, Mercer, if you could just let me into your office. I haven't much of a business head, but if a few thousands would be any compensation for having me around!—"

A few thousands! To a man who was suffering the most pitiable embarassment for the lack of a few hundreds.

Adam Mercer put his hand to his head with a gesture of confusion. The old

Biblical story was getting queerly mixed up. There were so many serpents, and the woman refused the apple, if, indeed, the serpent ever offered it! And who ever heard of the serpent putting one to the blush? Yet Adam's cheeks were flaming.

"I beg your pardon, Meriwether," he said: "but I've had such a time lately —" "with snakes" — he was going to add, when it occurred to him that Meriwether would scarcely understand.

"O, that's all right," interrupted Meriwether. "Take your time to think it over. Only I know you'll never have the heart to refuse me. We've got along together so famously this summer."

Flora Haines Loughead.

LIKE THE SEA.

I WOULD be like the sea, that wide expands,
And grows more infinite, as ages do,—
Clasp in my arms the utmost length of lands,
And I would love her depths, and be as true,
To men, as is the sea unto the sands.

I would be like the rocks along her sides,
My queen the pale, wan moon, that bending low
Dips cleansingly their brows in the rising tides,
And lodges pearls with them, and even so
The salt of truth that with the sea abides.

I would be like the crags above her piled,
And find the depth of anguish, ankle-deep,—
Wake with the morning and the shepherd's child
That o'er their foreheads whistles to his sheep,—
Lashed night and day, and always reconciled.



HALCYONIAN HAWAII.

To sail over placid seas in sight of my summer islands; to lie off and on before the mouths of valleys that I have loved, those in my youth, I have been in ecstacy; but never again to set foot on shore, or to know whether it be reality or a dream — this is the dance my imagination leads me; this is the prelude to many an unrecorded souvenir.

Why did I ever leave a land so paradisaical? It grew too hot for me down in the tropics; everything I cared for withered, and all the juices within me simmered away; so in a moment of temporary sanity, I fled. But my heart, the vagabond, returns again to the green pastures of its youth, which reminds me: It was not yet day when the inter-island steamer from Honolulu, bound to the most windward of the Hawaiian Islands, came to anchor at Makena, a port that looks very much as if a bite had been taken out of a not very appetizing sea-coast; but it is a port not to be despised in rough weather, for here the wind is tempered, and the sea during the prevalence of the strong trade winds, is far quieter than at Maalaea, a few miles over the stern rail.

Here at Makena, under a fringe of the forlornest palms conceivable, I debarked. Being an expected guest, I found a saddle-horse awaiting me in charge of an amiable guide, and without delay we began the ascent of Haleakala, the gigantic extinct crater, the largest in the world, beyond which the sun is hidden for two hours after he has begun his course. That is why the poetical aborigines have called the crater, Haleakala,—the house of the sun,—as if he rose literally from it, or out of it.

With a cluck and a light touch of the spur, we dashed forward. Three rather dreary miles stretched between us and the haven of hospitality at Rose Ranch, two thousand feet above, and the day broke gloriously as we toiled up the slope through a wilderness of colossal cacti. Need I add, that the dust rose long before the sun did, while our animal spirits or our not very spirited animals flagged beautifully in concert.

Courage! There was the most restfullest kind of rest and the most refreshing refreshment ahead of us. The top end of the trail launched one into a deliciously cool atmosphere,—a lung bath full of healing,—and from that semi-sublime elevation one looked back upon the earth and the sea in the superior mood that usually succeeds any difficulty well surmounted.

Sparkling with the dew of the morning, Ulupalakua emerged as if by enchantment from a sea of clouds. Ulupalakua,—Ripe breadfruit for the gods,—was not thy mellifluously flowing, polytheistical, pictorial—not to say spectacular,—denomination as goodly a morsel upon the tongue as "Rose Ranch?" Bread-fruits were there in the old days, rare-ripe for the gods, as no doubt they were as acceptable as the roses that came in with the Christians, and the mosquitoes and all the other vermin to which civilization is the undisputed heir.

It was a ripe, bread-fruity, and god-like morning when I first beheld Ulupalakua emerging from her maze of clouds. What clouds they were! Sometimes they overshadowed her like a great downy wing; sometimes, but not often, they took possession of her, and her high hanging garden was drenched with fog. But her air is always of the purest, her mists of the whitest description, and her bowers breathe a delicate odor, the fragrance of which varies according to the floral calendar of the year.

The hearty and homelike welcome at the gate was followed by a substantial breakfast, as soon as I had been given time to shake off the dust of travel; and then by easy stages was I suffered to drift on from one tranquil delight to another; those delights, somehow, growing more and more tranquil, but none the less delightful as they multiplied.

I write of Halcyonian Hawaii, of the days that are no more, and have not been for a long, long time. In my mind's eye is a vision typical of the period, one peculiar to the western slope of Haleakala, even in those days of royal hospitality, one never again to be known in that degenerate kingdom. This is what I see:

The long table in the long, long dining hall stretched to its utmost and filled with naval guests. The host who through the somewhat formal dinner has wielded the carver with unruffled composure, albeit a very magnificent Admiral is enthroned on his right-hand, the host is heartily commended when the viands are removed, and the cloth displayed in all its original purity. It is the Admiral who calls attention to his host's skill; of course the Admiral's suite echoes the Admiral, and the applause which has become general heightens the color in the cheek of the carver.

I believe we have no guest on this occasion less distinguished than the companions of the wardroom, but the never to be forgotten middies have a brief outing and a banquet somewhat later in the week.

Now the Admiral, being both on shore and on very good terms with himself, wishes to stake his ship — at anchor in the harbor of Makena just under the mountain — that the Captain — host at Ulupalakua — is qualified to carve a peacock at a Roman feast; in fact, to carve a peacock among magnificent signors — here the Admiral's forefinger tapped lightly upon the Admiral's brow — such as had "their pheasants drenched with ambergris; and the carcasses of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock!"

A responsive chorus of approval from the guests at table, a double broadside as it were, follows this gallant speech, with its fine, old-school quotation.

It is now the Captain's turn, and with the smile that flatters its author and lends him the air of one peering from giddy heights, he replies complacently enough: —

"Gentlemen, the birds you have just eaten — were peacocks!"

By this time, wine and cigars being in order, the whole company turns with enthusiasm upon the host, and for awhile the conversation takes on a pronounced peacock tinge.

"By the bye," says the Admiral, with a drawl and an eyeglass that silence every tongue,— "I believe I have never seen a peacock with his tail spread, unless he were on a screen, or upon the title page of a polka!" If this is a surprising concession on the part of a naval dignitary, it is likewise a reproof for the bird.

"We have musters of them here," adds the Captain, still reveling in his smile; "pray satisfy yourself that the tale is not a fable."

With this he leads the way to a long row of *mauka*-windows, and there upon the up-sloping lawn — for *mauka*, in soft Hawaiian, means toward the mountain — there a score of the foolish fowls are strutting in the pomp of their splendid plumage. It is as if the Great Mogul had sent an embassy to treat with us; or, as if an Arabian night had suddenly turned into day. Huge feathery disks are shimmering in the sun, now near its setting: the silken rustle of agitated plumage, the indignant rivalry, the amazing pomposity, the arrogance and conceit of the silly birds, whose bosoms were aglow with phosphorescent beauty, draw shouts of admiration and astonishment from the bewildered guests. Is it a sun-burst, or a feast of fuss and feath-

ers? The clashing of the imperious rivals begins to be alarming. *Vanitas vanitatum!* Heaven knows what might have happened but for the timely appearance of a pet dog upon the scene, when, with a shriek of dismay, the whole muster takes wing, filling the air with discordant cries.

As I recall this Ulupalakua of that period, it seems to me that everything pertaining to plantation life was done upon an impressive scale. At the time I write of, the ladies of the family, numbering a half-dozen or more, were at the roomy town house in Honolulu, or at the Coast — as California is familiarly styled. The Captain had left the capital to escort the Admiral to Makena and do the honors of the plantation, while the flagship lay in port.

Ulupalakua hospitality began as soon as a foot was set on shore. There were "cattle" enough at command to horse a company of cavalry, and to stay the stomachs of a British regiment with the traditional roast. The slaughter under axe and saddle was bloody — for Jack Tar is a merciless rider and has a salt air appetite — yet the flocks and herds seemed never to decrease upon the hills.

The homestead was open wide at all times and seasons. It was a one-storied, rambling mother-house, with many wings and angles; about it were clustered numerous cottages of various dimensions — such cosy cottages as bachelors delight in — each quite independent of the others, and having a leafy screen and an atmosphere of its own. At night every chamber of every house was lighted, so that the bounteous garden in the midst of the settlement was suffused with the glow of good cheer.

On a plateau above the garden was the billiard-hall, and some little distance beyond it,— though not so far away but in the still afternoons a muffled peal on peal was faintly audible even in the select silence of the private chapel — stretched the long bowling alley. Between billiards and bowls lay the elysian fields, a tennis court of velvety perfection.

Probably business preceded pleasure, even at Ulupalakua, but it took precedence with such modest grace that the latter seemed the more honored. Everywhere one saw evidences of practical activity, for method was the Captain's mania; but over all, especially in guest-time, pleasure played like a smile. Cart-wheels groaned to the music of ballad singing drivers; and the steam whistle down at the sugar mill was hardly more pronounced than the matutinal crash of ten-pins.

I can see them now, the blue jackets off duty, improving the shining hours with an earnestness that might put a bee to the blush; for, between the side-board and the *siesta*, time flew with the speed of a six-winged seraph.

The ladies were indeed absent on the auspicious occasion above referred to, and it were folly to say that they were not regretted; but in this picturesque period a household like the one under consideration seemed almost to take care of itself. Ulupalakua was originally the best exemplification of the patriarchal system in the whole kingdom; a system that came in with American Missionaries, and has now become one of the fond traditions of Island life. From the veriest child that was destined to grow up and probably end his days on the plantation, to the old fellow who passed his declining years upon the lawn, with a low camp-stool and a pair of scissors, clipping the grass blades as they grew from day to day, and his antiquated wife whose sole duty it was to shoo the peacocks at intervals, the various members of the community looked upon the Captain's word as absolute. The innumerable plantation hands were like members of one family; you could have ordered almost anyone within sight to do your bidding, and it was done as a matter of course.

The fourth of July was the great holi-

day of the year, for the spirit of liberty is catching. As the Captain was a staunch American, the stars and stripes floated from the flag-staffs before the homestead and the plantation office, and from the peaks of a private packet that plied between the ports of Makena and Honolulu. She was a trim schooner yacht that was in no wise afraid to try her speed with the old inter-island steamer, the *Kilauea* in any sort of weather, save only a dead calm. But let me not cast a reproach upon the memory of the *Kilauea;* she is said to have whetted her keel upon every reef in those treacherous waters; and when, after long years of faithful service, she was condemned it required the aid of powder to dismember her; yet if the prayers of the wicked — the uncomfortable passengers — could avail aught, she would probably have gone to the bottom at a much earlier period in her career.

O happy past! What a blessing it is that pleasant memories are immortal!

When the young ladies were at the homestead, and the guest chambers unoccupied — it sometimes so happened even at Ulupalakua — there came a cry from the garden, a pitiful and despairing cry — "O, sister, do you see a dust?" Then the sister, two or three of her, probably, responded from the housetop "No!" Or perhaps the marine glass was turned upon the far distant horizon, seeking for a sail — "No sail from day to day." Only once a week was there hope of the mail gladdening us; as news from the outer world in that dim age came at such uncertain intervals, that all business was suspended when it did arrive, until the thrice welcome letters were read and re-read, and reluctantly laid away for innumerable re-readings.

When the sisters came down from the housetop, having abandoned the seas in despair, the piano was played more wildly; the balls shot madly from their spheres in the billiard hall; while the tennis court grew positively perilous: sometimes, in desperation, the *ennuiées* dashed over the hills at break-neck speed on the backs of broncos that were but half broken.

Yet the Navy was not so shy of us in those days: there was nearly always a glimmer of brass buttons in the tableaux of social life. Ah, me! Many a youthful mariner, beautiful in broadcloth, gorgeous in gold lace, and surcharged with those graceful accomplishments that are forever associated with the aspiring offshoots of Annapolis, found his way as if by instinct into the rose-garden of Ulupalakua; the shadows of the kamani avenue were known to him, and in its kukui grove, under the lee of Punmahoe, he has left his heart firmly imbedded in the impressionable bark of some love-nourishing tree. If he has not, it is because he was not up to the high-water mark of the Navy.

When the social resources of the place were exhausted, and not till then, was the Admiral of the peacock's episode permitted to honorably withdraw from the siege of Ulupalakua. Meanwhile Jack-tar had been relishing his barbacued beef down at Makena-by-the-sea, and had not had half a bad time, though the port is undoubtedly a dull one between meals.

The sun had set nightly with great *éclat* — a sunset was one of the features of our entertainment. The magnolias had filled their alabaster bowls with moonlight of the first quality — moonlight that ran over and flooded the whole Island. Hawaiian singers had sung themselves hoarse under the verandas o' nights. The clouds had come down — they had not far to come — and put a damper on the season of festivity. It was evidently about time for the Admiral to steam back to the capital, if he would escape a threatening gale, and that he did one morning, taking his host along with him as a souvenir of his very jolly experience.

Then followed a season of reaction

and convalescence, during which I was quite alone in my glory the greater part of the day. Transient guests, making the tour of the island, dropped in upon us and dropped out again without causing so much as a ripple on the peaceful surface of life's stream. The latch-string hung within the reach of every one, and I regret to add, even in the halcyonian age this gracious hospitality was sometimes abused.

As for myself, a favored guest at all times, I had books without number — many of them choice ones, such as one even nowadays may occasionally stumble upon among the private libraries scattered throughout the kingdom.

Then there was the piano in the parlor, a choice one; another in the schoolroom, where one could indulge his taste for melodious calisthenics; an organ in the chapel, and a collection of portable instruments scattered about the place. There were romantic trails to be tracked only in the saddle — on saddle horses and saddles of every possible description. There was pigeon-shooting in the cavern, half way down the mountain slope — but the birds were much too tame for sport, and we seldom fluttered them.

A cattle drive was one of the more exciting pastimes, and in this all joined with enthusiasm — even the ladies sometimes amazoned our party. If you desire, O reader! to witch the world with noble horsemanship, let me see how you manage a mustang during a stampede in those vast orchards of prickly-pear, and I will answer for your chances in the game of witchery.

Wild cattle stand not upon the order of their going, and they are as nimble though not as light-footed as goats when they once get started for the jungle, where they vanish in a cloud of dust. Though the cactus is like a rack full of reversed pin-cushions — never was there a more formidable *cheval de frise* — yet the cattle plunge among them with fearless abandon and even munch the barked thorns with amazing relish.

Ah, me! but my season of solitude was a rare delight, and the frequent *divertisement* a never-failing source of refreshment. From books, moused out of a deep, dark closet, where they had been stored and long since forgotten, — old books, with freckled pages and a faint musty odor that I found positively intoxicating,— to the bowling alley, was the giddy flight I took when so disposed.

It was a unique game of ten-pins I was wont to play in those days. Small natives swarmed like bees whenever I went abroad; you see I was the one *haoli* —or foreigner — who had unlimited leisure, and they knew not at what moment it might suit my fancy to embark upon some erratic expedition such as they delighted in. At a moment's notice I could command a troop of horses worthy of an outlaw chief. If I retired to the billiard hall to amuse myself with the light and airy cue, the windows and doors commanding the four sides of the table were certain to be darkened with a cloud of witnesses — but I am forgetting the ten-pins.

There was a small kanaka for every pin, and one for each ball; these in some mysterious way hung upon the wall at the far and fatal end of the bowling alley, at the imminent peril of life and limb. Whenever I made a ten strike, which I positively did occasionally, it was invariably received with a deafening round of cheers — not omitting the "tiger"; but still I was not happy, for I always feared to find the alley, after the atmosphere had cleared a little, strewn with Hawaiian slain.

Many and various changes have taken place since my first visit to Ulupalakua. Then the summer breezes sighed in the white-plumed cane-fields as the busy ox-carts were laboring up and down the winding road from dawn to dusk. There was a whole village — full of plantation hands — a kind of happy family village,

peopled with mixed races whose nationalities ranged from Japan almost to the Antarctic, and laped clean around the world.

Cane-planting was the Captain's business, but tree planting was his pleasure. I know not how many thousand saplings were rooted under his very eyes—many of them he set out with his own hands. There were acres and acres of choice cuttings; they crowned the hill-tops and filled the beds of valleys not otherwise engaged. He watched their growth with ceaseless and loving care. We used to ride among the shrubs when they were scarcely up to our stirrups, and he would talk of his plans for the future; not those plans that had to do with the sugar market, or were in any way material or sordid, but only such as fed his fancy, and aided him to picture the magnificent estate that was his delightful hobby as it would appear in after years.

In his mind's eye he saw a tropical garden in the midst of Alpine groves, upon a plateau possessing singular climatic advantages, and commanding breadths of earth, sea, and sky—a panorama of marvelous variety and beauty. Comparative isolation was in this instance a blessing. Had it been advisable, the Captain could at any moment block his highways with sharp-shooters, read the Declaration of Independence, and look down serenely upon the little kingdom that swam and sweltered below him. His people were loyal to a man, and this spirit of loyalty was easily warmed to enthusiasm; sentiment is one of the prominent characteristics of the Hawaiian race, and there is something in the soft atmosphere of these favored islands,—the melting humidity, the permeating fragrance, the sensuous warmth, and the surprising beauty that bursts at intervals upon the enraptured vision—that nourishes the voluptuous element in our nature, and encourages an easy inclination to sentimentality.

There are natives in the Captain's employ whose parents were born on the premises, and whose children are likely to pass their lives there. Though the Hawaiian has acquired a taste for travel, he is passionately attached to his native heath, and formerly he was easily content to dwell at home and let the world go by. At Ulupalakua there was a venerable coolie—the tyrant of the kitchen but fondly indulgent when the little ones appeared—who had served the Captain's family faithfully for thirty years: when his master died he redoubled his devotion to his mistress; but when her body also was borne to the family mausoleum on the hill overhanging the sea, he threw himself upon his cot and never again left it alive.

These are traditions of the past; one does but dream of them nowadays. The modern servant is a hireling, a mercenary fellow with an eye single to his sole advantages. Moreover, the entertainer's wits are sharpened, his heart is hardened, and doubtless for good and sufficient reasons. Often he was imposed upon in the old days, when the veriest stranger was welcomed with a cordiality worthy of an angelic guest. Now there are public lodgings to be obtained for hire on most of the thoroughfares, and the calculating Caucasian is ready to serve one with the best the provincial market affords, at a price just within the bounds of reason.

Rose Ranch has ever been a paradise in the imaginations of those who were beginning to succumb under the monotonous high temperature of the lowlands. They dream of nights in which woolen blankets, and several of them, are indispensable to comfort; and of evenings when, at some seasons of the year, a blazing hearth is the chief attraction of the place; they think of days that dawn in another zone, as it were, where temperate fruits are ruddying and ripening; yet from under the shadow of those olive boughs the eye of contemplation kindles at the vision of glowing sands, by glittering silver sea, where palm

groves nod and quiver in the heat — and then they weep with longing.

The startling notes of unfamiliar birds are heard there at intervals, for the forests are haunted by the shy progeny of the imported songsters who are for the most part too homesick to sing. Once in a while a paroquet flutters in the edge of the garden, but the green solitudes farther up the heights afford superior attractions. Even the mynah, that feathered bohemian of the far East, finds the groves of Honolulu a fitter field for his gipsyism, and Ulupalakua resounds to the trumpet blast of the peacock; but for these highly decorative birds, that troop in hundreds over the abundant acres, the quiet of the Rose Ranch of today would take on a somber tinge; for the sound of the grinding is low, and the herds that abound there, if they have not a thousand hills to feed upon, have got ample room in which to wonder and browse, as they are for the most part out of sight and sound.

The bowling alley long since was blown down in a gale, and its forgotten debris lies buried under moss and creepers, awaiting the enterprising pick of some future archeologist. Tennis survives, and is likely to be perpetuated; a game in which feminine grace and masculine agility are striving for victory, while the looker-on has only to approve with equal favors of discrimination, is sure of honorable mention while youth and beauty ripen upon the lawn.

Prospect Hill, which was a nursery when the Captain and I used to climb it, is now a road worthy to be called umbrageous; while the row of solemn cypresses, the funereal urns at the sad paths that surround the mausoleum, forcibly remind one of the terraces in a Florentine villa.

Yet this is not a melancholy spot, even for those who remember the gayeties of the past; and if I dwell more upon the soft cadence of the evening breeze, the caress of drooping boughs, and the silent showers of rose petals in the unvisited arbor, than upon the jollity of the season, it is because these are characteristic of Ulupalakua in repose, a repose singularly grateful to a disquieted soul. And these charms will lead one ever to think of the place and to speak of it very much in the spirit of Peter Martyr, who thus wrote long ago of the queen's garden in the Antilles: — "Never was any noisome animal found there, nor yet any ravaging four-footed beast, nor lion, nor bear, nor fierce tigers, nor crafty foxes, nor devouring wolves, but all things blessed and fortunate."

Chas. Warren Stoddard.



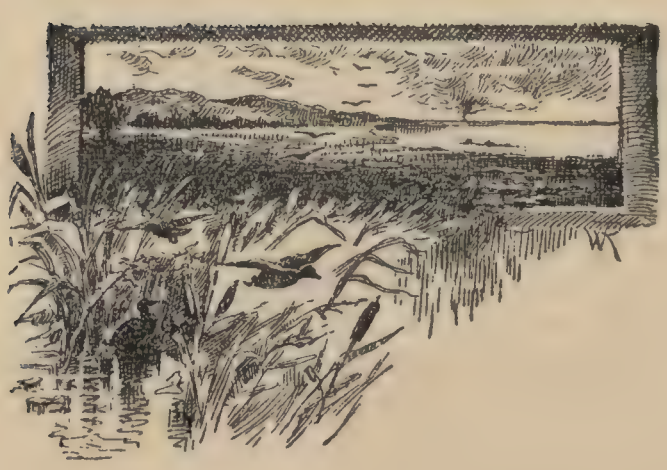
A GREY DAY.

Cloudy skies and low,—
Not a wind to go
Whispering to the yellow woods
All that winds may know;
Here a berry drops,
There a leaf hangs still,—
Melancholy gathers slowly
Over holt and hill.

While the darkening day
Deepens duskier grey,
Faintest odors float and fail
Down the rustling way;
Feeble flowers, unwept,
Fade along the field,
All the mystery of their history
Perished unrevealed.

If we two tonight,
In the uncertain light,
Meet, touch hands,—half shadowy
Each to other's sight,—
Sudden thrill may loose
Lips from silence' thrall,—
Sweetest vision find fruition,—
Love be all in all!

M. C. Gillington.



A TALE OF THE INCREDIBLE.

VI.

She had stolen away while Paul had been at his work; perhaps had already been gone for many minutes. When he sprang to the door, hoping that he might be able once more to see her, and perhaps obtain her promise to come again, there was no shadow upon the stairway, no footfall echoing up from below. Doubtless she had now reached the level of the street, and must be far away on her homeward route.

Was it his fault that she had gone? Had there been any offence by him that had driven her away, without the grace of formal leave-taking?

He could not tell; perhaps he had done wrong in not making the past two hours more cheerful for her. If so, she would probably never come back again, and all of his past association with her would be of no avail, except as it left to him the memory of a short romance. It must have been a tedious task for her to sit so long without one enlivening word. He should have remembered that young girls need relaxation in their thoughts, even when most intent upon some volunteered duty. A pleasant remark now and then, or even a kindly compliment well veiled, might not have come amiss from him. But he remained almost quiet and impassive as herself, who surely could not have expected from her unassisted efforts to make cheerful conversation for him. And now she was gone probably to return no more.

He locked his studio door and strolled out, knowing that, in the disturbance of his mind, he could work no more that day. Descending the steps to the Piazza and crossing to the Via Condotti, he loitered along the fronts of the little shops, examining for the hundredth time the unvarying display of bronzes and antiquely fashioned jewelry.

Doing so, he came to the shop of Andrea Barbetti. There was a case of rings outside, and among them many of the serpent pattern, but none like the ring Paul had so lately seen in representation of a double-headed snake. Inside the door was a small case of veritable antiques. With that, it crossed Paul's mind that his late sitter had spoken about a duplicate of the ring, now lost. How long lost, and where? Perhaps within a few days, and while in her journey from the mountains; perhaps even nearer, in the streets of Rome. There were thousands of chances against one of her ever recovering the prize; and yet such things had been and might be again. The finder might bring the ring to old Andrea for sale, and he might expose it without delay in his case; and so — And if Paul could now discover it and restore it to its owner, always providing that she ever came back to him —

He stepped inside, and narrowly searched through the case. Old Andrea, experienced through years of close observation, knew at once that Paul was not on mere idle inspection, but was looking for something of especial interest.

"The signor is seeking for —"

"I am looking for a ring, Andrea, — a ring of very peculiar make. A double-headed serpent, and on the flat top of the two heads certain cabalistic characters."

Andrea scratched his ear in deep thought, and then slowly shook his head.

"I do not know — I have not seen — It may be that the Count Garnetto may tell —"

From the direction of Andrea's eyes, Paul knew that the Count Garnetto was in the shop, and turning, saw him stand-

ing a little behind. It was the man that had ridden by while Paul had been gazing into the court-yard of the Palazzo Monleffi,— coming up so opportunely to represent the lover of three centuries ago.

Now being so directly appealed to, the Count answered; but rather to Andrea than to Paul, whom he did not in the least know, and whom, with the reticence of his class, he could not think of addressing, even when appealed to upon such a simple matter of the moment.

"The gentleman describes the Monleffi ring," the Count said, in English, and of course for the other's benefit, not being aware that Paul had lived in Rome long enough to have learned the native language. "There has never been any Monleffi ring found,— none will ever be found at all. There were only two in the beginning, — neither has been discovered. They live in tradition only."

The Count turned away. He had given his information, and in all propriety through Andrea, and there was no more for him to say.

Paul too sauntered off, feeling a little confused and disturbed. What had that young girl of the Fountain had to do with the Monleffis, so as to be wearing their ring? Where, too, had she found it, — a thing so rare that it seemed decreed, as a fixed conclusion of antiquarian lore, that it could probably never be found at all? How could she know that, though she had come into possession of one of those rings, two had originally existed? And what a strange coincidence it was that from her hand Paul should be able to paint the missing token upon the representation of the hand of Marcia Monleffi, who in her time might have worn it?

He could understand nothing at all about it, and made up his mind that it would be useless to attempt doing so. He could only surrender to circumstances, abandon any efforts towards rational conjecture, and let himself drift idly on as chance should determine. Possibly still further wonderments would beset him. In the end they might find their explanation, and they might not. The only true course was to cultivate serenity, and allow himself to be surprised at nothing.

It was the most rational frame of mind that he could adopt, and for the moment vastly contributed to his comfort. When the next morning he stood at his easel, and after a few minutes of not very successful application turned his eyes and saw his fair sitter silently observing him from her place in the big carved chair, he felt not at all astonished. It was doubtless her manner of coming, stealing noiselessly into her place without a word of greeting. He must accept it as the custom of her place, perhaps, and say nothing about it. A pleasant salutation, of course; and then again to his work. That was all, and as it should be; what more could he do?

"It is a Monleffi ring that you are wearing; do you not know it?" he said, after a few moments of silence. The resolution to accept everything without question or exhibition of curiosity was very well in its way, but of course human nature could not long hold out and adhere to it. "The other ring cannot be found; I was searching for it yesterday. It is lost forever; so they tell me."

"Yes, it is lost," she responded. "I do not think it can be found. This one that now I wear,—you have copied it into your painting, have you not?"

"You will see for yourself," Paul said; and he turned the face of the canvas towards her.

It had not been his intention to let her see it for a long while yet,— perhaps not until weeks had passed, should she so long favor him with her aid and companionship. He should first do all that he could to satisfy himself that his work was not further to be improved, at least by anything that he was capable of adding to it; then only would he show it to

the world, herself included, and stand or fall by its judgment.

But there come times in the lives of everybody when the most deliberate plans are thrown aside, perhaps only upon the whim of the moment, and rash precipitancy takes the place of prudence. He had found himself worked up into a nervous state that would not admit of any other course than to cast discretion to the winds. She must see the picture. It might be that she would noise it abroad, and bring upon him a crowd of visitors to criticize it before it was finished, perhaps to steal his idea and reproduce it in advance of him through the more diligent labor of some one else; but what of all that? She must see it all the same; there was a possible mystery to be unraveled, and from her might come its true solution.

"I cannot let you longer wait," he added. "The picture may seem to you very crude and incomplete,—much less perfect than if I delayed showing it to you; but I must not think of that. You wear a Monleffi ring; how or where you have found it I know not. It is enough for my purpose that you are wearing it. And so it seems to me that you should be allowed to know the story of the Monleffi maiden, and under what inspiration I am painting her."

"The story of the Monleffi maiden, you say. Then you will tell it to me?"

"Yes,—that is, such little of it as I know. I can only repeat it as I have read it in an old chronicle, but it gave me pleasure and greatly impressed me. How that she was betrothed, or was about to be betrothed, to the young Duke of Pergola. How that, a little contrary to the spirit of the times, perhaps, it was agreed that the alliance, satisfactory as it might be, was not to be forced upon her, but that her consent should first be obtained. How that, for the furtherance of such a plan, the young Duke was to have presented himself to her at the Palazzo Monleffi, bearing a token to indicate his identity. How that she must have waited, as I have tried to depict her, standing upon the portico to catch the first glimpse of her lover."

"And the rest of the story?"

"I do not know it. It is to be presumed that the alliance proved satisfactory, and that the two lovers thenceforth lived no more happily or miserably than would naturally be found in their station of life. Is it possible that you can tell me any more?"

She did not answer. For the moment Paul thought that she had not been listening to him, so immovable did she remain, with her eyes fixed upon the painting. With earnest, contemplative steadfastness she seemed to rest absorbedly upon it, her sad, sweet smile irradiating her face,—yet with not a motion of her lips to tell that she had heard him, or even knew that he had been speaking. He could do no less than stand in silent contemplation of her, dreading to disturb her revery it might be, and patiently awaiting the moment when she might choose to look up and speak to him.

"It is very like," at length she said.

"I have tried to make it so," Paul responded. "It is always the aim of an artist to be correct. If he succeeds in doing so to the satisfaction of a person whom he desires to depict, surely there can be no better proof of —"

"I was not speaking about the likeness. How, indeed, could I tell anything about that? It was the representation of the palazzo that I was commending. Two days ago, moved by that subtle influence which seeming to leave me to my own volition still carries me hither and thither at its will, I stole away to the old place. I could do it easily, and none need know it, or knowing, would regard it. I stood outside the gate itself, and looked within. I could have gone inside, but I did not choose to do so. All was apparently lifeless and desolate. There was a cobweb on the gate itself, stretching across its hinges; it was as though

no one could have passed through for a long while. The palazzo stood time-stained and neglected. There seemed no life or being about it anywhere. No smoke from the chimney, even; can it be that any one lives there at all? The portico was half broken down, broad cracks running through it, as though in not a very long time hence it might all fall to the earth. I missed the statuary that once stood in the grounds, and one of the vases that had ornamented the sides of the steps had disappeared. It was a very sad change for me to look upon, was it not? But I need not speak about all that to you. You must lately have seen the place even as I saw it; how else could you have painted it?"

"Yes, I have seen it. But how is it that you —"

"It is a very pleasant thing that you have done, restoring it to its former state. I can find no fault with it. The balustrade,— the two carved urns,— it almost seems as though I had never been away at all. How natural the grass looks in your picture! It was always so fresh in those old days; green and soft, and not as now parched and yellow, and in places entirely gone. There was a long flowering vine, that crept up the corner of the house and ran along its eaves. You should have painted such a vine to make your picture all that it ought to be, but of course you could not have known anything about it. Very many years must have passed since it died away, and there seems to have been no one caring to plant another vine in its place. Perhaps I might tell you just where to place it in your painting, for it is as though I could remember every leaf and flower, so distinctly have you made the whole scene come back to me. It is very pleasant to see how much you have done, even without the vine, which after all cannot now be missed. There was a large sun dial at one corner of the palace. It was richly carved, and queer in shape; and would seem very quaint to you now, I suppose. But then, of course, we never thought that there was anything amiss —"

"Who and whence are you?" Paul cried aghast, and almost trembling at this singular train of revelations.

"Do you not really know?" she answered; and nothing in all that she had said or done amazed him more than the childlike look of wonderment with which she listened to his question. "I had thought — I made very sure — that almost from the first you must have known who I am. And all the time you have not done so? But now you will be astonished, I am sure, to find out that you have been so unperceptive. I am Marcia Monleffi; who else, indeed, could I be?"

VII.

"You mean," Paul cried, — and in his sudden excitement he found himself speaking hoarsely and almost incoherently, "you mean that you are Marcia merely as resembling my conception of her so nearly?"

"I am Marcia herself. Does it seem strange to you? I had supposed that you already understood it so. I even thought that perhaps you had recognized me when, two nights ago, I sat at the Trevi Fountain. And yet I should consider that it would have been asking too much for you so soon to come into knowledge of me. But now, of course, you see how easily my return to earth explains so much that you did not know before, and never perhaps could otherwise have found out. And the ring — surely you must have guessed that the token written about in the book was a ring? What else than your own thoughts could have told that to you?"

"That was further than I had read," Paul said. "You forget that I had told you that I did not know all the story. The book was incomplete, and I was simply left with Marcia awaiting her marriage, and with no indication when and where it took place."

"It took place not at all," she said. "Shall I tell you the rest?"

"Go on," he said. Yes; he must hear her story. Only by listening to her and letting her run on to the end could he probe this mystery, and learn where truth left off and falsity began, and who or what she was that spoke such singular things to him, and all with such a sweet, innocent, and truthful look.

And was it Rodman who had sent her to him, again he asked himself? If so, it could not have been, as it had seemed to him before, with the single friendly interest to aid him in his task, but rather to mystify him with unexpected wonders, so as to enjoy his daily display of confusion and perplexity, and perhaps with others laugh over the story. It might be; and yet it was not like Rodman Glenn, after all.

But it was scarcely worth while now to indulge in vague suppositions; let the matter run on its own chosen course, and so the more easily, doubtless, he might succeed in coming to the truth of it.

"Go on," he repeated, "Let me now hear the story to the end."

Scarcely attempting to disguise the somewhat sarcastic tone of his voice, he sat down in his accustomed place at the open window, prepared to listen. The window was a broad one, reaching to the floor and giving access to a balcony outside. The balcony was covered in part with running vines, but directly in front their branches were parted to either side, affording a clear view of the distant landscape. The building being at the edge of the Pincian Hill, and the studio fronting upon the north side, he had an uninterrupted prospect of the city lying at his feet,—in the distance the Tiber running through, a winding thread,—further off, St. Peter's lifting its dome against the disorderly tangle of the olden city beyond.

It was his favorite seat when he was not at work; and naturally he now dropped into it, without being for the moment aware how thoroughly the position seemed designed to conceal him from critical observation, and to bring into full examination the fair speaker opposite. For the broad light against which he sat threw all but his outline into semi-obscurity, and passing by left its bright radiance to fall upon her face and bring every line and feature in full expression.

Very beautiful she looked, sitting in that carved chair, with the great Venetian tapestry upon the wall behind, throwing her graceful figure into relief, the bright sunlight playing caressingly upon one dark lock that fell across her cheek, letting a pleasant gleam extend with softened accentuation upon the rest of her features. Very beautiful indeed, sitting almost motionless, her fingers interlocked in front, her head partly bent forwards, her eyes lowered, her lips faintly moving, as in a low, sweet tone she told her story. And very strange, Paul thought, that she should seek to practice upon him this imposition of folly—for he could not conceive it as anything else;—and, if wishing to win his favor or attention, should not be content with the influence her beauty alone would be so sufficient to throw around her.

"There is not much to tell," she said: and as she began, Paul could not fail, with all his studied incredulity, to wonder at the skill with which somehow she molulated her voice into a pleasant tone of trustfulness, not in the least seeming to show any perception of the too evident sarcasm of his speech. Was this true art? Or was it merely the simplicity of nature? What, indeed, was he to think? "Already you know so much," she began, "from what you tell me you have read. But the ring, you will ask me?"

"Yes, tell me about the ring."

"It was the understood token whereby the young Duke and myself were to know each other when we met. To myself, a ring,—this which now you see; to himself the duplicate of it,—that one which is now lost. I wore my own upon

my hand that day when I awaited him. I was not yet betrothed; it was told me that I need not have it so, until I had first seen him, or seeing him, had found him acceptable to me. And yet there seemed no doubt with any one about what the end would be. He was so brave and gallant, — it was said; and bore a winning way — so they told me — which had never yet failed to commend him to the grace of either man or woman. And then the ring, with its so-called mystic power; did it happen to become known to you through your reading that there was an old tradition about the two Monleffi rings? They had long been in the family, and the one I did not wear did not belong to the Duke, but had merely been lent to him, to aid him in his suit, upon his coming into my presence. For it was always said that he who sued for the love of a maiden need only bring one of those rings with him to ensure success, there being a charm in the wearing of them that unfailingly led to love. I did not know how that might be, or whether it were more than a mere superstition. Yet it is certain that never in the annals of my family had it been found that the ring when worn by any had failed to ensure affection in return. And so I stood upon the balcony just as you have placed me in your picture, wearing my charmed ring, and awaiting the result, and with no thought that there could be any but the usual issue. Though, had he come —"

"Had he come, you say? Is there doubt of that?"

"Yes, had he come — but let me now tell it to the end, in my poor way. Had he come, indeed, I might not have been found remaining upon the terrace, awaiting him so boldly. Better of course and more maidenly by far, for me then to retire within and there await him, even with insufficient pretence of not having expected him at all. What at the time I chose to do, was simply to stand for awhile and await the sound of his horse's hoofs outside, and perhaps as I retired from the spot linger a moment to see his plume showing itself over the long gray wall, before he came more openly into sight. That surely might be allowed to my girlish curiosity. But as it came about, there was no need for me to retire within at all, — not for many hours, at least, until the falling of the dew warned me that other things than maidenly modesty must be considered. For hours I stood expectant on the terrace, my smile gradually fading away and my heart growing more apprehensive of evil as the shadows lengthened before me, and all the while no sound of horse's hoofs broke the dull silence. Then at last did come the sound, but it was merely the sudden riding up of a retainer; his horse foaming, and his own breath broken with agitation. He flung himself off at the gate, held quick whispered conversation with my father; then they all came to me, and bade me go inside and seek the seclusion of my chamber, for the Duke of Pergola would not come that day."

"And he never came?"

"Never at all. They did not tell me why, — they even bade me never ask, — they only said that perhaps my brother Antonio might some day tell me, but that I must wait for that, no matter how long it might be. Perhaps it was only to put me off from knowing, for I never saw my brother again. He had gone to Venice — so they said — summoned thither by great interests of state, and might not for a long while return. And so I never saw him more."

"And your own heart? What all the while did that say to you?"

"My heart said little. Did I not tell you that I had never seen the Duke? I had believed that seeing him I should learn to love him — so the two rings would have made it come about; but not meeting him, where could there be room for any sorrow in my heart? It was an occasion in my life not planned by myself, and which had failed in its pur-

pose—that was all. It brought no grief to me in its failure; had it been ordered differently, perhaps sorrow might then have come. It may be that I was spared much that otherwise might have fallen amiss in my life, to its great and lasting trouble. Who can tell how that might be? And so I took it not to heart, but only smiled while others frowned; and I said that I now could do what I had been hindered doing before, and could turn once more to thoughts of a convent life."

"Which you did?"

"Nay, still they opposed me in that longing, and talked about a different future for me. I believe that they dreamed of another pretendant for my hand, and from some other dukedom. But before they could lay their plans, grievous illness fell upon me, and I passed away. It was very quiet and easy. It is not hard to die, if the body is not racked with wounds and pain. How do men die upon the field, lying suffering upon the ground for hours? It always seems strange that they could bear their spirits bravely and die with fortitude. But as for me resting in my bed and with comforts all around me — Ah me! it was soon over, and I not knowing it all the while. I seemed to fall asleep —was that all; and then to awake again elsewhere."

"And where?"

She made no answer, not appearing to hear him, but lowering her eyes for a moment as in deep thought. It seemed to be her way of avoiding speech when circumstances prevented a reply to any thing Paul might say.

He waited a little, and then slowly her eyes were raised to his, as though the season for revery had passed away. He felt that he could not renew his question; yet made some tentative approach to afford an opportunity for her to say something akin to the seemingly forbidden topic.

"At least, wherever you went you could not have found yourself alone?" he suggested.

"No one ever comes there and is alone," she said. "There are always some who have gone before."

"And yet you have chosen to leave that new abode and return to earth?"

Again no answer, but her eyes were lowered as before, in apparent unconsciousness of his question. He did not repeat it, but sat for a minute himself also in silence, and gazing upon her.

Studying her face as well as he might, he could read no deception upon it — nothing but quiet trustfulness and truth —not even the slightest indication that his first sarcastic utterance had reached her ears with any meaning attached to it, or that she had any doubt of his full acceptance of her story.

And then a thought suddenly came to him, causing him to thrill with a new emotion. True, he had spoken at first in undisguised tones of incredulity; was he still in the same unkindly temper of mind? Had he not almost unconsciously lapsed from disbelief into at least partial trustfulness, and questioning her no longer as endeavoring to extort a confession of untruth, but rather as finding himself accepting the basis of her story and now merely seeking some explanation of its details?

"You do not disbelieve me?" she suddenly exclaimed, raising her eyes and gazing upon him with a startled expression of bewilderment and uncertainty, as though for the first time there had come to her the cruel perception that in any respect Paul had been listening to her story with doubt.

"I do not know —" he stammered, "I cannot tell — I would wish to disbelieve nothing that you could tell me — and yet it seems all so singular and unreal — I must think for a little time — perhaps after a while —"

He buried his face in his hands, and struggled to put his wandering and confused ideas into something like order. But all in vain. The rush of tempestous thought was too strong to be resisted.

There seemed not the slightest circumstance that he could lay hold of with which to control his fancies into even a semblance of arrangement. It was not thought at all, indeed; it was a rush of wild phantasms whirling through his brain in an incoherent dance, making a demoniacal sport of all reason.

There was no way in which he could compel his mind into composure. The very silence of the room discomposed him more than loud tumult might have done; and yet, when at his right hand a little bird chirped up a faint note in the balcony vine, the sound aggravated him almost to madness. So did the far-off cry of a fruit vendor passing in the street below, and he found himself waiting impatiently until the intruder might be out of hearing.

"I cannot tell," he repeated. "I must think for a little while longer. You will not feel hurt that I ask it, will you?"

He raised his head, looking now almost imploringly towards her. But already her chair was vacant. Once more, as before she had silently stolen away, and he was alone.

VIII.

This time Paul did not find himself surprised at her disappearance: it rather seemed as it should be. If she had remained, it might have been only to be beset with vain questionings and sarcasms from him; better that she should be away, so that he could reflect with more composure upon what had happened. He had almost demanded her absence, indeed, and she had taken him at his word. And now let him think it all over, as well as he could, in his enforced isolation.

Yet why or how reflect at all? What exercise of logic could resolve any explanation from what had been spread out before him? He felt that he was standing upon the line between the real and the unreal; that he was being urged across into the unrational and incomprehensible; that there was nothing left for him but to abandon resistance and let himself be carried whither chance or destiny might decree. All might in due time explain itself; nothing that he could do would now resolve it.

Perhaps his crude attempt at thought while sitting there with his face sunken between his hands, and his subsequent resolve to let himself drift with circumstances, had lasted scarcely thirty seconds. As Paul realized this, he felt that there was still time to learn something. Whither indeed had Marcia gone, if she were really gone, and were not now floating unseen beside him? He tore open the door of his studio, and gazed outside.

He was upon an upper story, and close to his door the stairway descended spirally through three or four floors. If there were any one upon the stairs, who within a minute had left the studio, he could surely see her.

But all seemed vacant. Not a fold of dress floating downwards,—not a sound of foot-fall; from top to bottom the stairway was unoccupied. With that he himself descended and met the old concierge at the foot.

"She who came this morning to my studio,—did she just depart?" he asked.

"Signor, there has no one gone down while I have been standing here, I should have seen her if there had. Indeed, no one has been either up or down this morning."

"True,—it must be so. I have been mistaken in the day, I suppose. Yesterday, perhaps,—or at some other time."

He hurried away, not daring to look back or attempt to explain himself more clearly to the concierge, who was gazing after him with wondering expression. In another moment he stood upon the street outside, looking anxiously up and down, in search of that light, graceful figure.

No one in sight, not even a beggar on his way to the steps of the Trinita di

Monti hard by. From one end to the other, far as his eye could reach, a vacant thoroughfare, as though it were a street in the city of the dead.

He turned to the left, having no purpose in his route, but taking a kind of morbid pleasure in letting himself go in whichever direction his instinct might lead him. Or was it instinct rather than fate? It was not worth while, however, considering any such perplexities as that; only let him go somewhere to shake off the confusion of his thoughts, if change of place would let him do so.

In a few minutes he stood upon the level plateau of the Pincian Hill, which from its facing of stone stairway and sculptured emblems of ancient Rome looks down upon the Piazza del Popolo.

It was now near noon, but the season was not too far advanced for the air to be soft and genial. It was not the usual hour for fashion's assemblage, however, and only three or four loiterers dotted the broad level,—a beggar, who made no approach toward him, being perhaps by some chance away from his beat and jurisdiction; and near the coping, a cardinal, taking his limited task of exercise. A hard-faced, stern man, whose natural rigor was apparently heightened by his stiff cut costume of high authority. For a few minutes Paul watched him passing to and fro along a straight line of some twenty paces, with a liveried attendant at his heels; and it crossed his mind, at one moment, to accost the grave dignitary, and tell him what had happened, asking advice. Surely a great cardinal of the Church should be able, from his own experience of what he might have seen and heard, as well as from what he had studied, to decipher the mysteries of the soul, and even to pierce into the unknown world and tell what there was true or false.

And yet, what was Paul, that with any such queer and unexplainable doubts and difficulties he should dare to break in upon the other's grave thoughts? And how could he hope coherently to put his confused enquiries into anything like the semblance of order, so that another person could comprehend them? How could he expect to meet with other than a rebuff, and perhaps an authoritative malediction at his rash intrusion?

He turned away, and saw his friend Rodman sitting upon one of the stone seats which filled certain recesses within the balustrade. Rodman had not noted Paul's approach, and, his back turned, was gazing upon that marvelous view spread out at his feet. The Piazzo del Popolo directly below, with its central obelisque; the twin churches fitly ending the converging streets; at the right the Porta del Popolo and the approach to the grounds of the Villa Borghese; further away and directly in front the winding Tiber and St. Peter's; here and there among the tangle of narrow streets and squalid buildings, half hidden away, but easy to be discerned to the intelligent eye that knew where to look for them, many of Rome's less imposing antiquities; far beyond all, the first swell of the Appenines. This was the picture that both Rodman and Paul loved to look upon, finding so much that was interesting and varied spread out in one vista; and it was one of their habits, when not caring for a longer walk, to climb up the few steps that led to the plateau, and sit musing in the place where now Paul found the other.

Rodman was not surprised, therefore, at seeing Paul, when touched lightly upon the shoulder, and his immediate expression was one of welcome. But there must have been something strange and startling in Paul's own look; for almost at once Rodman's expression began to change, as reflecting the other's mind, and in a moment his gaze grew bewildered and uncertain.

Perhaps Paul would otherwise have restrained his thoughts; but his friend's look invited confidence, and he had remained so long under constraint, yet

seeking sympathy, that he felt he could no longer refrain from speech upon the subject.

"Do the dead ever return, Rodman, do you think?"

"Do they return, you say? Who can tell? And there are certainly those who have gone; and who, for the good of the world, might as well remain away."

Something in Paul's look, however, seemed to arrest him even as he spoke; something that showed him that Paul was speaking from his heart, and scarcely felt inclined to have his question treated jestingly. Rodman shifted his position, somewhat, and after an instant of reflection added:

"You are asking seriously?"

"I am indeed asking seriously. Why should such questions not now and then confront us and demand consideration?"

"They come up, of course; but upon the whole I presume that they receive little attention. Why should they? With the most persistent reflection given to them, they can return no sufficient or conclusive answer. All is mystery as regards the dead, and so it must remain. And perhaps it is only when the mind happens to be disturbed, and thrown off its balance, that any such speculation—"

"As is my mind, you would say?"

"Your mind, at the present instant, it may be. Do we not all have times when our thoughts become fatigued and bewildered, and for a time we find ourselves yielding to strange vagaries, no matter how earnestly we may endeavor to restrain them? Do you not think that you have been working too steadily lately,—shutting yourself too much away from light, and exercise, and pleasant companionship? Letting your thoughts dwell too persistently upon old annals, as I know has become your habit — reading about poisonings and assassinations, and of course their natural sequence of ghostly revelations, and all that? Do you not realize that this may have given a morbid turn to your mind, making it dwell upon all kinds of absurdities; and if you were now to throw your work aside for a little while and come out into the sunshine and gayety of the world, you would—"

"It may be, Rodman; it may all very well be as you say. Doubtless I am not exactly myself. Yet if you knew—"

"If I knew what?" — seeing that Paul hesitated.

Paul looked to the ground, and did not venture to proceed. Why should he do so? If there were any secret in his life that he could dare to tell anybody, it would be to Rodman Glenn, first of all. And yet, how would even Rodman now comprehend? Or how, indeed, could Paul understandingly tell it at all, himself knowing so little how much of it was true or false? And if he could tell, how unlikely that Rodman would listen to him in a believing spirit? And beyond all that, what right could Paul have to betray confidences that seemed to have been extended to him from beyond the grave?

Therefore for the moment Paul gazed silently upon the ground; and when at last he lifted his eyes to the other, it was with an enforced composure, and an assumption of indifferent interest in the subject that he was far from feeling.

"No, there has nothing happened to me," he said. "Except, perhaps, that as you have suggested, too much confinement at an engrossing employment may have inclined me to strange fancies and speculations. But all the same, the craving for information is upon me, and must have attention. Answer me, therefore, as you would try to answer any other question that I might put to you, so far as it may be capable of being brought down to the line of pure reason. There must be something of solid suggestion to be advanced upon the subject, even though the idea may seem absurd. Or, if you cannot bring yourself to the pass of looking on me as a serious enquirer after hidden truth, try to imagine in me

some stolid, unimaginative student, who is earnestly trying to give practical form to what at first sight might seem to be merely chimeras."

"To such a one, — and yet no differently from the way I would speak to yourself, — I must answer that never having had any experience in — "

"Exactly, — we have had no experience. That is to say, in our own land; for there we have not been long enough established to look behind the veil, if such a thing were possible for any one at all. And how in any way should we, in our own country, be able to comprehend anything but cold, unimaginative fact? We are scarcely yet the rightful occupants of the soil. We have trespassed upon it, driving out a few wandering tribes, and we have no certain knowledge that it has ever been inhabited by any people except in a vague unsettled manner. We locate ourselves rather than live in a place; and when the mood takes us, we move away to other portions hundreds of miles away. Meanwhile those who have taken our former places tear down what we have built, and put up other fabrics. They become homes for a while to somebody; but no rich associations are ever allowed to grow up around them. Do you think, therefore, that among us across the water the spirits of such as die would ever care to return after a while, and gaze upon those they have left behind them? Where, indeed, would they look for them, and in what condition would they find those pleasant associations and interests they had hoped to revive? No, there could be nothing left but to possess themselves with patience in their new conditions, and there await the coming to themselves of the parted ones. But here — "

"Here, in Rome?"

"Why, the very dust under our feet is the dust of men who have lived and breathed within the past two thousand years. The emperors and consuls, many of them, still sleep undisturbed in their unlocated tombs; the mansions and castles of the great remain almost unaltered. Beneath the ground, hidden from sight but destined, perhaps, some day to be resurrected, lie priceless treasures of art, the gathered art of centuries, and all familiar to the memories of the dead. Among the Roman people there must be scarcely any one who, however low and debased, have not, in some more or less direct way, the blood of the Cæsars running in their veins. The Roman of the past, if permitted to look down upon us, could see much that would present a familiar aspect to him, not only among men, but among objects that in their time have gathered his affections to them. Do you not think, therefore, that sometimes he might long, with almost irresistible craving, to look once more upon the land that once he occupied and loved, — to watch the course of his descendants, far removed by many generations, but still his own descendants; — and that, so longing, it might at times happen, — as a reward for well-doing in his sphere, perhaps, — that he might be allowed for a while to revisit the earth?"

"You take from me, in part, the necessity to answer at all," responded Rodman, "since you admit that among our own race such a thing as a return from the dead is useless, if not impossible. Since you would limit it to Rome, why not refer the question to some one of the Roman race? If your fancy had any basis of fact, — if what to the most of us seems to be impossible, might here become probable, — there should be some among this ancient race who, if they chose, could answer from their own experiences. They should have had visitations in their dreams, and it might be more frequently than any one would suppose; — the world at large might not know about it, for they need not tell, yet the experiences might be there. Perhaps they might reveal it if inquired of by others; it might be that some among them would even be anxious to disclose

what they knew, if they only felt that the revelation would be sought for and listened to with proper respect."

"And to whom, then —"

"To whom would you go? Ah, there's the rub. How should we discover the one who knows these mysteries which exist, and should be revealed? And how, upon detecting him, should we compel him to confession? In matters relating to this world, we naturally go for information on any subject to those who seem the best informed. But who can tell the direction of the threads that may lead from the other world to this? Those who are to all appearances the most lowly and ignorant may be the ones most really acquainted with such mysteries; for we should realize that the connection of the seen and the unseen worlds must be more a matter of inner sympathy than of condition or culture, and no outward or visible manifestations could truthfully reveal it. It should be a thing of soul-affinity; and with that realization, under what condition of life can we most surely determine this exists?"

"And so you think —"

"Why, look around you, and try to judge for yourself to whom among those near us you could most profitably put the question you have just asked me. There are here only a beggar and a cardinal and his attendant in sight. Would you not most naturally select the cardinal? Certainly he must be more fully educated upon every topic. The beggar has gone to sleep, I see, leaning his head against the coping. There is a pleasant smile upon his face; perhaps his ances tors are even now talking to him in his dreams. And it may be that the Cæsars were his ancestors of twenty centuries ago. Perhaps but for unforeseen mischances of the past wresting his rightful inheritance from him, he might himself even now be the Cæsar upon an imperial throne. They may be telling him that they are waiting to receive him among them in their own ranks as soon as he leaves this world, and so give him his rightful place among them. The cardinal, as he walks up and down with his stately air, his head bowed with that appearance of learned and thoughtful study, may have galley-slave blood coursing through his veins, disqualifying him forever from the attentions or companionship of the distinguished dead, and perhaps his only thought is now the ignoble one of how long he must await the death of the present pontiff, to have his chance of succeeding him."

"And this, Rodman, brings you to —"

"To this conclusion. There can be no outward appearance of age or station that of itself might satisfy you that you had found the one who could most easily from his own experiences answer your question. And if I were indulging in your queer fancy and wished enlightenment, I would give myself no concern about studying the face or conduct of any one, to find the one most fitted to tell me what I wished to know. I would as soon trust myself to blind chance, (and chance perhaps rules us more in this world than we imagine); and I would put my question to the third person I met, whoever he might be."

IX.

To ask the third person he met; — this was somewhat mocking counsel, and it rang in Paul's ears with an unintended distinctness and force. It was really Rodman's careless way of saying that one person was as good as another to be enquired of, but the words came to Paul as the utterances of an oracle, to be followed blindly and with the full assurance that they would lead to something definite. Leaving his studio as he had in a kind of inspiration of recklessness, with the intention of letting himself float upon the tide of events as destiny might decree, and his random steps having brought him to Rodman and his crude suggestions, — what could he do but follow it?

To ask the third person whom he met, — he would surely do so, but he would not tell Rodman. He feared his friend's ridicule; and most of all feared lest he might increase the more than half-defined idea he perceived in Rodman's mind, that there was something overstrained and singular in his tendencies, needing friendly intervention. Rodman's suggestion of rest and relaxation had not been made carelessly, and it seemed as though his advice, soberly enough offered, was not given as much with the idea that Paul should follow it, as with the purpose of seeing how it would be received.

Paul laughed, therefore, treating the whole matter in the light of a jest, and doing whatever he could to throw Rodman off his guard: none the less resolving to act upon his counsel, as given under the inspiration of fate.

"True," he rejoined. "I suppose that as long as there is no one who could answer those mystical problems we are always putting to ourselves, one person in his ignorance is as able as another to increase our bewilderment. Well, I must go back to my picture. Not ready to take my rest for a day or two yet, you see; but after a while I will promise myself a long vacation. Then I will call you in, first of all my friends, to look at what I have done, and give judgment upon it. But not now — not now," he added, fearing that Rodman might arise and accompany him on his way.

Then he strolled off, with a careless air as he could assume, and descended into the Piazza del Popolo. In which direction should he go, in order to meet that third person who might be destined to answer his question? The morning was now well advanced, the air becoming warmer; the streets seemed almost deserted,— indeed, for the moment there was absolutely no one in sight.

It happened that having descended the steps, Paul stood facing up the Corso. He took this slight circumstance for an indication from Fate as to the direction in which he should pursue his way; and so he began his slow advance thitherward,— very slowly indeed, for now he felt a fear lest in the seeming desertion of the public streets he might not meet any one at all, to whom he might put the question.

He had only taken about twenty steps, however, when from beneath the shelter of a side wall, where he had apparently been sleeping, a strolling piper crawled out, and seemingly not yet half awake began to adjust his pipes for business. He was evidently from some mountain district,— clad in shaggy goat's hide, his pipes fitted into a pigskin.

As Paul passed, he smiled to himself at the thought of how little the piper would be able to throw light upon the great question. In fact, it was probable that the man could converse only in some provincial dialect unknown to Paul. Still, he was a means to an end, bringing the desired person nearer by a degree; and Paul let him go by, gazing after him with something akin to interest, as a portion of the machinery of the working out of his fate.

Then drew near a cart drawn by two bullocks. There was a cask of wine upon it, and in front of the cask the driver lay fast asleep, after a very common custom, letting his patient animals slowly plod at their will to their destination.

Neither would this man,— Paul reflected — have been the one of whom he could ask an answer to his question. Ignorant to the level of the most ignorant of all men, he would doubtless receive any communication with oaths and insults, angry at being awakened from his dreams by a stranger and for a seemingly idle purpose. Yet no need to speculate upon him, either; he was merely one more step towards a result. The next — the third person — should now be near at hand.

In a moment came he into sight. To

Paul's disgust and disappointment, the man seemed most unlikely of all three to give any satisfaction; a French waiter from some neighboring *trattoria*, carrying a luncheon on his head in a well balanced pile of brightly gleaming tin dishes.

For the instant Paul's heart sank within him. How could he put his question to the stranger,—not a son of the Roman soil, with no interest in matters around him, no knowledge of the past, certainly not in a condition to have any affiliation with it, or entitled to any interest in his behalf from the long buried dead? No dreams of former glories could ever gild his slumbers,—no whisperings from ancestral Cæsars brighten his thoughts; to him must be merely a dull, sordid progression of life, given up to petty cares and demoralizing avarice.

And yet—for so Paul's destiny seemed now to be urging him—he must put the vital, absorbing question all the same, and trust to something being developed from it, in spite of doubts. For this necessity was clearly in the line of his fate. He must go on and carry out its promptings, no matter how unpromising its beckonings might seem.

But almost immediately, and greatly to his relief, the waiter no sooner came within two or three paces of meeting him, than he darted aside through a doorway. He and his pyramid of shining dishes disappeared as by a flash, and when Paul reached the spot a door had already closed, and doubtless the waiter was already half way up some flight of steps.

Paul gave a sigh of thankfulness at his escape,—wondering at the cunning manner in which fate was guiding his course; and the more so that from behind where the waiter had stood and so shielded until then that Paul had not seen him, appeared the tall, erect figure of the Count Garnetto.

It flashed upon Paul that here indeed was an intervention. There was no one in all Rome to whom he could more willingly put his question, if he could only be sure that it would be answered.

The Count slowly approached,—would have passed without any greeting; while about to do so, however, dropped a flickering glance of semi-recognition upon the other, from an indistinct consciousness of having seen him somewhere before. Twice, indeed, it had so happened, though evidently the Court could not recall it. It was merely that somewhere in the past the artist had chanced to cross his path in an unimportant way.

But even that errant glance was enough to encourage Paul to speak, and hesitatingly he stepped directly in front.

"Count Garnetto?"

"Signor?"

It was strange how even then Paul's fate seemed to take him into its guidance, against his own endeavors. He was about to begin with a question that had been upon his lips for many minutes, to be addressed to the alloted person; now as the words trembled there, he felt the question changing in spite of himself.

"Count Garnetto," he said, "Can the—that is, what is the Monleffi token?"

A smile came into the Count's face as then he recognized in his questioner the person who at Andrea's shop had been searching for the lost emblem. A smile, followed in part by a slight frown, as it seemed to occur to him that after all this person was not of his acquaintance and had no right to address him upon any subject, much less upon one of such a nature, containing in it possibly the elements of family mystery. In fact, all the distrust and reticence of the Roman patrician classes, warning them against unnecessary communication with strangers, who might better be left to pass on their way unrecognized, now seemed to leap to the surface, showing itself plainly written in his face; and Paul feared lest with curt courtesy he might simply pass by and leave him to himself.

But fate was controlling the Count too. The appearance of distrust seemed to die away as quickly as it had appeared; and again the smile of deference, the resolve that at least he might venture to tarry a moment and hear what Paul had to say, stole across his features.

"You were asking —"

"Yesterday, — at a shop in the Via Condotti. You were there, and appeared to know something about what I chanced to be enquiring for. It has greatly interested me — that subject — more, in fact than I can easily realize. I have been somewhat fettered in my enquiries; and so I thought that —"

"Come with me," the Count said, with kind courtesy taking Paul's arm.

He led the way around the corner, and half a score paces down the cross street, and opening a door, motioned the other to enter before him. It seemed that Paul had chanced to time his steps so favorably as to meet the Count almost at his very threshold. For here was the Palazzo Garnetto, which had been for centuries in his family, and in part was still occupied by him.

The pavement floor, as is usual in Rome, was taken up with small shops; from the second floor Paul could see that there were dwellers of all conditions inhabiting the various apartments, decreasing in social condition as the way led up. But having gained the second floor, the Count stopped, produced his key, and let the stranger into a suite of rooms that in many respects was different from anything to which Paul had ever yet been admitted.

They were the Count's private apartments. Probably in the past the whole palace must have been occupied by his ancestors; in fact, it could have been built for no other purpose; and where the requirements of the immediate family did not extend, armed liveried retainers must have thronged every nook and corner. But cruel war and plague and what not — and after all it takes less than these elements sometimes to reduce a powerful family to want in almost any country — had brought the Garnetti down to this simple representative, who, still unmarried, now lived in merely a portion of the ancient possession, and in solitary grandeur was left to dream of the past glories that in all probability could never be renewed.

What portion he had retained, however, was somewhat magnificent in its way. Paul saw before him a large room, with another and apparently more private apartment opening out from it; and it seemed as though there were others further beyond, the whole constituting one long suite. The two visible rooms were crowded with antique furniture, and the walls covered with paintings, principally the work of mediæval times, showing that as the fortunes of the family had gradually waned and their habitable space became contracted, whatever was choice and valuable in their surroundings had been retained, and little by little had become condensed into a constantly narrowing space, perhaps having now, however, come to its final stage of contraction. There must be many such apartments in Rome, jealously secluded during generations past from the profanation of foreign eyes, and destined to be still as carefully reserved in the future, as long as the waning fortunes of the families to which they belong may permit.

The ceiling was darkened, and in some places stained and cracked. Through the discoloration Paul could see that it was covered in fresco with allegorical figures, single and in groups; but in consequence of the partial decay, as well as the seemingly unnecessary darkness of the room, he could not make out the subjects, much less arrive at any definite idea as to who had been the artists. The work of three or four centuries ago, those paintings might have been by the great masters of the day, and therefore now become priceless or they might be of

such inferior merit that their final disappearance by crumbling and discoloration would prove no loss at all. He would have liked the privilege of throwing open the half-closed windows, and climbing up to examine those paintings more closely, and if possible identify the artists. It would have given him almost as much pleasure to wander at will about the apartment, and look into the old carved cabinets and chests that lined the wall. It seemed a pity that so much which might be of interest in the domain of art could not have been made known and classified; at least, that it could not be thrown open to public gaze, if only to ascertain whether it had any great value.

But he felt that he could not ask for that privilege. He knew that he had been called in, not as an artist but as a mere inquirer into the history of a single object. He realized, somehow, that it was merely through a transient impulse that the host had condescended to invite him in at all; something, it might be akin to the impulse which had led Paul to put to him his unpremeditated question. He must take heed not to lose, by any irrelevant question, the short time afforded.

Already it seemed to him that in the mind of the Count the friendly impulse was dying away. He could almost read it in his silence, his face becoming more averted each moment, as though he would fain lose his realization that a stranger was in that charmed circle; and also in the hesitating manner with which at last, after searching among old treasures of books and parchments that lay piled in a corner book-case, he approached, with a manner that seemed to say that it were best their business should be as speedily as possible concluded, and the intruder again on his way. It was not a discourteous manner,— that, in his own house, he could not put on; but there was a certain coldness, unlike his first pleasant smile of welcome, that told Paul he had reached the limit of hospitable interest, and must be careful how he presumed to trespass.

"It is here," the Count said, placing before Paul a black-letter quarto, "in the chronicle of Fra Anatola, that you will find what little is known of the Monleffi token. I have opened it at the page, you will see. Be pleased to look into it at your leisure. That you may be undisturbed, I will sit down at another table and pursue my correspondence."

To Paul's surprise and delight, he found that the volume was a duplicate of the unentitled and defective chronicle that he had purchased from Andrea. A duplicate that was perfect in every particular, the title page being preserved, and the original pages relating to the story of Marcia being all intact, instead of giving place, as in his own copy, to a fraudulent substitution of uninteresting and foreign matter. And so he now read to its conclusion the story that had hitherto been so abruptly broken off from his knowledge.

The Monleffi token — it was a ring, composed of a double-headed serpent, with cabalistic charaeters upon its two foreheads. This certainly was confirmation of what he already knew. Reading further, he saw that it was true what Marcia had told him, as to the young Duke Pergola never having appeared at the Palazza Monleffi. She had not known why at the time, nor did it seem to have been afterwards told her; but could anything be more in natural accord with the story of it, as now Paul read the sequel in the Fra Anatola chronicle?

The young Duke,— brave and gallant, yet not beyond the indiscretions that so often accompany youth, wealth, and station,— had duly arrived at Rome, and, as had been agreed upon, would the next day have presented himself before Marcia, to await the pleasure of her judgment or approbation. It was an unusual crisis in his life; what more natural than that the evening before he should seek to wile away the intervening time and

possibly put aside his nervous thoughts with pleasant pastimes? These pleasant pastimes were first to patrol the streets with his comrades, making the night resonant with their uproarious glee, and after that, in an upper room, to engage in the festivities of wine and cards. The wine naturally led to recklessness in the play, and soon the stakes grew large, and speedily changed from hand to hand, with the varying fortunes of the game.

There were eight men present in all, and among them Marcia's brother Antonio, who by preconcerted arrangement had accidentally, as it were, stumbled upon the party and joined it. The Duke Pergola played at one end of the room, and young Antonio at the other; so for a while they were kept apart.

But the Duke lost heavily; at first all that his purse contained; then all the promises of payment that he could well ask that they should receive;— then, through some singular fatality, the enormity of which in his intoxicated state he failed to realize, he pledged as an earnest of further payment, by way of redemption, the Monleffi token. It was not his own to pledge,—it had been lent him for another purpose; but about that no one there knew except Antonio.

He, overhearing, from his end of the apartment, some discussion about the artistic properties of the ring, drew near, and in a moment ascertained the ill use that was being made of the token, and naturally took offense. Was it not an insult to his sister,— in fact, to his whole family? Words and recriminations grew high and loud, and at last came the inevitable affront. No strong resonant blow, — only a featherweight dropping of two fingers upon the Duke's cheek; but of course it was enough.

After that there could be but one course taken, and the whole wine-excited party descended to the garden behind the house. There, beside the flowering orange trees, and directly in front of a softly murmuring fountain, the heated play was fought out, and within three minutes the young Duke fell mortally wounded, his head resting upon the fountain coping, and the thin stream of water from Hebe's pitcher dripping upon his outstretched hand. It could not wash away the blood, much less could the cooling flow bring back the ebbing life.

This was why the young Duke did not keep his appointment at the Palazza Monleffi;—and this, too, was why Marcia's brother never returned, since he was obliged to fly at once, and with relays of swift steeds reach some province where for a while he might conceal his name, or at least, if known, remain out of reach of the vengeance of the slain man's kinsmen.

"It is a singular story, Count Garnetto," Paul said, closing the book. "Not merely the Monleffi token, but the fate of Marcia, has greatly interested me. I must tell you that I have a copy of this chronicle, but deficient in just this part that most attracted me. I had supposed, indeed, that mine was the only copy extant."

"Perhaps the only one except this, Signor. I happen to have this copy myself from the fact that I am somewhat distantly connected with the Monleffi family, or should be if any of them were still extant. They are all gone, however. The young Count Antonio who so unfortunately slew the Duke Pergola and in consequence was obliged to flee, was the last of the male descent. He died afterwards in the war against the Turks and left no issue."

"And Marcia?"

"Also died unmarried. These facts, Signor, I have learned from intimate study of the Monleffi line, tracing it down to its latest connection with my own, and so coming into possession of a great many documents relating to the family history."

"Ah! It must be very interesting, indeed, to be able to read them," Paul

responded ; and he paused for a moment, with some half defined hope that the Count would open his heart so far as to offer him a sight of those interesting papers, as well as perhaps allow him, in connection with them, to spend a few moments in looking at the art and antiquarian treasures his room contained.

But he saw almost at once that this was not to be. The Count's last burst of communication had evidently exceeded all that he had at first intended to offer, and from his hardening, fixed expression and stony attitude Paul realized that the moment for his departure had come.

He muttered his acknowledgements for his courtesy and turned to go,— taking for the instant the wrong direction, and coming before a bust upon a breast-high pedestal blocking the way. It was the bust of a female figure, and a faintness seemed to come over him as though it had purposely placed itself in his path for recognition.

Though it was white and sightless, and as a piece of sculpture lacking those elements of shade and color that in a portrait will generally betray identity, Paul could not mistake the features,— the curve of the lips, with their sweet smile ; the shape of the head ; even the dressing of the hair. He knew it for Marcia, at a glance.

"This bust, Count Garnetto?" he enquired.

"It was dug up from some ruins under the city a few months ago. None of us can tell whom or what it represents. There is no name or cipher upon it. It may be a portrait of some unknown person,— it may be a heathen goddess ; who can now tell? I have kept it simply for its beauty ; you see that though slightly discolored it has received no injury."

"It is Marcia — Marcia Monleffi," Paul exclaimed, impetuously.

The Count turned his eyes upon him with a startled expression,— less in surprise at the suggestion, than that the visitor should have dared, and without any evidence, to make it. Who was this stranger, that he should present his unfounded suppositions, based upon no authority, and outweighing anything from the previous studies of learned and experienced scholars?

"And why — " he said.

Paul remained for the moment mute, and with a crushed feeling of having gone too far and suffered rebuke for it. How could he explain what was in his thoughts? Why should he tell the Count that Marcia had already come to him, and that he knew her bust as one would recognize the portrait of a friend? The Count would not believe him,— would drive him from the place as one who was either insane or was practicing upon his host's credulity. Even were he to believe, why should Paul whisper his pleasant secret to all the world, and before it had reached some predetermined issue, which might concern him alone?"

"Pardon me, Count, for my indiscretion," he stammered. "I have no reason to say what I did. If I can explain my thought, it was that this bust is so beautiful, so like what I might have supposed would represent — "

"Doubtless there must have been beautiful maidens in Rome, other than Marcia Monleffi," the Count said. "This might as well be one of those. Nor do we know how beautiful Marcia might really have been. The favoring description of a partisan of the House might not be entirely worthy of credence."

"To be sure. And so — hoping that you will forgive the intrusion of my foolish thought — unwarrantable, I know — "

The Count ceremoniously bowed.

"And that I may again thank you for your kindness in showing — "

Again the Count bowed, slowly following his guest in his backward progression, nor giving the slightest hint that he might remain, or at any future time return. And so, with mingled thanks and apologies, Paul made his way

to the door; and in a moment, scarcely knowing how it happened, found himself alone in the street outside.

X.

Amazed and bewildered Paul stood in the open street, and pondered upon the events of the last two hours. The presence of Marcia once more in his rooms, and her subsequent sudden disappearance did not, as might have been supposed, entirely occupy his thoughts. Those incidents had already become a twice-told story with him; and whatever of the supernatural or semi-delusive he might choose to see in it,—making up his mind alternately in one or the other direction as chance seemed to will it,—he felt that it was a matter that had almost ceased to surprise him. The apparent confirmation of Marcia's story in the perfect copy of Fra Anatola's chronicle, and the sudden presentation of her marble image before him, so life-like that it almost seemed as though she were following him in his journeyings round Rome, and that he should never be able to release his mind from her subtle influence,—these, of course, were features in the case that increased its mystery and necessarily Paul's wonderment.

But that which now more than anything else gave intensity to his reflections, adding to the incomprehensibility of the many surprises which continually beset him, was the singular persistency with which every circumstance appeared to have been evolved from some fixed and predetermined plan, all pointing towards the accomplishment of a single purpose. The strange chance, if it were chance, by which the Count Garnetto had appeared upon the spot as the very person from whom Paul could most appropriately ask an answer to his question; the impulse that had led him at the last moment to change the nature of his demand; the sudden reaching out of the Count's mind towards Paul in response, altering for the instant a nature so largely given over to reticence and seclusion; the flood of explanation that within the compass of this momentary access of friendship enlightened Paul respecting so much that until then had been mysterious or unknown to him; and after that the gradual withdrawal of the Count's confidence from him, and the resumption of his natural frigidity and reserve;—looking at all these circumstances, it seemed as though, through the command of some irresistible fate, a sealed casket had been opened to give him a peep within, and then closed again, lest he might learn too much, and so thwart a destiny that could be allowed to advance only a certain distance in its accomplishment.

Now he stood outside the Palazzo Garnetto, gazing up at its many tiers of windows, scarcely knowing how he had found his way out, with difficulty realizing indeed that he had ever been within. Would fate ever so far indulge him that once again he might gain access there, and be able to gaze more leisurely upon those accumulated treasures? Might it not be that, if at some distant period he were to take courage and make personal application for re-admission, he could succeed? Yet how, after all, could he dare make the attempt?

As now he looked up, he saw a long range of windows all alike; which four or five of these might mark the Count's apartments? Below, at equal distances along the line of little shops, were three small doors; through which of these had he passed in and out? He could not tell. Truly the casket was again impenetrably closed; fate had given him that one peep inside, and then, for some wise reason doubtless, had shut him out, and perhaps forever.

Slowly Paul turned away, and in a moment again stood in the Corso. Here he wandered listlessly onward, trying to compose his conflicting thoughts into

shape. A little further and he came to the end of the broader way, and found himself involved in a tangle of the narrower streets. Here the quaintness of the old buildings that lined the route, speaking more plainly than elsewhere of ancient Rome and its imperishable traditions, tended somewhat to impress their suggestions upon him and if they did not resolve any of his fancies, at least to disentangle somewhat the confusion of so many topics, and fix his mind once more upon a single issue. The old question with which he had started now again came back and in full force: — Can the dead ever reappear?

Why not, indeed? For the fiftieth time he answered the question, and always in the same circle of thought. Those old Romans, — every particle of the dust beneath his feet must at one time have been part of their bodies, — every one of those buildings stretching out before him have been the work of their artistic genius, — every tradition of history or romance held relation to their past lives, and had grown up through the garnered centuries from the memory of their deeds. Could it be expected that those men should have lain down in their graves, and not at times have desired to see once more the works they had planted and the descendants to whom they had left the inspiration of their successes, so that they might be carried out in perhaps still more glorious results? With such a spirit impelling them, was it any more than natural that whatever their newer condition might be, their longing should at times prove so strong as to burst aside the constraints upon their disembodied spirits, and allow them for greater or less periods occasionally to enjoy a glimpse again of the world they had thought to have left behind forever?

Nay, might it not be more common than one would have supposed, — these familiar spirits reappearing in dreams or in actual seeming reproduction of body, and so holding communication with their descendants, in loving guidance? That strangers in Rome, weighted with cold philosophy of fact and skepticism, did not know anything about all this, — was it a reason why it might not be so, all the same, and by some cogent freemasonry of caste be kept from them?

It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the heat was becoming somewhat mitigated. Here and there men were arousing from their siestas, but still a few remained, enjoying to the last moment the quietude of their slumbers. Paul could see them curled up under dark arches, or supported in sitting posture against the shady sides of the dingy houses. In all cases, it seemed to him, they slept with placidity upon their features, and sometimes with pleasant smiles, as though favored with sweet dreams. What were those dreams? Were they visions of their ancestors of two thousand years ago, coming to whisper kind greetings to their descendants? And were he to question the dreamers, would they confess these visions to him? Or would they repulse his overtures, as the mere idle curiosity of one who, coming from a strange land, had no claim to be admitted into their confidence?

Mutely wondering, Paul passed onward, and at length, crossing the Forum, came to the Colosseum. He peeped within through one of the end archways. No one was now in the arena, except a grizzled old monk making his pilgrimage around the stations. He was kneeling at the one nearest the entrance. A pleasant smile was on his face. To what benign whisperings was he listening? It did not appear probable that the mere routine of those daily prayers of his could so genially illumine his features with sunshine. Paul had seen paintings wherein the souls of the martyrs who had lain down their lives in this great theatre of the past were seen descending from Heaven and bringing comfort to those whose duty it was still to die. Could they now be speaking encouraging

words to this poor monk, telling him that in a little while he too would come to his reward?

Yet even as he gazed, he could see the bright smile fade away, and a frown begin to spread over the monk's features. What might it mean? Only, perhaps, that all those who had died upon that soil had not been Christian martyrs, and so could not be in sympathy with him. There had been heathen slaves innumerable, and among them even patricians had fought for glory. Most commonly, to be sure, under conditions that ensured victory; but might there have been times when even these, though doubly protected with panopoly of defence, might have gone down and bitten the dust in death? If so, might they not now be whispering their old belief in the gods to the praying monk? Was he not only hearing words that Paul could not hear, but also seeing forms that were beyond any stranger's consciousness, and in his frown resisting strange temptations towards recantation?

Again Paul crept onward, and soon reaching the Lateran Gate, passed outside. And here it seemed to him as though he should at last be free from his disturbing imaginings,—free to collect his scattered thoughts into cogent shape, and banish the fitful visions that encircled them. Here were now no antique walls, alive with suggestions of mystical shadows, but only the wide, bare plain, unsuggestive as any prairie of his own land, and stretching miles away to the Alban Hills. Now at last he might possess his soul in peace.

But here, too, were whisperings of the past, besetting him with their direful temptations towards uneasy thought. On his right were the long, broken rows of the aqueduct reaching to the distant horizon; how could he help imagining that he could see the Roman armies defiling in shadowy array beneath the crumbling arches? Away off were the resting places of the ancient patrician families; where else than here would souls severed from their bodies prefer to linger, and at times announce their presence to the newer world, even perhaps to the passing stranger, for lack of any other vehicle for manifestation? Beneath the plain were the remains of cities that had once existed as wealthy suburbs to imperial Rome. They were now all buried out of sight; yet still they were there,—their tombs, their temples, their art treasures hidden safely from the spoiler. Was not the dust Paul flung from his feet fully as much the dust of men that had once lived and moved among these scenes, as any that he had scattered in his path along the crowded city's ways?

At last, in despair of being able ever to wrest himself from his morbid imaginings,—feeling, indeed, that before long perhaps his brain would give way beneath the intensity of his thoughts, and reduce him to some condition of actual insanity, Paul almost prayed aloud for relief,—anything, that might bring to his aid a different train of thought and observation. And at that moment, as though in answer to that half-expressed prayer, it came.

He had been watching the approach from afar of a moving object, so enveloped with dust that at first he could scarcely make out its nature with any precision, and certainly without any suspicion that he might in any way be interested in it. But as it drew nearer, resolving itself into a *vettura*, slowly moving onwards to the city, he began somehow to feel that it held something belonging to himself; and when it came close at hand, and he saw his cousin Florence sitting outside upon the raised seat behind the driver, his heart gave a great bound.

It seemed, indeed, as though, with the vision of a different scene, his morbid dreams were now being rolled away as a scroll from before his darkened mind, and that he was saved. He was not surprised, as otherwise he might have been,

at her sudden appearance, and so opportunely. So much had already happened to him that day, that nothing more could have astonished him, much less the drawing near of one whom he knew to be already on her way, and at any hour likely to come before him. It was with a cry of joy rather than of surprise that he now called her name. It was as hailing a deliverance from oppressed thought, as well as rejoicing in her coming; as though she were bringing with her a new and fresh atmosphere to dissipate from his mind its unhealthy, insane bodings, and restore him to needed calm and peace.

Without arresting the course of the *vettura*, and scarcely giving its driver time to comprehend what he was about, Paul sprung upon the wheel, and in a minute had swung himself upward, and was sitting beside Florence.

"Yes, I have been expecting you," he said. "Your letters—"

"We left Naples three days ago. But you did not know exactly when we were coming? How then—"

"Not today, it may be; but of course before long. I was now merely taking my walk. How fortunate that I should have happened to wander in this direction! And your father?"

"He is inside, and I believe, asleep. He has been in Rome before, and seems to have no desire again to see it from a distance. As for myself, of course I could not bear not to catch the earliest possible glimpse of it. So here I am."

"And here we both are, Florence. And almost alone, as always I would like to see you."

Only the driver near them, sitting doubled up and half asleep, with the reins held loosely in his relaxed fingers, while the horses plodded slowly at their discretion over the well known road. He could scarcely see them unless he turned,—would not notice how their hands met upon the seat between them; certainly could not understand anything that they said.

Paul gazed for a moment earnestly upon Florence, to see what changes, if any, the past two years might have made in her. The somewhat unformed girl of eighteen had now grown into the cultured woman. Her face was not as full and round, but a deeper intelligence had spread over it, adding the charm of reflectiveness to its natural vivacity. Her figure had become more mature, as well as graceful; her bright golden curls that had then fallen loosely down to her waist were now looped in well arranged tresses around her head, but, though somewhat repressed, failing to conceal their natural exuberance. The artless girl had merged into the self-possessed woman, more beautiful than ever, it seemed to Paul; every line and shade an improvement on what had gone before, and every alteration a change towards a more perfect realization of loveliness. For an instant he gazed, drinking in the whole bright picture; and clearly she saw his admiration and contentment, for she blushed and smiled a little by turns, but was not offended at his scrutiny.

"And you—what have you been doing?" She asked. "The arts, have they been kind to you? And the picture—"

"You have heard, then?"

"I have heard nothing. But you know that when you left, you told me that the true plan for an artist, if he would make and establish his fame, would be not to waste himself on separate little matters, but to concentrate everything upon one great effort which, if a success, might take the world by storm. Have you done so?"

"Taken the world by storm, Florence? Not yet. But I have my great painting under way, all the same, and I hope—I believe, in fact, that it is sure to be a success."

"And you will let me see it?"

"Not yet,—in a few days, perhaps, but not now. Let me work a little while longer upon it, so that it will be more worthy of your first view of it."

He thought that Florence seemed a

trifle vexed at this, though at the time she said nothing in opposition. But as he afterwards thought the matter over, perhaps his answer might have been a little unkind, or at least, inconsiderate. Well enough to keep his picture back from the world, so as the better to challenge its criticism in completed form, but to Florence certainly something different was due. She was his all in all, and the one who through life should enjoy with him his fame, if it ever dawned. Who better than herself should be entitled to watch that dawn, and rejoice with him in its gradual progression, and from the first applaud each success, and possibly, throughout his efforts, add her judgment so as to help him change poor crudities of art into satisfactory results? Even at the moment it seemed to him that perhaps he was scarcely treating her fairly. Yet not knowing how otherwise to answer, he could only change the subject of their conversation.

"Yes, you shall see the picture soon, I hope. And now, tell me about all things at home."

There had been much already written, of course, but still much had been left untold. Who does not know how often these little matters of social gossip will refuse to yield to even the most facile pen, and will await delivery until drawn out by a glance or some suggestion of a kindred type? Now the pleasant stream of minor incident began to run, and little by little the hitherto almost forgotten past flowed sparkling before Paul, until once more he was in his own country, away forever, it seemed, from any disturbing influences.

The queer sayings of people whom he had long ceased to think of, but who by some quaint turn of phraseology came again before him as well remembered as ever in every line and feature; the odd events of social life that had made their passing ripple and then subsided, but none the less came fresh with all their old effect, when spread out before one who as yet had failed to hear of them;—in a few moments, indeed, the little village at home and all within it came before Paul with every trait and feature reproduced, as though pictured out before him in a camera. The willow tree beneath which Florence and he had sat,—the pond, with its water lilies making green more than half its surface,—the gate at the end of the avenue with its broken hasp still hanging loose because no one had ever found time to mend it;—what were all the phantom forms or illusions that as a part of some gigantic and complicated machinery of fate had so lately disturbed him, to these simple soothing touches from the memory of his former life? As the gentle ripple of pleasant homelike reminiscence purled softly by, he felt all cares dashing from his mind like the exhalations of a dew, and almost lost every perception of the present moment, burying himself once more in the cheery, familiar past.

It was not altogether so with Florence, of course. It could not be supposed that she should for the first time enter Rome and be oblivious of all its teachings and surprises. Momentarily, therefore, Paul recalled himself to the present life, that he might point out to her something of especial interest; yet it was now with a far different spirit from that with which he had so lately passed through them himself.

The Lateran Gate,—it had its connection with the past, to be sure; but was not a French sentinel guarding it, bringing to the mind merely a commonplace picture of modern supremacy? True, if the mind would run into fancy, it suggested the Gaul taking his revenge by occupying with force the approach to the broad Via Appia, along which once he had trudged, with chains upon his ankles, to a noisome prison; yet who among all the Roman slaves would hold communication with him from the dead?

There was the Colosseum; and Florence must of course have it pointed

out to her, yet not with all the especial detail that would be necessary if they were not so soon to revisit it at their leisure. Paul could not gaze inside as they slowly rumbled past; he would not now have cared to do so. Was the old monk still on his knees, praying at one of the twelve stations? Let him do so, and let him frown on forever at his will. His scowl could come no longer from the dead Roman whispering to him cruel and sarcastic mockings at the new faith; it was only that the monk, with nothing to distract him except his own thoughts, must have forgotten for the moment the sequence of his prayers, and was wrinkling up his forehead in passing effort to recall it.

As they drove through the narrower tangle of streets that led up to the Corso, and gazed down into their quiet recesses, it could be seen that the siesta for the day was almost over. The sleeping men had now arisen from their nooks behind the arches of the doorways, and gone to their work again. A few of the most lazily inclined still remained; one whom Paul had noted on his former passage through, leaning against the shady side of a cask, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his head sunk upon his shoulder, and a pleasant smile upon his face, was still there, having scarcely moved a hair's breadth from his first position; and the smile, if any way altered, was yet more intense and satisfied. But it was not now as though Imperial ancestors were whispering pleasant greetings to him; it was merely, perhaps, that in his dreams he had found enough food and tobacco for the coming day, and felt that he need no longer work until the supply was exhausted.

The *vettura* rumbled on — down the Corso, then across to the Via Babuino, where at length it stopped at the hotel. The landlord came out to receive them. Paul assisted Florence down from the top, her father emerged from the inside and shook him by the hand, a crowd of porters and commissionaires stood ready to sweep the whole party out of his sight, — the pleasant ride was at an end.

"You will show Rome to Florence, will you not?" said her father. "It is an old story to me, you know; and besides, I have scarcely the strength to go about so much. I commit her to you, therefore, for the rest of the month."

"Have no fear, sir, I will assume charge of her, and will come every day to take her out. Tomorrow, shall it be, Florence,— after you have rested?"

"Yes, tomorrow.— Do you know," she added, gazing inquisitively at him, "that you seem to have changed, even during the past hour? In expression, I mean. When first you spoke to me, I felt a little disappointed. You appeared depressed and wearied, not altogether yourself, somehow; though I could see that you made an effort to overcome it, and certainly I felt that you were glad to see me. But now —"

"Now, Florence?"

"Well, you are different now. Your expression is brighter and more cheerful, and it seems all to have come about within our ride."

"You see, Florence, that the mere meeting you again has made me more pleasantly disposed."

"But why, before that, should you not have been cheerful?"

"I can scarcely say,— if I dared to try. I do not know that I could make you comprehend me. In fact, I can hardly comprehend myself. If I tried to guess at the truth, it may be as one of my friends,— Rodman Glenn,— says, that I have confined myself too closely to my work, and allowed queer thoughts and fancies to brood over me. One often gets wrapped up in one's pursuits, you know; and my picture —"

"The picture that I am not yet allowed to see?"

"Have patience with me a little while longer, Florence; the time will come, and then you will see it to better advantage

than now. But I have been closely held to my work for weeks past, not taking exercise or any relaxation, even repressing companionship; and so — well, of course, the usual result has come. All sorts of strange ideas have begun thronging upon me. Some of them may be real — some are purely fantastic, perhaps. If I were inclined to be superstitious — and yet, certainly the marvels that have beset me must in part be actual, I should think — it could not be that everything—. Even today — yes, today more than any other time I believe — so many things have happened to me — queer things, and singular coincidences, and — I can scarcely say that none of them were meant — nor could I explain them, altogether — though some time I may try—. It has been a day of surprises, in fact —"

"But all this will now come to an end, will it not? You will no longer let your queer fancies brood over you? See! I have come to cure you. I will take you out every day into the fresh air and clear sunlight — there must be no more surprises."

"I do not really think there will be, Florence. Henceforth there will be a newer and a more cheerful life for me. Yes, we will go out every day and see Rome together. My last surprise for the day has been the seeing you upon the top of the *vettura*. Such pleasant things as that cannot come in too great numbers. But as for the surprises generated by my morbid fancies, let them now fly far away. With you here I will have no more of them."

But he turned pale and almost staggered as he spoke. For as Florence drew off her glove to bid him good bye until the morrow, he saw glittering upon her forefinger the missing Monleffi token.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

EARLY EDITORS OF CALIFORNIA.

EDITORS of early newspapers, during active life, present in eulogistic strain the brief biographies and partial sketches of those who have passed into the grave, who had been conspicuous or prominent or measurably distinguished in their career and in the community. After death they are themselves not infrequently neglected in this last manner of mention by contemporaries, and by pens which flow ardent tribute to the living who yet possess the ability to reward and benefit. It was remarked by aged editor Hancey of the Louisville *Democrat*, many years ago, the contemporary of brilliant and scholarly Prentice, who made the Louisville *Journal* famous in his period of control, that among the sad recollections of his retiracy in the evening of a long and laborious lifetime, poorly rewarded by his fellow citizens, was the consciousness that he had striven and succeeded in raising from very common clay to positions of honor, emolument and distinction, many who proved unworthy and ungrateful. Their natural parts, except assurance alone, would have held them in the groove and rut of inconspicuous notice and the neglectful attention of community.

The early editors of California must be reckoned in a different light from their predecessors in the duty of any other portion of the continent. John Smith brought no press to his primitive Jamestown Colony to herald his planting of the settlement, and to aid him in his futile efforts to impress upon the

emigrants whose greed was gold the earnest counsel that mica was not gold, that all that glittered was not that precious metal. Hendrick Hudson had no press to record the discovery of the Hudson; and the adventurous Dutch who founded New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island were not accompanied by a writer to emblazon their deeds in newspapers — which did not exist. The Pilgrim Fathers had neither a press to record nor a Palfrey to immortalize their founding of New England, destined to produce the Athens of America, to shape the "Hub of the Universe," and to eventually assimilate her Bunker's Hill to the Hill of Mars, crowned with the Acropolis, and in her classic portion make of Cambridge that which Pericles wrought in the Parthenon — with the Ahora, Spartan-like, on Boston Common and in the General Court.

To the American settlement in California was reserved, in all these centuries of the world, the founding of a grand city and a matchless state, with the press and able writers to note the records of the period and to advance the fortunes of the people. California ranks unrivaled and alone in the possession of a press to attend her in the noble destiny from colonial position to sovereign statehood; to note her progress, to honor her worthy pioneers and builders, to advertise her surpassing wealth of soil, richer than all her gold, and to spread upon the time-worn pages of imperishable history the realization of the prophecy of the eloquent Berkeley, that "Westward the star of Empire takes its course,—" there forever to remain as a fixed star in the earthly firmament, and from year to year more gloriously shine in worldly splendor.

Walter Colton and Robert Semple were the first editors of the first newspaper published in California; the two founded the *Californian* in Monterey, August, 1846. Colton had bought the press and type from the American missionaries in Honolulu. It was an old Ramage press of wooden frame, wooden bed, and platen of hard wood, worked by a screw, and capable of making one hundred impressions an hour. It had been sent from Boston to Honolulu. The type had been long in use, and was of faulty font, without the leter "w" or italic. Two "v's" were substituted to represent "w," in capitals and small letters alike. Walter Colton was of good family in Rutland, Vermont, and was appointed Chaplain in the U. S. Navy in 1831. Of scholarly attainments, he added literary accomplishments to his clerical duties. One of his brothers was editor of the New York *Whig Review*, the ablest political magazine of its period, published until 1846. Walter Colton wrote and published several very entertaining books, among which his "Deck and Port," and "Three Years in California," were singularly interesting. He retired from the *Californian* a few months after its start, in obedience to his duties as Chaplain.

Robert Semple was a pioneer from Illinois—a brother of James Semple, United States Senator from that state from 1844 to 1847, and subsequently received appointment as U. S. Minister to Peru. James Semple was father of Eugene Semple, Governor of Washington Territory, and had married the widowed mother of Lansing B. Mizner of California, present Minister to Guatemala. Robert Semple was of uncommon stature — 6 feet 8 inches — and of slender figure. He was, with Thos. O. Larkin, for many years U. S. Consul at Monterey, and the founder of Francisco, the Benicia of this time. The name was changed upon the change of name of Yerba Buena to San Francisco, in 1847. Semple and Larkin made the plant in the confident belief that Francisco — Benicia — was destined to become the chief port and great commercial city of California.

It was an amusing sight to look at Semple as he was passenger on the early

steamboats which plied between San Francisco and Sacramento, between San Francisco and the aviso or embarcadero of San Jose—the Senator, the Antelope, the New World, side-wheelers, and the small stern-wheelers. Their low upper deck cabins and lower deck passenger saloons were insufficient to give room to his extraordinary stature, and to pass through these his stoop was awkward and plainly embarrassing. His tall figure and not very graceful carriage were subjected to attitudes which appeared physically painful, and caused evident aggravation, while beholders were unable to withhold the gaze or restrain the sense of the ludicrous. After a few years of disappointed ambition in his Benician plant, Robert Semple returned to Illinois, and there passed the remainder of his days. He was one of the founders of the Press in Monterey and in San Francisco, and this will outlast the memory of his connection with the contemplated rival of this port.

Edward C. Kemble comes next in the line of early editors of California. He came from New York in the ship Brooklyn in 1846. He had been apprenticed to Sam. Brannan in the art of printing, in a weekly paper in New York city, devoted to Mormon interests. On the planting of the *California Star* in San Francisco, Sam. Brannan took Kemble in partnership. The press and type had been used in the printing of the New York Weekly, and were brought out on the Brooklyn. Brannan was of trading, active, commercial, money-making nature, and upon the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill in January, 1848, he relinquished the paper to Kemble, who had little of the sordid quality, and was possessed of the pride which forgets riches in the superior ambitions of reputation in literary and journalistic pursuits. He maintained his post as publisher of the *Star* through all the wild rush to the gold mines of the small population which San Francisco at that time contained. Traders, clerks, mechanics, Stevenson's volunteers, supercargoes, sailors, servants, everybody abandoned their places of business and of employment, and swelled the rush to hunt for placers and dig out the gold. Printers are essentially mortal. Excitements are contagious. Gold is the dream and quest and desire of mankind. Kemble's printers deserted him, in the consuming spirit which animated all in the land, and he was left alone to get out his weekly *Star*. Alone he toiled in the fatiguing work of setting type, writing, and working hand press, to keep up the regular issue of the paper. The labor was exhausting beyond his powers of mind and body, and a temporary suspension was forced upon him.

He had youth, spirit, strength and ambition to his aid, but it was all to no purpose; human nature has limits, and to these he had striven. He could do no more. A rest of several weeks brought recuperation to him; the hardships of the mines had wrought change of heart in some of the printers. To live comfortably, with the wages to subsist regularly paid every week, and the enjoyments of town life, even in the San Francisco of that pioneer period, was preferable to the toil and deprivation of the mines, with precarious fortune attending the weary, eager hunt for the hidden gold. He resumed the publication of the *California Star*, was enabled to buy the plant of the rival *Californian*, took in partnership Edward Gilbert, changed the name of his weekly to *Alta California*, and became the founder of the only newspaper of California which has survived to this day, although the disasters of great fires and the vicissitudes of ownership and management have time and again beset it.

Kemble continued as part owner and editor of the *Alta* until late in 1853. He also founded the *Placer Times* in Sacramento, the first newspaper published in that city. He was not a facile writer,

neither was he brilliant. He was equal to the period, and faithfully labored to do the best he could. He encountered the usual difficulties of pioneer editors in communities new and turbulent, with characters prone to personal vindication in disregard of law, to violence and excesses. For a fancied wrong in an editorial of the *Alta*, which was not written by Kemble, George McDougal tossed a glass of wine in his face one night at the Union Hotel, and a challenge to a duel from Kemble was the consequence—an inevitable consequence as the iron laws of honor and the spirit of community then ruled.

McDougal was brother of John McDougal, the second Governor of California, and a noted person of the period. He was of splendid physique, gifted, reckless, erratic, and desperate. His manner of life was not commendable, but he compelled recognition as a gentleman. Frank Soule acted as Kemble's second. The matter was at length amicably arranged upon the field. Kemble was opposed to the duello as a code to regulate honor or test courage, but one had to fight then, or be disgraced in public estimation. He simply submitted to the requirements of community. On his separation from journalism in California, Kemble returned to New York, and there engaged in literary employment. Subsequently he received appointment of supervisory character in the Indian Bureau or Commission throughout the United States. His death occurred a few years ago. He lived in honor, and died with the respect of all who knew him, at an age whilst his faculties were in fair vigor. Pioneers of California revere his memory.

Edward Gilbert came to California, a Lieutenant in Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson's Regiment, in 1847. He was a native of Cherry Valley, Otsego county, New York, and there learned the art of printing. He went to Albany in early manhood, and in time became foreman of the *Albany Argus*, Edwin Croswall, editor, the leading Democratic organ of the state. He left that employment on the opening of the war with Mexico, to raise a company of volunteers. Subsequently he joined Stevenson's regiment. When E. C. Kemble consolidated the *California Star* and the *Californian*, by purchase of the latter, Gilbert became a partner and was made chief editor. At the first election under the State Constitution, November 13th, 1849, he was elected Representative in Congress, with G. W. Wright as his colleague. There were several other candidates for the place—among them Rodman M. Price and Pat Halstead, son of Chancellor Halstead, both from New Jersey. The price of printed election tickets was 5 ounces ($80). The *Alta* had the only printing office in California. The opportunity of unlimited printed tickets was not neglected by Mr. Gilbert, yet it is but simple justice to remark that his election over the most popular of his competitors was assured by his own greater popularity, as a volunteer and as a generally respected citizen. In cogitating the results of the election, Pat Halstead remarked that it was the first time that he perfectly comprehended how much was included in the common phrase of the "dear people." His pile was wasted in the vain endeavor to an election.

Mr. Gilbert started for Washington in January, 1850. On his arrival at New York, by Panama Isthmus route, he engaged John Everett Durivage to take editorial place on the *Alta*. Durivage was the son of an experienced journalist of Boston. He had held editorial position on the New Orleans *Picayune*, of Kendall, Linnsden & Holbrook, and had gained local celebrity as a writer of smart quality and brilliant *mots* during Linnsden's protracted visit to his old Kentucky home. Linnsden's satires soon spoiled the popular admiration for Durivage. He had found in Linnsden's room

in the *Picayune* office a scrap book filled with the vagrant notes and jottings of the gifted and genial Kentuckian, whose modesty had always restrained him from their publication. It was from this rich find of wit and charming satire, hitting off the foibles and humors of the day in Linnsden's happy strain and inimitable diction, that Durivage had been regaling the citizens of New Orleans. The courtly dignity and gentle temper of Linnsden were never departed from in his intercourse with any. The services of Durivage were no longer required upon the *Picayune* without note or token of dissatisfaction. He departed, and the treasures of the scrap book were no more made to supply the pleasing columns of the paper. They were preserved for the reflection of appreciative friends in the jocund and entrancing symposiums of Linnsden, Kendall and their chosen friends of fine intellect. Durivage was welcomed in San Francisco, and entertained as a personage of worthy note. He took his place upon the *Alta*, and the public expected the flow of humor in captivating language, the ornate diction of one versed in belles lettres, harmony of happy thought and felicitous expression. Manifestly the tedious voyage and the hardship of the Isthmus had affected his mental organization. Commonplace platitudes were strung into columns of most insipid verbosity, and his habit of condensation was to expand the volume and dilute the sense. His connection with the *Alta* continued only a few months. He returned to the East.

Frank Soule was a native of Maine. In early manhood he went to New Orleans and there entered the field of journalism. In 1849 he came to California. That year he was invited to a position on the *Alta* as editor, and accepted it. He filled it for many years, through the several mutations which force of circumstances wrought. He early represented San Francisco in the State Senate, with fidelity and intelligence, and won popular approbation. A Whig in political sentiment, he was not a strenuous partisan. He took early stand against the immigration of Chinese, and gave sound counsel and cast honest votes in matters relating to labor and capital. Soule was an earnest man; the strain of the demagogue was not in his manly nature. He was of warm and sincere friendship. There was no alloy to it. As a writer he was direct, and without ornamentation in his diction. The vein of poesy coursed in him, and he was fond of music, it inspired and thrilled him. He enriched and graced the paths of the Muse with sweet verse and noble sentiments. He made no pretension to oratory; but he was a ready and pleasing speaker used plain, simple words, and the least educated of his hearers understood him. Frank Soule's last labors in the stream of life were devoted to the *Alta*. He retired from it poor in the world's measure of the convertible tangible,— its pelf he had always disdained,— and he passed from earth with a clear record, and a conscience as clean as that of the infant who knows no sin.

James Winchester was a native of New Hampshire. He had learned the art of printing in his native state. As a journeyman he set type in the Vermont office in which Horace Greeley was apprentice. The two came together in New York city in the decade of 1830–40, and established the weekly *New Yorker*. It succumbed to circumstances. April, 1841, Greeley started the *Tribune*; Winchester wrestled for a living and for distinguishment in his craft. He succeeded in establishing a printing office. The novels of Eugene Sue were the furor of the period. Winchester conceived the bold idea of surpassing the Harpers in their publication. James Harper and Brothers had held undisputed the field of speedy publication of all works, foreign and domestic, for many years. Winchester entered the field against this

great odds. He secured the services of Henry William Herbert as translator, a rapid writer, English born and bred, a graduate of Eton, and quick and thorough in translating French. The Harpers had Williams as translator. He was an epicure, slow in work, heavy in flesh, deliberative in analysis, and incapable of hurry. He ruminated, while Herbert wrote in rapid manner. The proof sheets of Sue's works were transmitted by ocean mail in trans-Atlantic steamers, the Cunarders, — which made Boston their port. The struggle in New York was to get out the numbers in quickest time. Herbert's speedy translation and Winchester's crowding on of type-setters enabled him to precede the Harpers in the publication. He gained the open market, and won celebrity as publisher. He established the New York *New World*. Among the prominent writers of editiorials and literary matter were Park Benjamin, Thos. Dunn English, Fitz James, Edgar Allen Poe, and Epes Sargent. Eventually Charles J. Eames was appointed chief editor. The *New World* was a luminous weekly. Winchester lacked the strict business qualifications which ensure success. Reverses followed. Gold was discovered in California. He caught the fever, and in January, 1849, he and James B. Devoe, a printer who had been his foreman, took passage in the steamer Falcon for California, via Chagres and Panama.

Feburary, 1849, he became half-owner of the *Pacific News*, tri-weekly, and the only paper in California except the *Alta California*. In April, 1850, he was sole proprietor of the *News* and State Printer. He had an elder brother who was an adventurer, prone to chimeras, reckless and a leech. He extracted many thousands from James, in schemes of gold hunting and town settlements, in Trinidad and other portions of the coast. James became involved with Felix Argenti, a San Francisco banker, who drove him to the financial wall. He was forced to resign the State Printing. A partition of the *News* establishment into shares followed. He was badly embarrassed. He was competent to good editorial work, but he preferred to employ writers. The fire of September 17, 1850, prostrated him. He made heroic effort to recover from the disaster, and had succeeded beyond his own calculations, when the greater conflagration of May 4, 1851, destroyed the office and left him without means, and embarrassed. The *News* was resuscitated, in forlorn manner, and ceased to exist a few weeks afterwards. Winchester then embarked in quartz mining in Grass Valley. To this enterprise he was led by A. Delano, who had contributed to the *News* the papers signed, "Old Block." Delano was an enthusiast. He had written like a practical man. Winchester went to New York, secured backing to the amount of $80,000 from his former partner and devoted friend, Horace Greeley and two or or three others, and with this sum of capital built a large quartz crushing mill in Grass Valley. Ill fortune attended every step. His massive machinery for the mill, forwarded from New York and landed at Sacramento, never reached Grass Valley. It had come late in the Fall, and the rainy season made the primitive roads impassible. The teamsters were stalled with their prairie schooners in hauling it, and it was abandoned between Sacramento and Grass Valley. The end came, Winchester was bankrupt and without resource. All the contributed capital had been wasted. The mill was worthless.

Afterwards he engaged in San Francisco in a bakery to make bread by steam. The prospect failed. Later he retired to Tuolumme County, and there, in Columbia, a year or two ago, his life ended peacefully and with resignation. James Winchester was a man of great spirit and honorable. His ambition surpassed his discretion. He was generous, and habitually unmindful of considerations which

ought to have checked his generosity. While he had, he gave without stint. He was preyed upon, accordingly, and the recipients of his bounty turned upon him in his time of trouble. He was incapable of an intentional wrong to any, was prone to forgiveness of grievous enmitities, and without hatreds. His chief infirmity was lack of business methods, and thereby he failed and wasted. Of kind nature and admirable qualities of heart, he suffered from the evil and ingratitude of harpies and parasites, but never uttered wail or complaint. At ripe old age he left the world, with no stain upon his fair name.

John Nugent was a native of Galway, Ireland. He came to America in his youth. He was educated at a Catholic college in New Jersey. He obtained employment on Bennett's New York *Herald*, and in 1846, on account of his proficiency as a writer, was selected as Washington correspondent of that famous sheet. Under the signature "Galvicarsis," he wrote letters of surpassing interest. James Buchanan, Secretary of State, in the Cabinet of President Polk, took much interest in young Nugent. Of low stature, and lithe, delicate frame, with face smooth and fair as a girl's, he possessed the spirit of a hero, and was every inch a man. The war with Mexico absorbed the country. At its close was the treaty, succeeding that the more important protocol. Only the President, the Cabinet, and the Senate had information of its character. The people were most eager to obtain the purport of it. The Senate had considered it in executive session with closed doors, and the seal of absolute secrecy. It was a breach of sacred faith to disclose any of its conditions. On the very morning following its ratification by the Senate, the full text of the protocol appeared in the New York *Herald*. There was no telegraph — thus the mails from New York reached Washington by railroad, nearly two days in passage. The Senate was astounded at the publication of the protocol. Some Senator must have divulged the matter. Who was he? The Senate resolved upon investigation. Senator Westcott, of Florida, was suspected. The *Herald* correspondent must have been an accessory. Thos. Hart Benton, the dean of the Senate, was furious over the revelation. He was imperious and arbitrary. He prosecuted the inquriy. Nugent was committed to imprisonment in the crypt of the Capitol for refusal to disclose the name of his informant. Nugent had mailed the copy of the protocol to the *Herald*. He stubbornly refused to admit the fact.

He was kept on bread and water, in close confinement for several days for his contumacy. He submitted and made no token of complaint, resisted every effort to bring him to confession. Through the interposition of Secretary Buchanan he was finally released. The secret is no longer a secret. Senator Westcott, James Buchanan and John Nugent alone knew the means whereby the protocol was published in the *Herald*. Nicholas P. Trist, the negotiating diplomatist sent to Mexico, was not in the secret. In time it passed out of Senatorial inquiry, and when Robt. J. Walker, Polk's Secretary of the Treasury was asked in regard to it, his significant response was, "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Nugent came to California late in 1849. He came overland, from Texas, in a party led by Col. Jack Hayes — John Coffee Hayes — of Texan Ranger fame. Major Caperton was of the party. Nugent was given place as a clerk in the first Legislature under the State Constitution, at San Jose, December, 1849. June 1, 1850, he started the San Francisco *Daily Herald*, with Robt. D. Foy in partnership. Foy retired in July. Nugent made Wm. Walker, of subsequent Nicaragua fame, associate editor. Walker was a native of Ohio, and had in his early manhood practised law and en-

gaged in journalism in New Orleans. "Old Hayes," a veteran printer of New Orleans, a native of Pennsylvania, was in charge of the mechanical department. He was in time succeeded by John McComb, now Warden of San Quentin State prison. Levi Parsons was District Judge. He imprisoned Walker and sentenced him also to five years for writing in contempt of court. The people of San Francisco rallied as approvers and champions of Walker. Judge John Satterlee, of the Superior Court, discharged Walker on *habeas corpus*. The excitement ceased. Walker was the popular hero. Parsons soon after resigned, and Delos Lake was appointed to the place. Walker fought a duel with a young man, Carter, and received a wound in one of his feet. He retired from the *Herald*. Andrew J. Moulder was city editor. Edmund Randolph was a frequent contributor. In the spring of 1852 the auctioneers of San Francisco formed an association. They had been advertising in all the city morning papers, and resolved to save much cost, to confine their advertising to one of the morning papers — to be selected. The *Herald* was chosen as the Associated Auctioneers' paper. Edward Gilbert had returned from his term in Congress, and resumed his post as chief editor of the *Alta*, Kemble being his associate. A brief editorial in the *Alta* intimated that the *Herald* had secured the preference over the *Alta* of the auctioneers' exclusive advertising by underhand means. That day Nugent sent a note of inquiry, enclosing the offensive editorial, requesting information as to which of the editors were responsible for it. Mr. Gilbert, in response, acknowledged the paternity of the article. Thereupon Nugent had his friend, Hamilton Bowie, wait upon Gilbert, with a demand for retraction — to be published in the *Alta*. Gilbert refused to retract. A challenge from Nugent followed. It was accepted by Gilbert. The parties met upon the field. There Gilbert made the retraction, and an amicable arrangement followed, subject to certain conditions. Five notes had issued from Nugent, three responses had come from Gilbert. These were to be published first in the *Alta*, then copied by the *Herald*.

The morning succeeding the field meeting was the stipulated time for publication in the *Alta*. The next morning the *Alta* appeared without any reference in it to the affair. Ham. Bowie called upon Mr. Gilbert that day. The next morning the *Alta* published the whole correspondence, agreeably to the terms of settlement. It was noticed that from and after that time Gilbert was a changed man. He had before dressed neatly in broadcloth, in dress frock coat, vest and trousers, and wore a black soft felt hat. Immediately after the trouble he appeared upon the street, dressed in a grayish suit of coarse cloth, sack coat, vest and baggy trousers, with a low crowned, stiff brimmed drab hat, and always accompanied by the terrier dog of his office clerk. He rarely recognized any on the street, was reserved in his manner, and difficult of access in his office. The affair had manifestly affected him. This strange mood lasted until he met General Denver upon the fatal field at Oak Grove, Sacramento County, August 2, 1852. He had needlessly satirized Denver, refused retraction, accepted Denver's consequent challenge, chosen rifles as the weapons, and had his second, Captain Frank Schaffer, to secure in Sacramento the remarkably fine rifle of Dr. Burns Endon, which Denver, who was a noted rifle shot, had been accustomed to use in shooting matches. Denver had to borrow a rifle he had never before used for the encounter. He purposely missed Gilbert the first discharge, in the hope of a bloodless settlement. Gilbert insisted upon another shot. Denver then remarked, "I have gone to the verge of cowardice to avoid blood; I

am not going to stand here all day to be shot at." The second shot, Gilbert's ball passed wide of Denver. Denver's penetrated Gilbert. He sprang two feet above ground, fell heavily, and gasped. Only a suppressed moan escaped him. In a few moments he expired, looking up into the face of Frank Schaffer with a smile as of content. He was a brave man and a courteous gentleman, an honorable journalist, and estimable citizen in every quality. Nugent had the *Herald* in mourning on his death, and the newspaper fraternity passed appropriate resolutions of regret, honor and condolence.

During the Liedesdorff estate difficulties in the county court, of which Roderick N. Morrison was judge, a singularly caustic communication, directed at the counsel of Major Folsom, appeared in the *Pacific News*. The *Herald* espoused the Folsom side. Edmund Randolph was chief of counsel. John W. Dwinelle was chief counsel of the opposing side. Dwinelle was the writer of the offensive article. A note of inquiry as to the authorship from Randolph, was received by Winchester, admitting his responsibility; the name of the author he declined to make known. A challenge from Randolph followed; Winchester accepted it. The meeting was arranged for Monday morning. On Sunday, Dwinelle admitted the authorship, made ample apology, and the affair was eventually amicably settled.

In 1852 the proposition was made, to sell Tom Maguire's Jenny Lind theater to the city for a City Hall. It was strenuously urged by David C. Broderick. Nugent vehemently assailed the scheme in his *Herald*. John Colton was one of the aldermen who favored it. A scathing editorial in the *Herald* provoked Colton to demand retraction. Nugent declined to make it, Colton challenged him. The two met on the Oakland shore — then Contra Costa. They fought with Colt's revolvers. Nugent was shot in the left thigh, by neglect to stand square in position. The ball passed his right leg, and shattered the bone of the left leg. Nugent was for months confined to his bed, and was crippled slightly during life. Again, in the mid-summer of 1853, he fought a duel with Colonel Tom Hayes. A city convention to frame a charter was convened. Tom Hayes was a delegate. James Grant was also a delegate. Grant was supported by the *Herald* in a measure before the convention. Hayes was the leader in support of the measure. An editorial in the *Herald* violently attacked the parties to the measure. Hayes demanded retraction and apology; Nugent refused either. The challenge passed and was accepted. The two met across the bay. The weapons were rifles. Nugent was shot in the upper right arm, the ball shattering the bone. For months again Nugent was confined to his room. He and Hayes subsequently became close friends, and both endeavored in 1859 to prevent the duel between Broderick and Terry, in which Hayes was a second for Terry.

Nugent was a master of pure English and keen in invective. His humor was pungent, his satire of the vitriol quality. He disliked Governor Bigler, and his remark in the *Herald*, referring to the banquet to Governor Foote and General Wool, in 1853, at which Governor Bigler presided, that "his porcine Excellency grunted his anathemas against the Administration"—that of President Pierce —was example of his style. He opposed Broderick, and was not to be placated. He had sustained the Vigilance Committee of 1851, but vigorously assailed the Vigilance Committee of 1856. This opposition ruined the *Herald* and caused its death. After the civil war he resurrected it, but the times and popular sentiment had changed, and the venture could not be sustained. The evening of his life was not happy. He had married and children were born to him. But he was incapable to push ahead. He died

and was mourned. His *Herald* was at one period the ranking paper of California. It finally went out like a candle sputtering its remnant of wick. No parallel to its rise and fall has occurred in California journalism.

Ben Frank Washington was a Virginian. He emigrated to California in 1847 in company with Vincent E. Garjes and Dr. Wake Brierly, and a few others, overland. His first essay in journalism was on the Sacramento *State Journal.* Subsequently he was installed chief editor of the *Times and Transcript* in San Francisco, 1853, in which he continued until the collapse of the paper in 1856. He was a writer of sounding leaders and ponderous "crushers." He was greatly aided by Peter Lot, Superintendent of the Branch Mint, and by another. Charles A. Washburn was editor of the *Alta.* The great political struggle between Senator Gwin and Broderick was the absorbing theme. Washburn favored Broderick; Washington was the Gwin champion. Among Broderick's counselors was George Wilkes. A polished, caustic article of his in the *Alta* provoked Washington's ire. A demand of retraction was refused. A challenge was accepted by Washburn, who declined to reveal the author of the offensive article. Washington held hope that Broderick would avow the responsibility. He did not care to meet Washburn, as he did not consider him worthy in rank. They fought with rifles near San Bruno. Washburn received a slight wound in the shoulder. The parties were satisfied. Washington remarked it was like shooting at a tied bird. In 1857 Washington was an aspirant himself for the Senate for the seat to which Gwin aspired. Gwin was elected. President Buchanan appointed Washington Collector of Customs for the port of San Francisco. He held the office four years. Afterwards he was appointed State Land Commissioner. On the establishment of the *Evening Examiner* by Capt. Wm. M. Moss, he was made chief editor. He rallied the Democracy of California as no other man could. He lifted the paper into successful course, and was acknowledged leader of the party. He died in the fullness of his career. No other has equalled him in his field of political performance. Washington was of stalwart form, high stature, and noble proportions. He was an orator as well as writer —a natural leader of legions. Two sons and a daughter survive him. The Democracy of California reverence his memory.

These, above mentioned, comprise the early editors of California. They were the controllers of their own papers, as were the noted editors of the earlier period of the Republic, and of the later time when Gales and Seaton made the Washington *National Intelligencer* a distinctive power in the Whig cause; when Duff Green and afterwards Blair and Rives sounded the tocsin of Democratic supremacy, and proclaimed the principles of policy of Jackson in the *Globe.* These were national editors. Following came the State commanding sway of Thos. Ritchie of the Richmond *Enquirer*, of George D. Prentice of the Louisville *Journal*, and of Harney of the *Democrat*, of Edwin Croswell of the Albany *Argus*, and of Thurlow Weed of the Albany *Journal*, of Colonel James Watson Webb of the New York *Courier and Inquirer*, and Colonel Stone of the *Commercial Advertiser*, of Wm. Cullen Bryant and Wm. Leggett of the *Evening Post*, of Hale and Hallock of the *Journal of Commerce*, of John I. Mumford of the *Standard*, Levi D. Starnns of the *New Era*, Horace Greeley of the *Tribune*, John L. O'Sullivan of the *News*, Henry Raymond of the *Times*, of Isaac Hill of the New Hampshire *Patriot*, of Colonel Green of the Boston *Post*, and Buckingham of the *Courier*, of Rhett of the Charleston *Mercury*, of Wagoner of the New Orleans *Louisianian*, of Forsyth of the Mobile *Register*, and of the Knapps of the St.

Louis *Republican*. James Gordon Bennett in his *Herald*, revolutionized journalism, and of late years impersonality has prevailed with editorial writers in staff, to pursue the policy of the owners and publishers. The papers of a century ago gave only news and literary extracts. Opinions were not presented, policies were not discussed. The "Printer" was a kind of public reference, to whom all could apply without cost for the service he rendered. The old English law of libel prevailed in the colonies. It was harsh and arbitrary toward the publisher. Its force in America was broken by the brave stand of Peter Zengler of the New York *Journal*, 1734, whose case was defended by Andrew Hamilton, a close friend of Benjamin Franklin, the ablest of Philadelphia lawyers of his period, whose argument for his client and for the rights and liberty of the Press won upon the jury to return a verdict of "Not Guilty." The authorities of the Colony and the court and Attorney General were agressively against Zengler and his counsel; but the verdict of the jury determined the case. Zengler was acquitted. The Press of America was disenthralled. Milder and just laws have since succeeded to regulate the Press. Honest and commendable journalism does not transcend the law; that which is scandalous merits commensurate penalty, in degree as it outrages individual character, maligns any, and reflects disgrace upon the true dignity of the Press.

The Press of California has had its black sheep, but in the main it has been honorably and meritoriously maintained. The ranking editors have adorned and strengthened the guild; the leading newspapers are worthily conducted, and the writers, from the editorial rooms to the desks of the reporters, will compare with those of the great newspapers of the chief cities of the East, in every quality which elevates the Press and ennobles the conscientious and earnest journalist; which imparts to performance the encomium that fidelity and skill have been the auxiliaries to duty.

James O'Meara.

IN SEARCH OF A GOLD MINE.

THREE of us set out from McCullough's in search of a gold mine. We followed up Gold Creek, a large tributary of the Columbia river. Our tools, provisions, and blankets were strapped upon our backs.

We found an old bark canoe, and in this attempted to cross the stream. We put our things carefully in the bottom of the little vessel, and pushed off upon our hazardous voyage. The stream, though smooth and glassy at this point, had a strong current, and to avoid being carried down too far we paddled for a small island.

This we had nearly reached, and I was just saying to my comrades, "We'll make it all right, boys," when suddenly a wide slit opened in the thin bark. In a second our craft was filling with water.

I sprang into the stream, and finding that I could touch bottom tried to pull the boat ashore. Hill sat upon the bottom crying lustily that he was drowning. Holmes and I got the boat ashore, and speedily had everything upon the island.

We were wet through. Our provisions were water-soaked, a part of them ruined, and our canoe utterly useless. The island contained no logs suitable for a raft. We could swim ashore, but our tools and provisions would have to be left, and the whole object of the expedition would be defeated.

After repeated trials we found a spot where we could wade ashore. This done, we built a rousing fire, spread our blankets to dry, and then set to work building a raft. For this purpose we used dry hemlock logs, binding them together with strong willow withes. The next morning we crossed in safety, though carried some distance down the stream. Leaving the raft securely fastened to a young tree, we marched through dense groves of pine, hemlock and cedar. Signs of bear, elk and carribou deer were plentiful. Having no fire arms except a pistol, the only thing we managed to shoot was a grouse or two.

We followed up the stream for several days. The trip was extremely difficult and fatiguing. Now we were climbing along the steep face of the mountains, and now making our way through the dense forests by the stream. Yet we were buoyed up by the thought that we should soon find a rich mine that would reward our efforts.

The country was wild and grand. Splendid views of snow capped mountains, deep gorges, and dashing torrents were almost hourly seen.

Storms were frequent, and on two mornings our beds were covered with snow. One day a heavy rainstorm came on, and to protect ourselves we hastily stripped some bark from the hemlock trees and with it built a little hut into which we crept for shelter.

The storm continued for hours, and did not cease as night drew near. We collected some dead limbs, built a fire at the base of a noble cedar, cooked our supper as best we could, and then hurried back to our rude but comfortable shelter. Here spreading our blankets we lay down for the night.

Some hours later I was awakened by a tremendous roaring, and rushing out found the fire had burned through the shell, and the big cedar being hollow, the whole tree was on fire. Great sheets of flame were shooting from a hole fully eighty feet above us, and the black for est was brilliantly lighted by the mas of fire.

I saw the tree must soon fall, so calle to my companions to run to the base o the tree,—the safest spot. We ha barely gained this point when the fores monarch fell with a thundering crash fairly jarring the earth. It struck with in a dozen feet of our frail house, an some of the limbs pierced the bark cov ering. The rain still poured down, s we fixed our hut as best we could an again sought its shelter.

The next day I met with an adventur that came near ending fatally. W reached a divide in the mountains. Th region was rough and precipitous. Hug granite cliffs rose upon every hand, an the higher mountain summits were white with new fallen snow. Slowly w climbed from spot to spot over rocks an fallen trees, every moment getting higher amid the crags and cliffs, till a length the courage of Hill utterly failed

Finding it useless to argue with him I told Holmes to remain and I would g on alone. If it was possible to reach th summit I would shout for him, and h must induce our comrade to attempt th ascent. Hill begged me not to go, say ing I would surely be killed.

I made my way up the cliffs slowly bu carefully, now edging my way along th ledges, now digging my toes into th snow banks, and gradually nearing th top. I at length reached what I took t be the summit, but was disheartened t find a still loftier range of mountain just beyond.

Knowing that my timorous friend would never be able to scale their mighty sides I turned to descend. This I found more difficult than I had anticipated. I used every precaution, for it was a situation of the utmost peril. A single slip, and I would go over precipices hundreds of feet in height.

After descending some distance I at length reached a long, smooth drift of

snow, which I was obliged to cross to attain a point whence I could descend to my friends. This drift lay at a steep angle, terminating in a precipice seven or eight hundred feet high. Over this I was certain to be dashed if my footing gave way.

I picked my way carefully, testing each step and using my pick handle to aid my progress. I had crossed what I thought the most dangerous point, and was congratulating myself on regaining my comrades in safety, when suddenly a part of the drift gave way. The next instant I was shooting down with frightful rapidity.

I threw myself flat on my back. I dug my heels into the snow with desperate energy. I drove my pick handle deep into the drift, in hopes to stop myself. My efforts were in vain. I went faster and faster. Another instant would be my last. Thoughts of home and friends went like lightning through my mind. My whole life was reviewed. My heart throbbed painfully and a choking sensation came into my throat. I pictured to myself my two comrades finding my mangled remains at the foot of the cliff, and cried in agony, "God preserve me from this horrible death."

Almost as if in answer to my prayer my descent was suddenly and miraculously stopped. My feet struck against a projecting rock almost on the very brink. My foothold was so slight and precarious that it might give way at any moment.

I was partially buried in the snow that had accumulated about me. Into this I dug till the blood started through the skin of my fingers. I then little by little turned on my side, and after a time face downward, using great care all the time lest I should miss my footing and be dashed over the enormous precipice. I next worked my knees into the snow and in this position felt more secure, and lay still to stay the trembling of my limbs and lessen the throbbing of my heart.

At length I began inch by inch to creep away from the perilous position. After great exertion I reached the side of the drift and once more I touched the solid ground.

I now descended and joined my comrades. They were anxious at my long delay, and feared that some accident had befallen me. I related my adventure, and both rejoiced at my providential escape.

While we were descending the cliffs a lovely spot came into view. The snow near the foot of a giant cliff had melted, leaving a spot of bare ground. This was completely covered with a mass of bright scarlet blossoms. In the midst of these sat a snow-white ptarmigan, a bird of the grouse family. The scarlet blossoms amid the dark cliffs and white banks of snow formed a picture worthy the brush of the painter.

We continued up Gold Creek for two days longer, prospecting every spot that looked at all favorable, but found nothing satisfactory. We managed to kill a porcupine or two, but found the meat anything but savory.

Owing to the heavy storms the creeks were flooded, and we had to make our way along the face of the mountain. This was very tiresome, and our hands became a mass of sores from contact with a prickly shrub known as "devil club."

Mosquitoes, gnats, and sand flies filled the air, and we suffered greatly from their attacks. When we stopped at intervals to rest we had to build a smudge, and sit in a suffocating smoke to escape them.

At length we reached the point on Gold Creek where our raft was tied. We could save a walk of many weary miles by crossing here, but the stream was now swollen to a torrent, and it seemed foolhardy to attempt a passage. Without food, however, and suffering from the stings and bites of our insect enemies, we were willing to risk even our lives to reach our homes.

We drew the raft ashore, and tied to

it two additional logs for greater security. We now cooked our last flour, adding to it a little porcupine soup, put our blankets and tools upon the raft, and, using our shovels, pushed off into the raging stream.

The current had greater power than we imagined. It swept us down so rapidly that we had not the slightest command of our raft. We quickly realized our mistake, but it was then too late. We could gain neither bank, but were swept along at fearful speed. It was only a question of seconds till our raft would strike some obstruction, or be torn to pieces in the raging waters.

It did not take long to decide our fate. A short distance further on we saw that we would strike a small tree that had tipped over, but whose roots still held fast in the bank. This tree we all instinctively clutched as our raft struck it. The next instant the raft had upset and away went our tools and blankets. My poor hunting dog was thrown into the water and swept out of sight.

The tree held us, but our weight caused it to bob up and down in the water, and as I was at the outer end I was soon nearly drowned. The others managed to crawl ashore, and this lifted me more out of the water, and after a hard struggle I managed to gain the land.

Our plight was now pitiful. We were soaked to the skin, and had neither food nor blankets. Our wet matches were useless, and it was a march of nearly twenty miles to the nearest habitation. It was useless to wait, so we set forward at once.

We all grieved for the poor dog, who had been almost a companion to us, and when we heard her bark on the bank of the stream it was a most welcome sound. The poor thing had been sadly beaten and bruised in the waters, but had escaped with her life.

We walked as fast as possible under the circumstances, but it was many weary hours ere we reached any signs of civilization. We had long ago given up all thoughts of gold mines, and so rather laughed at Holmes when he stopped a moment in crossing a small stream — to examine the gravel.

The next moment he gave a shout, and Hill and I ran back to see what was the matter. The instant I saw what he had in his hand I gave a cry of joy, for it was a piece of gold worth several dollars. Where that came from, others must be found.

We got down upon our knees and made a careful search. It took but a few minutes to ascertain that the little stream was filled with precious metal.

We forgot hunger and fatigue. We paid no attention to the fast descending sun, but dug with our hands and gathered the lumps of gold till each had many hundreds of dollars. Then we set forward once more, and by ten o'clock that night reached a house, where we obtained food and shelter.

The next morning we bought an outfit from the man who owned the place, and hastened back to locate a mine that in a few weeks made each of us rich. It was worked for years, but after making a snug fortune out of it we sold our title, and Holmes and I returned to California.

Though our search for a gold mine was a long and hard one, yet we were amply rewarded in the end, and never had occasion to regret the perils and adventures we encountered.

S. S. Boynton.

MRS. GILMORE'S DIAMONDS.

I WONDER if you have heard the story? If you were a member of the American Colony at Paris along the early part of 1867, I will warrant that you have the whole tale, with any number of additions and distortions, on the tip of your tongue at the present moment, and are itching to tell it. Mayhap, even if you did not happen to be in Paris that spring, you have heard the story or something like it, for it was in the papers for months, and you might well have seen something of it. But, *ma foi*, when did the papers ever get anything right? They made a mess of this to a man — for I take it that most papers are run by men, though you would sometimes think far otherwise. Well, well, here I am, getting on backwards, and at this rate you will never hear of the beautiful Mrs. Gilmore and her handsome husband, the stout Colonel, — let alone knowing anything of the diamonds I have started to tell you about. So just let me take a fresh sheet and begin again.

The first thing to explain is, how I came to be in Paris myself; and I can tell it in two words: — The Exposition. At the time I speak of I had gotten pretty well along in years — having that color of hair to my head that made my poll look like a soiled cotton-ball — and had begun to think of taking life easy. With this idea in my noddle, I asked my wife how it was to be done. My wife had always done pretty well in the advising way — barring that there was a little too much of it — so when she said "Europe" and "the grand Paris Exposition," I was well inclined to carry out her plan. But this was the time she missed it. Lord! if I had only known what sort of a place Europe was for taking your ease, I would have gone out on the road and shoveled sand instead of going there. If you think of going away from home to take things easy, listen to my advice, and Don't. But all this is neither here nor there to the story I was going to tell you. Bless me! how the pages do spin out, and I begin to think I shall never come to the story at all.

Well, — to cut matters short, — we crossed the water and got to Paris safe enough, except for being sick as horses on the way over — though why horses I don't know, for I never saw horses sick at all, let alone being as sick as we were, — and were hunting lodgings till we dreamed of nothing but climbing unlimited flights of stairs, and misunderstanding everything that was said to us. But by dint of talking very loud and motioning with our fingers till I was all out of breath and patience too, we found our station in life up the third flight, over a shop where they sold a little of every thing, in a house in the Rue de la Paix, where on account of not knowing any French we were cheated, to the best of my belief, at least ten *frongs* a week on the board, besides the waiting which was extra.

We found the lodgers there mostly Americans, though the landlady was French with an advertisement that she spoke English; but if she didn't understand it any better than she spoke it, it was small good she got out of our conversations. There were two fat gentlemen with a slim wife apiece, and a short young man with pop-eyes and a light mustache, and a tall man with a hook-nose and a quarrelsome wife, besides a mother-in-law who lorded it over him with a shrill voice to that extent that he told me in confidence, the second day I was there, that he had a mind to jump off the Column Vongdome, which wasn't very far from us, if it was not for the

police; and he solemnly warned me by my gray hairs never to travel with his mother-in-law. Bless your heart! travel with his mother-in-law indeed! I would as lief travel with a Bengal tiger whose temper had been soured young. Besides this Mr. Corbett, with his quarrelsome wife and his Bengal-tiger mother-in-law, there was an American widow that ought by all means to have been French considering the way she larded her conversation with French phrases, till neither Frenchman nor American could understand her without the constant aid of a dictionary of the two languages; also there was an Englishman at the *pension* — though why it should be called a *pension* I could never find out, not being up to that extent in French logic, for we all paid handsomely for our board and lodging, — who seemed to feel that he was in the wrong boat; and two Frenchmen who pretended to speak English, which pretense was very much like the landlady's advertisement.

In the course of a week, though much put out by the eternal French gabbling — of which we could make neither head nor tail, though I am sure I studied that nonsensical Ollendorff in a manner quite wonderful to think of at my age,— we got nicely settled down in Madam Bougival's *pension*, and had become the bosom friends of everyone there,— notwithstanding my suspicions that the two Frenchmen were on the lookout for stray American valuables, and the Englishman being rather offish,— when we were put on the tiptoe of expectation one evening by the arrival of two trunks, a veiled lady, and a tall gentleman, who immediately sought their rooms.

Madame told us that they were Americans, which put us still more on tiptoe, for all Americans were considered as godsends, except by the Englishman, who, as I will ever believe, looked on us as savages on good behavior, but likely to come out in war paint at any minute. Madame Bougival made such dreadful work of their names that for four-and-twenty hours we were under the impression that they called themselves Gimlet; which, when Corbett said that it augered ill, was like for a time to create some unpleasantness, till he begged pardon humbly. But on the second day, when they came down to the five o'clock dinner and afterwards to the drawing room, we found them to be Colonel and Mrs. Gilmore, late of the United States army, New York Volunteers.

There wasn't a man of us at Madame Bougival's that wasn't in love at first sight with the beautiful Mrs. Gilmore, nor was there one of us that wasn't inclined to think the Colonel a conceited ass, except in regard to choosing a wife, and to wonder how he got her. She was perhaps a trifle tall for my idea of what a woman should be, and her eyes were — though I regret to write it — green; but she had such a willowy grace of movement, such a brilliant complexion, such silky yellow hair, and talked so charmingly, that the other women had mostly to shift for themselves while she was around, for not a man came near them except in the way of politeness or not being able to get a word with Mrs. Gilmore.

My wife and I had our first quarrel for years that night, over that complexion, which she persisted in declaring was bought at the druggist's, and got too huffy to speak when I laughed at her for saying so. Jealousy, bless your heart! It's born in women, and they can't help showing it. I should have begun to think that my wife wasn't fond of me at all, and had repented of her bargain after thirty years' trial of it, if she hadn't said something of the kind. I had a twinge of conscience, though, when I looked on the gray head beside me that I remembered when it was brown; but I let it twinge to show my dignity, and felt as mean as though I was robbing a church while we didn't speak for two days.

I can tell you the beautiful Mrs. Gil-

more got no mercy from the women. If she had a shred of reputation left her after that first evening in the drawing room it wasn't their fault, I'm sure; and the curtain-lectures that the husbands got on her account were no doubt enough to make one's hair stand on end, and throw Mrs. Caudle in the shade entirely.

I talked with the Colonel a little, off and on, but as he didn't seem to know of anything but horses, and dogs, and cards for stakes, while it is as much as I can do to tell one from the other, let alone being an expert in them, our conversation generally came to an end in a minute or two with his chewing his mustache and looking very military. He left all the talking to his wife, and she did the honors for the family in fine style.

The drawing room at Madame Bougival's livened up wonderfully after her coming, and a number of the other Americans in Paris got into the habit of dropping in of an evening. But with all the fine gentlemen that came, she kept her sweetest smiles for a lodger at Madame Bougival's, and that lodger — I blush even now as I write it — was none other than myself. I was the favored one in conversation; my jokes received the heartiest of her silvery laughs; and when she languished her beautiful green eyes at me in her most sentimental manner, my goose was cooked, if you will excuse the slang. I was her willing slave and humble adorer. When the young bucks that came around began to look at me as though they would like to boot me but for my gray hairs, my happiness was complete, for I knew as well as any philosopher that it was the last sign of a complete social success.

It was my first experience as a lady-killer. I had got close on sixty without ever thinking of such a thing, being wrapped up in business and not in society; for in my first trial at being agreeable, when I courted and won my wife — being then an overgrown youth who didn't fit well into his collar — I was very much in earnest, and not at all deserving of the epithet, as I take lady-killing to be a frivolous amusement for the sake of killing time, too.

My success at this time of life made me very puffed up indeed, though my wife did her best to keep me down by some very vigorous speeches that might have been a caution to a younger man; but I was old enough to laugh at them, which always put her out. There's nothing like a laugh in the right place to manage women. They can stand anything but that.

"You're an old fool, Samuel Dobinson," she said one night, when she got me well night-capped and the lights out. "You're vain enough to think she's in love with your looks or your talk or what not. But I know the hussy better. Do you think a woman like that would take up with a fat old pork-packer like you — old enough to be her father — if she didn't have something to gain by it?" I'm not a pork-packer, by the way, though I have handled a good deal of it in my day, for I had a good shipping and commission business. "There's her husband, ten times as handsome as you,"— which was putting it rather strong, in my humble opinion,— "and if she was wanting a good-looking man, she'd stick to him. But I can tell you what she *is* after; and that 's your money. It 's my opinion that there's a plot between her and her husband, for he just leans against the wall and watches your carryin's on, as though she was somebody else's wife instead of his'n. You're going to be gulled out of a lot of money, and you deserve it, for being such a dratted fool as to run after a hussy like that one. The idea, at your age!"

Jealousy again, bless you! the women wouldn't be women without it. I laughed, and pretended to go to sleep, but I couldn't help thinking that I was an old brute, though I wasn't going to lower my dignity by telling my wife so. Be-

sides, I meant no harm by my little attentions to Mrs. Gilmore, which were indeed of a fatherly kind, being old enough, as my wife had said, to be her father; and if her husband didn't object, I saw no reason why my wife should make life a burden to herself and others by taking on in this way, for the Lord knows traveling is vexatious enough from the distractions of foreigners, without your own family turning loose on you with an improvised hurricane. And having worked myself up into a virtuous indignation, with these and a regiment of other reasons very like them, until my conscience left off twingeing on account of being smothered, I suppose, I turned over and went to sleep with the resolve to be kind but firm with my wife, and to pay what attention I pleased to Mrs. Gilmore.

So when Mrs. Gilmore, the next day I think it was, asked me out to drive with her, I bowed my politest, and said I was only too happy. She was good enough to invite Mrs. Dobinson, but Mrs. D. was indisposed, or said she was, and went up stairs, as I verily believe, to bury her woes in the bosom of Corbett's mother-in law; for it was all over the American colony before nightfall, that old Dobinson was playing the fool to the beautiful Mrs. Gilmore, and neglecting his own wife shamefully. O, these women, and these women's tongues! Why is it that they must rattle on so? There must be a demon of talk in them, that steals away their brains; else why is it that they must bring out their family skeleton from the closet, where it had far better lie hidden forever, and rattle its bones before the eyes of any tattling gossip that pretends a moment's friendship? But so it is, and why so, it would take a Solomon to tell, for I can't. But here I am wandering again, just as though I hadn't caught myself at it before.

Well, to return to my story, the three of us drove out, for the Colonel went along too, and we had a merry time, though the Colonel's part of the conversation was mostly limited to "haw, haw!" when Mrs. Gilmore got off a good joke, or my stories had any point to them.

This was only the beginning of a series of drives that I took with Mrs. Gilmore — sometimes with the Colonel and sometimes without, though it made but little difference whether he was there or not, for an occasional "haw, haw!" even with a fine mustache to set it off, is not much missed from such a brilliant conversation as Mrs. Gilmore could carry on. We went to see most of the places of interest about Paris — which you can find described with much inaccuracy in any respectable guide book,— and even the Emperor of the French; though he was entirely too puffy-faced to make much of a show, and waxed his mustache so stiff that he looked like a toy soldier, which indeed, when you come to think of it, he was.

Mrs. Dobinson was almost always asked to go along, but she perjured herself to the extent of always being indisposed, which is known as a white lie among the ladies; and not to have her miss the sights nor neglect her, as you might suppose, I took her out to see them myself, and sometimes with Corbett's mother-in-law, though you may believe not oftener with the latter than I could help, and usually getting into difficulties from not knowing French except the Ollendorff, which is not well adapted for conversation unless for a French class in America — certainly not in Paris — and having an occasional altercation with a door-keeper or a cab-driver, carried on very loud in our respective languages, and with much waving of arms on account of my being a free-born American citizen, and not to be imposed on by any chattering foreigner like the French.

One day, — it might have been three weeks or more after Mrs. Gilmore had

done me the honor to prefer my society to that of more brilliant and slenderer bucks, for such had I begun to regard myself,—she did me the further honor to ask me out to drive for the twenty-somethingth time, and I accepted with thanks for the same identical number.

We three, for the Colonel was along, bowled merrily away from Madame Bougival's *pension* in the Rue de la Paix, and took our way to the Bullyvard des Italiens,—though there were no Italians on it, but principally Americans and English, besides the French who were to be expected; but everything in France goes by contraries, even to pronouncing their words one way for the sole reason that they are spelled in another,—this being a polite thoroughfare and the place to see the most Americans, as well as to be seen, which last was one of Mrs. Gilmore's weaknesses.

The Colonel was more than garrulous on this occasion, and told me a long story of a wonderful "dawg" he had owned, without any point to it, which I found very wearisome to listen to with a well-bred smile on my face as politeness demanded; so I was much relieved when he decided to stop at the Club, and left me in full possession of Mrs. Gilmore and the carriage. We had driven on a few minutes without speaking, till we came to a quieter street, when Mrs. Gilmore looked up in my face with her eyes brimming with tears and said:

"You have perhaps wondered, Mr. Dobinson, why I have been so silent," which indeed I had not, being taken up in the first part of the ride with wondering when the Colonel would finish up the dog, and after he left with wondering why he told it; but I lied so much as to say that I had been much concerned at her silence.

"Indeed, Mr. Dobinson," she continued, encouraged by my manner which was quite paternal, "it is hard to laugh and be merry when one's heart is full of trouble. You would never suspect it from my husband's manner, but we are in sad difficulties." And then she burst out crying, and shed a number of tears on my shoulder.

I was at a loss what to do, not being accustomed to the situation, except in early domestic life, which manifestly would not apply here; but I assumed the paternal air to a greater extent than ever, and soon brought her round quite calm to tell what her trouble was.

"You are so good and kind," she said, "that I hoped I might confide in you. But you know how people are about other people's troubles. But you aren't like other people." And she smiled at me through her tears.

I assured her that *her* troubles could never be a matter of indifference to me; whereupon she told me with many sobs and sighs that the remittances the Colonel had ordered his New York bankers to send to Paris had not come to hand, and they were threatened with a French prison as swindlers if a certain sum was not made by tomorrow. And then she went on to explain how a remittance was certain to come, at most by return mail, as the Colonel had written about it the day before, but they might be in terrible straits in the meantime. And having said this and much more to the same purpose, she buried her nose and her troubles in a scented pocket-hankerchief.

What could I do? What would you have done sir, you who read this, if you had been a benevolent old gentleman of my years and fortune? I suspect you would have done just as I did, had you been with the beautiful Mrs. Gilmore at that moment; and I asked how much she wanted.

"Vang sang song frong," was the reply with a sob, which I was proud to know meant nearly five hundred dollars.

Within fifteen minutes we had driven to my bankers in the Rue Lafitte, cashed my cheque for that amount, and the money was in Mrs. Gilmore's hands. Don't blame me too much, good people. Let

me do myself the justice to say that I never expected to see the money again, and then admit that at least I was not a fool. If I am to make this confession complete, I must say that I felt fully paid for the "vang sang song frong" when Mrs. Gilmore impulsively kissed me when I put it into her hands, and then begged pardon for it, though I was willing she should do so as often as she pleased.

You may be sure I said nothing to my wife about this incident, for she would not only misunderstand my motives — not taking kindly even yet to Mrs. Gilmore — but would even say "I told you so," referring to the curtain lecture before quoted, which is the one thing in life that can spoil my temper, except a dinner badly cooked or behind time; but I made up for it as a sort of penance, by leaving Mrs. Gilmore to the young fellows that evening and devoting my attention to my own wife, which, though you may not believe it, was so gratefully accepted that she was almost in tears. At this my conscience began to twinge again, but I was far from wishing Mrs. Gilmore to think me offended about the "vang sang song frong," so I was back in her train next day.

The Colonel did marvelously well at pretending ignorance about that financial transaction, which I have no doubt he was party to with his engagement at the Club for that very purpose; but I have since had reason to suppose that he was an old hand at the business, notwithstanding the fact that he was called as handsome as Apollo, though to my mind rather stout for the character, and Apollo never being represented with a fierce black mustache, so far as I have seen.

And now, my dear sir, or madam, I am coming to the part of my story that was in the papers, though garbled to that extent in most cases that its own mother, if it had had one,— would scarce have known it except for a few strawberry marks, so to speak, but even these finally disappeared in the Western papers.

Everything went on as usual for nearly a week longer, except that at the end of that time I overheard the pop-eyed young man tell one of the stout gentlemen with the slim wives that if he was Gilmore he "would horsewhip that old fool, for all his gray hairs," from which I inferred that he meant me, and felt rather uncomfortable in consequence; besides having my Irish raised, in spite of my age, at being called an old fool. But I stifled my anger, so as not to compromise my dignity, and when Mrs. Gilmore asked me to drive out with her that afternoon I smiled, and accepted the same as ever, not to have my conduct influenced by the envious and tattling gos sips, male or female.

The Colonel was indisposed, she told me, and would have to keep to his room for the day, but she would do her best to make up for his absence — bless my soul! just as if she wasn't as entertaining as twenty of him, talking of horses and "dawgs" and cards for stakes all at the same time, which was of no more interest to me than the gabbling of the Frenchmen.

Mrs. Gilmore had seemed much pleased over something, and when we got fairly started she told me that their remittance had come, and she was ready to take up the little pink-scented note she had given me, which was much of a surprise to me, being something I had never expected. She was so elated over the arrival that she told me she was going to buy some jewels she had long set her heart on, and would I go with her while she bought them, unless such things could be of no interest to a man?

"Nothing that you do could be without interest for me," was my gallant response, and she directed the coachman to drive to a certain jeweler's shop in the Rue Neuve Saint Augustin, I think it was, though I have no head for French names, so it might well be another,— kept by a Monsieur Auguste Carret, as

we were informed by the lettering on the window.

M. Carret received us effusively, was enchanted to re-see Madame, whom he had evidently had dealings with before, and carried on at a rate that no one but a Frenchman would think of doing, unless in the bosom of his family. The brooch, he was enchanted again to tell her, was repaired in a most heavenly manner, and he would be happy for the remainder of the day if Madame would have the extreme condescension to look over his stock; whereupon Madame smiled most bewitchingly, and said she would not only do herself the honor of looking over the stock, but had made up her mind to buy him out; at which piece of pleasantry M. Carret was enchanted for the third time.

M. Carret's shop was a modest one in size, but as he dealt almost exclusively in ornaments set with precious stones, which glittered from all the cases in magnificent style and any number of colors, my eyes were quite dazzled, though I do not by any means set myself up as a judge of jewels, being quite as likely as not to be taken in with paste for the real article. Nevertheless Mrs. Gilmore appealed to my judgment on every purchase, and I took care to agree with her in every instance, which I doubt not firmly established her opinion of my good sense.

But the extent of her purchases was an astonishment to me, who had loaned her a paltry five hundred dollars only the week before. There was a single *bandeau* set with diamonds, which alone was worth over seventy thousand *frongs*, though she jewed him down to sixty-seven thousand; and a necklace that made my eyes pop out as big as saucers, for forty thousand *frongs;* a chatelaine for twenty-five thousand; and a carcanet worth as much as the necklace. I began to have a much better idea of that remittance.

She saw my saucer eyes, and said in explanation: "You are surprised, Mr. Dobinson, to see me buying so much jewelry. But you won't think me so foolish, when I tell you that most of it is for friends in New York."

I made some gallant answer, but my eyes didn't get much smaller, when I thought of the "dem'd total" she was piling up.

She was very particular about each piece, and examined the jewels and the workmanship of the setting with so much care, that M. Carret pronounced her a "charmante et habile bijoutière." She had brought with her a small bag of yellow leather, such as ladies were in the habit of carrying, and not wishing to be burdened with the cases, she placed the valuables in there, one by one, as she decided to take them. This seemed to to make M. Carret a little nervous, and he looked anxiously and regretfully at each of the jeweled trinkets as they disappeared; and well he might, for when Mrs. Gilmore announced that she was through, and locked the yellow bag, I made a rough calculation that there was not less than two hundred and fifty thousand *frongs* in it.

Mrs. Gilmore laid the bag on the counter before her, and began to get her head in a muddle with the long column of figures she had set down as she made each purchase. The more she worked over it, the worse muddled she got, till at last I came to the rescue with the offer to help her out, for I had been head over ears in figures ever since I could remember.

I had scarce started up the first column when a man came into the shop and asked the price of a pair of sleeve buttons in the window. I thought I had heard the voice before, but being very methodical in matters of business I didn't look up till I had finished the column. His back was turned to me and he had on an overcoat — which was quite noticeable as the weather was mild — but it gave me a start to observe that

the back was an exact fac-simile of the back of Colonel Gilmore, at that moment indisposed in his room at Madame Bougival's *pension.* I suppose I made some exclamation, being much startled at the coincidence, for the man turned around, when I saw that it was not Colonel Gilmore at all, but some other person with a bristly yellow mustache, and mutton-chop whiskers of the same color, instead of the Colonel's shaven face and long black mustache.

I went to work again, and by the time I handed the paper back to Mrs. Gilmore, the man had gone out — without buying anything, I believe. The total amount as I added it up, and as M. Carret added it up, was 261,320f., for which amount Mrs. Gilmore drew a check and tendered it to M. Carret.

"Pardon, Madame," said M. Carret with a low bow, and a look at the leather bag as it lay locked on the counter, "it ees one règle of ze établissement zat ve nevaire takes ze cheque." And then he went on with the thousand and one excuses that a Frenchman always has on the tip of his tongue, though I couldn't make out more than the half of them on account of his speaking part in French and part in English. He was desolated; he knew that the Madame's word was as good as her bond, her cheque as good as the cash; but it was a rule that could not be infringed, though it gave him the most exquisite pain to refuse anything that Madame offered him.

"Very well," says Mrs. Gilmore with her sweetest smile. "Don't speak of it. I'll go and cash the cheque myself." And she started for the door, looking her handsomest.

I was going with her, of course, but she stopped me.

"I 'll have to ask you to wait here for me, Mr. Dobinson," she said, appealingly. "I wont be gone longer than I can help. And then, M. Carret is *such* a deceiver, that I must have some one here to see that he does n't sell my diamonds." And then with a silvery laugh and a bewitching smile, she tripped out.

"I 'll draw your vang sang song frong at the same time," she said, as I handed her into the carriage, and with a second promise not to be gone long she drove away.

As I went back into the shop, M. Carret was putting the leather bag into his safe, which was a French affair and not at all up to the American standard, so that I verily believe I would have no trouble in "cracking" it myself, though having no professional knowledge of the business whatever.

M. Carret was very voluble in his French-English, that he was proud of airing for my admiration, I suppose, and asked me a thousand questions about the "belle Madame," which I answered to the best of my ability, until some other customers came in, and M. Carret gave me a French newspaper to puzzle over, with everything thrown in topsy-turvy and the news left out.

The minutes were ticked away by M. Carret's staring-faced clock, and at last got to be an hour; and no signs were to be seen of Mrs. Gilmore. M. Carret, after mentioning the fact that she was a long time gone, took out the yellow bag and felt of it, evidently finding the valuables there by their shapes, for he heaved a sigh of relief, and began to talk to me of "les drôles Americains," who were always doing things that no one else would think of. My free-born spirit was at once up in arms to think of having such a thing said by a pickaninny Frenchman the size of M. Carret; but he mollified me immediately by saying, "Mais ze womens Americaines are trés belles," which gave me a much better idea of his judgment.

So the time went on, and I began to get nervous as well as M. Carret, and between us we were at the door every minute, for the hands of the clock had long passed the dinner hour at Madame Bougival's, and I knew my wife would

be in conniptions, besides having to take my dinner at a restaurant, which was always a trial to my soul on account of the language, and never knowing what you are eating.

At last, sometime near sundown, when I had been at least three hours wondering what on earth could have happened to Mrs. Gilmore, and thinking of my wife's state of mind, which must have been dreadful, expecting nothing less than an elopement, and in an agony of doubt whether to go to the Paris police headquarters or to Madame Bougival's, M. Carret cut the Gordian knot by taking the leather bag out of the safe and slicing it open with a knife.

"*Mon Dieu! je suis ruiné!*" I heard him cry. It is no exaggeration to say that his face was white as a sheet, but he was standing in that comical attitude I never yet saw outside of a theater except here, grasping his hair with both hands and staring at the leather bag.

And well had he cause to stare and tear his hair if ever man had yet, for the bag contained nothing but wood and wire imitations of the jewelry he had sold to Mrs. Gilmore.

I believe I was as pale as he, and stood staring there with my mouth and eyes wide open, for it was evident that my beautiful Mrs. Gilmore was an accomplished thief and swindler. It came over me then like a flash that the man in the overcoat *was* the Colonel after all, in disguise, and he had changed the bags while M. Carret was getting the sleeve buttons from the window.

I tried to speak a word of consolation to M. Carret who had not stirred, but I had much better have held my tongue.

"A-ha!" he cried, as his attention was thus called to me. "You, *au moins*, s'all not nevaire escape me. You be one confeder-r-r-ate!" And before I could say Jack Robinson — though I had no call to make any such remark — he had called in a *gend'arme*, and was telling his story as fast as he could, jabbering French with his tongue and his fingers too.

I spent that night in a French jail, with the privilege of sending a note to my wife to let her know I wasn't dead or eloped, as a relief from anxiety.

I won't weary you by telling how I got out of the clutches of the French police, but get out I did by having my character extensively sworn to, though they were very unwilling to let me go, for neither word nor wink could they get of Colonel Gilmore and his wife. M. Carret, as they told me, was "desolated," as anyone might well be who had lost a cool fifty thousand dollars at one swoop; but he never, so far as I know, heard of his jewels, nor of the clever swindler that got them.

When I was rescued from the clutches of the police, I made a clean breast of it to my wife, not omitting the "vang sang song frong," but she cried very much and forgave me like an angel, whereupon I took to my bed and didn't leave it for three weeks.

The puffy-faced Emperor opened the Exposition with much hallooing and firing of guns while I was flat on my back; and as I knew that the American Colony in Paris was on the broad grin over my being taken in, for even the "vang sang song frong" leaked out somehow, I settled my bill, as soon as I could stand up, and posted off to Rome where they hadn't heard of it. And from that day to this I have never seen nor heard of the beautiful Mrs. Gilmore and her handsome husband, the stout Colonel — who was no more of the United States army than I am.

If you want a moral to this tale, and my white head seems to demand some such thing: add my experience to that of Mr. Weller, Sr., and beware of all women, however fascinating, that don't belong to you.

E. A Walcott.

THE QUEEN OF THE BLACK AMAZONS.

"WHY California?" asked an early contributor to this magazine, and the question still has its interest to old residents as well as to new immigrants. We shall not turn in vain to the historian of the State for the consideration of this subject of so much controversy. The graphic Tuthill, writing in 1865, says (p. 13), that the meaning of the word "California," and the circumstances of its application to the land we live in, was not to that day a settled matter. Then he goes on to state the various theories of the origin of the name, mentioning first the views of Venegas, the Jesuit historian, who thinks that some word of the Indians having a similar sound was mistaken by the Spaniards as the designation of the country, though investigation showed that the Indians did not so call it. Attention is then given to the views of others, who have supposed or guessed that the name was deliberately framed by the Spaniards from the Latin *Calida fornax*, a hot furnace. But Tuthill declares that this is improbable, as the Spaniards were not in the habit of manufacturing names by any such classical process; nor, as he suggests, were men who were used to the heat of Acapulco likely to speak of any portion of California as a furnace, in comparison with that oven of cities.

Such pithy criticism has not, however, prevented Professor Marcon, ridiculed by Bancroft (Vol. 1, p. 67), from insisting in his pamphlet, issued by the government as late as 1878, upon this very derivation of the name, from the fact that Cortez and his companions found the land like a fiery furnace, or hot as an oven. He pays tribute to the conqueror of Mexico, as a man of learning, who was at once strongly impressed with the singular and striking climatic differences, and who appropriately classified these Mexican regions according to the degrees of heat experienced therein! But a different explanation of this derivation, of which frequent mention is made, is that it was suggested by the sweat-houses or hot ovens used by the Indians.

A variety of other conjectural derivations have been founded on the sound of the word. Thus, if coming from the Spanish or Latin, it might, according to some theories, mean "vaulted cove" or "resin"; if from the Greek, "beautiful woman," "moonshine," "fertile land," "adultery," or "new country,"—a most embarrasing choice of etymological riches: if from the Indian tongue, "high hill" or "mountain," "native land," or "sandy land beyond the water." More reasonably, it might come from the Spanish or Arabic words meaning "successor" or "caliph." Mr. Archbold (OVERLAND MONTHLY, Vol. 2, p. 440), suggests Calphurnia, Cæsar's wife, which is certainly not above suspicion. Bancroft (Vol. 1, pp. 66, 67), after collecting these suggestions, curtly dismisses the question of the origin of the word as not being an historical subject, "nor one of the slightest importance." "What brilliant etymological theories," he remarks with pungent satire, directed at all the tribe of philological guesses, "might be drawn out by the name Calistoga, if it were not known how Samuel Brannan built the word from California and Saratoga." Evidently the historian would have no patience with the extended attention which had been given by Cronise, in his "Natural Wealth of California," to the plausible derivation, on the ground of similarity of sound from Kallifornium, a familiar German name for a species of gum. What then shall be said of the fact that

it is not many months ago that Mr. Archibald Forbes, an old pioneer, devoted a couple of columns in one of the daily papers of San Francisco to showing that the name meant "vaulted cove"? All these views would seem to be now superseded by Mr. Hale's discovery of the appearance of the name, as descriptive of a fabled island in one of the romances of the days of chivalry. Tuthill, without taking note of this new discovery, which ought at the time he wrote to have been generally accredited, states that the name first appears in the account of one of Cortez's expeditions, written by Bernal Diaz, who applied the name only to the Gulf. From this it seems to have spread, he says, to include all the region that Spain claimed northward of Mexico on the Pacific, or west of the Gulf of California. According to Bancroft, however, this was not even the first mention of the name by the early discoverers of the land, but was preceded by that in Preciado's diary of Ulloa's voyage down the Coast in 1539. Six years earlier, Jimenez, who discovered the peninsula supposed to be an island, applied no name, so far as can be known; while Cortez himself, landing two years later at this grand place with a colony, named the port and the country adjoining Santa Cruz from the day

But in 1862 the source whence the discoverers obtained the name was found by Edward Everett Hale, the accuracy of whose theory, according to Bancroft, no intelligent man will ever question. The latter says (Vol. 1, p. 66) that an old romance, the *Sergas de Esplandian*, by Ordoñez de Montalvo, translator of *Amadis of Gaul*, and printed in Spanish perhaps in 1510, and certainly in editions of 1519, 1521, and 1526, mentioned an Island of California on the right hand of the Indies, very near the terrestrial Paradise," peopled with black women, griffins, and other creatures of the author's imagination. It is pointed out that the number of Spanish editions would indicate that the book was popular at the time of the discovery, and it is further noted that Bernal Diaz often mentions the *Amadis of Gaul*, to which the *Esplandian* was attached.

Hittell (Vol 1, p. 51) transcribes a passage from the romance, which reads thus "Know that on the right hand of the Indies there is an Island called California, very near to the terrestrial paradise, which was peopled with black women without any man amongst them, because they were accustomed to live after the fashion of Amazons. They were of strong and hardened bodies, of ardent courage and of great force. The island was the strongest in the world from its steep rocks and great cliffs. Their arms were all of gold, and so were the caparisons of the wild beasts which they rode after having tamed them; for in all the island there is no other metal." The opinion is thereupon expressed that this romantic fiction likely gave rise, in great part, to the idea of the prevalence of gold in California.

The romance describes a land distant ten days' journey from the province of Ciguatan, rich in pearls and gold, and inhabited by women only, who, however, were visited by men at certain seasons, and the resulting female progeny retained, while the male offspring were sent away. This strange story was brought to Mexico from Colima by Gonzalo de Sandoval, and transmitted by Cortez to the Emperor. Hittell further says (Vol. 1, p. 52) that the romance and the report, together with the supposition that the country was an island and not far distant from the Indies, doubtless suggested the name of California, and rendered its application natural and easy. He suggests that Cortez may have used the attractive and romantic name to buoy up the hopes of his disappointed adventurers, who had not found this the land of promise. He concludes that this at least seems, upon a fair examination of the imperfect records that have survived, and a careful

consideration of all surrounding circumstances, to be the most plausible explanation of the name of California as applied to the country.

It should be remembered that Edward Everett Hale, who has been characterized as "fortunate" in discovering the source of the name, is no historian or antiquarian devoted to dry research, but the well known and clever writer of ingenious stories in which fiction so closely follows the form of fact that one is even apt to think his discovery an invention. It should also be borne in mind that *Amadis of Gaul* is a romance of chivalry, the most prominent of the multitude of those productions against which Cervantes's "Don Quixote" is directed.

An interesting abstract of the romance of the *Deeds of Esplandian* was published by Mr. Hale in the "Atlantic Monthly" for March, 1864, (Vol. 13, p. 265) under the title "The Queen of California." From this delightful account, interspersed with lively sallies of wit and fancy, it appears that in this island called California there were griffins which the women captured and "fed with the men whom they took prisoners, and with the boys to whom they gave birth"; and "there reigned in this island of California a Queen, very large in person, the most beautiful of all of them, and in her thoughts desirous of achieving great things, strong of limb and of great courage, more than any of those who had filled her throne before her." She heard it told that all the greater part of the world was moving in an onslaught against the Christians at the Siege of Constantinople, so she set out with a great fleet and five hundred griffins. It is stated that this Queen Calafia and her women wore their armor of gold, "all adorned with the most precious stones, — which are to be found in the island of California like stones of the field for their abundance." But when the griffins were let loose they seized Turks as well as Christians, and flying in the air with them let them fall to destruction. So these indiscriminating beasts were caged again. Then the Queen sallied forth leading her attendants, using her great knife of which the blade was more than a palm broad, and receiving terrible blows from noble knights upon her very strong and hard shield. Later Queen Calafia, together with the pagan Sultan of Liquia, sent a challenge to Amadis of Gaul, King of Great Britain, and his son Esplandian, Knight of the Great Serpent; but her messenger, a black and beautiful damsel, richly attired, brought back such a glowing report of the handsome and elegant person of Amadis that the Queen determined to see and talk with him before fighting him. So she went to the Christian camp without arms, and in the dress of a woman, all gold and jewels. She was adorned with a gorgeous turban, and rode on the strangest animal ever imagined in fable.

Then the rays of the beauty of Amadis entered her eyes and penetrated her heart, so that she was broken by her amorous passion, "as if she had passed between mallets" of iron.

Yet she resisted, with great pain, the feelings which she had subjected to her will, and expressed her design to conquer Amadis in battle, though at the same time praising his great beauty. But he made no reply to her, because she was an amazon and an infidel. In the contest he refused to strike her squarely because she was a woman, yet finally he overcame her, and she and her women, and the Sultan and his army, were taken prisoners. When she saw the nuptials of Amadis with the Infanta of Greece, she had no more hope of him whom she so much loved, so she turned Christian and accepted the hand of a cousin of Amadis, while her sister wedded another Knight, and they all set sail, and met with strange adventures too numerous to relate.

Such is the outline of this yellow-covered novel of the day, as drawn from the more extended translation of Mr.

Hale, who says that his explanation of the source of the name has been accepted by the antiquarians of California. But he has not generally received credit for his discovery as he deserves, and the story is here retold.

IN THE PRIME OF THE BUFFALO.

Of very recent years a great deal has been written concerning the rapid disappearance from the American continent of the buffalo.

Thirty years ago millions of the great unwieldy animals existed on this continent. Innumerable droves roamed, comparatively undisturbed and unmolested, over a vast belt of the public domain, both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, and west of the Missouri river. They were scattered in countless battalions from the sandy, arid steppes of the Llano Estacado (staked plains), on the south, to the British possessions on the north. True, the Indians slaughtered thousands annually for their supply of winter's food; but so rapid was the natural increase that the destruction was promptly made good. If the buffalo had had no enemy besides the red nomads of the plains, they would never have become extinct, as is now literally the case. Many thousands have been ruthlessly and shamefully slain every season for the past twenty years or more by white hunters and tourists merely for their robes, or in sheer wanton sport, and their huge carcasses left to fester and rot, and their bleached skeletons to strew the deserts and lonely plains.

So persistent and general has been this remorseless slaughter, that but very few specimens of these picturesque creatures have survived. In fact, it is claimed that none of the species can be found in a native state roaming east or west of the precipitous declivities of the Rockies. What few now survive will, probably, within a few years vanish, and not a single buffalo remain to tell the story of complete and total annihilation on American soil.

As so much has been said and written about "The Last Buffalo," a short sketch regarding the first of these animals may not prove uninteresting to readers who feel an interest in the hopeless fate of the great American bison.

My brief sketch is of an immigrant train, while accomplishing the long and perilous journey from the angry waters of the "red Missouri," to the remote Willamette Valley of Oregon. The exciting incident of which I speak especially, occurred during the early part of the summer of 1853.

After weeks of constant travel, the train, numbering some fifty wagons and about three hundred souls, had just reached the eastern limits of that vast stretch of the American plains known as the "Buffalo Range." This was near the Arkansas river, and after the train had been winding along the timberless banks of that tortuous and tawny-colored stream some days.

Melting snows in the remote mountain fastnesses where the Arkansas finds its source, had caused that water course to become much swollen, in many places overflowing its low shelving banks, and inundating wide adjoining tracts of land. Hence the tawny color which has sometimes given it the name of the "Nile of America," as at some seasons of the year it rolls its yellow floods over sandy beds toward its far away Gulf home.

Buffalo sign had been observed for

several days back, and an old trapper and prairie guide, who had been employed in piloting the train across a portion of the journey, said they were liable to come in sight of a drove at any turn of the route. This sign consisted of buffalo chips, myriads of tracks, and very numerous wallows. Readers who are acquainted with the habits of the American bison know that he is as fond of rolling and wallowing in the damp, soft soil as swine, especially at certain times of the year. This disposition to roll increases as the weather grows hotter. Following in the wake of an immense drove of these nomadic ruminants, one may see thousands of these huge wallows, or holes, scattered all over the face of the plain.

These wallows and the other unmistakable traces of the presence of buffalo had been very frequently encountered by the westward bound train. To every man, woman and child of the company, with the exception of the old guide, the buffalo was a strange, wonderful creature — an animal revelation. All had read about or heard of these prairie rovers, but none had ever seen a living specimen. Fancy, then, the curiosity and wonder at the prospect not only of catching a fugitive glimpse of one, but of seeing an almost countless drove—from one thousand to ten thousand. The trapper pilot assured us that the train was just as likely to roll in view of twenty thousand as of twenty. In fact, these creatures were exceedingly gregarious, and generally moved like a vast army in great herds, marching and grazing to the northward or southward according to the season. Herbage of every description and grass melt away before such a voracious host, which, not unlike a cloud of greedy locusts, leaves behind only a blackened, trampled, and barren plain.

Expectation had for several days been strung to a high tension, and every eye swept eagerly the far-off rim of the horizon whenever the top of an eminence was reached by the slowly moving train, in the hope of seeing a herd. Only a treeless expanse of rolling plain, interspersed here and there with a clump of slender, graceful osiers, and scattered "mottes" of timber rewarded each time the eager search.

A sweltering, but not breezeless afternoon in June. For two days the old and dimmed immigrant road (in fact a mere trail) had been along the bank of the Arkansas, and very near that sand-laden stream; but early on the morning of the day in question, it had made an abrupt *detour*, leaving the shallow and sullen river to the left or south.

For some miles the road wound through an open stretch of undulating country. Luxuriant grass clothed the plain like green velvet carpet, and scarcely a tree rose in view. In many places there were great expanses, covered thickly with flowering plants. They looked wonderfully like enormous flower gardens, cultivated and trained by the hand of man. Millions of brilliant flowers — scarlet, pink, vermilion, purple, and yellow — blossomed in wild profusion, and the air was full of intoxicating fragrance, as they waved gently to and fro in the soft afternoon wind. Thousands of large butterflies with gorgeously colored wings hovered over the moving sea of verdure, and the ear was soothed by the droning hum of unnumbered bees and other insects. The delighted eye, so long accustomed to the weary monotony of sandy plains, sterile rocks, and sere prairies, roved with restless delight over the enchanting scene, and the fragrant and delicious summer wind made every breath an inspiration indeed.

Through this lovely sea of verdure and flowers the immigrant road passed, winding around and over occasional swells of ground, ascending and descending the gentle slopes.

Just ahead of the moving train rose a prolonged hill, higher than any yet crossed by the road, and shutting out

from view the limitless sweep of the country beyond. The old guide had pressed forward and reached the crest of the ridge, several hundred yards in advance of the train. Suddenly he was seen to rein in his tall, rawboned nag, and gaze for a few moments in an opposite direction, and then, turning his face toward the approaching train, to swing his old, greasy, coon-skin cap above his head; at the same moment he gave several lusty cheers, waving his hand significantly toward the west.

Although much jaded, the teams were urged forward to the summit. Meantime, those on horseback and on foot hurried forward. All these on reaching the crest joined the guide in cheering and making other joyful demonstrations. Soon the mystery was explained, for a loud cry of "the buffaloes" passed rapidly from lip to lip.

Stretching away for many miles from the western base of the hill was a plain, as level and unbroken as a sleeping lake. Far, far as the limit of human vision extended was scattered a vast drove of the long and eagerly expected buffaloes. To count such a herd, or even to guess approximately their number, was a task about as hopeless as to compute the leaves of a great forest. The ground was literally swarming with them, and their dusky, shaggy, grotesque bodies, thickly mingling and blending, scattered away indefinitely into the misty distance, until like a black cloud they faded away into earth and sky at the remote line of the horizon.

Each huge creature was in restless motion; some browsed on the luxuriant herbage; some wallowed in the moist earth; some gamboled, or engaged in playful contests. A subdued, continual roar was heard arising from the moan-like bellowing of the countless drove. The hoof-strokes of myriads of feet also produced a dull, heavy sound, which, combining with the other noise, reminded one of the distant lash of the surf on a rock-bound coast; only there was no ebb and flow — the sound was unbroken. The endless movements of the herd were as kaleidoscopic as the tossing of the troubled deep.

On both sides of the road this mighty host grazed, browzed, wallowed, and played, totally unconscious that human eyes were gazing on the scene. It was a spectacle that filled every breast with varied emotions — wonder, surprise, curiosity, apprehension (for all had read about or heard of the fearful stampedes of buffaloes), not unmingled with awe.

For nearly an hour the train halted, while all gazed on the never-to-be-forgotten sight. At length the sloping shadows warned the immigrants that the hours were fleeting, and the afternoon far advanced. There was neither wood nor water in sight, and some miles must be traveled before a suitable camping place (so necessary in making the great pilgrimage to the West), could be reached.

Headed by the guide and a party of mounted men the train moved forward, and passing down the western slope of the hill resumed the journey. The wagons and loose horses and cattle were driven as compactly as possible, while mounted men rode along each side a short distance from the line of the wagons. A strong mounted guard also brought up the rear.

Slowly the train moved onward, like a gigantic serpent winding across the plain. Half a mile was passed, and still the vast herd played and fed unmindful of the approaching enemy. The nearest outpost of the herd was still half a mile distant.

A gentle breeze was blowing westward, and very soon the train was "winded" by the nearest buffaloes. These quickly tossed up their wild, shaggy heads, sniffed the air suspiciously, uttered a peculiar snort and bellow, and, after taking one glance at the wagons, wheeled around and beat a retreat.

Scarcely a minute passed before the alarm spread with the rapidity of wild-fire. Seeing those farthest east running, thousands of the buffaloes turned their shaggy frontlets in that direction, only to smell the enemy, and instinctively catch the spirit of the panic. As the road led amidst the drove, the frightened animals pressed to the right and left, leaving a wide open space, reminding one of the swinging asunder of a mighty portal.

Now the panic became general, and rout and confusion prevailed. The scene was one baffling description. Like the ebbing of a tremendous tide, the countless throng receded. Nothing could be seen as far as the eye could reach but one surging mass, black as night, moving like gigantic billows; while the loudest peal of thunder seemed insignificant in comparison to the confused trampling of numberless hoofs. Even the continuous roll of heavy ordnance was not more deafening. Earth trembled as if smitten with the throes of a volcanic eruption, while the very air seemed to quiver from the tumultuous tread and trampling of the vast drove in its wild, disordered flight.

As the panic spread it grew each instant more impetuous and intense, until no human power could have checked or turned aside the animals in their precipitous and fearful stampede.

During this time the train continued to advance very slowly. Strange to say, none of the loose stock attempted to make their escape and join in the stampede.

The rear line of the retreating herd moved farther and farther away. Finally, only a somber line, that each minute was growing dimmer, could be perceived low down on the horizon; the tumult of the thundering hoofs was dying away on the air, and was like the voice of the sea breaking on a rocky coast.

Ten minutes later the receding dark streak had faded from view, and the dull rumbling had mellowed down to an almost inaudible murmur, and soon died away in the distance. That mighty host of creatures had apparently vanished into thin air.

Onward the train moved silently across the somber and trampled plain, which now looked like a newly plowed field of boundless expanse. The blue shadows crept slowly toward the east, magnifying the wagons and teams into gigantic proportions of shade. Not more than two hours of daylight remained. The sun's fiery disc was near the great treeless and shrubless horizon, while purple shadows could be seen gradually rising far off, and obscuring the glory of the summer's sunlight. Darkness would soon settle down over the vast solitudes of the plains. With voice, and more cogent whip, the teams were urged forward, for as yet no welcome camping-place hove in sight.

Suddenly a very small drove of buffaloes, (probably not more than twenty in number,) were seen bounding with their unwieldy, uncouth movements over the prairie. They were advancing at the top of their speed. They came from the south, and had doubtless swum the swollen Arkansas but a short time before, as their woolly hides glistened wet in the red rays of the low June sun.

When first seen, they were heading directly for the moving train, which stretched more than two hundred yards along the road. But suddenly, perceiving the white canvas tilts and singular vehicles, they came to a summary halt, tossed up their grostesque heads, sniffed the air suspiciously, uttered a sort of moan and bellow, and swerving to the eastward resumed their wild, heedless gallop, passing to the rear of the train. This herd was composed principally of cows and yearlings.

To a number of young, impulsive Nimrods, the temptation proved too

strong to be resisted. Being well mounted and well armed, several gave a spirited chase.

By running at an angle, they were able to partially head off the animals, and soon came within easy rifle range. Loud above the sound of shouts and clattering hoof-strokes, the keen, whip-like detonations — *spang, spang, spang,* — of the American rifle were heard. The weapons were handled by skilled hunters. Before a dozen shots were discharged, four young buffaloes were seen to drop in their tracks. The rest of the drove plunged forward with accelerated speed and sullen bellows, and in a few minutes had passed beyond the range of the enemy's guns.

A brief halt was called. A feast of fat steaks was too delicious a prospect to be postponed by people whose meat diet had consisted solely of bacon (Old Ned) for weeks past. The buffalo meat was such a novel dainty, too, that it was not within the power of human nature to resist the temptation.

Matters were speedily arranged. One of the wagons was quickly emptied of its contents, and two stalwart and "firm" mules were exchanged for the plodding, patient ox team. Half a dozen of the young men were detailed to remain behind, to skin and cut up the carcasses of the dead animals, load the wagon, and then press on and overtake the team.

With these instructions and arrangements the signal was given, and the train once more took up its westward line of march. An hour's steady travel, and soon the glint of water — which proved to be no *mirage* of the plains — flashed in the rays of the setting sun. Presently the yellow flood of the Arkansas was descried a few miles to the southwest. Toward that stream, now doubly welcome, the course was directed. The silvery reflection was a most gratifying vision to the hungry, thirsty, and travel-worn band of immigrants.

Just as the sun was disappearing behind the range of mountains that now rose to view far, far to the west, and the gloaming was rapidly falling over the prairie world, a dark line was perceived, for the first time, a few hundred yards ahead, bisecting the road nearly at right angles. On a near approach it proved to be a narrow belt of timber, densely skirting the banks of a small *arroyo.*

This stream, only a few yards in width, was swift, rolling over a bed of white pebbles and sand, and its waters were clear as crystal and almost ice-cold. Its source was in a range of low, heavily timbered hills that trended away some miles to the northward. A quarter of a mile south of where the road crossed the beautiful brook rolled the sullen and turbid Arkansas, into which the little tributary poured ceaselessly its limpid waters.

Here, then, was the wearied traveler's oasis — plenty of wood, pure water in abundance, and a profusion of nutritious grass for the jaded beasts.

Bright fires were soon blazing along the border of the timber, spreading a cheerful glow and warmth on the cool evening air, and casting fantastic shadows where the flickering light of the flames was thrown far back and lost in the depths of the heavy foliage. The hungry and thirsty cattle were turned loose to drink and graze, horses and mules tethered, and sentinels posted to prevent surprise from some chance roving bands of red men, and to keep the stock from what was always to be feared — a stampede. To the immigrant, constantly surrounded by seen and invisible perils, caution becomes an instinctive habit.

Preparations for the evening meal had been begun, when the party left behind with the wagon reached the camp. Their arrival was hailed with loud cheers and general rejoicing.

What a season of feasting followed! How the fires roared, and sent out broad

streaks of flame into the deepening darkness of night. How the men sang, chatted, and laughed over the prospect of a glorious feast. How huge rib-roasts, to say nothing of juicy porter-house, sirloin and round steaks, melted away and disappeared down the voracious throats of the travelers. It was a real oasis in the great desert march across the continent, keenly enjoyed, and vividly remembered for long years by the participants in that camp feast.

Midnight had come before the banquet was ended, and the fatigued immigrant ready to seek repose in slumber. Less than an hour later every soul, except the vigilant sentinels, was locked in the strong but tender embraces of slumber.

Midnight bivouac on the great American plains thirty-five years ago! The full June moon had risen soon after the sun had sunk behind the distant mountain edge, and from her station high in the eastern heavens was pouring forth a flood of soft, silvery light. The vast expanse of prairie solitude was bathed with the unreal radiance, and slept tranquilly under the all-embracing night. A sense of mysterious loneliness brooded over Nature, which did not fail to impart its weird coloring to the rapt dreams of the sleeping and the thoughts of the waking.

How strong were these nocturnal influences, and yet how indefinable and subtle! The night wind toyed with the deep green foliage; the *arroyo* murmured plaintively over its white, gravelly channel, fretted by the many abrupt turns of its winding bed; from far over the ghostly plains came the mournful hoot of the ground owl, mingled with the distant howl of the coyote, and the sharp bark of the ever watchful prairie dog; the shrill chirp of the night cricket, the cry of some startled bird from the leafy depths of the woods skirting the rivulet near the sleeping camp, were heard at brief intervals, blending with other sounds, softened by distance. Nocturnal voices, known only to regions remote from civilized life and isolated from human habitation, filled with strange whisperings the dull ear of the night.

Under the moon's light the Arkansas river looked like a broad ribbon of burnished steel, while its subdued voice fell gently on the sense of hearing as it rolled turbulently over its sandy bed, or chafed against its low, shelving banks. To complete the picture, the distant summits of the Spanish Peaks were plainly visible, their snow-capped crests gleaming with a pale, spectral light, and coldly reflecting the midnight moonbeams.

All in that camp slept soundly, oblivious of the lonely surroundings — of moon, prairie, brook, river, mountain, grove, beast, or bird; all enjoyed the brief, sweet repose that followed the first, but by no means last, feast on buffalo humps and steaks.

By sunrise the next morning the camp was astir; breakfast was hurriedly prepared and quickly dispatched, and soon after the train was stretching like a great winding snake across the plains — moving towards the Golden West, so rich to the weary, plodding immigrant in hope and promise that were yet to be fulfilled.

J. M. Baltimore.

ARE THE FRENCH CAPABLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT?

THE political condition of France in recent years has been contemplated in this country with serious concern. It is perhaps merely a sentiment that leads us to look with unusual sympathy upon the efforts of the French to establish in the heart of monarchical Europe a permanent and prosperous republic, but it is a sentiment that moves us somewhat deeply. We feel a certain proprietary interest in the republican idea, and with a reversal of our attitude regarding commercial and industrial ideas, we desire to see other nations adopt it and profit by it. There is abroad in this country a conviction — an eminently patriotic and almost justifiable conviction — that the republican form of government approaches perfection so closely as to present the best possible form for all countries and all peoples. Familiarity with our own government is apt to blind us to the demands that such political institutions make upon the mass of the people, and we forget that a people must attain a certain degree of development before they are capable of self-government.

Are the French capable of conducting democratic institutions? The establishment by their own free choice of a republic upon the ruins of the empire by no means suffices to justify an affirmative answer. The continuance of the republic in apparent prosperity for fourteen years [1] is no more conclusive on the subject. The recent history of France has shown that the French are dangerously near the border line; that it is even yet an open question whether the republic has been built upon a firm foundation. The Latin impetuosity of the French people, and in no less degree their surviving monarchical ideas and traditions, are a constant menace to the permanence of existing institutions. The genius of their history during the last century has fostered in them the idea of a one-man power, than which nothing could be more antagonistic to republican institutions.

We should always bear in mind that the republic was established by its enemies; that they framed the constitution, and with the single idea of facilitating a return to a monarchy or an empire.

Throughout the brief period of the republic's existence they have formed an active faction openly devoted to its overthrow. They might at one time perhaps have won the day, had they not been so hopelessly divided among the various monarchical and imperial pretenders. Menaced as it has been by the so-called Conservatives on one side, and by the socialists on the other, it is surprising and gratifying that the republic has not only continued to exist, but has even grown in strength. But the mistakes of its enemies have protected the republic not less than the mistakes of its friends have menaced it. The elevation of Thiers to the presidency was the first serious mistake of the reactionists. They counted on his support when the time came to return to a monarchy, and were disappointed in it. His efforts, supported by the party of the Left Center — at that time representing the intellectual element in French political life — established the republic upon a foundation which has hitherto proved too solid for them to undermine.

The reactionist group has seen political France steadily drifting away from them. They were on the verge of despair, when a new element came into the field to give them hope. The errors of the Republicans had steadily weakened

[1] From the adoption of the Constitution in 1875.

their hold upon the country; their inability to satisfy the extravagant promises that they had made, and the still more extravagant expectations of their supporters, had raised a discontent that only lacked opportunity for its expression. Boulanger furnished that opportunity, and about his standard the forces of discontent rallied. The dissatisfaction was supplemented by the one-man idea; the long expected savior of the country had appeared. The reactionists — united now in opposition to the republic, calling themselves the Conservative Union, with a strange inability to perceive the humor involved in the name — joined with the new enemies of the republic. For a time the existence of the government was seriously threatened. "Dissolution, revision" was the cry of the day, and the government was forced to submit a plan of revision of its own.

Floquet was then head of the ministry, and presented a scheme for revision which showed a singular lack of appreciation of the essential demands of the situation. The overthrow of Grévy had completed the movement that had been continuing for some time, and placed the supreme legislative power in the Chamber of Deputies. The popular house of the legislature is always the emotional branch of the government. It is always carried away by the passions of the moment, and needs the steadying influence of the upper house and the executive veto. The executive veto in France was merely a suspensive veto, and therefore at best but an inefficient check; but the overthrow of Grévy removed even this restraint. Since that time the Chamber of Deputies has had full sway and has run riot. The personal element has asserted itself; ministries have been overturned on unimportant questions to be succeeded by new ministries differing from them only in their personnel, and destined to be in their turn overthrown after a few weeks or months. The dignity of the government has been thrown away; the respect of the people has been destroyed.

It was to remedy this state of affairs that the Floquet scheme of revision was proposed in October of last year. The provisions of the scheme that would affect the difficulty were as follows: The presidential powers were to be left undisturbed, except that the power to dissolve the chamber, now resting in the President and the Senate, was to be abolished; the Chamber, instead of being renewed entirely every four years, was to be a continuous body, one-third being renewed every two years, and senators were to be elected at the same times and for the same term; the legislative power of the Senate was to be limited to a suspensive veto; any bill passed by the Chamber in which the Senate refused to concur was to be referred to vote of the people at the next biennial election. The provision removing the Chamber somewhat from the influence of passing popular excitement by making it a continuous body was the only one calculated to remedy the evils complained of in any way; the other provisions were certain to aggravate them by giving the power more exclusively to the Chamber. The scheme was defeated, and Boulanger was placed in a stronger position before the country than before. The necessity for revision had been admitted by his opponents; their inability to prepare a suitable plan had been proved.

The prospects of Boulanger were most flattering, the outlook for the Republic was correspondingly dark, when the High Court of Justice commenced its examination into the charges against the General. But the developments of the trial were unexpectedly damaging; his own conduct disgusted the French sense of dramatic proportion, and bombastic manifestoes from Brussels and London could not throw a heroic glamor over the details of his flight. The people had supported Boulangism rather than Boulang-

er, and they dropped away from him now the more easily on this account. The local elections for Councillors General came, and Boulangist candidates were nominated in eighty districts chosen solely with reference to their supposed friendly attitude toward the General. Only one-eighth of these candidates were elected; the Conservatives gained 489 members, the Republicans, 949. Boulanger was disastrously defeated, the danger had passed away, and the approaching general elections were contemplated with much more equanimity.

Still the political atmosphere was not entirely cleared. The monarchists were still active, the Boulangists were yet in the field. The issues in the local elections were different from those involved in the election of deputies. The Monarchists, despite the evident discredit into which Boulanger had fallen, continued to act with him. The Comte de Paris issued a manifesto calling on all friends of good government to support the coalition candidates and overthrow the republic, and Prince Victor issued a similar address. The manifesto of the Comte de Paris really made clear to the looker-on how far France has advanced in the last few years. Its tone, which would have been accepted as perfectly natural and proper a short time ago, now had a forced and almost humorous effect in its confident assumption that the people only awaited an opportunity to return to the monarchy. Indeed, the monarchists seem to have felt the indifference with which the utterances of their leader were received, for just before the election Paul de Cassagnac, the inveterate foe of the republic, announced in the *Autorite* that the monarchists were not fighting for a change in the form of government, all they desire is "a change of men who hold the reins of government, and to make the policy of the republic a more conservative policy." Other leaders of the anti-republican coalition followed with similar utterances; it was evident that they were experiencing an incipient panic.

With matters thus pointing so strongly in their direction, the government would not have been Frenchmen if they had not made a mistake. Boulanger had been found guilty of treasonable practices, and a decree of banishment had been entered against him. In spite of this the government, in the exercise of a rather doubtful authority, granted him permission to stand for election in the Montmartre district. They supposed that he had been so discredited that an election was impossible, and the permission was intended as an expression of contempt. But to the surprise of the government he was elected, and they were placed in a rather serious dilemma. To permit him to take his seat with the decree of banishment hanging over his head was manifestly impossible; to withdraw their permission at that late day was equally impossible, and would, moreover, render them ridiculous. In this difficulty they shifted the responsibility to the bureau of revision, and that body declared that the general was not properly elected. Had the popularity of Boulanger not been so effectually extinguished he would have been looked upon as a martyr, and the republicans would have lost considerably by the mistake.

The general result of the elections, however, has been most gratifying to the friends of the republic. The indications of the local elections were more than carried out in the general elections that followed. The old Chamber was composed of 170 Conservatives, 25 Boulangists, and 389 Republicans. The Republicans were however divided into a number of groups, which acted in opposition to each other on nearly every important question. The Opportunists and Radicals, the two strongest factions, were almost equal in strength, but the members of the former group were again divided among themselves, and thus no ministry could count on the support of an

effective majority. In the general elections 215 Republicans and 159 Monarchists and Boulangists were elected, while 186 re-ballotings were necessary. These re-ballotings are necessary because of the provision of the French election law which requires a candidate to receive an absolute majority of the votes cast before he can be elected. In case he receives only a plurality, a new election must be held on the second Sunday succeeding the announcement of the result. It is a peculiar illustration of the thrift of the French people, that the election law requires all elections to be held on a Sunday, in order to avoid devoting a working day to that purpose.

The striking feature of these first elections was the number of prominent men who failed to gain an election. Jules Ferry, the leader of the Opportunists, was absolutely defeated; three members of the ministry, including Floquet himself, were either defeated or failed to gain the necessary majority. Among the Republican leaders, Goblet, Maillard, Joubert, Constans, Yves Guyot, and Lockroy failed of election. On the other hand, the Republicans gained in the election of Leon Say, who resigned his seat in the Senate to stand for the Chamber.

Another result of these elections was the weakening of the Radicals, who had formed the most prominent faction in the Chamber during its last days. They were expected to have gained more than any other faction, owing to the fact that they held the administration in their own hands, and this counts for more in France than it does in England or in this country. But the elections showed a gain rather among the conservative Republicans.

In the re-ballotings the Republican candidates who had received a small vote at the first balloting were withdrawn, and stronger candidates took their places, the law permitting the new balloting to include new candidates as well as the old ones. By this means the Republicans gained 134 in these second elections, while the anti-republican coalition gained only 52. The colonial deputies, who are in reality only nominees of the administration number 16, and therefore the new chamber will contain 365 Republicans and 211 Anti-republicans, 50 of the latter being Boulangists. Rochefort and Boulanger are both among the defeated candidates, however, and therefore in spite of the gain in numbers but little activity may be expected from this group thus deprived of its head.

The Republican's have lost in numbers, but this is only an apparent loss, for they have gained in compactness and unity. By separating into factions they may continue the present unstable condition of the government, but the determined opposition that they have met and overcome in the recent elections renders this more improbable in the future.

The most promising incident of the campaign is the election of Leon Say. He is the best financier in French public life, and the financial management of French political affairs has been the weak point. He is also a statesman of ability and conservatism, and devoted to the welfare of the republic. Already there are indications that the more influential members among the Republicans will gather around him in the formation of a Liberal Union party, and in such an organization there is great hope for the Republic.

It is even yet too early to answer the question with which we started out. The French people are learning to govern themselves, and their advance must necessarily be slow. But the manner in which the recent elections were conducted, the order and quiet which presented such a contrast to some of the earlier elections in France, the decided support that the Republic has received from the people, the drift of power from the Radical to the Conservative wing of the Republican party, the rejection of

the demand for revision, and the acquiescence in the defeat of Boulanger — these things are full of promise for the permanence and prosperity of the French Republic, and are gratifying to all sympathizers in an honest effort for good government by the people of any country.

F. I. Vassault.

THE INLY LIGHT.

TRANSPARENT not, yet is this flesh
Translucent; 'tis a veil,
Not cowl.
Or like a tent's thin mesh
(Not monastery's wall) the hale,
Sweet thought it veils, lest, nude,
Love lose her chastity;
But darkens not in solitude —
Love hath humanity.

In hushèd inward quietude,
Thou, in thy pilgrim's tent,
In sacrifice of self, or "unhewed"
Altar, low wast bent
Alone.
One — lost in outer night —
Beheld, through thy thin clay
Soft shining, thine inly altar-light; —
Went, saved! on her love-lit way.

William H. McDougall.



MR. BODLEY AND THE DRAGON.

I.

"CRYSTAL CREEK!" said the brakeman, with startling distinctiveness, and Mr. Bodley and his friend, Professor Biddle, alighted. Hardly had they glanced at the surrounding mountains, covered with tall firs and redwood trees, when a polite driver called their attention to his carriage. They entered the neat vehicle and were whirled away across a bridge, where they caught a glimpse of water flashing white among the rocks, and up a slight ascent to the Crystal Creek House.

Here, just as Bodley was alighting, he was shot through and through by a glance from a pair of dark eyes on the piazza. She was a very pretty young lady, and her eyes were masked, as it were, beneath a large summer hat, which when raised permitted the witching fire to be delivered with bewildering effect. Bodley was thirty-nine years of age, and his heart was incased in armor of proof, but it gave way disastrously before this bright artillery.

"Heavens! I wonder who she is, Biddle," he said, in a low tone.

"Who? Where?" said the Professor, nervously getting out his glasses, for he was near-sighted, and could not recognize his dearest friend a rod away without them.

"Never mind," said Bodley, hurriedly. "Wait till we get on the veranda, and then notice the dark-eyed young lady with the broad hat."

The Professor occasionally displayed a lamentable want of tact, and now he conspicuously adjusted his glasses, and swept the piazza with a broad and benignant gaze. Bodley flushed with vexation as he saw the young lady rise and vanish into the hotel. It seemed as if she had heard him speak of her, and had resented it; but that was impossible, for the distance was too great.

Bodley and the Professor entered the hotel, scrawled their names in the register, and were shown their rooms. No sooner had they gone than three or four office loungers were poring over the book. They read:

T. M. Bodley, San Francisco.
A. J. Biddle, " "

"Which was Bodley?" asked one.

"The one with the mustache and gray suit," replied the clerk. "He's well off. Owns a big foundry down there. I've seen him before."

"And who's the tall, slim old fellow in black?"

"Don't know. Preacher or professor, I reckon."

When our friends appeared again, the dust of the journey had been removed from their apparel. In fact, Bodley had carefully donned fresh habiliments, but the Professor still wore his rather rusty black.

"Now, Biddle," said Bodley, anxiously, "just look about and see if you know that goddess who was on the veranda when we arrived: — a perfect grace, — a Diana, — a —"

"What were her personal characteristics?" asked the Professor.

"A face like morning, fresh and sweet. Wonderful dark eyes. Marvelous beauty of form and grace of manner. Her dress was simple and elegant, and she wore a large hat trimmed with white — something."

"I do not know her," said the Professor, soberly and positively. "I never saw anybody like that." The Professor was single and sixty.

"They emerged on the piazza, where

a great many people were sitting, and Bodley looked eagerly up and down, but did not see the lady who had made such a deep impression upon him.

The piazza extended around three sides of the building. "Say, Biddle," murmured Bodley, "you stroll round that side, and I 'll go this way, and we 'll see if the lady is out here at all."

"Very well," said Biddle, sympathetically, "I should like to see such a remarkable person, I 'm sure."

They parted, and the Professor walked ungracefully along the piazza, with his glasses on his angular nose, and as he went he gazed about with great interest for the peerless lady described by Bodley. Presently he reached the corner, and with his chin in the air looked down the other side. It was not so pleasant as the front of the house, but one person was sitting there in a rustic chair. She was a pretty, dark-eyed young lady, attired in a light summer dress. She wore a broad hat trimmed simply with some white material. The Professor approached without the least emotion, but as he drew near the lady looked up with a rather roguish expression, and he gave a start of recognition.

"Why,— Sally! Is this you?" he said, with genuine pleasure, extending his bony fingers.

"Yes, indeed, Professor," said the young lady, jumping up and shaking the proffered hand merrily. "I'm *so* glad to see you."

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise," said the Professor, beaming through his glasses. "How is your papa, and your mamma? I trust they are quite well."

"Yes, quite well. Mamma is here with me, but papa never leaves San José except Sundays, when he comes over and goes back the same evening on a horrid excursion ticket,— just like a boomerang, I tell him. Why have you not been to see us? We saw the announcement of your return in the paper, and certainly expected to see you at San José before this. Papa has complained a great deal about it, I assure you."

"Well, had I simply consulted my own pleasure, I should have gone to San José immediately upon my return from Europe; but a great many professional duties have occupied my time, and the moment I felt at liberty to leave, my friend Bodley urged me to accompany him here for a few days. You are staying here during vacation, I presume."

"Yes,— storing up energy for the next term."

"You must have about finished at the Normal school, I think."

"Finished school! Why, I graduated *ages* ago. I am teaching now."

"Is it possible! Dear me, how time slips away. I thought — Why how old are you?"

"*Professor!* The idea of asking a lady her age. I'm shocked!"

"Well, well, dear me," sighed the Professor, slightly confused, "it seems but yesterday that you were a little girl in pinafores sitting on my knee."

"I remember it well, Professor Biddle, although I am aged now. I was twenty-three last April."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated the Professor again.

At that moment Bodley appeared at the corner of the piazza, and glanced eagerly down. His face lighted up; he took a step forward, and then paused and flushed awkwardly. The Professor saw him, and seemed to recollect some important business. He turned to the young lady.

"Sally," he said, with a mysterious air, "you do not know a remarkably beautiful lady who is staying at the hotel at present? From the description given me, she is marvelously beautiful and graceful, and evidently a very distinguished person. If I mistake not, her eyes were mentioned as being wonderfully brilliant and captivating. Her dress, I believe, was marked by extraordinary elegance. It is my private con-

jecture that she is a foreigner, but still no dependence can be placed upon that hypothesis. Perhaps you know this remarkable person?"

"No, I do not," said the young lady with a mystified expression.

"It is strange," said the Professor, musingly. "In appearance and manners she would be so far superior to ordinary people that she would instantly attract the admiring attention of every one."

"She must be a new arrival," suggested the young lady.

"I think not. She was sitting on the front piazza when we alighted from the carriage half an hour ago. My friend Bodley saw her, but she rose and disappeared before I could get my glasses adjusted. I never knew Bodley to really compliment a lady before, and I was greatly surprised to hear him express the deepest and most unqualified admiration on this occasion. Hence you can understand my seeming impatience to see this extraordinary person. But I forget myself. Excuse me, Sally, for going on in this absent-minded and verbose manner. But I am concerned about this affair, for Bodley is an old friend of mine, and is preëminently steadfast in his impressions and opinions."

The young lady was gazing down. She had suddenly colored deeply. She stole a look along the piazza and saw Bodley looking towards them. Then she glanced brightly at the preoccupied Professor.

"I must go and tell mamma you are here," she said. "She will be delighted to meet you—and your friend." So saying, she disappeared with a light step through a doorway near by. The Professor gazed after her a moment, and then walked back to Bodley.

"I did not succeed in discovering the lady," he said, mildly, "but I found a little Sally Palmer,—though I err in saying 'little' now. She is the daughter of my friend Palmer of San José, one of the best men in the State. She and her mother are staying here, and will make it very pleasant for us, I know. Sally was a schoolgirl when I went to Europe, and now she is teaching. I can hardly believe it, I am sure. But have you seen the lady, Bodley?" he asked with eager interest touched with awe.

"I have," replied Bodley, in a tremulous voice. "You were talking with her there at the door just now."

The Professor's jaw dropped; his eyes widened into amazed circles; he caught at his glasses as they fell off. Bodley gazed at him with deep agitation, and the attention of some of the loungers on the piazza was attracted to this interesting spectacle.

A short time after the Professor and Bodley met Mrs. Palmer and her daughter in the parlor of the hotel. The Professor wore a look of serene gravity, which was occasionally brightened by gleams of cheerful satisfaction. Mrs. Palmer, a pleasant, courteous lady, greeted him most cordially as an old friend, and he then introduced Mr. Bodley. When the Professor spoke the young lady's name, he gave it in an amusingly precise way as, "Miss Sarah Grace Palmer."

"Do you remember our former disputes about Grace's name, Professor Biddle?" asked Mrs. Palmer, smiling. Mr. Palmer has at last surrendered at discretion, and has relinquished his favorite name, 'Sally,' and adopted the more euphonious 'Grace.'"

"Ah, I remember the merry controversy well," said the Professor. "He should have held out to the last. I am an old man, and 'Sally' has become dear to me, but let it be 'Grace'; nothing could be more suitable and fitting."

"What a pretty speech, Professor!" said Grace, brightly. "You certainly discovered the Fountain of Youth in the Old World." It may here be explained that Grace's sudden departure from the

hotel piazza, when she observed the Professor's arrival, was caused by the fear that her father's old friend would recognize her, and call her "Sally" before all the assembled guests.

Mrs. Palmer conversed with Mr. Bodley, and found him an agreeable, educated gentleman, with perhaps the slightest flavor of eccentricity. The Professor was unusually silent. He looked again and again at Grace, who had retired to a window seat, and each time ejaculated to himself, "Bless my soul!"

II.

The days passed swiftly and delightfully at the Crystal Creek House. Mr. Bodley, with his own peculiar faithfulness, became more and more an admirer. In addition to beauty and grace, Miss Palmer possessed qualities and accomplishments that made her society doubly charming, and Bodley was conscious of a subtle attraction, which he had no desire to resist.

Mrs. Palmer suspected at once how it was. She learned from the Professor all about Mr. Bodley, and then calmly waited, politely observant. In fact all the guests at the hotel suspected how it was, and were either amused, sympathetic, envious, or jealous.

Bodley did not make himself in the least ridiculous; but a man of his stamp, so far advanced towards old-bachelorhood, cannot experience such a vicissitude unmoved. The romance in his character, so long hidden beneath practical business ideas, came forth in its second youth. He breathed oxygen, as it were, and lived a delightfully intense existence. Still it was a time of fearful anxiety to him. He dared not think that Grace cared for him. The dread of a prior attachment struck dismay to his soul. She was a sweet but perplexing mystery. He swung like a pendulum between hope and fear. The Professor was helpless; it was a new and unfathomed science to him. Thus a palpitating fortnight passed away.

A terrifying report reached the hotel one morning. On Crystal Creek, about three miles above the hotel, there was a large circular field set in the midst of the dense redwood forest. No one lived there, but it was used as a pasture for cattle. It was called Round Potréro. On this eventful morning, a hirsute mountaineer brought the startling news that a huge grizzly bear had come down from the wilder mountains and killed a cow at the Round Potréro. After devouring part of the unfortunate animal, the monster had buried the remainder in the earth to save for another meal. The mountaineer said that the grizzly was undoubtedly "Old Clubfoot," a well-known bear of ferocious temper, who generally lived on the high chaparral ridges, and who had already killed or hideously mutilated two or three hunters that had attempted to slay him.

These tidings almost created a panic at the hotel, and a state of seige was declared at once. The landlord endeavored to calm the fears of his guests, for Crystal Creek had just begun to attract attention as a summer resort, and he feared the effect of a stampede from his house, as he expressed it. He met with but slight success, however, and an exodus seemed imminent.

Mrs. Palmer declared her intention of returning instantly to San José.

"I'm so sorry we are to go," said Grace to Bodley, in a regretful tone. "I like this place very much, and we were to stay two weeks longer. But mamma is greatly alarmed, and I don't suppose she would permit me to venture out again on horseback if we did stay. I wish that horrid old grizzly had stayed in his den. Why does not some bold hunter go out and shoot him?"

Then her mother called her. There was evidently energetic packing going on upstairs.

Bodley became meditative. He could

not endure the thought of Grace's departure. His existence since his arrival had been so roseate and delightful that he felt a sort of rage at a disturbing element, especially in the form of a grizzly bear. No more exhilarating gallops over wild mountain roads. No more picnics in romantic gorges. No more walks and talks in forest paths. No more songs in the twilight.

"Say — er — see here," he said to the landlord, "why don't you hire half a dozen men to go out and kill that bear?"

"It's hard to get anybody," replied the host. "Old Clubfoot has eaten two or three men already, and most of the people round here say they have n't lost any grizzly. However, I 've just put up an offer outside there of a reward for his hide."

Bodley became silent again. He thought deeply for fifteen minutes. Suddenly he asked:

"How many of the guests are leaving on account of this bear panic?"

"Five today, and more tomorrow," replied the landlord. "It's too bad. There's no danger. The grizzly will gorge himself with beef for a few days and then go back to the high mountains; but they expect him to call 'most any time."

"Tell them all to wait," said Bodley, firmly. "I shall kill that bear myself. I will telegraph immediately to San Francisco for what I need, and if my man arrives with it on the afternoon train, I shall go out tomorrow morning and kill the grizzly, if I find him. Tell them all to wait."

He wrote a telegram and dispatched it at once.

The news was instantly spread that a hunter was to attack the grizzly on the following day, and the guests were persuaded to suspend their preparations for departure. Bodley had requested the landlord to conceal his name as connected with the affair, and no one knew who the daring man was.

Grace met him with a radiant face.

"We are saved, Mr. Bodley! A brave hunter has been found who will slay the dragon. They say he is going out single-handed. I hope he is skillful as well as brave, and will look out for his own safety. It would be dreadful to have anyone hurt. Do you know who it is?"

Her dark eyes were on him. He hesitated, and then said, in an embarrassed tone:

"Yes, I was with the landlord when the offer was made; but it is a secret, and I hope you will excuse me."

He wondered if she suspected him. All day he thought to himself: "I will tell her that I killed the grizzly so that she might not be driven away from this place that she takes pleasure in." He even dared to think that he might say something more.

The thought of the desperate combat he was about to engage in did not disturb him. It hardly occured to him that the grizzly was as yet most savagely alive.

When the carriage arrived from the afternoon train, it brought a sturdy young Irishman, who had in his charge a small trunk. The trunk was taken up to Bodley's room, and that gentleman was afterward seen in close conversation with the Irishman. Then they both drove away in a buggy, and were absent about two hours. Bodley had gone to see where Old Clubfoot had buried his game.

Grace did not sleep well that night. A suspicion and fear haunted her, and became more tangible and real each hour. She tossed uneasily, and every sudden sound jarred painfully on her nerves. The ticking of an insect in the wall impressed her gloomily, though she was no more superstitious than most persons. The screech of a night-bird brought her to a sitting posture with terrified suddenness. She listened in the dark, with parted lips and throbbing heart, and then lay down and repeated

a prayer. At last a slight slumber closed her weary eyes.

She awoke with a frightened start. It was still dark. Her strained senses caught a slight stir in the house. Presently stealthy steps passed along the corridor, and died away. She sprang from her bed to the window and peeped out between the curtains. The first light of dawn penetrated the darkness, and she watched and listened, shivering in the chilly air.

In a few moments two men left the hotel carrying seemingly heavy burdens, and one of them held a gun in his hand. She felt certain that they were Mr. Bodley and the Irishman. They took the road to the Round Potréro.

A spasm of terror almost took away her breath. She knew that Bodley was going to attack the grizzly, and her one thought was that she must stop him. Her horrified imagination pictured him already mangled by the monster.

In a moment she was dressing, hastily but quietly. She donned her riding habit, confined her hair beneath her jaunty hat, and caught a light whip from the wall. Though she did all this with haste, yet she did it with care, and even put her face close to the mirror, trying to see in the darkness if her costume was as it should be. Then she opened her door noiselessly, passed out, and glided down the staircase like an apparition.

There was a light in the office, and she went forward to the doorway. The night-watchman was there, with his face ludicrously distorted and illuminated as he relighted the stump of his cigar with a match. He started, and stared at her in astonishment.

"Good morning, sir," she said pleasantly. "I have taken a fancy to try an early morning ride, and see the sun rise for once in my life. Will you have the kindness to speak to the man at the stables and have him saddle my horse? I will see that he is well paid for so much extra trouble."

"Certainly, certainly, miss," replied the man, with a gratified air. "Or, if it 's all the same, I 'll saddle the horse myself. I know all about the stables."

"Very well,—thank you."

In a few moments the horse was led up to the door. She mounted from a block, and rode away toward the Round Potréro. The watchman called after her:

"The grizzly is on that road, miss."

"Thank you; I will look out for him," she said.

The great forest was shadowy and dim in the early morning. The gigantic trunks of redwoods and firs towered grandly aloft. High in the dusky air they solemnly stretched forth their long arms, wrapped in mantles of dark green foliage. Oaks and grotesque madroñas, interspersed among the wood-giants, seemed awed by their majestic neighbors. The little valley and the ridges that rose gently on each side were green with a luxuriant growth of hazel bushes, through which the gray road wound. The trees stood thickly, and in the uncertain light gave surprising impressions of vast temples and colonnades overgrown with verdure. A huge blackened stump, with sharp pinnacles pointing skyward, told of the devastation of forest fires. Crystal Creek rushed and danced among bowlders and logs, or spread out in quiet pools over a sandy bottom, reflecting the overhanging laurels and alders, and the broad pointed leaves of the sycamore. In the night a fog had drifted up the valley from the sea, and drops pattered down from the burdened leaves as they were shaken by some bird or small animal.

Grace reached a point where the road forked, and after hesitating a moment took the right-hand one. She went on for a considerable distance, and arrived at a large wood-pile,—the terminus of the road. She had lost much time, and hurried back, fearful that she would not overtake the adventurous Bodley before he met the enemy.

When she reached the main road again, the light had increased very perceptibly. The woodpecker tribe in the lofty treetops began their fitful, querulous complaints. A gray squirrel barked sleepily. An azure sprite of a blue-jay nodded knowingly on a twig, and then flew away with a harsh clatter. High above the creek the sharp, wild cries of the widgeons were heard as they passed swiftly.

She rode on at a sharp pace for about fifteen minutes, and then a large opening appeared in the woods ahead. She checked her horse, and advanced cautiously, with fast beating heart. It was the Round Potréro.

As she reached the corner of the picket fence that separated the field from the road, her horse suddenly became terrified, and whirling about, attempted to rush away. While she was trying to master the frightened animal, a loud shot sounded in the field, followed by a cry. A moment after, a man came rushing through the bushes from the opening, and cleared the fence at one desperate bound. It was the Irishman. He darted on, pitched headlong over a root, sprang up again, and vanished down the dusty road with astonishing speed.

Another sharp *bang* came from the field, followed by a horrible brutish snarl or roar. The horse became wild with terror. Grace was thrown from the saddle, and fell on her hands and knees in the road, and the animal rushed away after the Irishman.

She sprang to her feet and ran along the fence to a point from whence she could survey the opening. There she witnessed a scene that froze her young blood. The morning was still dusky, but she saw a man standing motionless in the field. A monstrous grizzly bear was in the act of rushing upon him, with horrid roars. The man was coolly firing shot after shot. She saw the red flame dart from the muzzle of his rifle, but the bear still charged on.

At last the man retreated backwards, still firing. He stumbled and went down. With frightful growls the bear sprang upon him.

"O mercy! O mercy!" moaned Grace, covering her face with her hands and crouching behind the fence.

It seemed to her that she lay there for hours. She heard the hideous snarlings of the monster in the field, but she was powerless to escape. At last there was silence,—grisly, awful, deathly. She rose and looked over the field. The bear was gone. Far up on the ridge she saw him climb and disappear. A deadly faintness oppressed her. O, that help would come!

Suddenly a voice came from the field, —strong, full, but strangely muffled.

"Dennis!" it cried. "O Dennis! Come up here."

She recognized Bodley's voice. A great wave of gratitude swept over her soul. She began to cry, and fell upon her knees with incoherent sentences of thanksgiving.

The voice went on calling, in a more energetic and peremptory manner; but Dennis was far away. She sprang up, fearlessly climbed the fence, and ran swiftly across the field.

"Dennis!" cried the voice, angrily, "Darn it all, hurry up, can't you!"

She went forward and saw a man lying on the ground clad in a complete suit of ancient steel armor, which was covered with daubs of foam, and marked with powerful teeth. He was lying in a little hollow, with his head down hill, and was so jammed against a large rock that it was impossible for him to rise without assistance. "Old Clubfoot" had found Mr. Bodley a very hard nut to crack.

"O, Mr. Bodley, are you badly hurt?" asked Grace, tremulously, as she knelt beside him.

"Grace! — er — a — Miss Palmer!" cried Bodley, in frightened tones. "The bear may come back!"

"No," said Grace, helping him to rise, "he has gone over the ridge."

"Show me the exact spot," said Bodley, firmly, as he clumsily stooped and picked up his repeating rifle. "I shall pursue him to the death. Dennis has run away, I suppose, and will soon return with assistance. Go to yonder tree, Miss Palmer, and wait their arrival. It has low branches that you can easily climb if any danger threatens. I shall kill that bear, or — Goodbye."

"Don't go," cried Grace, clasping his steel arm.

"You found me in a ridiculous situation, but I shall redeem myself."

"Don't go," sobbed Grace, weeping afresh. "Take me home. I shall die to be left alone here."

"Gracious heavens!" murmured Bodley in his helmet, as his tremendous hunting ardor gave place to a delightful exhilaration. "Do not be frightened," he said, gently. "Let us go home."

They silently left the field, and reached the road through a gap in the fence.

"Will you help me to take off my armor?" asked Bodley. "It is too heavy for comfort. I will leave it here and send for it."

The armor was removed and piled by the roadside, and Bodley appeared in a picturesque suit, consisting of brown velveteen knee-breeches, heavy black hose, and a maroon shirt He wore a black silk skull-cap on his head, and a blue silk handkerchief about his neck. Emerged from his armor, he saw that Grace was very pale, and trembling violently.

"My horse threw me off and ran away," she explained, abruptly.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously.

"No," she replied, "but frightened almost to death."

"Do you feel able to walk home?"

"O yes. Let us go."

She took his offered arm, and they turned homeward. A piece of paper in the road attracted their attention. Bodley picked it up. It was the telegram, which the Irishman had dropped in his flight. It contained these words:

"DENNIS LANDY.

No.——Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. Bring suit armor that I wore at Author's Carnival. Immediately.

T. M. BODLEY."

They walked on slowly. The air was fresh and cool. There was a sweet balsamy odor in the woods. The sun was gilding the tops of the tall trees, and a chorus of birds was piping and trilling melodiously. It was Arcadia to Bodley, but that did not prevent him from becoming more and more agitated every moment. He saw the magic Opportunity within reach. Should he seize it? It was delightful, yet terrifying. Grace had regained her color. There was even a blush on her cheek, and she trembled no longer.

"Let us rest a moment," said Bodley, after they had walked some distance almost in silence.

They sat down on a bank of ferns and wild violets, beneath a magnificent oak tree.

"You must, indeed, be weary after such a frightful experience," said Grace. "You were very rash."

"Not in the least," said Bodley. "I only regret two things: the severe fright you suffered, and my failure to kill the bear. My object was to relieve your mother's apprehensions, so that your stay at Crystal Creek might not be cut short. I have failed this time, but tomorrow —"

"Do not attempt it again," cried Grace, turning pale. "Promise me you will not."

"If you do not wish it, of course I will not. But your mother will leave this dangerous locality at once."

"Neither my mother nor I wish to jeopardize any one's life that we may enjoy selfish pleasure."

"I fear I have been far from unselfish in this," said Bodley, earnestly. "If I sought to prolong your stay here, I only sought to lengthen the happiest period of my life. And now you are going away,

you must grant me permission to see you again. You must tell me that I may come to your home in San José. It is all I ask now; you cannot refuse me that."

Grace felt his firm grasp upon her hand, and listened with a happy tremor to his rather stately wooing. Her murmured reply came to Bodley's ears like sweet music:

"We shall be very happy to see you."

A noise as of a heavy body moving in the tree over their heads startled them. Bodley caught up his rifle, and they sprang down into the road and looked fearfully up into the thick foliage. An active form came sliding down the trunk of the tree, and paused on a huge limb about fifteen feet from the ground. It peered down upon them with a broad smile.

"Ah, Misther Bodley, is it yerilf or yer ghost, now? Shure, I 'm dyin' of joy to see yez alive again."

"Dennis!" roared Bodley. "What in —*time* are you doing up that tree?"

"Ah, Misther Bodley, it was so tall an' convanient, ye see," said Dennis fluently. "Shure, I was comin' along the road jist beyant, an' I heard the ould divil av a grizzly comin' afther me like a — like a steam-injin, an' the tree was handy, and I clim up jist as he r-r-rushed by snortin' like a dhrove o' pigs. He was as big as an elephant, Misther Bodley, an' I niver stopped to cross mesilf till I got to th' top, an' that 's the truth."

"Fudge, man, 'twas the lady's horse that passed you."

"The horse? I did n't see the horse pass, Misther Bodley."

"Nor the bear, either," said Bodley. "Come down, now, and go back to the hotel, and tell them we are coming and are safe."

"Ay, sir."

"You may go back to Van Ness Avenue tomorrow," continued Bodley. "I like you best there, Dennis. The next time we go into the country together, I'll stay at home."

"Yes, sir," said Dennis; and he smilingly descended and went his way.

Bodley and Grace looked at each other and laughed. I think each was wondering how much the agile Dennis had seen or heard from his lofty perch. Then they strolled on through Arcadia.

C. E. B.

SONG.

WHAT 's to live? The poet saith,
"Life is loving; else is death."
Ask the sage. He makes reply,
"Halting place of things that die."
Ask the warrior. Not a word
Shows the empty question heard:
For he lives and puts to test
Love and honor and the rest;
Burst the bubbles, fails the breath,—
Brave lies he in the arms of Death.

E. C. Sanford.

POVERTY AND CHARITY IN SAN FRANCISCO. I.

"No one who observes the modern American world can doubt that there is money enough, unselfishness enough, effort enough, honestly consecrated to the warfare against evil. But as Evangeline and her lover, each seeking the other with fervent devotion, met and passed unknowingly on the bosom of the Great River, so the need and the remedy constantly fail of connection, through the ill-guided zeal of the ministering hand." The quotation is from a paper read two or three years ago before the New York Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, by Mrs. Helen Hiscock Backus, one of the earlier graduates of Vassar College, now president of the general organization of college-bred women of which this New York association is a branch. The organization is made up of women holding degrees from Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Oberlin Colleges, Boston, Cornell, Michigan, and California Universities, and half a dozen more colleges of equal or nearly equal rank; and the president of this same New York branch is the young astronomer who took last year with special honor a doctor's degree, the first degree Columbia ever gave a woman — Miss Winifred Edgerton, now Mrs. Merrill. In the paper I have quoted, Mrs. Backus is pointing out the place of these college women in philanthropic work. She deprecates their taking hold at once as "workers" on this or that charity; seeing that there is already more default of knowledge than of zeal in beneficence, she holds it peculiarly the province of college women to *know*,— to familiarize themselves first, that is, with the questions raised by foul streets and tenements and city misgovernment, bad feeding and inherited alcoholism, misuse of schools, worship of wealth and display, which underlie questions of relieving the resultant miseries; and then, after coming to a fuller understanding of the ills there are needing their help, and the means possible to help them, they may see where and how to take hold.

The advice is of wider application. For others besides college women the first need is to know, before they can lend a hand intelligently in beneficent work. For others besides those seeking to lend a hand, the first need is to know, for in all matters of social importance there is need of a correct public opinion in the many that are not doing the actual work, to back up the few that are doing it. And one who is ignorant of what is affecting the lives of other classes in his own community is pretty certain to do worse than leave unbacked the efforts to help them; he is pretty certain to be heedlessly doing something that seriously hinders.

Doubtless this knowledge of what need and what means of relief exist in one's own community, is pretty sorely wanting everywhere; doubtless everywhere most of those who are working in charities have been drawn into the service of this or that one without much deliberate choice, and know little about the other things they might be doing instead, or might be utilizing for the aid of their own work; while the general public is impartially ignorant of them all. But I think that there is less knowledge and interest about its own poverty and relief in San Francisco than in other communities; for elsewhere there are books, and pamphlets, and magazine articles, and sermons, and addresses easily to be found, keeping people informed of what is the condition of the poor in their midst, what means of relief are in operation, and what others are needed, and urging the far more important means of

prevention. It is easier for a San Franciscan to get good general information about poverty and help in London, Boston, New York, or Baltimore, than to get the like knowledge about San Francisco. The shelves of any large library or the pages of any reference index will confirm this.

No doubt it is largely because the poverty of San Francisco is not very great or distressing, that it does not get studied, and talked and written about as much as that of other cities. We have to admit that people are sentimental, and take more interest in a good, thorough, picturesque case of destitution than in a dozen milder cases. Very horrible slums, mothers and babies starving upon a heap of straw, haggard seamstresses in garrets, make a dramatic appeal to imaginations that are apathetic to sufferings less ghastly, though perhaps greater.

And again, the accomplished fact of misery to be relieved is comprehended by a simpler order of minds, — and therefore by a far greater number of minds, — than the danger of misery to be averted. It is perfectly well known to thoughtful people, that there are in active operation in every city many forces producing want faster than charity can relieve it; yet it is nowhere possible to get anything like the amount of work and money for prevention as for relief.

Nor is this because people are indifferent to the idea of so improving society as to prevent poverty, instead of mending it once made; on the contrary, the hearing that all forms of socialism get, and the sympathy with labor unions, show that the idea has taken a deep root, and is fast displacing the old church idea of the poor as a fixed class, whose divinely appointed lot is perpetually to receive alms, which the rich are perpetually to bestow. But when people once begin to think of the causes of poverty and to wonder if it cannot be prevented beforehand, they are pretty sure to desire some beautiful, complete, swift-acting plan: Utopias and milleniums fascinate the imagination far more than toilsome, inch-by-inch improvements of drainage, and public schools, and city governments, and license laws, and training of neglected children, and the like. And they not only fascinate the imagination more; they tax the mind and judgment less. The more prosaic and unambitious methods of prevention call first for an amount of study that few will give, of investigation that requires an expert, before one even knows what is the best thing to do, and then a weary amount of work before he gets it done. Still again, the prevention of the ills of poverty and vice generally means a conflict with some one's interests, often backed by money and political power; while no one has the least objection to having the wrecks he has made picked up and mended by soft-hearted ladies.

As a consequence, out of many people who are more or less moved with the idea of preventing poverty and raising the condition of the unfortunate, most will go no farther than to some Utopia. "Looking Backward" is far easier reading than Mr. Dugdale's "The Jukes," or Mr. McCullough's "The Tribe of Ishmael," — and how infinitely much more it promises! If Mr. Bellamy were to lecture in San Francisco, how much larger audiences he would get than the experts of the Charity Conference did! But it is exactly in these difficult directions, of seeking out and attacking the roots of crime and misery, that the most valuable literature of charities is produced: and for the reason that to get far in them requires not only kindness, zeal, and administrative ability, but something of the quality and training of the scholar, and by a process of natural selection those who do get far in them are likely to be writers of important sociological studies. We have not yet produced a group of this sort in California.

The local branch of the College Alumnæ Association, moved by Mrs. Backus's paper, tried last year to inform itself of the conditions of charity in our own community. We found the inquiry not at all simple. There was one who knew all about the kindergartens, and another who knew all about the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and another who knew all about the Aid Societies. There were a number of excellent reports, that gave a very clear idea of the condition and aims each of some one charity. But there were no generalizations, no statistics, no connecting links. The Associated Charities had not yet brought about as much co-operation as now exists; so far as the societies affiliated therein are concerned, it would now be possible to find a center where reports could be procured, and managers communicated with, and outline information obtained. The list in the directories was then the only guide, and remains so as to all the organizations not yet affiliated with the Associated Charities. We did not get any very deep or exhaustive knowledge of our subject; but the reports presented in the alumnæ association are perhaps the only place in which the facts they record can be found all together, and may therefore be worth producing in substance here.

Probably the inexperienced everywhere, even in a community where benevolent work is far more completely organized and discussed then here, are a good deal baffled and confused in beginning any such inquiry. The list of topics runs vaguely in their heads:—child-saving, manual training, physical education, heredity, the temperance question, the tenement house question, hospitals, cooking schools, sanitary reforms, the growth of cities, co-operation and profit-sharing, child-labor, factory and poor laws, socialism, the care of the insane, the feeble-minded, the blind and deaf, penology,—each topic running into the others, so that whoever will take hold of one finds half a dozen more pulled out of the pile with it. Is it a question of sick babies? one is confronted with the impossibility of doing much for them till sanitary reform has taken hold of the drainage; till physical education has taught their mothers something of decent care; till temperance reform has saved the fathers' earnings for proper food, and clothes, and lodging; till a better heredity has rectified their antecedents for generations back. And there is much in all this that seems to be met by no established charity, nor by any new one that could be devised. Outside of a few fixed methods of relief, one is baffled by a sense of distance and separation from the people he would help, sees no place where he can get hold of them and know their needs. Nor is this only the result of inexperience; I judge that even an experienced person, as soon as he steps outside the lines of established institutions, finds the same difficulty in getting hold of the poor. Mrs. Helen Campbell, in "Prisoners of Poverty," speaks of the years of persistent effort by which she edged, step by step, as opportunity opened, into a knowledge of the lives of the working girls of New York.

It lessens the confusion somewhat to discriminate at the outset between the poor who have in some way come under the charge of the more fortunate—asked for aid, or fallen into the hands of the law—and those who still stand toward would-be helpers in the position of any other strangers who may be in trouble, but whom it is not easy to approach. That is, no one must confuse the poor as a whole with what students of charity call "the dependent and delinquent classes,"—into which, indeed, a rich man may fall by crime or mental defect, though they are chiefly made up from the poor.

It is for these classes that most of what is properly called charity exists, as well as the whole equipment of penology. But as long as the most destitute and

invertebrate poor man, trembling on the verge of dependence, does not fall over it, he remains in the class far more difficult to reach, of those who may need help yet are objects neither of charity nor of authority; in the same class with all, whether poor or not, that are so far exposed to dangers and ills as to have a claim on their fellow-beings for aid and sympathy. Kindergartens, free lectures and reading rooms, women's unions and Christian Associations, Toynbee Halls and coffee-houses, offer this sort of aid, — not, strictly speaking, charities, but only benevolent helps. And far beyond what any benevolent institutions can do for people who are neither dependents nor delinquents, extend complex questions of the cause and prevention of most of the evils that exist in society,— a field for reforms rather than for charities. So that at the outset the student of society, desiring to *know* before he tries to do, may find that his interest is rather with reforms than with charities, and perhaps outside the range of any organized benevolences whatever.

But even within the lines of what is strictly charity, it is impossible to go far without reference to the wider questions of cause and prevention. For most charities should not only relieve present suffering, but also guard against future evil, as our Boys' and Girls' Aid Society aims not only to rescue little ones from neglect and abuse for their own sakes, but also to bring them up to decent lives for society's sake. And lately what is called "the new charity" tells us that almost no charity can exist to itself alone; that almost no recipient of help is so cut off from affecting society in any way that his needs alone must be considered in helping him; the giver of alms must become also a student of social questions, or run the risk of bringing about indirect consequences that he by no means reackoned on.

Now of this "new charity" we are as yet only beginning to hear in San Francisco. It is pretty well understood already that its keynote is the protest against indiscriminate almsgiving. Scarcely any one is ignorant that to the doles of the mediæval Church and the English poor-laws is now credited in a large part the growth of a great destitute class, weak in energy and capability, dragging upon the skirts of modern civilization, and producing, by heredity, deterioration of the human race, just as we are flattering ourselves it is progressing phenomenally, "changed from glory into glory."

But this general impression that "indiscriminate giving" is bad, is a different thing from the clear and practical conviction on this point that the "new charity" expresses. The phrase is on the lips of most givers here; but the fact that a number of San Francisco charities, especially the church ones, still hold aloof from the Associated Charities, shows that they have no very potent sense of the dangers of alms, or the need of co-operation to avert them. It is, indeed, necessary not merely to be told the conclusion of charity experts about this matter of giving, in order to catch their conviction about it. One has to review in some degree the data on which their conviction is based; to know the history of the English poor laws, of Chalmers's Edinburgh experiment of diminishing poverty in his parish by stopping public alms; of the strict systems of the Continent, and their effect in lessening pauperism. One has to read the strong statements of the experts to realize the emphasis of their assertion on this point. As I have said, there is almost no literature of the sort here; for these generalizations we must go to the charity officials of Eastern cities. Let me give some idea of what the force of these expressions is: ——

> Fortunately for England, a spirit of independence still remains among the peasantry. The poor laws are thoroughly calculated to eradicate this spirit. They have succeeded in part . . . Even when they

have the opportunity of saving, they seldom exercise it; but all that they earn beyond their present necessities goes, generally speaking, to the ale house. The poor laws may therefore be said to diminish both the power and the will to save among the common people, and thus weaken one of the strongest incentives to sobriety and industry.[1]

England was brought nearer to the brink of ruin by the old poor law than she ever was by a hostile army.[2]

The parish actually supports and pays for the drunken excesses of the laborers. The character and habits of the laborers have . . . been completely changed. Industry fails, moral character is annihilated, and the poor man of twenty years ago, who tried to earn his money and was thankful for it, is now converted into an insolent, discontented, surly, thoughtless pauper, who talks of right and income, and who will soon fight for these supposed rights and income.[3]

Able-bodied men prefer a small sum in idleness to a larger sum in wages, attended with the condition of earning those wages by labor. We have in one place a young man saying: "I have 3s 6d a week from the parish. I do no work. . . . I would rather have my 3s 6d without working than toil to get 10s or 12s a week." . . . But are these people only idle? . . . These persons are making the parish pay 3s 6d a week out of the honest laborer's hard earnings, to maintain the constant promoters of crime, the greatest workers of mischief in the country. . . . Again: All shame of begging is utterly banished. . . . Nay, instances are to be found of the shame being turned the other way; and the solitary exception to the rule of parish relief under which a whole hamlet lived "being shamed out of her singularity and forced by her neighbors to take the dole like themselves."[4]

By far the most demoralizing influence of our time and country is poor law outdoor relief.[5]

It is the greatest wrong that can be done to him to undermine the character of a poor man. . . .

Thus, while it is thought to be a good thing to drive a hard bargain with the widow who does the family washing, and to make her earn her dollar by a hard day's work, it is also thought to be a good thing to give a dollar, without inquiry or equivalent, to the widow who passes her days in idleness and her nights in debauchery. The fact that the first widow may in time come to contrast her lot with that of the second widow, and may prefer the latter, seldom occurs to the almsgiver, nor does he know how desperate a temptation he is presenting daily to his fellow-men.

. . . Better leave people to the hard working of natural laws, than to run the risk of interfering with these laws in a mischievous manner[6]

If anything of social and economic value has been demonstrated in this century, it is that giving food, coal, and money to the poor from public funds, or even by private charities, pauperizes and degrades them. Henry George says that "the poor are growing poorer." If so, to nothing is it more attributable than the multiplication of charities.[7]

Pauperism is a disease far more baneful and fatal in its tendency than we are apt to realize, and is fastened upon the community much more seriously and dangerously than we know. . . . Mr. R. L. Dugdale of New York has . . . carried with great pains and accuracy his study of hereditary pauperism through six generations . . . and gives as the scientific conclusion therefrom that pauperism involves greater incapacity to sustain social relations than crime. That is, the condition of physical and mental inaptitude that is found in the sixth generation of the pauper is lower than that found in the sixth generation of the criminal[8]

These are a few from a multitude of expressions with which a very slight reading will overwhelm one. I have somewhat digressed to quote, because it is the only way to give any idea of the insistence with which the point is made. To return to San Francisco conditions:

I have spoken of the poverty in San Francisco as much less than in other large cities. We made a good deal of effort to get at some clear knowledge as to how far true this very general impression is. It might be supposed that any intelligent citizen could tell whether

[1] Malthus, quoted by Mrs. J. S. Lowell, of the New York State Board of Charities, in "Public Relief and Private Charity," G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] Fawcett, *Ibid.*

[3] Parliamentary report of 1834, *Ibid.*

[4] Lord Brougham, *Ibid.*

[5] Sir Charles Trevelyan, *Ibid.*

[6] Mrs. Lowell: "Public Relief and Private Charity."

[7] Chas. W. Smiley, Address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

[8] Mr. Slocum, in a tract of the Baltimore Charity Organization Society.

there was much poverty in his city; and I suppose no such wide areas of wretchedness as we read about in New York and London could be here, without every one's knowing at least vaguely of their existence. But we *do* know that there is a "Tar Flat" and a "Barbary Coast" in San Francisco, and most of us have but a vague idea of what sort of life goes on in these regions. And it is to be remembered that until the most startling appeals had been addressed to the respectable public of the older cities, no one there knew more than vaguely what sort of life went on in their low quarters; no one knew the extent or the intensity of the degradation; it was out of sight, cut off from the consciousness of the respectable quarters as if in another world, — "The Nether World," Canon Farrar calls it in a late article.

It can never be easy to find out just what is the extent of poverty and degradation lying outside the rolls of those who are actually in the hands of charity and correction. Nevertheless, in England, and still more on the Continent, there seem to be usually means of finding out exact facts, through municipal governments, or through a class of accomplished investigators, such as we do not begin to have. The Royal Statistical Society of London is carrying on a piece of work of amazing thoroughness; a full house-to-house canvass, through the school board visitors, of that city of four million souls, with reference to poverty and its causes. East London and Hackney, including about one quarter of the population of the city, —a district three or four times as large as San Francisco— was reported on to the Society last year, by Mr. Charles Booth; and the whole canvass may be complete by this time, but I have seen no report of the rest of it. It divides the population into eight grades, according to their income. The first four grades are of the poor, the other four of the well-to-do and rich. Of the four grades of poor, the lowest is the class of loafers and semi-criminals, about one per cent of the population; a small per cent, but reckoned on a million it makes ten thousand people,— an army of vicious vagabondage. The next lowest class is that of the wretchedly poor, living irregularly on chance jobs, and underbidding the class just above them, in their perpetual struggle to find work and live, where there are already enough without them to do the work. They are a surplus population, for whom no place exists; and their competition it is that makes the worst handicap of those just above them. Without this abject, starving horde, willing to underbid anything, to do anything, the rest would get along fairly well. In this class are the dock laborers of the recent strike; here are the wretched tenement populations, the husbands out of work, the starving wives sewing at any price, that we read about. To the rich, Mr. Booth says, they are "a sentimental interest; to the poor they are a crushing load"; and adds, "The entire removal of this class out of the daily struggle for existence I believe to be the only solution of the problem of poverty." If he suggests any way in which this can be done, the summary of his report that I have seen does not quote it. The report also gives the causes of poverty in the individual cases: setting aside the loafers, 55 per cent destitute because of irregular work, 27 per cent because of illness or large family, 14 per cent because of drink, in the wretchedly poor class; and so on for the other classes.

This census represents an almost ideally exhaustive and exact knowledge, such as we cannot hope to get here. We have no statistical society competent to take charge of it, no means by which it could be carried out. But it suggests a useful discrimination to be kept in our minds for our own more superficial inquiries, between the "poor," and the "abjectly poor." Of course, there are poor in San Francisco: people living upon very small incomes, in a good deal

of privation, and liable by quite ordinary misfortunes to be thrown into absolute destitution,—the third class of Mr. Booth's London census; and there must always be a certain number of individual cases in which the misfortune has occurred, and the family is in consequent distress. But whether there is anything that could properly be called a fixed "class," living in a perpetual condition of destitution, is another question.

I think we may be satisfied that there is no such class. When we read the descriptions in "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," or in Mrs. Campbell's books about New York, we need not think of such scenes as having any constant place in San Francisco. There is some approach to it among the foreigners; and the stream of incidental cases of need from accident, or sickness, or the bad behavior of husband or wife, is enough to tax the charities; sometimes, though rarely, the distress in these cases may reach an abject degree; but there is no class settled into helpless want, no constant excess of workers over work to be done, no tenement system, nor region of swarming courts and alleys of the poor. To the inquiry about this, made of several women active in charity work, the answer was practically unanimous. One answered decidedly that there was a *depraved* class rather than a poor class,—that living is cheaper here than in the East, food being cheaper and in more variety, so that there is less sickness,—though fuel is higher, less is needed, and though rents are higher, accommodations are better; another, that after many years of work in San Francisco, she was very thoroughly convinced that no really honest, industrious, capable person need lack work or seek charity here,—that the trouble with all who apply to her is a certain inveterate, inherent helplessness and shiftlessness, when it is not drunkenness,—drunkenness and laziness are the real causes of all poverty in San Francisco, and drunkenness aside, it exists almost entirely among foreigners. Inquiries at the police court had the same answer: that there need be no destitution here; there is not one per cent of the abject poverty here that there is in the East, and ninety-nine per cent of what there is, is due to crime; the poverty in the low quarters comes mainly from the thirty-three hundred "gin-shops" of the city—corner groceries—and from opium, the use of which the police found to be very prevalent among the lower classes.

Miss Nora Smith, of the Silver Street Kindergarten Association, thought decidedly that there need be no extreme poverty here among steady, self-respecting people, except such as came from the usual misfortunes of life—sickness, accident, fire, etc. The worst that she had ever found was one family in two rooms, without proper food or clothing. Much of the poverty she saw was in families where the father or mother was in prison, and almost all came from the vices and crimes of the breadwinner. It is almost absolutely confined to the foreign element. Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper confirmed this. She said that the worst case she had ever found, in her years of acquaintance with the poor here, was one family in two rooms, a sick mother and children upon beds of dirty straw and rags. She believed that she must know the worst there is in the city, for she goes everywhere, and added that she would not fear to walk alone at any hour if duty called her in the worst alleys of the Barbary Coast or Tar Flat. (I asked one or two men who know the city pretty well if they believed she could do so safely; and they answered that they did; that the report would go from one to another, through every saloon and den, that Mrs. Cooper was there, and though there be individuals willing to molest her, they would not dare, for fear of the others.) She considered "Tar Flat"—the region from the water front west to Beale Street and north to Folsom Street, and the lo-

cality known as "Old Butchertown,"—the worst quarter; "Barbary Coast" is inhabited by French, Italians, and other Southern races, and there is more crime there, but less degradation. Their chief drink is whisky, and it does not deprave like the "beer" (apparently, in fact, a sort of adulterated gin) used by the Irish and other races on Tar Flat. These hot-blooded Southern races may abuse or neglect their children in drink or passion; but, when themselves they really care for them; and the children, when taken young and brought up decently, have no bad ancestral taint—their bodies are sound and their minds bright, and they make attractive kindergarten classes. On Tar Flat, on the contrary, the life is sodden and aimless; the children are often born of drunken mothers, and show deformities, and mental deficiency, and inherited disease. The kindergarten teachers in their visiting sometimes find mothers helpless with drink and prone on the floor. The lowest poverty of San Francisco, Mrs. Cooper thought, may be said to belong to its foreign class; and aside from drink and vice, and the ordinary calamities of vice, there is no deep poverty here.

I need not go on to transcribe more of the testimonies on this point that we gathered from people likely to know the poverty of the city. Every one was substantially the same, with two exceptions,—and these were perhaps exceptions mainly in the way of putting views not essentially different.

The Mother Superior of the Sisters of Mercy while agreeing with others that drink and vice caused most of the poverty here, and that the poor class is mostly coincident with the depraved, and also that it is largely composed of foreigners, thought that their expressions underrated the poverty; it was a mistake to suppose that when poverty did exist here, it was not as abject as anywhere. She believed that the Sisters of Mercy penetrated to places no other charitable women reached; and said that there were Sisters in St. Mary's who had ministered to the poor in Irish cities in the worst days of the famine, and had never seen anything worse than some sights in the nooks and corners fringing parts of Rincon Hill; of course such extreme cases, abundant there, were very rare here. She thought it by no means true that every one who really wanted could find work, but that, on the contrary, lack of work caused much of the trouble, and attributed this a good deal to the Chinese.

Mr. Leo Eloesser, the most experienced manager of charity work among the Hebrews in the city, said much that seemed to me suggestive and instructive enough to be repeated pretty fully.

"Of course it is the foreigners," he said; "how should it not be the foreigners? I am a foreigner myself but I know that they are your problem. In San Francisco I should say that the worst, so far as I know, are the Polish and Russian Jews, along Clementina and Jessie Streets."

It was a new idea to me that there were many Polish or Russian Jews here—I had supposed by their names that they were German.

"No," he said, "there are few German Jews, and they are thrifty. Why should not their names be German? All Polish and Russian Jews are German Jews originally. I will explain."

He summarized in a few words the history of successive expulsions of Jews from German duchies, throwing them more and more into Poland. "They were emigrants, destitute, bewildered, in a new country; the strongest prospered, the weakest sank; they were brought into competition with people already there, settled, needing no immigration. It was a terrible handicap to prosperity. There were too many—some *had* to be poor. Those who were crowded out passed over into Russia; but Russia did not want them, and

forced them back. You will notice, except when it is to conquer a new country under great hardships, it is not the strong, it is the weak, the defeated, who emigrate. Why not? One moves to better his condition. At home, in Poland, there are eminent Jews, wealthy, learned, energetic, respected. Is it those who will come here? The defeated come — those who have more than once been stripped of all they had earned, and made to begin life again, against the chances, in a country, new to them, already crowded till what you Americans think any one ought to have, — pluck to conquer all obstacles—could not be in them. They are the siftings of generations, left after once and again the strongest have established themselves.

"Very well; they come here. They do not know the language; everywhere some one is wanted to work who knows the language. There is work enough for a handy, active man, quick and able to pick up chances and go from one thing to another; or for a good mechanic who knows his trade. But these people, even if they know a trade, cannot understand the foreman,— cannot follow instructions,— they are of no use in the factories; and for the other kind of work, the fluctuating jobs, no one without the language and the knack is useful.

"There is need of workmen in the country, it is true; but how long? My son is a hop-grower, and last year he wanted three hundred men; the intelligence offices could not find him enough. It is easy work,—any one can learn it without special knowledge; he will pay $1.50 a day. Very well; it lasts perhaps thirty days; and when a man has paid his fare to the country and back, and lived meantime, he has, perhaps, $25. Can he live the rest of the year on that? So with all these works, where the farmers need so many men. When they want a man for *steady* work, they ask, 'Can he plow? Can he graft? Is he used to horses?'

"So the girls. It is true that kitchen girls are needed; but for one thing, the dislike to be a servant is a sentiment of honest independence,— it is not altogether to be opposed; for another, the housewife does not wish girls that cannot cook and that are not clean. House service is skilled labor; there are few the careful wife will have. That *is* their poverty, madam,— their ignorance of the language, their timidity in the push ing American competition, their dullness of mind and inefficiency, their want of any special skill."

This struck me as an unanswerable expression of a truth we must not overlook when we agree that drink, shiftlessness, laziness, and a sort of inherent incapacity are the causes of most of the poverty.

"It is not lack of work," said Mr. Eloesser; "it is lack of work at the time and place and in the form that is needed. It is sentiment that poverty can ever be done away with. There will always be people who are not quick and energetic, and able to follow work around and find it. There is always lack of work for those who try hard and are very willing, if they are not keen and ready. But it betters. Their children are just like Americans. They pick up American virtues and American vices. You never heard of a Jew's committing murder at home; here they murder just like Americans. But it is well — it is all part of amalgamation, and that is best. *They* are keen, they prosper, they become Americans."

Mr. Eloesser speaks chiefly of the Jews. As to other classes of foreigners, I am doubtful about the children burdening the public less than the parents did. I tried to find what was the proportion of American-born children of foreign parents who were helped by the charities of the city; but few of them have kept record of nationalities at all, and still fewer distinguish between children born here of foreign, and those born

of American parents. But I have repeatedly read that in Eastern cities the statistics, whenever gathered, have seemed to show that the bulk of the prison and pauper population was composed of neither Americans nor foreigners, but the American children of foreigners. Nor is it entirely a question of ignorance of the language, for that would not affect Irish, who do not play a smaller part in the reports of charities and penal institutions than foreigners from the continent.

It is to be remembered, in speaking of the share foreigners have in the poverty of the city, that San Francisco is not an American city. Of its 233,959 population by the last census, 129,715 were native, and 104,244 foreign born. The children of these foreigners easily give the foreign stock a majority over the American,— much of which is itself only of the second generation. More striking yet: the school census of '88 gives 48,082 children of foreign parents, and 11,615 of half foreign, to 19,739 of American parents; 73 per cent of the whole body with foreign parents.

The House of Correction reports for 1888, 341 inmates of American birth, and 327 of foreign,—100 of whom were Irish, 40 German, 23 English, and 38 Chinese. The city hospital had 1004 Americans to 1910 foreigners, 797 Irish, 283 Germans, 8 Chinese, 167 English. The almshouse had 173 Americans to 666 foreigners,— 291 Irish, 57 German, 35 English, 1 Chinese. The foreigners, constituting 44½ of the population thus constitute 51 per cent in the House of Correction, about 66 per cent in the hospital, and 79 per cent in the almshouse. Of the whole foreign population, something over 29 per cent were in 1880 Irish, about 20 per cent Chinese, something over 19 per cent German, and 7 per cent English; of the foreign contingent in the House of Correction in 1888 30 per cent were Irish, 11.8 per cent German, 17 percent English, 11 per cent Chinese; in the hospital, 41.7 per cent Irish, 15 per cent German, 9 per cent English, Chinese about .4 per cent; in the almshouse, 43 per cent Irish, 9 per cent German, nearly 6 per cent Chinese. How much the race elements of the population had changed in proportion in the seven years I have no idea, but see no reason why they should not have remained relatively much the same, except for the considerable decrease in Chinese. The disproportionate number of Irish in these institutions is to be partly accounted for by the fact that they have not separate benevolent institutions of their own, as the other peoples have. It is probable that if ever the drain of Irish money home for political purposes ceases, we shall see them doing more in such matters. It further confirms this, that, although, according to Mr. Eloesser, the Polish and Russian Jews are about the most poverty-stricken class of the city, and in need of much charity, no appreciable number are recorded as natives of Poland or Russia in the reports of the municipal charities and corrections; an absence that seems undoubtedly due to the completeness of the Hebrew private charities. On the other hand, the Irish must be the chief beneficiaries of the Catholic charities.

To return from the question of the distribution of poverty in San Francisco to that of its actual amount: a few more indications may be added. According to the report of the labor bureau, wage workers earn here from $1.50 to $5.00 a day. Those whom the census classes as "laborers," as distinct from the wage-workers in the manufacturing industries or in personal service,—the mere unskilled men of muscle, I take it—may be estimated at 8700, if their ratio of 1880 to the population has been preserved. This is the class that stands always nearest to the edge of destitution, working at the lowest grade of wages, unable to save, devoid of any special knowledge of any kind of work. The work men and

women in the 1300 factories of the city, — iron-mills, cigar factories, clothing establishments, — were by the assessor's report of '88, 31,394. Of course in bad years some of these are thrown out of work, but in reasonably good years there is no need of any steady workman of this number standing in danger of destitution except through unusual misfortune. For sickness or small interruptions of work, workmen of this class generally have some provision through savings, if only in the shape of dues paid their trades union. It will be seen that the proportion of working-people who might be expected to live near to danger of destitution is small.

Of one class of the working people we have especially full statement in the State labor commissioner's report of last year, in which working women are an especial topic. According to this report, there are over 20,000 girls and women engaged as wage-earners in San Francisco. This must include the 800 or so public teachers and a great many private teachers; stenographers, clerks, telegraph operators, etc. Putting these occupations out of consideration, we find the wages in the trades running from about $40 a week, the highest amount earned by a skillful dressmaker on piece-work, down to $1.00 a week, the lowest earned at type-setting and basket-making — probably by girls who did not give full time. The average wages run $8 a week in book-binding; $7 or $8 in shoe-making; average perhaps $7 in dress-making; $6 or $7 in canning and packing; ironing in laundries, about $9; millinery, $5; type-setting, perhaps $5.50; saleswork, $7 or $8; upholstering, $10; and so on. Of over four hundred girls, from twenty trades, from whom full individual reports were obtained, about twenty complain of unwholesome work-rooms,—all the rest are in bright, healthy rooms; most of them report good health, some "fair," almost none "poor." The great majority are young, from sixteen to twenty-five, unmarried; nine-tenths of them live at home, and of those who board, all but a dozen are in private families. These four hundred girls report with great unanimity either that they give their wages to their mothers to go into the family stock, or that they have it all for dress and pin money; that they have pleasant homes and good parents; and are reported by the commissioners as well-dressed, well-mannered, and cheerful. Now and then there is a drunken father, or parents are dead; then there is evident hardship in making ends meet, and plain or even shabby dress. With very few exceptions, there are no savings; even where the girls handle their own money, they are unable to give an account of it; they only know it is always gone at the end of the year. A few, usually Scotch or Yankee, have savings to report,— $50, $60, one Scotch woman, a fruit-packer, $195, a young French laundry woman $144, an Irish salesgirl of twenty-two $192; these all lived at home. Most of them have been through the public schools; a few through the high school. When they lodge and live at restaurants, they can get an excellent meal, at a tidy, respectable restaurant for fifteen cents.

This is the cheerful side. It must be remembered that these well-dressed, cheerful girls, living at home and working for pin money, cut down wages for those that really have to work. Not all can command the good prices. The average are good, but the lowest prices fall to $3.00, $2.50, $2.00, even $1.00 a week. Undoubtedly, especially in the less skilled trades, there is much pinching and sorrow, especially where girls are dull and inefficient. The "sweater" is occasionally caught at work here. The "sweater" is one who takes work, — usually making up garments, — by contract from some house, and gets it done wherever he can. A favorite device is to advertise for girls to learn the trade, to have no wages, or something like fifty

cents a week, till they have learned. Before they have come to a rise in wages, they are dismissed on some pretext, and new gratuitous laborers fill their places. In New York frauds of this sort are extensively carried on; and some of Mrs. Campbell's bitterest chapters deal with them. Protective unions have been formed to meet them, and there is no more righteous charity. Several influential and determined men and women stand at the head of these unions, good lawyers give their services, and frauds are prosecuted and wages recovered without cost to the poor girl. The New York association has been very successful. The Women's Industrial and Educational Union of San Francisco has a branch of this sort in its work. Some of the trades unions have also tried to start one.

Still one more indication of the amount of poverty in San Francisco may be found in the amount of demand on the charities. It is a very rough indication, for there seems to be plenty of evidence that the demand for alms follows the supply, and will rise to almost any amount that this will permit. The following citations testify pretty strongly to this:

> When once a family has received relief, it is to be expected that their descendants, for some generations, will receive it also. The change made in the character and habits of the poor by once receiving parochial relief is quite remarkable; they are demoralized ever afterwards . . . If once a young lad gets a pair of shoes given him by the parish he never afterwards lays by sufficient to buy him a pair. . . . The disease is hereditary, and when once a family has applied for relief, they are pressed down forever . . . . All the tricks and deceptions of which man is capable are resorted to; the vilest and most barefaced falsehoods are uttered, and the worst characteristics of human nature are called into exercise . . . *their children are eye-and-ear witnesses to all this.*[1]

> The very profusion of charities [in Italy] is, then one of the principal causes of the spread of mendicity in our country. . . . A man may beget children without taking the trouble to reflect whether he can feed them, because an asylum and a maintenance will be found for them. . . . When Napoleon abolished . . . the convent alms at Rome, 15,000 of the beggars thus cut off from their support declined to be taken into a workhouse.[2]

> Wherever [in Switzerland] the greatest communal advantages exist, there the greatest indolence and dislike to work are to be found.[3]

> There is a mistaken and dangerous impression that in every community there exists a given and constant number of individuals . . . who are absolutely helpless, and whom it is *somebody's* duty to feed, clothe, and generally care for. . . . As a fact, we have the miserable company of hopeless paupers that is imagined by the common mind, but it is most unfortunately not fixed in quantity; it is perpetually being augmented by the weak, and foolish, and wicked, who have watched the course of benevolent persons and societies, and who can no longer resist the temptation constantly held out to them to give up the unpleasant struggle, and accept the gift so freely offered of a living without labor.[4]

But for what it is worth as an indication, I give some imperfect estimates of the amount of charity now distributed in the city. There are over sixty charitable and benevolent institutions here. Twenty-four of them—all from which we could get the figures—own a total value of over $1,000,000 in fixed property; the expenditure in charity of thirty-two, with the estimated charities of the churches of the city, were over a half million dollars in 1887. Most of those I could not include in this count were small and insignificant, but as the large Catholic parochial charities were excluded, and no estimate made of private charities, I should say that a million dollars is not an improbable guess at the total annual alms of the city. Twenty-one of the charities either had recorded or could estimate approximately the number of people helped in various ways: the total number was 23,000. But this includes beneficiaries by slight and passing services, such as consultations at the free clinics, or gifts of cast-off clothing, and —what makes the list of little use for

[1] Evidence before parliamentary commission. Quoted by Mrs. Lowell.

[2] Signor Fano, *Ibid.*

[3] E. Emminghaus, *Ibid.*

[4] Mrs. Lowell. "Public Relief and Private Charity."

the present purpose — the same persons are counted over and over without distinction from new cases. The Associated Charities have enrolled on their register, representing sixteen months' work, and twenty charities, over 3,200 different names. One may conjecture wildly at 3,000 as the number of cases of real need likely to occur here in a year.

In London, with about twelve times our population, there were at the time of the foundation of the Charity Organization Society, in 1869, 900 endowed charities, and $25,000,000 a year was distributed there in private alms, besides the vast amounts given by the rates. I do not find how much they amounted to at this time; before the amendments of the law, in 1834, they distributed about $40,000,000 a year in the whole country, and required 2,000 justices, 15,000 vestries, and 15,000 sets of overseers to handle the money. Even now, in a single day lately, 105,000 paupers were relieved in London. I have not at hand statistics for American cities, but I have seen some, and they do not support the general impression that San Francisco is exceedingly lavish with her charities. Probably we spend no more in proportion to the demand than other cities. But it seems clear that, as I have said, the need here is not greater than the charities can meet. After all modifications are made, it remains true that there is no great or unmanageable poverty here. It would seem as if, starting thus with the advantage of the situation, we might prevent the creation of slums among us.

On the other hand: With a population more than half foreign; with more saloons and open vice of every sort — so the students of such things tell us — than any other city in the Union, San Francisco is building up a hoodlumism that may yet prove terrific. In our shiftless, discouraged Polish Jews, Irish, or Italians, there is the making of a slum population bad as in any city, as time goes on. Whenever there comes to be a horde of incapables for whom there is no place, two men for every piece of work, there will not be much help in mild climate and cheaper food products. And then there are degrees of poverty short of actual suffering, which we certainly wish to relieve, if there is any right way. Lives that are dull, meagre, having little interest but in cheap and vapid pleasures, in danger from temptation, and bequeathing to descendants little to meet the increasing fierceness of the struggle, call for help and improvement. These working girls, who dress so well on $5, $7, $9 a week; whose parents allow them to spend to the last cent on their finery, and to stroll about all the evening with young men,— what are the chances of their influence and that of their sons and daughters in our population? There are figures in the same report that tells of their wages and hours, which show some of the grave dangers that beset dress-loving girls under such conditions. At best, there is little that is in a high sense womanly, strong, sensible, refined, about the life most of these girls seem to be leading. It is not because of the conditions of their work; it is because of the social conditions of the city where they live, and the easy indulgence of their homes. If there is less need in our city than in others for large expenditure and numerous workers in those charities that merely relieve suffering, it would seem that there may be more need here than elsewhere for those benevolences that help to make life safer and more worthy for many with whom the charities proper have nothing to do.

M. W. Shinn.

"AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG."

As the voice of many waters
That comes up from the sea,
As the sound from the far-off sand wastes
When the desert winds sweep free
Through the loneness of the midnight,
They sang triumphantly.

They sang, with the harpers harping;
And the song rose with a swell
That spread to the deepest heavens:
And lo, the wondrous spell
Was resting upon the nations;
But the song no man could tell.

The thrill of a mighty gladness
Like a subtle current ran
Through the measures of the music,
That hushed and then began,
And swelled to the farthest heavens
As the sweep of the hurricane.

And the hearts of the nations hungered
That the voicing they might know,
And the harping of the harpers,
That ever to and fro
Through the ages swelled and echoed,
As the ages come and go.

And the harpers kept a harping,
And still the singers sang,
Till the arches of the heavens
With the mighty music rang.
But the song—no man could learn it;
Nor the words the singers sang.

J. P. Widney.

EARLY AMERICAN LITERATURE.[1]

Mr. STEDMAN'S and Miss Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature" falls naturally into two great divisions, the first of which is already complete in five volumes, while the other still lacks two of that number. This first group of volumes brings us down to the opening of our great literary period — that of Emerson, and Longfellow, and Hawthorne, and Holmes, and Lowell; while the other covers the half-century since. To find material enough for the five volumes in more than two centuries next following the settlement of the country, not only literature proper, but still more sermons, journals, letters, political speeches, and theologic controversies, have been drawn on; while even with the exclusion of all such matter, the last half-century not only fills its five, but will overflow into a supplementary one now announced by the publishers.

This supplementary volume is also to contain biographical notes. The scheme of the "Library," as most of our readers probably know, does not include any biographical or critical matter,— only selections from American authors "from the earliest settlement to the present time," chronologically grouped, so as to give without comment a sort of panoramic view of the rise and growth of American literature. Especially in the early volumes, the scheme has involved the bringing to light of a good many forgotten names and quaint, unheard-of books; so that the curiosity of subscribers, as they received one after another the installments of the "Library" has rather demanded this biographical supplement.

The chronological arrangement is not rigid. The first volume, for instance, nominally covers the period 1607–1675; the second, 1676–1764; but in fact the accounts of Bacon's Rebellion in 1676 — the latest of them not published until 1705 — are in the first volume; while Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," dated 1662, opens the second. The distinction between the periods and phases of thought covered by each volume is kept the clearer, for Wigglesworth's poem properly belongs to the second epoch of New England religious thought, though somewhat antedating it; and the account of Bacon's Rebellion is a belated portion of the history of planting the colonies, which together with the record of the earliest epoch of religious thought there, is the subject of the first volume.

The book is, indeed, divided distinctly into two sections; one devoted to the adventurous tales of the Virginia voyagers, the other chiefly to the religious life of New England. The voyagers' tales are entertaining, few of them written with much skill, but all with a frank, direct English, showing the influence of the Elizabethan period. And indeed, throughout the whole five volumes here under review, this honesty and distinctness of expression is surprisingly predominant. Either it has been a condition of selection, or early American literature was consistently free from any serious taint of affectation.

Colonel Norwood tells by far the best story of shipwreck and sojourn among the Indians,—a story that boys ought to take abiding satisfaction in, now that it has been resurrected to modern form by Mr. Stedman. There is much historic value in the descriptions of Indian life and character before it had been affected by conquest. Captain John Smith, though obviously no skilled writer, has

[1] A Library of American Literature. Compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson. Vols. I–V. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1888-9.

about the best touch from a purely literary point of view. There is real eloquence in this, and the passage deserves to live:

What so truly sutes with honour and honestie as the discovering things unknowne? erecting Townes, peopling countries, and informing the ignorant, reforming things unjust, teaching virtue; and gaine to our Native mother-countrie a kingdom to attend her; finde employment for those that are idle, because they know not what to doe; so far from wronging any, as to cause Posterite to remember thee. . . . Then who would live at home idly (or think in him selfe any worth to live) only to eate, drink, and sleepe, and so die? Or by consuming that carelessly his friends got worthily? . . . Or for being descended nobly, pine with the vaine vaunt of great kindred, in penurie? Or to maintaine a silly show of bravery, toyle out thy heart, soule, and time basely by shifts, tricks, cards, and dice. Or by relating news of others' actions, sharke here or there for a dinner or supper; deceive thy friends by faire promises and dissimulation in borrowing where thou never intendest to pay . . . and then couzen thy kindred, yea, even thine own brother, and wish thy parents death, (I will not say damnation) to have their estates? though thou seest what honours and rewards the world yet hath for them that will seeke them and worthily deserve them.

How early in our history is struck this note, — the free West and manly toil there, rather than to accept an ignoble part in the drama of the complexer civilization! It runs through all the books, culminating in the faith and joy of the early republicans in the sturdy principles of their new nation. It is most impressive — and possibly pathetic — to see how from the first America has been the hope of the world; how much it was from the first in the minds of all that they were building for great futures. And it is curious to see how from the first a sort of writing now known in this State as "boom literature" has been at its time-honored work of drawing westward the Aryan race. Smith goes on to say:

What pleasure can be more then — being tired with any occasion ashore in planting Vines, Fruits, or Herbs, in contriving their owne Grounds to the pleasure of their owne mindes, their Fields, Gardens, Orchards, Buildings, Ships, and other works, etc., — to recreate themselves before their owne doores, in their owne boates upon the Sea. . . . And is it not pretty sport, to pull up two pence, sixpence, and twelvepence, as fast as you can hale and veare a line? He is a very bad fisher cannot kill in one day with his hooke and line one, two, or three hundred Cods. . . . If a man worke but three dayes in seaven, he may get more than hee can spend, unless he will be excessive.

Even of Plymouth Colony, in its first half dozen years of struggle and hardship, William Morrell writes:

O happie planter if you knew the height
Of planter's honours where there's such delight;
There nature's bounties, though not planted are,
Great store and sorts of berries great and faire:
The filberd, cherry, and the fruitful vine,
Which cheares the heart and makes it more divine.

. . . . . .

The fowles that in those bays and harbours feede
Though in their seasons they do elsewhere breede,
Are swans, and geese, herne, pheasants, duck and crane,
Culvers and divers all along the maine.

. . . . . .

The costly codd doth march with his rich traine:
With which the sea-man fraughts his weary ship;
With which the merchant doth much riches get:
With which plantations richly may subsist
And pay their merchants' debt and interest.

And Francis Higginson writes of the "Masathulets Bay" plantation:

It is scarce to be believed how our kine and goats, horses and hogs, do thrive and prosper here, and like well of this country. . . . But the abundant increase of corn proves this country to be a wonderment. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty are ordinary here. . . . And all this while I am within compass; what will you say of two hundred fold and upwards? It is almost incredible what great gain some of our English planters have had by our Indian corn. Credible persons have assured me, and the party himself avouched the truth of it to me, that of the setting of thirteen gallons of corn he hath had increase of it fifty-two hogsheads, every hogshead holding seven bushels of London measure, and every bushel was by him sold and trusted to the Indians for so much beaver as was worth eighteen shillings; and so of this thirteen gallons of corn, which was worth six shillings eight pence, he made about £327 of it the year following, as by reckoning will appear; where

you may see how God blesseth husbandry in this land. . . . Little children here, by setting of corn, may earn much more than their own maintenance.

And so on of root-crops, "pumpions," "cowcumbers," vineyards, fruits, timber, dye-stuffs, "resources" innumerable, — climate and heathfulness in especial: it has a wonderfully familiar sound. So too of the New York, New Jersey, and Delaware region, Daniel Denton, after pages about the material resources, the crops and cattle, writes:

But that which adds happiness to all the rest is the healthfulness of the place, where they look upon it as a great mortality if two or three die out of a town in a year's time. . . What shall I say more? You shall scarce see a house but the south side is begirt with hives of bees, which increase after an incredible manner: That I must needs say that if there be any terrestrial Canaan, 't is surely here, where the land floweth with milk and honey.

The editors have prefixed to the section that contains most of these enticing descriptions Drayton's comment from home:

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hind
Lurk here at home, with shame,
Go, and subdue.

. . . . . .

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than you wish.

The ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

But though the narratives and descriptions may be more readable, we cannot but find a deeper interest in the sermons and other writings that record the development of New England thought. Here, as we have intimated, a plain distinction occurs between the first and the second period. One is reminded of Horace Bushnell's words, in his Appeal for the College of California, speaking of the importance of a university to a new people: "It was so even in New England, as any one may see who will only look into the public records of the courts and towns and churches of the early times. The founders came over as a people strictly homogeneous; their leaders, in church and state, were men of the highest personal accomplishments; they planted the university, as we may say, the next day after they landed; and yet, before it could attain to its legitimate power, a generation appeared who compared with their fathers, were as daws to eagles." It is not among these first founders that we find the awful — the almost insane — strain of religious austerity, the lurid preaching, the monotony of grave thought, the superstitious streak with its one great outbreak in the witchcraft craze. Most of the earliest literature is cheerful, sane, reasonable; within the Plymouth limits it is tolerant and by no means without humor. The tone of Winslow and Bradford is most attractive: earnest and uplifted, as men who have no abiding city here, yet sunny, as not despising meanwhile to take an interest in even minor affairs of the place of their sojourn. The Bay colonists are of a sterner stuff; but even from their more strenuous divines there is nothing equal to the sombre fervor of the next generation.

Moreover, the fervors and the terrors are more spiritual. The most terrific of the elder generation, Shepard, threatens with the "fire of the wrath of God": but Wigglesworth says in as plain terms as Dante or a modern circuit rider:

Where God's fierce ire kindleth the fire,
and vengeance feeds the flame
With piles of wood and brimstone flood,
that none can quench the same.

With iron bands they bind their hands,
and cursed feet together,
And cast them all, both great and small,
into that lake forever,
Where day and night, without respite,
they wail, and cry, and howl,
For tort'ring pain which they sustain
in body and in soul.

. . . . . .

The least degree of misery
there felt 's incomparable,
The lightest pain they there sustain
more than intolerable.
But God's great pow'r from hour to hour
upholds them in the fire,
That they shall not consume a jot,
nor by its force expire.

Of how much higher a grade is this:

When the Judgment Day is done, then the fearful wrath of God shall be poured out and piled upon their bodies and souls. . . Now this wrath of God consists in these things:

1. Thy Soul shall be banished from the Face and blessed sweet Presence of God and Christ, and thou shalt never see the Face of God more. It is said that they wept sore because they should see Paul's face no more. Oh, thou shalt never see the Face of God, Christ, saints and angels more. . .

2. God shall set himself like a consuming, infinite Fire against thee, and tread thee under his Feet, who has by sin trod him and his Glory under Foot all thy Life . . I had rather have all the world burning about my ears than to have one blasting frown from the blessed Face of an infinite and dreadful God . . . .

3. The never-dying Worm of a guilty Conscience shall torment thee, as if thou hast swallowed down a living, poisonful Snake. . . . And this Worm shall torment by showing the Cause of thy misery; that is that thou didst never care for him that would have saved thee. . . .

4. Thou shalt take up thy lodging forever with the Devils, and they shall be thy companions . .

5. Thou shalt be filled with final Despair . . Oh, to think, when thou hast been millions of years in thy sorrows, when thou art no nearer thy end of bearing thy misery than at the first coming in, "Oh, I might once have had Mercy and Christ, but no hope now ever to have a glimpse of his Face, or one good look from him any more!"

6. Thou shalt vomit out blasphemous oaths and curses in the Face of God the Father forever . . Thus (I say) thou shalt lie blaspheming, with God's wrath like a Pile of Fire on thy Soul burning, and Floods, nay Seas, nay more, Seas of Tears (for thou shalt forever lie weeping) shall never quench it.

This (like the Prometheus of Æschylus) may be very bad as religion, but it is fine regarded as tragic literature — this passion of love and terror. For one must read the Puritan sermons very unsympathetically to see in them a harsh or cold religious spirit; no mystic ever burned with an intenser love. A love ringed around with flame and terrors, but perhaps the more passionate for that. Jonathan Edwards, who has some threats of eternal tortures as material as Wigglesworth's, as spiritual as Shepard's, and perhaps more vivid and soul-shaking than any one else's, has also this:

An inward, sweet sense of these things, at times came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them . . . This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things would often of a sudden kindle up, as it were, a sweet burning in my heart; an ardor of soul that I know not how to express. . . . And as I was walking there and looking upon the sky and clouds, there came into my mind so sweet a sense of the glorious majesty and grace of God as I know not how to express. I seemed to see them both in a sweet conjunction; majesty and meekness joined together: it was a sweet, and gentle, and holy majesty; and also a majestic meekness; an awful sweetness; a high, and great, and holy gentleness.

After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost everything. . . .

The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness; to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. . . . And it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and burden that what I felt within I could not express as I desired. . . . Heaven appeared exceedingly delightful as a world of love; and that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness. . . . It appeared to me that there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely; the highest

beauty and amiableness — a *divine* beauty .... The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun. There was no part of creature-holiness that I had so great a sense of its loveliness as humility, brokenness of heart and poverty of spirit.... My heart panted after this — to lie low before God, as in the dust; that I might be nothing, and that God might be ALL.

Jonathan Edwards raises the standard of thought and writing in this later colonial period. But however inferior it is — putting him out of account — to the earlier one, there is a gain in purely literary expression. In early colonial times there is such literary merit as is inseparable from simple and lively narration, or honest record of strong human feeling and experience; Bradford's and Winslow's accounts of the Pilgrims rise at important or pathetic points to an unconscious excellence that fixes the passages in memory; and the love-letters of the Winthrops are exquisite. But there is no essay whatever at pure literature save Anne Bradstreet's poems, and a few attempts at verse by graver writers. (The "Bay Psalm Book" we put out of account, for its intention was not literary.) Roger Williams, for instance, ventured as follows:

When Sun doth rise the stars do set,
  Yet there 's no need of Light,
God shines a Sun most glorious,
  When creatures all are Night.

The very Indian Boys can give
  To many Stars their name,
And know their Course and therein do
  Excel the English tame.

English and Indians none inquire,
  Whose hand these Candles hold,
Who gives these stars their Names, himself
  More bright ten thousandfold.

The "Tenth Muse" did better than this, but the fact that her poems were the American high water mark for the period of Milton and Dryden and Herrick, says in one word all that there is to be said of the poetic status of America at that date. There are one or two of her love poems to her husband, that in our judgment are much better than either of the examples of her work included in this collection, and are really very worthy verse,—more perhaps for its tender and transparently sincere feeling than for strictly poetic merit.

In the later colonial literature, however, there is quite a sprinkling of poetry, some of it of reasonable merit. This bit from an anonymous poem is pretty:

Whilst Celia sings, let no intruding breath
Deform the air; ye winds grow calm as death.
On silken wings, ye whispering zephyrs fly,
And in soft murmurs steal along the sky,
Soft as the murmurs of a virgin's sigh.
Close in the deep recesses of my breast,
Those deep recesses where she reigns confest.
Let every traitor passion be confined;
Let Love himself seem banished from my mind.

Joseph Green's irreverent parodies on the somewhat stilted elegance of the Reverend Mather Byles would pass as good today; and it is pleasant to find that people *could* be irreverent in New England in those days. There is evidence enough, however, that there was no time when a "remnant" of sane and independent spirits was wanting, to hold back against any prevalent extravagance, or to urge minority views. We have not only Roger Williams's well-known pleas for toleration, but some blunt lines from Peter Folger, to the effect that rulers should

keep bound
And meddle not with God's worship,
  for which they have no ground;
And I am not alone herein
  there 's many hundreds more,
That have for many years ago
  spake much upon that score.

Cotton Mather's treatise on witchcraft was promptly answered by Robert Ca-

lef, a level-headed merchant of Boston, with a bold and plain condemnation of the action of the clergy, and a clear, efficient analysis of the evidence and review of the proceedings in the matter,— of the utmost historic value. Judge Sewall's anti-slavery tract is well known. When a revivalist style of preaching, based on the terrors of hell, began to be prevalent, Charles Chauncy came out with a sharp and sensible condemnation of all such methods, and evidently had many with him.

In the next period, the revolutionary, 1765–1787, a very visible reaction from the Puritanism of the second generation has taken place: the more orthodox men have regained the mental poise of the first settlers, while a fair number of distinctly heterodox thinkers are on the scene, and express their views as plainly as they would today. Paine and Jefferson did so at greater cost of reprobation than they would incur now ; but the diplomatic Franklin managed to retain his place in the esteem,— even the personal friendship, — of devout men, and that without concealing his views. He answered to Whitefield, — who had said that if his offered hospitality was for Christ's sake he should not miss a reward, — "Don't let me be mistaken ; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake." He answered frankly the good old ministers who inquired about his beliefs.

Indeed, at about the time Franklin comes on the stage, the theologic interest yields place to the political in the history of American thought that these earlier volumes of American "literature" really constitute. The third and fourth volumes, devoted to the revolutionary period, 1765–1787, and the early republican period, 1788–1820, are largely made up of the patriotic addresses and papers of the time, discussions in Congress, narrations of important historic events, and the like. The average of good sense and patriotic spirit is high ; and there is very little inflated rhetoric or cumbrous argument. Yet there is less of general literary interest in the political writings of these volumes than in the religious writings of the earlier ones. Here and there one shines out that would hold by its mere vigor and eloquence a reader who took no previous interest in its subject. Patrick Henry's sentences, spoiled to our ears by repetition, regain force read with their context and in their place among other papers of the time, and the reader realizes what wonderful talk it really was. Otis's "Letter to a Noble Lord" is a most vigorous and telling piece of writing. The Declaration of Independence has an abiding eloquence. The speeches of Tecumseh and Red Jacket, preserved in the later volume, are of striking quality. And we might name a number of other eloquent civic writings, especially during the Revolutionary period. But on the whole, the chief interest is the historic.

At the same time, directly literary effort increases. Franklin and John Woolman come on the stage. Private journals become more interesting, and there is much good letter writing, especially by women. There was a crop of popular songs and ballads during the Revolution, of which Yankee Doodle is about the only one that has lived, or had much claim to live. For the rest, there is an occasional poem, or prose tale, or episode, that has permanent literary value, and a very respectable average throughout all that the editors have here selected ; but no author, besides Franklin and Woolman, who adds much directly to the world's literary possessions. Indirectly, they added greatly, for they were largely the creators of their greater successors. Their work was of honest merit, and all its influence and tendency was toward better standards of excellence. The men of great power, who came later to express themselves through our literature, did not have false and affected ideals to overcome, but had only to infuse their

own stronger thought and imagination into the medium of honest and excellent expression they and their readers were already used to. There is much in the literary methods of a hundred years ago that the critic is often moved to recommend to the younger writers of today; and there is a touch of praise in saying a writer's style is "old-fashioned."

Perhaps the most impressive thing in looking through a chronological collection like this, where one gets a connected perspective view of a whole line of authors, extending over hundreds of years, is the irresistible conviction it brings of the justice of the world's verdict in literature. The statesman of a hundred years ago, or a thousand years ago, may still be idealized from a common bully into a hero of romance, or remain a "misunderstood" man, under cruelly undeserved odium, in spite of all the efforts of historians. Mary Stuart persistently remains an innocent saint, and it is doubtful if the antiquarians will ever persuade people that Nero did not wantonly set Rome on fire. But no success of the literary charlatan need discompose the lover of justice; ten years or a hundred will surely seal his fate: and surely, sooner or later, the obscure great author will go upon the world's roll of fame. Even the writer who is great, with a streak of charlatanry, pays the penalty, as Byron and Poe are year by year more surely paying it; or the one whose greatness was half not pure ministering to permanent human needs, but to the passing need of his day, shall surely live half to his own day alone, and to the future world only half. We who do not know — as only a few delvers can know — what the mass of the writing was early in the eighteenth century, may easily think that Jonathan Edwards was overrated by the whim of religionists, till we see him in a collection like this, surrounded by his contemporaries: and Franklin towers like a Titan,— for intellectual force andsu btlety, for versatility, and wit, and shrewdness, for understanding of the use of language, and for all that we call literary power,—over his fellows. Of course he pretends to nothing imaginative or moving: but within the range he takes — and it is a considerable one — he looms larger the better perspective one gets. John Woolman is placed by many book-lovers as the one abiding literary gift of America in the eighteenth century. Woolman stands apart from and outside of comparison with all his time,— a mystic in a day when with thought, and speech, and musket people were grappling with immediate realities. He does not make a great impression by the extracts of this collection, and these are all of him that we have here to do with.

There is visible the same descent from the revolutionary to the post-revolutionary period, as from the early to the later colonial period. There is more literary effort, a better average comprehension of method and choice of subject: but there are no Franklins or Woolmans,— no, nor Patrick Henrys or Otises. We must believe that power of delivery and the circumstances of his time made Webster's speeches their reputation: they are not eloquent on the page, nor as true and direct and free from inflation in style as many others. Joel Barlow, Charles Brockden Brown and James Kirke Paulding are the chief names, putting civic achievement out of account. Fiction begins here, and verse steadily improves. "You 'd scarce expect one of my age," "Hail Columbia," "Peter Rugg, the Mining Man," "The Star Spangled Banner," date from this period.

As literature increases, and the periods into which the editors divide their work become shorter, the chronological division becomes harder. Channing, for instance, opens the fifth volume, the second of the "Literature of the Republic," dated 1821–1834; yet in the volume on Literature of the Revolution, 1765–1787, to which Jefferson is assigned, reference

is made to him as already a great influence; for while Jefferson's prime belonged to the revolutionary period, his latest letters fell within the dates of this fifth volume. Bryant is placed here, though he was still a power almost into the present decade.

All up to this point,—in spite of a few really eminent names,—has been a review by sample of the work that prepared the way for an American literature. Here it begins, with Bryant, and Irving, and Cooper. There are still public speeches, and sermons, and matter of chiefly historical or biographical interest, among the extracts; but the poets and novelists and essayists have the foreground. The growth in the comprehension of poetry and fiction is immeasurable; the expansion of the mind to the graces and entertainments of life in these prosperous years and with the sense of nationality, is no less than surprising.

Here are R. H. Dana, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Sedgwick, Joseph Rodman Drake, Fitz-Greene Halleck, James Gates Percival, William Ware. Here belongs John Pierpont's hymns and poems—notably the elegy:

> I cannot make him dead!
> His fair sunshiny head
> Is ever bounding round my study chair,—

Here are single poems that,—whether by real merit or by a certain popular touch,—have fixed themselves in the memories of two generations: Woodworth's "The Bucket," Emma Willard's "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Hannah Gould's "The Name in the Sand," Charles Sprague's "The Family Meeting," Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," Muhlenberg's "I Would Not Live Alway." Audubon and Morse in science; Channing and Everett in thought; Prescott and Sparks in history, are assigned to this period. It did not merely usher in a worthy literature; it had a worthy literature of its own.

Just before Irving's Sketchbook and Cooper's Spy had made themselves known,—in 1820,—Sydney Smith said, "Who reads an American book?"; and the stricture, perfectly just at the time, was quoted as English opinion long after it had been followed by a cordial recognition of the new literature from other critics. The editors prefix it, followed by half a dozen or more of the later criticisms, to this volume: "The names of COOPER, CHANNING, and WASHINGTON IRVING, indeed, amply demonstrate that the American soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated and fascinating character," said Sir Archibald Alison in 1842; and as early as 1824 the *Retrospective Review* of London said, "The verses of Bryant come as assuredly from 'the well of English undefiled' as the finer compositions of Mr. Wordsworth . . . It is quite idle to set up for America the benefit of a *young* language; she does not require it. She can stand upon her own ground even now."



ETC.

THE rivalry between Chicago and New York for the World's Fair is a matter of some interest, of a dispassionate sort, to people at this distance. The mere fact that Chicago is willing to pay so much more for the privilege, and really desires it much more earnestly than New York, gives her a sort of right to it. The other plea, that the visitors to the country ought to be obliged to go to its center and see what it really is as a whole, instead of on a sea-board strip, seems sound at first thought; but it is not really so. For in fact, though in the center of the country, Chicago is not in any true sense an epitome of our national life. If she were, she would not have to tell people so: the eyes of the nation would instinctively turn to her. New York had no official stamp of metropolitanism upon her: Boston and Philadelphia had the lead in civic and intellectual importance, and Washington the nominal headship. The truth is that Chicago represents only one portion of American activity, — the commercial and industrial. It may be that these are our chief distinction; that our intellectual achievements are not only insignificant as compared with our own material activities, but also small as compared with the intellectual achievements of other civilized nations. Doubtless Boston would be an inappropriate place to hold the Fair. But Chicago falls as far short of the representative quality on the one side as Boston on the other. New York, on the contrary, is a true epitome of our activities; the New Yorker comes nearer to being the typical American, with the country's real ratios of materialistic and civic and intellectual activities in him, than any other city man. In one sense, the true national types are not to be found in any city, but in the rural regions: but these the visitor to the Fair will not see in any case. He will see, should it be held at Chicago, a great deal more of the extent of the country in area, and will be given a perfectly adequate sense of its business activities; but he will be led to infer there is little else but business going on. Should it be held in New York, he will not be allowed to underrate our material activities, and these will still lead and overshadow all others; but he will also be where he is forced to realize something about our literary production, our journals, our universities, our fashion and social arrangements, our ferment of reforms and hobbies. It is useless to say that these things will be represented at the Fair wherever it is: they may or may not make as good exhibits in Chicago as in New York; but they cannot enter into the life of the community about, for the visitor to feel in the middle West as in the metropolis.

THE first testimony that the new ballot laws have worked admirably in the fall elections, seems to be followed by some minor complaints, and hitches have occurred in various places. In Kentucky and elsewhere the laws have been declared unconstitutional, as they practically disfranchise illiterates, and will have to be amended. In Montana they say that it took people too long to prepare their ballots, and that they got muddled and made mistakes, so that ballots had to be thrown out. These Montana complaints may not mean anything more than the opposition of politicians to a reform that so effectively cuts the ground from under the feet of their worst devices for controlling elections. It seems on the face of it surprising that Montana people, who have never been understood to be exceptionally stupid, should find difficulties in arranging their ballots that have not been found in the other States; certainly, as has been already remarked in print, one might suppose that a system which had been practiced without the least trouble for years by Australians, English and Canadians, need not be too perplexing for the brains of Americans.

BUT it is to be added, in modification of this, that there are elements of American population doubtless duller than Australian, English, or Canadian voters, — that is, the representatives from the most ignorant classes of Europe. It seems as if it ought to be superfluous to point out that men whose dense ignorance and slowness makes the marking of the right name on a ballot and getting it into the right box an insuperable difficulty, are not fit to be trusted with the more difficult task of selecting what names to vote. It will be one of the greatest benefits of these ballot reforms if they help to make people realize the utter impropriety and un-Americanism of illiterate voting. The difficulty about illiterates will always be the most vulnerable point of such laws, and there is but one just, and thorough, and beneficial way out of it, and that is to cut it like the Gordian knot,—to abolish it. The States that have to amend their laws now to avoid it, should make the amendment in the form of a restriction of the franchise to those who can read and write the English language. There is little meaning in the constant phrase that this is "impracticable"; all such things are practicable whenever people enough believe that they are; and when everyone says that a step is "desirable but impracticable," it is perfectly possible that it might prove easily achieved. Reformers had been saying for years that the Australian ballot law was

a necessary reform, but probably for the present impracticable; and no one was more astonished than they to see thirteen laws pass thirteen legislatures in rapid succession last winter, without any of the long, slow fight they had looked for. Of course, politicians would detest the educational qualification; they detested the ballot laws; but the only places in which they were able to make any stand against them were in New York and Connecticut, where they had control of the veto power. The exclusion of men from a share in the government of an American State until they had showed that they valued it highly enough to acquire an elementary preparation for it, is the natural remedy for several of the most serious ills of our system, perfectly republican in principle, equitable, and moreover popular among the people. It is quite possible that legislatures would be willing to follow up the ballot laws with this great reform.

EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND:

The Argonaut of August 14th has robbed the "Pope's Irish" of a broadside and generously given the same to me. The whole tone and tenor of the page devoted to me in that paper seems to be based on the hypothesis that I have presumptuously rushed into print, in my article in the OVERLAND of October, entitled "An estimate of the life and character of David S. Terry," to antagonize a popular sentiment. To show how ill-founded is this supposition, it is proper for me to say that I never had any liking or wish to become in any sense a biographer or apologist for Mr. Terry, and only consented to fill a space in the OVERLAND at the invitation of its editor, who desired something upon the subject. I do not mention this to apologize, for I have no apologies to make, but to show that in this instance I was no knight errant hunting for unpopular contests. I am accused of not giving a true estimate of the subject of my sketch, but in no instance has any variance from the truth been shown. I said of Mr. Terry that he was a man of massive frame, of violence, accustomed to the use of deadly weapons, a duelist, of strong hates, ungovernable passions, his judgment warped by a belief in human slavery, not a great lawyer or jurist, that his temperament and mind were not judicial, etc. I also said, "judged by the standard of his class he was the soul of honor." I, at the same time, showed the characteristics of the class so as not to be misunderstood. It is on record that Henry Edgerton and others have said that "Terry was the soul of honor," without any qualifying clause. But they said it when there was no popular clamor, and escaped a scolding for so doing.

I also said of Terry that he intended to be honest in his convictions, that he was an incorruptible judge, honest in his dealings with his fellow men, true to his clients, never a sycophant in the presence of wealth or power, generous to friends,—true and pure in his domestic relations, social and companionable in his best estate, etc. Does any one deny that he had these qualities? My article in the OVERLAND has been much commented on, and I have yet to hear a denial. Men who knew him better than I did say he had many other good qualities, but I did not undertake at a sitting to give a complete analysis of the man, but only the merits and demerits I knew of, or that occurred to me at the moment.

I said, "It is too soon to analyze the life of Judge Terry for the popular mind." My reviewer says that in saying this I simply admit that I have not the courage to do it honestly. My statement meant that to do it at this time would be to stir the intolerance of the sort who will not admit that the man they hate has a single redeeming trait, and the broadside in the *Argonaut* is proof of the obstacles I saw ahead. There is a species of the human animal which cannot hunt except in packs. With them a violent popular howl is the only standard to follow. The *Argonaut* asserts that the only time to write truthfully of men is when the popular clamor is in the air,—that then is just the time to get correct impressions. If this be true, it may be safely said the world has made a wofully bad use of its opportunities. So much has this been the case, that the impression is strong that most history is false.

In regard to the accusation that the statement I made of Judge Terry's anger at the proposal made to him to sell the state scrip he had on hand when he had declared the state debt unconstitutional, was not true, I have this to say,—that the one who made the proposal was in just the place to know what the decision would be, and I find others besides myself heard Joseph L. Beard, then Clerk of the Supreme Court, tell with circumstantial detail, about the "set back" he got from Judge Terry; and the whole facts in the case can, I think, be verified. It will have to stand as history.

It is a well known fact that many decisions of court have been made serviceable to friends before they were given to the public. Abraham Lincoln accused the leaders of the Democratic party of knowing what the celebrated Dred Scott decision would be in advance of its publication, and parts of Buchanan's message seemed to indicate his foreknowledge of it. One would not have to go far to find cases where friends had profited by intimations of what court decisions would be.

In regard to the Archey case, my accuser says I do Terry injustice, in leaving the impression that his judgment was warped by his belief in African Slavery; for if so, Terry was a dishonest judge, for an honest one will be governed by the law alone, whatever his bias. But, a few lines before Terry is pronounced an honest judge. Well, as the decision declared there was no law or comity by which Archey could be held a slave, I suspect the *Argonaut* will be troubled to find what was the governing motive in the case, if not the bias of slavery influence.

In regard to the duel with Broderick, I must say

that until lately I entertained the popular impression created at the time of Broderick's death, but investigation has shown me, as it will any one who cares to know the facts, that the impression was wrong. As to the averment of the *Argonaut*, that my statement of Colton's private admission is infamous and false, I have this to say, that it must stand as historically true. I can name two living witnesses, equal to anybody in San Francisco for standing or veracity, each of whom, at different times, heard Gen. Colton say what I stated. But I shall not do so without their consent.

The *Argonaut* cannot see any reason why the duel of Terry and Broderick should be "dragged forth," and anything said impeaching the "fairness" or "courage" of either party; and in another place I am accused of "dragging to light" an accusation against the courage of Broderick. The reader of my article in the OVERLAND will find no such accusation, or any inference of a want of courage in either of the parties; and he will be at a loss to find how an estimate of the life of Terry is to be written and the duel with Broderick left out; one of the most important events in the life of either, and the one most misrepresented, and that too by virtue of the infallible law laid down by the *Argonaut*, that the only time to write correct history is in the midst of a popular clamor.

E. G. Waite.

Errata in "Early Editors of California."

THROUGH an unfortunate error, Mr. O'Meara was unable to see the proofs of his article on the "Early Editors of California," appearing in this issue. The proof-reader, being of a later generation, was unfamiliar with many of the proper names appearing in the text, and some mistakes have crept in. The following corrections should be made: Hancey (p. 489) should be Harney; Pat Halstead (p. 492) should be "Pet" Halstead — a nickname by which every one knew him; Linnsden (pp. 492–3) should be Lumsden; James Winchester (p. 493) should be Jonas Winchester; John Colton (p. 497) should be John Cotter; Vincent E. Garjes (p. 498) should be Vincent E. Geiger; Levi D. Starnns (p. 499) should be Levi D. Slamm.

BOOK REVIEWS.

An Interesting Catalogue.

One of the choicest bibliographies that has come under our notice is the catalogue of the Barton Collection[1] in the Public Library of Boston. Principally noted for its very complete series of editions of Shakespeare's works and of Shakespeariana, it embraces the standard literature of English and foreign drama, of literary and political history, and includes numerous rare typographical nuggets.

The first part of the Catalogue is devoted to Shakespeare, and among its rich contents we note the presence of the original first four folios, the early quartos, and early editions of the doubtful plays; while the array of later editions and of commentators is surpassed probably only in the Shakespeare Memorial Library in Birmingham, and in the British Museum.

The great value of the collections, like that of the Ticknor and Prince collections, previously acquired by the city of Boston, has been vastly increased by the careful and scholarly manner in which its contents have been catalogued, indexed, and annotated. The student of Elizabethan drama can find at present no better guide than the Catalogue of the Barton Collection.

[1] Catalogue of the Barton Collection. Boston Public Library. Part I. Shakespeare's Works and Shakespeariana; Part II. Miscellaneous. Published by the Trustees: 1884.

The Story of the Hansa Towns.

Among the many out of the way nooks of history that have been explored in the series of Stories of the Nations, none is of more interest than the Hanseatic League.[2] These sturdy German merchants had no higher ambition than to pursue their commerce uninterrupted by the quarrels of the surrounding rulers, but unconsciously they laid the foundation for the overthrow of the feudal system and the development of modern individualism. They made international communication possible at a time when it would otherwise have been impossible, by their determined stand against the abuses and aggressions of the rulers. Miss Zimmern divides the story into three parts, representing the rise, the maturity, and the final decline of the League. The book is unusually happy in its presentation of the peculiar spirit of mediæval life, and the vivid and interesting narrative will undoubtedly attract the younger class of readers, to whom it is addressed.

Briefer Notice.

ONE of the best results of the revival of study of the romance languages in American universities is the selection and republication of much in the way of French literature that is both charming and instruc-

[2] The Hansa Towns. By Helen Zimmern. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

tive. Mr. Crane's *La Société Française*[1] is an instance in point. He has unearthed a great deal that is new and interesting concerning the society and life of the seventeenth century, and the selections concerning the Hôtel de Rambouillet, M'lle de Scudéry, the *Précieuses* and the *Femmes Savantes*, bring home in most vivid manner the artificial gallantry, the overstrained politeness, the theatrical atmosphere, of that superficial time. Very amusing to the Philistine of today is the *Carte de Tendre*, or the *Nouveau Traite de la Civilité*, with its imaginary conversations on things polite. The serious side of life, however, has not been forgotten, and due justice is done to the really wonderful work begun and carried out by the Marquise de Rambouillet for the elevation and emancipation of women, and the fact that the basis of reform in French spelling was established by three of the ridiculed *Précieuses*.——"The late attacks upon the memory of John Brown" furnish an incentive for the publication of a translation of Von Holst's essay on the hero of Harper's Ferry.[2] Every great social revolution has its pioneers, enthusiasts who look upon one abuse as threatening the permanence of civilization, and are looked upon as fanatics by their contemporary opponents, as martyrs by their supporters. It is the task of posterity to adjust the balance, and to determine their true place in history. Such a man was John Brown, but the historian who would assign him to his true place must approach the task in a different temper from that shown by Mr. Stearns in his introductory and supplementary remarks. Mr. Stearns justifies the "Pottawatomie executions," as he calls them, quoting from Sanborn, by referring to the temper of the border during that period of excitement, and by relating an incident of similar revenge taken by Sioux Indians. He condemns any adverse criticism of Brown's course, as unwarranted attacks upon the memory of a martyr. He refuses to recognize the fact that the full measure of John Brown's service to humanity may be appreciated, while the Pottawatomie and Harper's Ferry incidents are condemned; that there may be a clearly drawn distinction between the object sought to be gained and the means employed for gaining that end. Dr. Von Holst's essay is in much better tone, though he too condones somewhat the offenses of his hero in order to give greater prominence to the moral of the narrative.

[1] La Société Française, au Dix-Septième Siècle. By Thomas Frederick Crane. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

[2] John Brown. By Dr. Herman Von Holst. Edited by Frank Preston Stearns. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

One feels that even yet a just estimate of the unique character of the man has not been given, though this essay is a considerable contribution toward such an estimate.——The invasion and defeat of Burgoyne[3] finds a natural and proper place among the Decisive Events of American History. Before that event the result of the struggle was naturally in doubt, not only to the nations of Europe, but also to the people of this country. The success of Burgoyne's expedition would probably have sealed the fate of the colonies, but the success of the colonial army against the trained forces of England indicated the possibility of final success, the certainty that the subjugation of the colonists would cost more in time and money than England could expend. The effect was seen immediately in the success of Franklin's hitherto apparently hopeless efforts for recognition from the French court, and in the willingness of England to grant what the colonies had demanded before the commencement of hostilities. In this country, also, the effect was seen in the banishment of the feeling of despondency that had been gaining ground. The author tells the story of the campaign well, and his criticism of the military manouvers is particularly good.—— The series of extracts from contemporary writers on English history is well continued by the volume of extracts referring to the Crusade of Richard I.[4] Mr. Archer has made his selections with good judgment, and with his connective notes a clear account of the crusade is presented. The extracts are from twenty-five writers, who were either in the Holy Land or were in a position to know what was going on among the crusaders, and the short sketches descriptive of these writers form a valuable addition to the work. The book is addressed to those to whom the original works are inaccessible, and gives the general reader a fair idea of the tools of the historian.——The birthdays of Longfellow and some other American poets are now celebrated in our schools, and the effort is being made to widen the list, with the aim of making the children more familiar with the great names of literature. Caroline Stanley's book[5] is intended as a guide to such services. It contains material for celebrating the birthdays of ten different American authors, — leading events of their lives, quotations, and programmes for interesting exercises.

[3] Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777. By Samuel Adams Drake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[4] The Crusade of Richard I, selected and arranged by T. A. Archer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[5] Authors' Birthdays. By Caroline H. Stanley. Chicago: S. R. Winchell & Co. 1889.



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Pearline is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

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is admitted to be the standard preparation for all purposes connected with the hair, prevents its falling off, eradicates curf, dandruff, etc., keeps it in the most beautiful condition, richly perfumed, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

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Were given with nearly every issue during the last year, and will be continued. They give an increase of nearly one-half in the matter and illustrations without any increase in the price of the paper.

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Articles of great value and interest will be given in the volume for 1890 by

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These Four Souvenir Numbers will be sent to each subscriber.

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$5,000 Prize Stories.

Nearly Six Thousand Stories have been examined. The titles and authors of those which will receive the Prizes cannot yet be announced, but the successful Stories will be published during the coming year.

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Free to Jan., 1890.

New Subscribers who send $1.75 now, will receive the paper free to January 1st, 1890, and for a full year from that date.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

(Send Check, Money-order, or Registered Letter, at our risk.)

Every Week. Finely Illustrated.

READ IN 430,000 FAMILIES.

CHICO VECINO.

Chico Vecino presents such lovely scene,
That to be admired *needs* but to be seen;
And seen but once enamored of the place,
We first admire, then covet, *then purchase.*

In a previous article in the Overland, we have endeavored without too much coloring to present the claim of *Chico Vecino* upon the consideration of those who are seeking homes or investment, whether they be Californian or Eastern people; and in doing so again, while we may reiterate some statements made in said article, we will endeavor to offer some new facts worthy of consideration.

As the name implies, (vecino means neighbor) *Chico Vecino* is designed to be a neighbor to the beautiful city of *Chico*, Butte Co., California, and adjoins it on the north, simply the barns, building, and a small part of the orchard of the Rancho Chico intervening.

Chico Vecino comprises over 1,000 acres, and is of the choicest part of the famous Rancho Chico of General John Bidwell, and we do not exaggerate when we say that no better land can be found within the State of California.



BRANCH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, CHICO, BUTTE CO., CAL.

General Bidwell, the proprietor of Rancho Chico and Chico Vecino, was one of the earliest pioneers to the State, having come here in 1841; and during years of service in the employ of General Sutter and the Government, and in which service he was called upon to traverse at different times the entire State, from Oregon to Southern California; he was furnished unusual facilities for determining where the garden spots lay.

While surveying and mapping this section in 1844, his attention was particularly attracted by the fertility and beauty of the locality and in 1848 he secured the Rancho del Arroyo Chico by purchase from one William Dickey, who held it under a Mexican grant.

The title has since been confirmed in John Bidwell by United States patent and decisions of the highest courts.

Possessing the rich body of land, General Bidwell has built up a magnificent property, which is an omnipresent tribute to his ability, progressiveness, and taste.

To assure one's self of the productive ability of *Chico Vecino*, one has but to view the orchards of thrifty bearing fruit trees, noble shade trees, and the magnificent groves of oak surrounding it.

Chico Vecino is divided principally into twenty-acre blocks with five-acre subdivisions; but a small portion has been divided into lots 90x200 feet suitable for building purposes, where a person only wants a residence, and does not wish to indulge in the fruit or other industry.

All of the semi-tropical and many of the tropical fruits can be produced here, and in abundance, and the season just passed has added another link to the chain of evidence in that regard. Three-year-old peach trees have borne as high as one hundred pounds to the tree, and six-year-old peach and apricot trees have borne as much as two hundred pounds per tree.

Other fruit trees, such as cherry, apple, pear, plum, prune, fig, persimmon, pomegranate, and the nut trees, bear proportionately well, and seem to have found here their natural home.

Nearly all varieties of berries, vegetables, melons, etc., vie with fruit trees for supremacy as regards quantity and quality.

A failure of the fruit crop, or a total failure of any of the grain crops, has never been known in this section.

No irrigation is practiced on the Rancho Chico or Chico Vecino, for the growth of fruit trees, and but little for vegetables, and that only during the summer months; Dame Nature so generously consulting our interests and supplying us with copious rainfalls at the proper season, the average ranging from eighteen to twenty-four inches per year.

Owing to the precocity of trees in this section an orchard may be brought into bearing in a short time, peaches and apricots invariably bearing in two years from planting, and cherry, pear, plum, apple, and other trees from three years on.

The nature of the soil in CHICO VECINO — a rich, sandy loam — makes it possible to reduce the cost of cultivation to the least possible minimum, and thorough cultivation does away with any necessity for irrigation.

There is a first-class nursery on the Rancho Chico, and intending orchardists can be supplied with first-class trees, thoroughly acclimated, of a vigorous, healthy growth, and free from insect pests.

Large quantities of these trees are shipped from this nursery every season to different parts of the State, there being a large demand for them, owing to their superior quality.

The approximate cost of preparing the ground, planting an orchard, cultivating, pruning, and bringing it to a three years' growth, is from $60 to $75 per acre, at which time it will begin to bring in an income.

The market facilities for products of CHICO VECINO, and which apply to this vicinity generally, are good, there being a good local market; a large cannery in successful operation on the Rancho Chico, immediately adjoining CHICO VECINO, and which yearly consumes large quantities of fruit; excellent transportation facilities for Eastern green fruit shipping on the California and Oregon, and Northern Pacific, and the Central and Union Pacific railroads and a dry summer

climate free from summer showers, which enables, when necessity demands, a successful drying of fruits, without resort to artificial means so necessary in damper localities.

The facilities afforded for freight traffic apply in equal force to passenger traffic, there being two passenger trains each way per day, carrying mail and express, one train being the Overland from San Francisco, East, via Portland, Tacoma, and the Northern Pacific.

Chico and CHICO VECINO are only 96 miles from Sacramento, the capital of the State, and 186 miles from San Francisco, the "hub" of the Pacific Coast.

In the matter of climate Chico Vecino is also favored, there being no better winter climate in the State.

Here we are blessed with an entire immunity from cyclones, blizzards, and extreme cold weather, which even while we write is the order of the day in most of the Eastern and Atlantic States, causing the wreck of thousands of dollars' worth of property and the loss of many lives. The temperature is of such a kindly nature that oranges and lemons thrive abundantly, and are even at this early date—Dec. 10th—ripening, and door-yard plants still bud and blossom to brighten and cheer our homes, and will continue so to do the entire year.

We would again call attention to the educational advantages to be afforded residents in Chico Vecino, by the excellent public and private schools located in Chico, and the Normal School to be opened in the summer of 1889.

The magnificent building dedicated to this purpose has been erected and enclosed this fall, and will be carried on to completion as rapidly as possible.

Excellent churches may also be found in Chico, representing seven denominations; the leading secret societies are represented, and a free reading room and library invites to culture and entertainment.

Summing it all up, we believe Chico Vecino to be an eminently desirable place to locate, to establish luxurious, happy, and profitable homes.

Maps, descriptive matter, prices, etc., furnished upon application, by

CAMPER & COSTAR, Agents,

CHICO, BUTTE COUNTY, CAL





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THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD

THIS ORIGINAL AND WORLD RENOWNED DIETETIC PREPARATION is a Substance of UNRIVALLED PURITY and MEDICINAL WORTH. A solid extract derived by a new process from very superior growths of Wheat—nothing more.

IT HAS JUSTLY ACQUIRED THE REPUTATION OF BEING

A STANDARD DIETETIC PREPARATION,

And has been recommended and certified to by a large number of Chemists and Physicians, representing a very high degree of medical science, as

THE SALVATOR FOR INVALIDS AND THE AGED,

A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVERS,

AND A RELIABLE REMEDIAL AGENT in all DISEASES of the STOMACH and INTESTINES, (often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the Granum was the only thing the stomach would tolerate when life seemed depending on its retention), and, while it is AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT FOR THE GROWTH AND PROTECTION OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN, we do not hesitate in saying, that no food for the nursling can at all compare with a healthy mother's yield of milk; when, however, the mother's milk is insufficient, either in quantity or in nutritive substance—the IMPERIAL GRANUM is, as has been proved in thousands of cases,

THE SAFEST FOOD.

Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition THAT WHICH MAKES STRONG BONE AND MUSCLE, THAT WHICH MAKES GOOD FLESH AND BLOOD, THAT WHICH IS EASY OF DIGESTION, NEVER CONSTIPATING, THAT WHICH IS KIND AND FRIENDLY TO THE BRAIN, and THAT WHICH ACTS AS A PREVENTIVE OF THOSE INTESTINAL DISORDERS INCIDENTAL TO CHILDHOOD. And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in food or dessert more creamy and delicious, or more nourishing and strengthening as an aliment in

Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Gastritis, Dyspepsia and General Debility,

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P. S.— Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

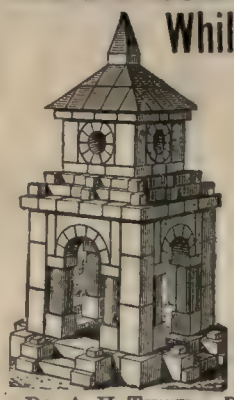
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The Favorite Numbers, 303, 404, 604, 351, 170, and his other styles,
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Is the finest and best preparation in the world for **Chapped Hands and Rough Skin.** Has the largest sale, gives better satisfaction than any other article. Beware of imitations claiming to be the same thing or just as good. Sold everywhere.

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LEAN



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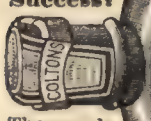
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SELECT FLAVORS
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Their **Great Strength** saves over 50 per ct. actual cost and they are the **True Rich Flavors** of the Fruits.

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They are made from selected skins in the best manner, and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general, and Hutchinson's Gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book **About Gloves.** It will interest you.

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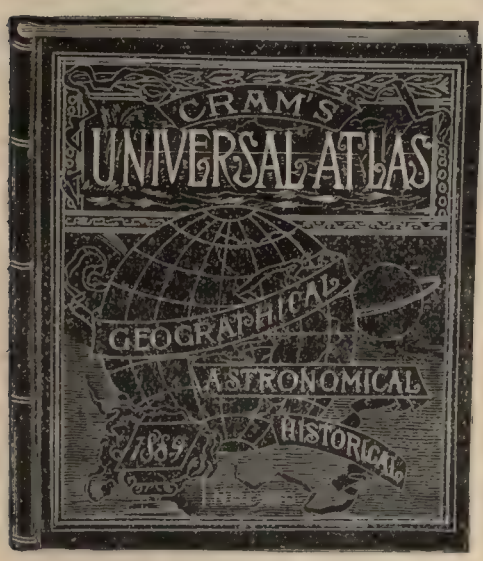
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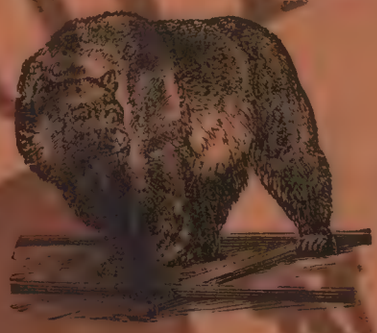
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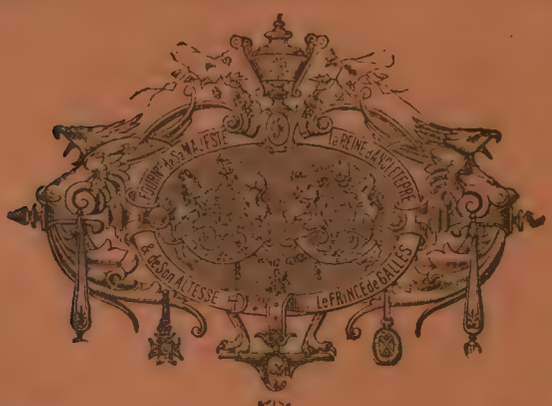
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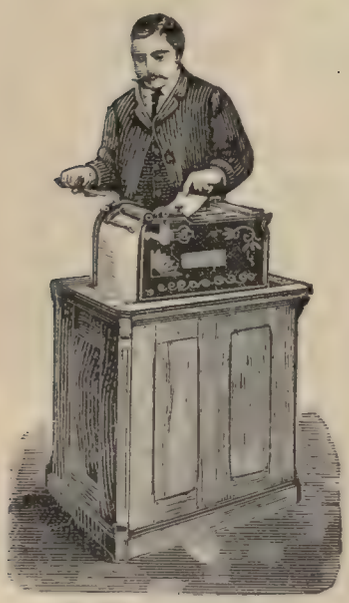
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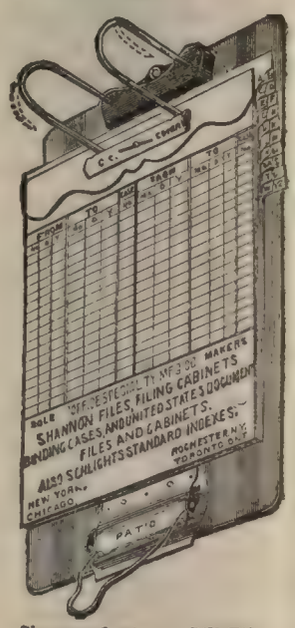
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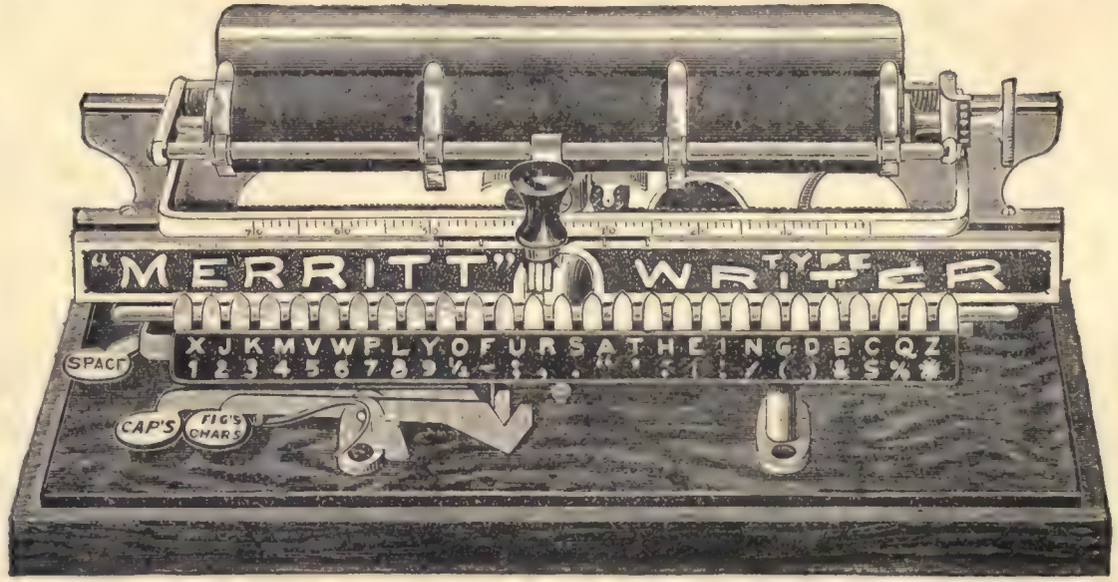
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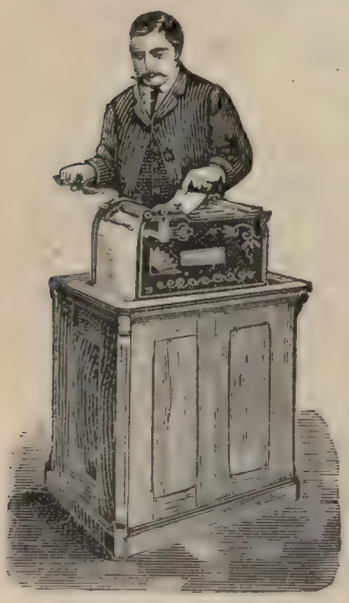
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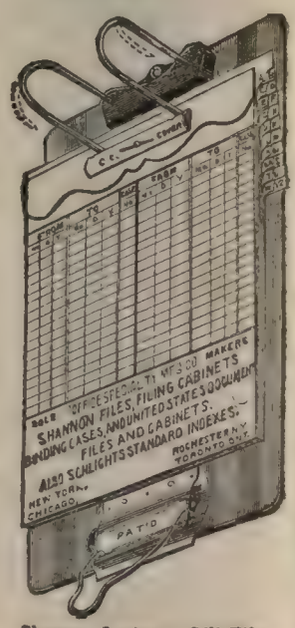
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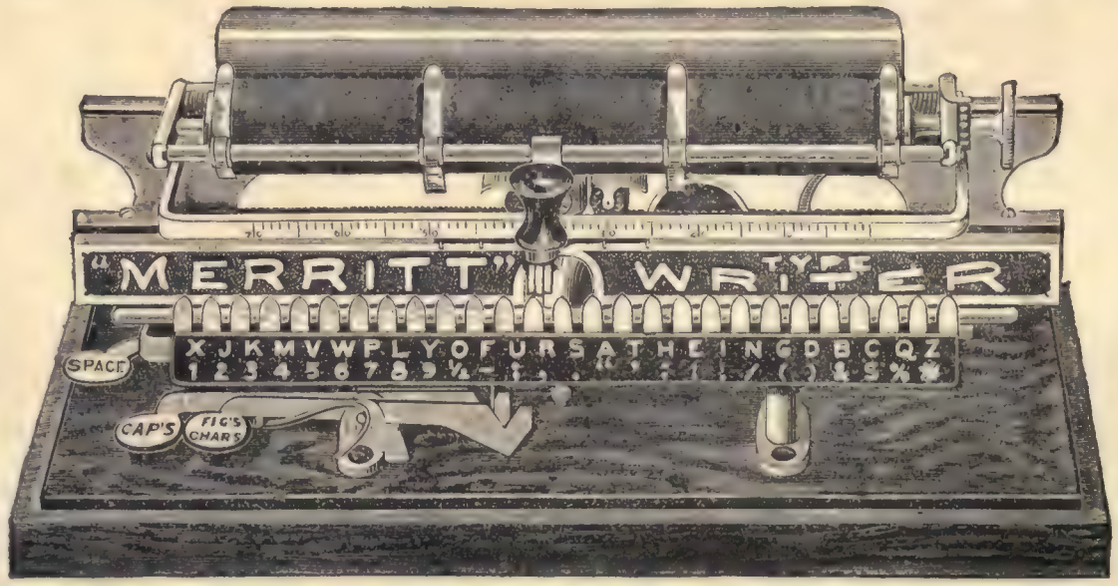
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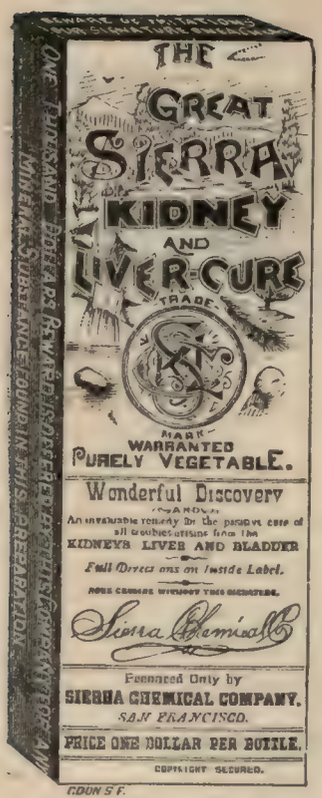
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Another point of its success is in the famous grizzly bear cover. The leather-colored paper used was adopted by THE OVERLAND before the *Atlantic* took a somewhat similar shade of cover, and has always been manufactured expressly for the magazine. Concerning the bear, Bret Harte wrote: "He is honest withal. Take him, if you please, as the symbol of local primitive barbarism. In his placid moments he has a stupid, good-natured, gray tranquility like that of the hills in midsummer. I am satisfied that his unpleasant habit of scalping with his forepaw is the result of contact with the degraded aborgine, and the effect of bad example on the untutored ursine mind.' "Fifty years hence, and he will be extinct as the Dodo or the Dinoris." The *Springfield Republican* lately said that the old *Atlantic* design, the John Winthrop head, and THE OVERLAND MONTHLY bear, were the two best magazine designs in America.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY studies and describes the history, resources, literature and peculiarities of the whole region west of the Missouri. It is the most characteristic western magazine ever published. Wherever the magazine goes, it illustrates and describes the Pacific Coast. It brings settlers here; it tells the world of the resources of the western half of the continent. Whoever wishes to study the far West, the Pacific Coast and the shores of the Pacific, must read THE OVERLAND. Home-seekers and investors read it. Lovers of new and fresh literature find nothing better than THE OVERLAND. Its great support is found at home, but its circulation throughout the United States and in Europe is of itself sufficient to support a magazine. The practical articles, recognized by all business men as greatly advantageous to the community, are yet of far less value than the articles which are the expression of the human interests. Under a new environment, the literature of the Pacific Coast must be measured by high standards, and it must conform to the principles of true literary art. The effort of THE OVERLAND is to bring together the very best work possible, believing that our friends and readers, in California and elsewhere, demand the very best, and will take nothing less. So far the results have justified onr confidence. In the long run no other method can succeed. We propose to have the best work attainable; to make the best magazine that can possibly be produced with the means at our command.

Very few persons stop to think how much good the publication of over twenty-five thousand pages of Pacific Coast articles in magazine form has already done for these Western Commonwealths. About 276 issues, and two million two hundred and six thousand single copies of THE OVERLAND have gone forth to the world. They are in all the great libraries of America, bound up beside the "Quarterlies and Reviews." They are daily examined by students and book makers. They are in cabins of pioneers, and huts of fishermen, and houses of wealth and refinement. They go to the Arctic with whalers, and to the tropics with the California gold miners. The readers of THE OVERLAND in the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic States make investments here, visits here, finally make their homes here—because the magazine has steadily expressed the best thought of the Pacific Coast, and has faithfully described its resources.

One must also consider the distribution of these copies. THE OVERLAND MONTHLY has subscribers and readers in every state of the Union, in Natal, India, Australia, Europe, Japan, South America. It is taken by army posts, being a great favorite with army men, because so many frontier officers have written for its pages. It goes to naval stations and to light-house keepers. And, wherever it goes, it illustrates with force and dignity the best ideas of the great and growing communities of the western half of the American Continent.

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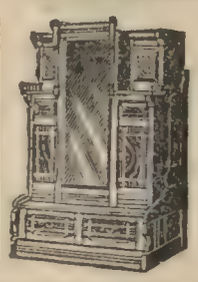
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THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV. (SECOND SERIES.)—DECEMBER, 1889.—No. 84.

AUTUMN DAYS IN VENTURA. I.



THERE was no station where we alighted from the train, which shrieked us a farewell as it sped down the tawny slope of the Santa Clara. The fervency of the morning sun hastened our steps toward the white buildings of the Camulos, staring resistlessly through a profusion of glossy green, dashed here and there with brilliant blots of color. Under foot the dust was broken by innumerable roseate petals the wind had tossed over the adobe walls, on whose broad top several pomegranate trees rested their crimson-streaked burdens of fruit. The air was sweet with blooms of lemon, and oleander, and sun-steeped heliotrope, banked high against the jutting buttresses of the low, flat-roofed *casa* within the garden inclosure.

On a wide veranda a beautiful girl was swinging in a hammock, the gauze-like folds of her summery gown sweeping the floor.

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Above her head ripe clusters of Mission grapes hung pendent in their grayish green leaves, out of which a ruddy-breasted linnet chirruped to us invitingly.

"A veritable Ramona!" Margaret exclaimed under her breath.

Our shadows fell across the fierce patch of light on the sun-baked earth directly before the porch, and the young lady dropped her book with a gesture of impatience as she turned toward us haughtily, the rich color deepening in her eyes and cheeks.

The Judge hurried forward with outstretched hand: "We are *bona fide* visitors, Miss Belle, and have no intention of invading the premises without permission."

The Señorita was on her feet in an instant, laughing infectiously while she greeted us with the incomparable grace and warmth of a true *Castellano.*

"You must forgive me for mistaking you for more of those dreaded tourists, who insist upon seeing everything from the bed rooms to the sheep corral," she said apologetically; then went on to explain in her perfect English how much they had been annoyed by people coming at all times and hours to visit the home of the far-famed Ramona.

"Nothing will convince them that our mother is not that atrocious Señora Moreno, or that Ramona is not to be found in either my sister or myself. The fact is, we were all in Los Angeles when Mrs. Jackson called, and consequently have never met the lady."

Certainly the author of "Ramona" has given her readers an accurate description of this best preserved of all the old Mexican homes in California. Here are the great stone jars of which she writes, which were made generations ago by the patient hands of the San Luis Obispo Indians; and here the fountain yet drips murmuringly into the deep pool of its basin, the orange groves hold out their waxy blossoms and yellowing balls, the grape vines on the long arbor drop through the lattice their heavy bunches purpling with wine, while the honeysuckles still twist themselves around the pillars and eves of the *casa,* and fling their flowering mantles over the cracking wall of the garden.

The present Señora is also a devout churchwoman. The little white chapel among her orange trees is her sacred resort, and no calls of business or pleasure ever interfere with the daily service the Señora reads to her household assembled there before the altar. On its spotless linen cover are placed certain valuable relics of the family. Pictures of saints and martys hang on the walls, and freshly cut flowers stand on brackets before the images of Christ and the Virgin. Not infrequently a traveling padre visits the Camulos and says mass in the chapel, he being first arrayed in costly vestments kept always in a chest of drawers near the altar. Outside, the walls and pointed roof of the chapel are dressed with foliage as for a perpetual festival. Just to the right of this little edifice is a framework of heavy beams on which swings a trio of ancient bells above a tangle of vines. The largest is more than a century old, and once belonged to the Mission of San Fernando.



GRAPE ARBOR AT CAMULOS.

Beyond the bells, the orchards crowd down to the very bed of the river. The apri-



SEÑORITA BELLE.

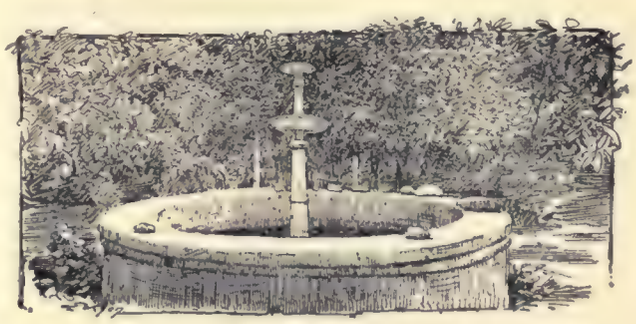
cot, almond, and walnut trees were brightening with Autumn's red and gold, while the gray stretch of olives was abruptly lost in the vivid emerald of the orange and lemon groves.

Passing on to the far-reaching vineyards, we watched with interest a group of Indians picking the lustrous clusters of grapes and heaping them into huge baskets, to be afterwards thrown into the great crushing vats, which hold a thousand gallons each.

"I see no Alessandro among your Indians," Margaret remarked, with a significant nod toward the coarse-visaged workmen toiling and sweating under the vertical rays of the sun.

"They only exist in the novelist's brain, I assure you," the Señorita responded brightly. "However, we Spaniards regard Mrs. Jackson's delineation of *our* characteristics and customs, we vehemently disclaim any knowledge of such Indians as she depicts in 'Ramona.' Our men are fair samples of their class, and you can see at a glance what they are." Here our fair critic pointed out the primitive mill which crushes the olives for oil, and the still where their grape brandy is manufactured. Afterwards we were given a peep into the long wine cellars, whose immense oaken casks were ripening their fragrant contents in the dimly lighted, cobwebby solitude.

The dinner bell interrupted our further explorations. Señorita Belle led us back to the house, and into a long, cool room where a table was set for fifteen — all members of the Del Valle family. The widowed Señora, still handsome and youthful looking, presided at the meal, addressing us in the softest of Spanish, and observing a dignified composure in perfect keeping with her age and position. Her late husband, Ygnacio Del Valle, was once an officer in the Mexi-



FOUNTAIN AT CAMULOS.

can army. Since he obtained his discharge from that service in 1844, he has held various honorable positions, both in the municipal and state affairs of California. In 1861 he retired to this beautiful spot at the confluence of the Piru and Santa Clara rivers. Here he devoted his time to the rearing and educating of his children, and the improvement of his fruitful acres. How well he accomplished these ends, the culture and grace of his sons and daughters, and the rich luxuriance of his estate, bear eloquent witness.

After a dessert of Mission grapes, pomegranates, light wine, and curiously-seeded prickly pears from a species of Castilian cactus, we went for a drive to the celebrated rancho of David C. Cook, the Chicago publisher of Sunday School literature. This place is a part of the old Temescal Rancho, and consists of nearly 14,000 acres of land, located along the Piru River, — a boiling flood in the rainy season, but shallow and full of languorous curves and pauses in the summer months. The railroad traverses the lower end of the Rancho, crossing the Piru on a Howe Truss bridge of two spans, each one hundred and seventy feet in length. Mr. Cook's large cottage, with six or eight smaller ones, occupies a commanding site on a bench overlooking a grand sweep of country.

These homes are frowned over by gigantic peaks rising precipitously at the back. Such stupendous barrenness as these mountains discover! Cloud-raking summits disemboweled, rent, and torn by inconceivable torrents! Vast chalky slides and sheer declivities of bleaching cliffs that glaze the eye and chill the blood to look upon. So all-pervading is the evidence of disintegrating and centrifugal forces at work for ages in these tremendous upheavals, that one vaguely wonders how the wild oats and bunch-grass have been undisturbed a sufficient length of time to root, flower, and seed on many of the highest points and slopes.

Mrs. Cook welcomed us warmly, and telephoned our arrival to her husband, who was at the tool-house some distance up the cañon. When I asked this pretty, refined lady how she liked living at Piru, she answered frankly: "O, at first I thought I should die or lose my mind, but now I like it very much, as our health is so much better here. Besides, I am growing to feel more at home with the mountains. I remember that first summer how those nearest cliffs glared and whitened in the sun, and sent down rivulets of loosened earth as a hint, I thought, of more to follow. And in the moonlight they were even more terrible in their awful nearness and omnipresence. I often wonder what some of my Eastern friends would think of that magnificent mountain view on the south! Can you imagine that just to the right of that topmost point there are people living! Well, there is a rounded hollow that you cannot see, and their home is in it, beside a beautiful lake, circled by troops of giant sycamores and oaks. It is just as though some mighty hand had cleft the mountain in twain, sliding the loosened half down the gorge, and leaving revealed this core of living water. The lake is fed by unseen springs, and drained by underground channels. It abounds in fish, and is the favorite rendezvous of countless wild geese and ducks. It is an enchanting spot, and well worth all the danger of climbing to it."

Our hostess showed us around the garden, which includes ten acres set to all manner of tropical plants. Some rods back of the house is the site of the fine mansion they will build the coming summer. The occupants of the neighboring cottages are friends of theirs from Chicago, among whom is a minister who conducts regular services in the small church near the mouth of the cañon. Most of his congregation are the men employed on the rancho, who sometimes number as high as one hundred.

A half hour later we were joined by

Mr. Cook, a slight, nervous looking man, with smooth-shaven, hollow cheeks, animated eyes, and the whitest teeth I ever saw. He proved himself an agreeable host, notwithstanding his possession of a full share of the eccentricities usually ascribed to genius. His almost superhuman energy combined with rare executive ability, and an extraordinary insight into the broadest and subtlest mechanics, renders him able to bring to a successful issue undertakings that would paralyze the forces of an ordinary individual. One views with wonder the man who has accomplished so much in two years' time, even with the assistance of well nigh limitless capital.

The cañon of the Piru broadens here and there into valleys and plateaus that Mr. Cook has planted to orchards and vineyards. Here are four hundred acres of young oranges, three hundred of apricots, one hundred and eighty of figs, two hundred of English walnuts, one hundred and thirty of olives, eighty of grapes, thirty of chestnuts, twenty of almonds, and ten acres each of pomegranates and Japanese persimmons, all growing finely. There are also 150,000 citrus and 35,000 fig trees in the nursery, which will be transplanted this fall. These orchards are irrigated from a flume more than four miles in length, which taps the river at the upper end of the cañon. To our left, going up the stream, entire mountains are set out to eucalyptus forests, and still another rounded hill is grown to olives, which its owner in all reverence has named "Olivet."

All this section of California is peculiarly adapted to olive culture. They grow from cuttings, and bear a limited crop the fourth year. At ten years they are said to be in full fruition, and their endurance is estimated at an extravagant figure. Those planted by the Franciscan fathers over a hundred years ago are yet bearing, while there are records of trees in Italy that have borne for upwards of several centuries. The raising of olives promises to be one of the most profitable industries in this State. Large tracts of land unfit for the culture of the more exacting fruits, will afford ample sustenance to the thrifty olive. A single acre of olives in full bearing has been known to clear from $1,200 to $1,500 a year, if made into pickles, and $2,000 if



THE SOUTH PORCH AT RAMONA'S.

pressed into oil. These figures are not surprising, when we recollect that Italy's annual income for her olive crop is $30,000,000.

Numerous varieties of honey-producing plants and the finest kind of pastur-



age for stock are to be found throughout all these steepled ranges. On Oat Hill, just beyond the Piru, a family have lived for thirty years, though their home can only be reached on horseback. They are interesting people, the wife and three Amazonian daughters being as famous deer and grizzly hunters as the husband and stalwart sons. Up this dizzy height they have packed on the backs of mules a stove, sewing-machine, parlor organ, fanning mill, mowing-machine, and various other farming and household implements, until their few visitors report them to be comfortably if not luxuriously fitted out.

Coming down the grade we saw just ahead of us a rickety cart, three bare-legged mites of children sitting bolt upright on the seat, each hugging a tin dinner pail, and staring at us with big, round eyes. They lived in the adjacent cañon, and were taking their six miles' ride home from school.

Farther along we were shown a shelf of rock overhanging a chasm, and told that several days before two little Scotch terriers, gaunt and nearly helpless from famine, were discovered there by some of the workmen. It is supposed that they had lost their way, and had slid down the slippery bank. A board was brought to bridge the chasm, and food to tempt them across. Crawling over on their bellies, the poor things landed in safety, when immediately one of them fell to caressing his preserver's hand, while the other, unmindful of gratitude, voraciously devoured the meat. After all, there is not so much difference between dog nature and human nature as one would suppose.

The ride back to the Camulos was one of the pleasantest features of the day. On the hills nearest its verdant *cienegas* we saw the white crosses the Señora del Valle had caused to be erected years ago. Farther to the east outspread the russet fields of the Newhall Rancho, a magnificent stretch of sixteen miles of valley, with the blue artery of the Santa Clara river running its entire length. This property, known by its original name of the San Francisco Rancho, has been favorably conspicuous among the Mexican grants of Southern California ever since the early settlement of this State. The advantages for extensive irrigation on the tract, the productiveness of its valleys, mesas, and open hills, the limitless supply of timber on the mountains, attracted the attention of capitalists, who have in the past fifteen years fully demonstrated the richness of Nature's gifts to this favored spot. Since the railroad opened an easy market for its products, the agricultural, horticultural, and stock-raising interests of the rancho have been largely on the increase. We saw on every hand pleasant homes and thriving orchards on lands where, in the old Mission days, unhindered herds swarmed on a thousand hills.

The sun had set, and on the mountain ranges glowing lights of amethyst wound slowly upward, cloud within cloud, until the heavens were compassed by an ec-

stasy of color. Margaret gazed in silence on the scene, an unwonted flush on her cheeks, and something more than delight beaming in her fine dark eyes.

As we entered the garden court, a gentleman in a brown checked traveling suit was standing on the south porch placidly awaiting us.

"Well, we did n't expect *you!*" The inhospitality of the Judge's words was lost in his genial look and voice, as he gave the younger man his hand.

"No, I suppose not, but to my intense mortification I found that I was the only one on the place that could be spared to come for you. All hands are wrestling with beans; beans to cultivate, beans to cut, beans to thrash, and bag, and ship! You need n't laugh, Miss Belle, for I assure you there is a deal of sentiment about this estimable vegetable that you are bound to respect. I have recently traced its history to the Pharaohs, and found that the Romans consecrated it to the dead, while the Buddhists refused to eat it for fear they should be feasting upon some departed friend. Then, for poetic allusion, we have Burns' lines:

'The zephyr wantoned round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets alang.'"

The plaintive quality of the speaker's voice made it impossible not to be amused at his words. The Señorita gaily retorted:

"You are unusually absurd, Mr. De Forest! The idea of trying to make a Spaniard appreciate the *frijole*, when the delicious *bayou* seasoned with *chiles* is a traditional dish with us."

There is no other people with whom one can literally carry out the meaning of the word "rest" as with the Spanish. Their tastes and pleasures being simple, they are conscious of but few wants. True children of nature, their quick sensibilities are nourished by sunshine, music, odors, picturings of the landscape, and, above all, the soft seductions of the affections. The sweetness and frankness of their address touch the heart, while their unprecedented politeness begets a sincere and grateful confidence. A novice in their language can make the most ludicrous blunder without the faintest recognition of it on the part of a Spaniard. As an instance, I



ORANGE ORCHARD AT SANTA PAULA.

recall the unruffled gravity of Señor Del Valle's face when Margaret, early that evening, rose to retire, remarking in explanation that she was very "married," meaning to say "tired," the two words being quite similar in Spanish.

We left the Camulos at an early hour the next morning. As we crossed the Piru, De Forest gazed curiously about him, at last remarking in his usual spiritless manner, "It is always an enigma to me why Mr. Cook should have chosen this desert for his home, when he is right in sight of a place like Bardsdale."

"Why, just because it *is* a desert, comparatively speaking," the Judge emphatically rejoined. "What Nature has not done for Bardsdale and Saticoy, man has already accomplished, and Mr. Cook's energy demands tremendous obstacles to overcome. Before my visit to him yesterday I thought as you do; but now I feel a permanent respect for the man who has proven beyond a doubt what those twin helps of man, Patience and Labor, can do to other like deserts along these mountains.

A freight train passed us, coming from Fillmore. On some of the open cars were enormous tanks of oil from the Tar Creek wells, and on the others immense, rough-hewn slabs of brown and red stone, brought down from the Sespe quarry three miles above Fillmore. The supply of smooth, seamless rock along the rugged cañon of this creek is inexhaustible, and has opened quite a revenue to this country. The stone used in the construction of the magnificent new *Chronicle* building in San Francisco comes from this Sespe quarry.

We found Fillmore a small railroad town of two years' growth, with a fine location fronting the Tapo and Simi mountains, which make a glorious background to the beautiful farms and orchards known as Bardsdale. This last named tract is the garden part of the Sespe Rancho. It was the scene of the cold-blooded murder of T. W. More in the spring of 1877. This atrocious crime grew out of the long-disputed title of four leagues of the rancho, which Mr. More claimed by virtue of purchase from a Mexican grant. On the other hand, the settlers, believing it to be government land, made a determined fight for their homes. The house still stands, from which the unfortunate man was decoyed by the setting on fire of his barn, near which he fell, riddled by the bullets of his cowardly assassins. The subsequent trial of his murderers is accounted the most complicated and interesting in the annals of California jurisprudence.

Bardsdale is less than ten miles from the Camulos, and a mile and a half from Fillmore. Its water system is perfect. Every foot of its three thousand acres is irrigable from three reservoirs, kept supplied from the company's main ditch, which leads from the Santa Clara, five miles above. From these reservoirs distributing flumes are laid along the wide, tree-fringed avenues running westward down the gradual descent of the valley, through orchards and vineyards hedged in by purple gums and trailing peppers.

On every side busy hands were stuffing gaping sacks with the unearthed heaps of plump, white-skinned onions and potatoes. Others were turning streams of water down the interminable rows of young potatoes destined to produce a prodigal Christmas crop from land whose barley yield a month before had averaged seventy-five bushels an acre. The soil is a deep sandy loam that can be planted almost immediately after flooding, thus securing a succession of harvests with no apparent impoverishment of the ground. Acres of sweet potatoes had woven fresh green mats of delicate vines, as broad as the fields themselves. Lines of cabbages with prodigious stalks and heads, feathery carrots, and blood-veined beets that weighed from twenty to one hundred

pounds each, all waited their turn to be gathered, and sent in car-loads to the Los Angeles and Arizona markets.

In this glad clime breathing is a refreshment, and the mere act of living a delight. The warm, healing winds, the glancing sunshine, the serpentine line of the river, stealing through its desert of sands, the majesty of God's masonry of mountain temples,—all sink their nameless influences into heart and brain.

Past the small village of Sespe, with its scattered dwellings, lonely church, and vineyards noted for their raisins, we followed the dusty road to Santa Paula, arriving there by noon. Before the advent of the Southern Pacific Railroad this place was one of the dullest of country towns, but now it is next in size to the county seat. With the advantages of steam transportation came the extensive working of the largest oil region in California, with Santa Paula for its central point. An experienced "oil man" from Pennsylvania was engaged as manager of the works, and at present the wells are yielding an average of 700 barrels of oil per day. The company erected a refinery, with a monthly capacity of 10,000 barrels of crude oil, which is manufactured into the best qualities of illuminating and lubricating oils. They also make different grades of naphtha, gasoline, benzine, asphaltum; the asphaltum is utilized for sidewalks, street pavings, the coating of iron pipes, the covering of telegraph poles, and the painting of posts and piles to preserve them from decay and the gnawing of the teredo or ship-worm. The refinery works occupy several acres of ground in the business portion of Santa Paula, and have a pipe connection with all the oil wells throughout the neighboring mountains. More than one hundred miles of pipe are required to run the fluid to the numerous tanks built for its storage.



OIL WELLS AT SANTA PAULA.

The town itself lies at the mouth of a romantic and picturesque cañon through

which the Santa Paula Creek makes a joyous tumble over rocks and tangled *debris* that hinder its race to the Santa Clara. The mountains on the north and south grow friendly at Santa Paula, and draw so close in greeting that the upper and lower portions of the valley make two distinct divisions. Everywhere pretty homes are set in blooming gardens, facing clean, broad streets, that lead to avenues of towering eucalyptus, cypress, catalpa, and pepper. We drove the entire length of one of the finest orange orchards in the state, and stopped to rest and dine at the pleasant villa of its owner. They were old friends of De Forest, so our welcome here had none of the chill of strangers' meeting.

From the front veranda we overlooked the flourishing little town, which wears a smart, commercial air, with its business buildings of home-made brick and stone, its stylish new church, and its newer academy. This elegant structure is just completed, and is deservedly the pride of every resident of this rich and fertile valley. It is medieval in construction, with an artistic toning down to the more decorative architecture of the nineteenth century. The Santa Paula Academy is not only fortunate in its beautiful location, but also in its being under the management of able men, seven of whom are graduates from noted Eastern colleges.

Nothing about Santa Paula had greater attraction for us than the hundred acres of orange trees marched in straight processions down the weedless slope, their evergreen foliage presenting an almost tiresome symmetry of proportion. Of all trees the orange is the most aristocratic and conservative. It has no vagrant irregularities of branch and root, no plebeian instinct to run, climb, or steal out of prescribed outlines marked by the pruning-knife, no disorderly falling away of leaves or running to waste of sap, and few unsightly ridges or excrescences to mar the smooth gray of its trunk. Garmented in shining, fragrant green, and decked with balls like burnished gold, with here and there a snowy blossom to assert its perpetual bridehood, the orange stands resplendent in the sunlight, seemingly conscious of its own peerlessness. In spite of this royal apparel, it is the hardiest of all the citrus family, and will thrive in a much lower temperature than is generally supposed.

It is better to plant nothing between the rows, even in the first years of growth of an orange orchard. Some crops, however, are comparatively harmless, as corn, pumpkins, melons, or beets; but small grains and beans sap all the moisture from the ground, and potatoes are an endless attraction to gophers.

In no other part of the world are orange trees so free from disease as in California, one reason being the great depth of the soil, and its freedom from hard-pan which the roots cannot penetrate. Ten acres of oranges in full bearing will place a family in independent circumstances. This Santa Paula orchard was slow to come into bearing, and on more than one occasion the owner was advised to uproot the trees that had so far proved a useless expense and incumbrance. But in this instance patient waiting had its reward, for the orchard brought in $20,000 net the past season. The oranges and lemons grown here are of exceptional size and flavor, and rank with those of Riverside both in California and Eastern markets.

After dinner we took a drive to the nearest oil wells, behind the manager's splendid chestnuts. Turning up Adams Cañon on the old ex-Mission grant, we followed an oil pipe for miles, passing groups of sleek-hided cattle grazing on the rich fodder from the past summer's growth of alfileria and clover. The hills increased in height as we advanced, their solitude undisturbed save by the occasional tinkle of a herds-bell, or the rasping chirrup of a ground-squirrel.

Suddenly we came in sight of tall derricks standing about the cañon, some on level spaces, and others poised on the jagged edges of deep arroyos half way up the mountain sides. Near them were huge black tanks, into which the viscid fluid is pumped. The manager told us that one of these wells, when first opened, flowed a thousands barrels a day, and still another had averaged eighty thousand barrels a year. The drilling of them is a slow and expensive process, requiring great care and judgment, and inky petroleum falling to their feet, while on their heads the live oaks wave their dark green plumes.

On the way back the manager told us of numerous wells that they had lately opened on Tar Creek, whose flow had exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The road to them is exceedingly rough, and was built at a cost of $5,000 to the company. Seven-eighths of all the oil produced in the State comes from Ventura County. The shipments of her crude oil alone amount to 15,000 barrels per month. This is largely used in the place of coal in the manufacturing establishments on the Coast.



SATICOY BRANFIELD.

In the evening we attended a festival at the town hall. Margaret and I felt tired and travel-stained, so we begged for the seclusion of a quiet corner where we could look on without attracting any special attention.

"It is difficult to realize that all these people belong here, as I well recollect when some half dozen families made up the social world of this valley from the Camulos to the Olivas Rancho. How long ago it seems!" and Margaret gave a quick little sigh of retrospection.

powerful machinery. Pipes from every direction form a perfect net-work on the ground. One twenty horse-power engine is made to pump five of these wells. Telephone wires connect all the oil works with each other, and with the various shipping points on the line.

Crossing an intervening ridge, we descended into another picturesque cañon in which are similar oil works. Gas is used in the furnace, and the swirling, ambent flame from the escape pipe gave a weird touch to the picture. These Santa Paula mountains are like barbarian warriors, their faces tattooed with shining black, their streaming locks of

De Forrest took possession of the nearest chair, composedly remarking, "I am going to give you a mean advantage of these Santa Paulites by taking you through a sort of one-sided introduction to them. Suppose I begin with the ministers, as I have not forgotten your interest in church matters, Miss Margaret. That is the Universalist clergyman — the tall, broad-shouldered gentleman with the iron-gray hair. Those two pleasant-faced gentlemen on his right are the pastors of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches here, and are good friends of mine. You look incredulous, but I assure you there are still a few of the faithful who count on my conversion even at the eleventh hour. Ah! there's a good fellow in spite of his perfect submersion in learning — that scholarly little man in glasses. He is the professor of the new academy. Of course you recognize the manager in that handsome, frank-faced gentleman towering through the crowd with his arms full of flowers! We call him the Oil King, and you can see at a glance that he is a universal favorite. Everybody crowds around him, as if he were the dispenser of greater favors than roses. They are from his beautiful garden up the cañon, where he has more than a hundred varieties of choice budded rose trees. Now, *there* is romance, not in a nut-shell, but in a corner! That young couple have been holding hands behind those screening evergreens ever since we came. Lovers are like evil deeds — they cannot bear the light. That pretty, refined lady serving creams at the table? O, that's the local editor of the paper here. You may not be aware that in some towns the heads of the newspaper are treated with a deference that would make a city editor drunk with happiness. The *Weekly Tripod*, for instance, carries all the force of an oracle to its immediate round of readers, and woe betide him that dares question its judgments, or set at naught its decrees! The scriptural retribution apportioned to the Pharisees is mild in comparison to his! I know whereof I speak, for on one occasion I was the unlucky wight who came under editorial displeasure, and I assure you that I yet suffer from the effects of the shock."

"There!" I cried triumphantly. "I thought you couldn't wade through such an amount of gossip without saying something ill-natured. I insist, by way of punishment, that you introduce me immediately to the editor."

"Hush!" he answered with a smile, "Miss Abbie is going to sing."

We did not need to be urged to quiet, for the first note of that exquisite voice struck a silence across the crowded hall from platform to vestibule. The clear tones rose and fell like bird-notes in a luminous sky.

"Who is she?" Margaret whispered, visibly affected.

"Our nearest neighbor at Saticoy. Her voice is much improved by her recent studies in the East," De Forrest answered, politely suppressing a yawn.

I often found myself wondering if his superb indifference were natural, or only a well-simulated disguise, behind which the real man rejoiced and suffered like the rest of us.

After the festival closed we were persuaded to rest at Santa Paula that night, instead of going on to Saticoy as we had intended doing.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day ere we started for our seven miles' ride to Saticoy. Our way led through the upper portion of one of the finest avenues in California. It is seventeen miles in length, and is the general thoroughfare from Santa Paula to San Buenaventura. Clinging to the road on both sides are extensive orchards of apricot and walnut trees, while countless acres of beans stretch away to the mountains on the one hand, and to the river on the other.

"And only think! When I was a lit-

tle girl this was all a vast forest of bee-haunted mustard-blooms, in which the traveler would get lost as easily as in an Indian jungle. I remember once I climbed the highest hill back of my father's place, and saw from its top only one house besides our own, and that was the old Briggs rancho, three miles away." And Margaret looked about her wistfully.

Through the pepper hedges we caught swift visions of opulent homes, with wide-winged barns in the rear and happy children at play among the scarlet geraniums. These brilliant flowers flamed out from every crevice in the trees, and gave an indescribable warmth and beauty to these wayside pictures. A sharp turn through the peppers, a glimpse of shaded porch and gabled roof, and then our whole attention was absorbed by a nearer object. Stepping out from the riotous vineyard, her arms loaded with purple and crimson grapes, a young woman awaited our approach with questioning, smiling eyes. There was a touch of quaint simplicity about the noble and gracious outlines of the figure that would have inspired an artist's pencil.



DOROTHY.

"Ah, Dorothy has been gathering grapes for you, instead of killing the fatted calf," the Judge said humorously, as he helped Margaret to alight.

How sweet the home-coming was among these kindly people! Nothing could exceed their unobtrusive care for our comfort. The pleasant rooms were filled with books and flowers, and on the walls were paintings done by the Judge's wife, which, Margaret said, "had won a medal from the Queen's own hand some forty years ago." Dorothy must have inherited an artistic sense, for in arranging her mammoth clusters of Flaming Tokays and Black Hamburgs, with their trailing leaves and tendrils, she unconsciously observed the charm of contrast to a faultless degree. Margaret bent enraptured over a creamy magnolia blossom set upright in a delicate vase, declaring it the most perfect she had ever seen.

I thought she looked annoyed when De Forest offered to get her a larger one from the same tree. Though they had known each other years ago, I felt that, to Margaret at least, their mutual association promised little pleasure. "I thought he was East or I should never have come a step with Uncle," she said wearily the night before, when we were alone in our room at the Camulos.

The next morning as we opened our blinds there were thick beads of moisture on the window-panes.

"The poor farmers!" Margaret exclaimed pitifully, beginning a hasty brushing of her long auburn hair. We

knew that a rain now would make comparatively valueless the fields of cut beans we had seen the day before. It was only a fog, however, which would be of actual advantage, as the dampness prevents the beans from shelling out so readily in the cutting.



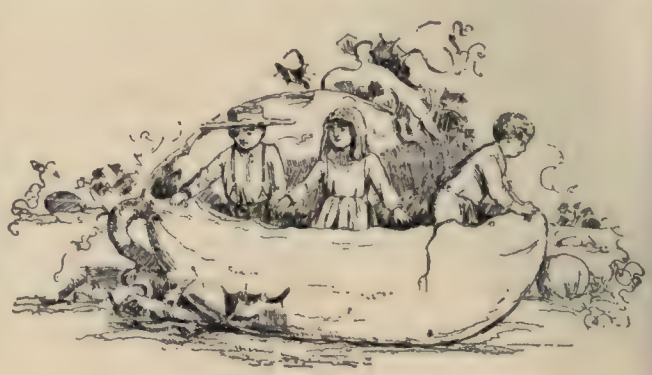
This day and the next were spent restfully in the Judge's home. On the third morning at breakfast he announced his intention of going to Huenеme on business, and gave one of us leave to ride with him in the light buggy, provided he was not delayed thereby in getting off. Margaret had made other arrangements, so I gladly undertook the trip, as the Judge was company worth the seeking. Never yet had I met a man at once so practical and so brimful of sentiment — qualities that are seldom united in a marked degree in any one individual.

We drove through the town of Saticoy, whose arms outspread from the very lap of one of the richest agricultural valleys in California. Its prosperous homes look out upon a hundred farms and orchards, whose bountiful harvests fill her great warehouses from floor to roof. More than two million pounds of Lima beans and eight hundred thousand pounds of the small white bean were shipped from Saticoy the past season, and her present crop bid fair to double those amounts.

We passed the stately little church, pointing reverently to the blue heavens from behind the pepper rows. Of all the trees in California, the pepper is to my mind the most beautiful. Noble in limb and spicy in breath, its brown boughs at all times draped in brightest lace-like green, and hung with sprays of scarlet berries and ephemeral sea-green flowers, it sweeps the earth in sweet humility, though its graceful beauty and lavish shade are a perpetual ravishment to the senses of the warm and dust-stained traveler.

"The swaying of pepper branches always reminds me of the motion of sea mosses in the waves," the Judge said, his eyes lingering upon the flowing curtains of the trees, which the breeze had caught aside to show us the fenceless fields of bean vines beyond. Under a fleckless sky a radiant autumn sun was everywhere at work, coloring, mellowing, and drying the fruits of orchard, vineyard, and field.

A Saticoy pumpkin patch is the jolliest spectacle that one can well imagine. The monstrous globes are of all shades of polished orange and olive green. They make a sumptuous display, rolling and tumbling among their coarse, flaring leaves and pipey stems, their golden goblets of blossoms choked by hot and dusty bees. Some of the more venture-



some push their bulging cheeks through the fence, or hook their necks over the topmost board, looking all the while so audaciously good-natured that you laugh and wink in sympathy.

"Such a pumpkin field as that would furnish Thanksgiving pies for all New England," my companion smilingly observed.

The owner of these vines had marked out one to send to the Los Angeles Fair. It bore five pumpkins, the smallest weighing one hundred, and the largest nearly three hundred pounds. He told us that the year before he had cut a pumpkin through the middle, and set his three young children in the under half. I wondered if the children were particularly small, or if any pumpkin could possibly exceed in size the one before me.

The canary-seed raised about here is pretty enough for a bouquet. It is profitable as well, one of the farmers having raised three thousand pounds on less than five acres of land.

South of the town we crossed the Santa Clara river, loitering along its sandy bed as if it were loth to reach the sea. Before us lay the vast plains of La Colonia, which was at one time in possession of Thomas A. Scott, the great railroad magnate. Some twenty years ago, two of the first settlers here cut twenty-five tons of wild black mustard, which they cleaned and sold for two cents a pound. Now the rancho is one endless stubble-field of late cut grain, with a surface so level that the home fields and the groves of eucalyptus scattered about have much the appearance of islands on a waveless ocean. La Colonia contains thirty-five thousand acres of excellent farming land, which is capable of a high state of cultivation, as its supply of artesian water is inexhaustible.

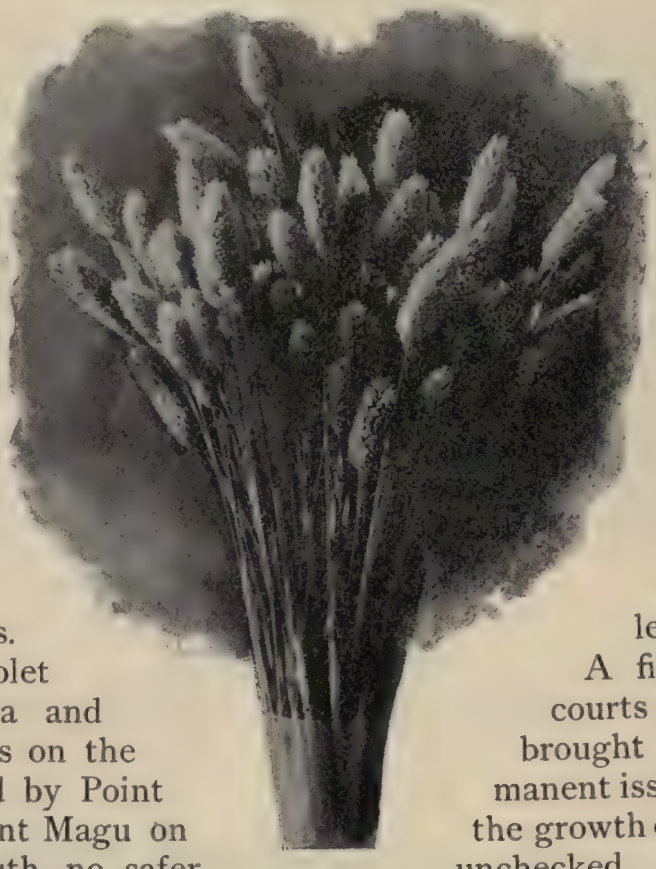
The roads at this season are covered



CHURCH AT SATICOY.

with straw as a partial protection from the dust, which is light and fine as ashes and as penetrating as an essence.

We were not long in reaching Hueneme, a distance of eleven miles, and found her hugging the sea as close as sand and surf would let her. The name is of Indian origin, and signifies a "resting place." Years ago the native fishermen, returning from the islands in the channel, found their most convenient landing in these quiet waters. Sheltered by the violet ridges of Anacapa and Santa Cruz Islands on the west, and protected by Point Hueneme and Point Magu on the north and south, no safer harbor has been made by nature between San Francisco and San Diego.



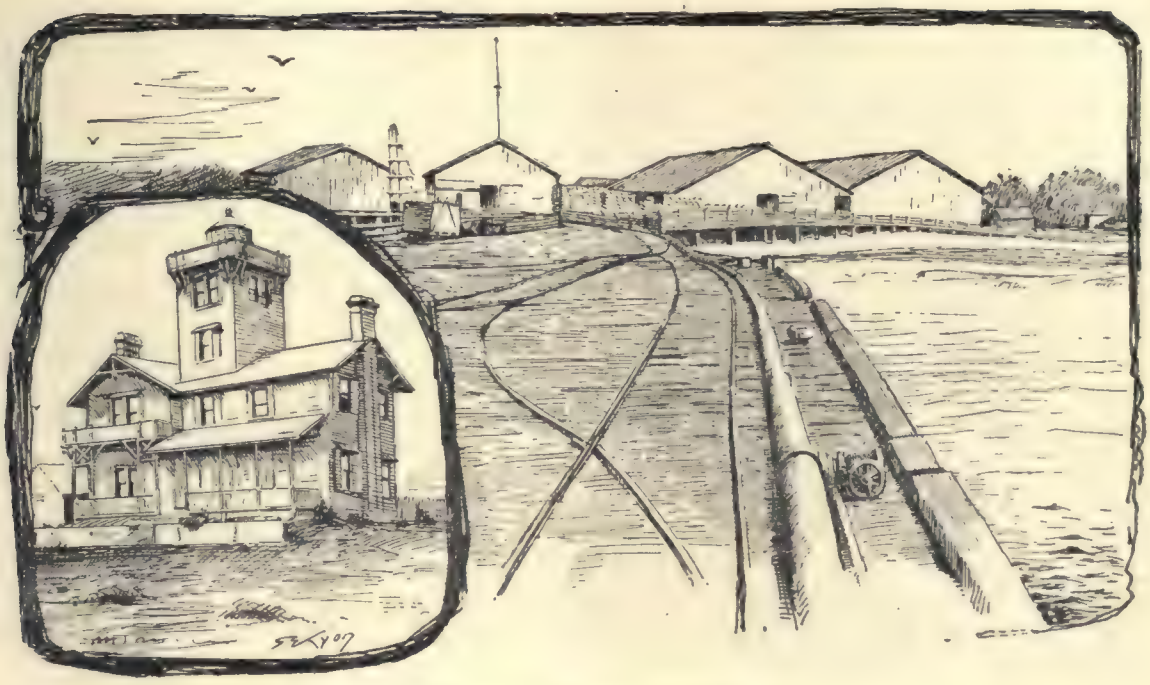
The Hueneme wharf extends out one thousand feet, to a depth of thirty feet of water, and the warehouses are the largest south of San Francisco. This town is the *embarcadero* from which immense quantities of produce are shipped from Pleasant Valley, and the Colonia, Conejo, Simi, and Las Posas ranchos. Heavy grain-filled wagons *en train*, drawn by six, eight, and twelve horses or mules, creaked through the streets on their way to the warehouses.

The founding of Hueneme on the western projection of the Colonia Rancho, was not effected without severe difficulties, which nearly culminated in bloodshed between prominent members of the Squatters' League, and T. R. Bard, who had bought the entire rancho of Thomas A. Scott the year before. The squatters believed this portion of La Colonia to be public lands. A compromise was finally brought about by both claimants giving bonds for a title when the ownership should be legally established. A final decision of the courts in favor of Mr. Bard brought the matter to a permanent issue, since which time the growth of the town has been unchecked.

The first artesian wells struck in 1871 at Hueneme created universal excitement throughout the surrounding country. The enormous volume of water thrown out by one of these wells soon flooded several acres of ground, and necessitated the erection of flumes to carry off the extra supply. The value of such an abundance of water in a land where there are at least six rainless months in the year, can hardly be estimated by one unaccustomed to such climatic divisions.



After leaving the center of town we drove toward what seemed a wilderness of gum and pepper trees, but which turned out



LIGHTHOUSE AND WHARF AT HUENEME.

to be an inclosure of sixty acres of orchard and garden. In the foreground was heaped the splendid scarlet of geraniums around the great basin of a fountain. Wide graveled walks wandered through a confusion of tropical plants, with their gorgeous-hued blossoms and gigantic leaves grotesquely shaping all manner of fans and sunshades. Coming in from the heat and dust the air of the place was like a perfumed bath.



We rode slowly through such luxuriance of foliage and color, coming at last in sight of a rose-twined portico with delicious bits of garden perspective beyond, whose vivid tints contrasted gloriously with the adjacent forest green, and the blue-grained patch of sky most delicately revealed above. Before the steps four pretty children waited in their play to gaze at us bashfully from under their stiff, white bonnets. Nothing could exceed the modesty and grace of their manner when we spoke to them. In this beautiful retreat, called "Beryl-wood," we spent the night and most of the next day. The gentle cordiality of



BERYLWOOD.



our distinguished host and his fair young wife, the happy friendliness of the little ones, especially of "Baby Elizabeth," who was the very embodiment of roses, dimples, and kisses, made this evening in Hueneme one to be long remembered.

Surely it was a mocking bird whose joyous carol awoke me the following morning! I hurriedly arose and went to the window, in hopes of catching a glimpse of his white-barred wings on the pyramid of foliage just outside. He was safely under cover, however; but all through my dressing I could hear his rich notes dropping silvery plummets of sound down through the dewy hush of the grove.

The tallest shafts of the Australian gums were tipped with earliest sunshine when I stole out into the garden. The seclusion of the place was almost primeval. No sound broke upon the "burden of the desert of the sea," save the unobstrusive whistle of a bird, or the whirr of bright wings through the tree-tops.

Rambling about aimlessly, pausing now and then to pluck a flower or a late blackberry, I stumbled upon a long avenue of cypress, so densely braided overhead that the sun-rays could not pierce its gloom. There was a ghostly absence of noise in my footfall on the damp leaf mold, and a wintry chill to the air like that in a tunnel. Just outside the closing arch of this somber aisle, the sun was shining goldenly on grass

as green as spring-time. A nearer approach revealed a tiny grave set about with nodding daisy blossoms. Here the first-born of the household was tenderly laid to rest in the dear home gardens, whose blooms are never for his gathering.

Across the intervening space of waving leaves there pealed the merry laughter of the other children, and turning reverently away I retraced my steps, softly repeating those exquisite lines,

> "Alas for him who never sees
> The stars shine through his cypress trees."

Involuntarily I looked back, and beheld again the radiant sunlight flooding the little grave just beyond the shade.

After the pleasant breakfast hour we all went for a ride to the lighthouse, desolately located on a salt grass point a mile from town. The building is a picturesque two-story brick structure, whose red light is a guide to mariners many miles at sea. From its tower we had a superb view of the tremulous blue plains of the ocean, and the islands stretching supinely across, like great sea monsters with shaggy manes of mist. The air was soft as only a sea can make it.

For some time after we left the lighthouse we rode along the beach, watching the line of dazzling surf racing impetuously up the glistening sands. Much to the delight of the children, there were some half dozen huge pelicans standing dejectedly on the water's edge, waiting for the waves to roll them in a luckless fish. Until we were almost upon them, these uncouth fowls retained their attitude of fixed and melancholy repose. Then raising themselves cumbrously, they sailed away, their greedy, downward gaze still bent on the water.

We drove over to the large race-track but recently completed, and crossed thence to the opposite side of the town, where stands the handsome new schoolhouse. This, and the numerous pleasant homes surrounded by well kept lawns and flower beds, attest the culture and affluence of the people. We stopped our horses on a rustic bridge that we might better view the Laguna, winding sinuously among its spears of purple reeds, with flocks of wild duck plowing luminous furrows across its steel-gray floor. The peaceful loveliness of this noon-time picture stayed with us long after we had reached the house, refreshed and exhilarated by our ride beside the sea.

Never will I forget our journey back to Saticoy late that afternoon. On by the lush pastures of alfalfa, we came to the river-crossing at Montalvo. This is the first railroad station east of San Buenaventura, and is the point where all the travel from Simi, Los Posas, Pleasant Valley, and La Colonia, fords the river on its way to the county seat. Back of the village on a hill is built the great reservoir from which water is piped throughout the entire tract. Montalvo's schoolhouse is a large, ornamental building of the most approved modern style of architecture. There are many prolific orchards in the vicinity. The venerable author of "The Pioneer Preacher," the Reverend Sherlock Bristol, has a cosy home in the heart of walnut groves a short distance from Montalvo.

This gentleman preached the first sermon at Saticoy more than twenty years ago.

On these semi-tropic shores the hour immediately after the disappearance of the sun is, of all the twenty-four, most sacred and soothing. Then all Nature is devotional, and the soul becomes conscious of an ineffable awakening of diviner instincts. As we reached the river crossing the sun had left the west ablaze, and in the quivering lights afloat objects seemed to grow strangely removed from us. Through the supernal glare the mountains rose, rank above rank, crown above crown, until old Topa-

topa's striped front upreared sublimely over all the rest — a mighty shrine on which the fires of heaven were kindled. Before the revelations of such a sunset sky, one waits in vague expectancy of some new vision — some colossal glory yet to be revealed, whose rush of splendor shall flood a trembling universe.

Ninetta Eames.



LAGUNA.

HEALING.

A FADED spray of flower and leaf,
Fell from the book I idly turned,
And on the page a sentence brief
Said, "From a grave." Ah! then I learned

How gently time deals with our pain.
"Whose grave?" I asked myself, — and slow
The hands of Memory wrought again
His face, whom I loved long ago.

Jeannie Oliver Benson.

THE SEA-COW



Sea-Cow of Florida.

I.

THE sea-cow is one of the most interesting creatures in disposition and habits of all the marine mammals. Yet in form and general appearance, it seems like one of a low order. The general proportions of its body are like those of the sea-elephant and seal. Its anterior limbs, or swimming paws, are short, thick and rounded at their extremities. Its posterior limb forms a thick, oval lobe, which is generally slightly notched in the center of its termination. Its head is tapering, with a small, rounded muzzle, and its comparatively small mouth is almost hidden from view when the creature lies in a state of quietude. Its very small, dark eyes are devoid of expression.

The general color of the sea-cow is a dull black, but occasionally individuals are found with white or clay-colored patches, or spots about the throat and caudal extremities. The surface of the skin is not as smooth as that of cetaceous animals; and about the pectorals and neck are deep wrinkles or furrows. The approximate proportions of the animal are about seven feet in length, and six feet in its greatest girth of body.

Our only opportunity for observing the habits of the sea-cow was at Key West, Florida, in 1880, where two captured animals were kept in a broad, shallow tank, which, however, afforded them room to move about, and to pass around each other. The actions and manifest disposition of the strange creatures as they exhibited themselves to us were extremely interesting.

They both seemed disposed to remain in a state of quietude; and whenever an attempt was made to move them about or roll them over they would raise a plaintive cry, the sound of which in its half nasal strain was much like that of an infant. But the moment they were left undisturbed they would lie quite motionless; or if a movement was made, it would be in a sluggish manner.

The geographical distribution of the *Atlantic sea-cow* is, or has been, about bays and large rivers and lagoons closely connected with the ocean, and which are within or near the tropics of both North and South America, or from the northern coast of Florida to and including the

shores and savannas of the Amazon river, the last mentioned affording these herbivorous marine creatures vast and luxuriant feeding-grounds, where they roam at will, or bask upon the shores under a tropical sun, if not molested by their human pursuers. About the West India Islands the sea-cow was found in great numbers in former decades. And according to the accounts of old voyagers, this animal abounded upon the coast of Africa, in the same zone as those in which it is found upon the American coast.

Although the natural subsistence of the sea-cow is the herbage bordering low shores, or spreading over marshy regions, its fondness for more luscious food is of peculiar interest. This fact was verified by the two animals brought to Key West. For when they were hungry, the tender leaves of beets and those of cabbages would be eagerly devoured; yet when not craving food, they manifested much enjoyment in eating bananas, if pulled for them, and at such times they would utter an amusing sort of nasal or guttural strain of satisfaction. But the moment common grass or the tops of turnips were offered them, they would begin their whining, petulant cry of dissatisfaction, as if they were nursing babies being weaned from their mother's breasts.

Numerous writers unite in testifying to the strong affection of the sea-cow for their offspring. And when attacked, the mother will sacrifice her own life in her efforts to protect her charge. During the time of a murderous onslaught the lamentations of the parent animals are mentioned as being deeply affecting. Hence the name frequently given by both hunters and sailors, *lamentin.*

Yet like their congeners, the seals, sea-otters, and sea-elephants, the sea-cows are rapidly approaching extinction, and at the present time are only found in remote retreats, inaccessible to their pursuers.



The Northern Sea-Cow.

II.

THE remarks relative to sea-cows in the first paper refer only to those inhabiting the temperate and torrid zones. Sea-cows, however, once resorted in large numbers upon Behring's Island, Behring Sea, — which land is situated in or between the parallels of 54° and 56° north latitude. According to Von Bair, they ceased to exist there as far back as 1786. Yet we have reliable statements from other sources that they did not entirely disappear until 1854.[1]

[1] Nordenskiold, the eminent Arctic explorer, who visited Behring's Island in 1879, in the Swedish steamer "Vega," after referring to data he had obtained, remarks: "The death year of the Rhytina race must be altered, therefore, at least to 1854." Vide "Voyage of the Vega," p. 608.

The knowledge we have of these northern herds has been obtained principally from the writings of early voyagers and explorers and from naturalists, who observed those marine vegetable-eaters at various periods in the Russian possessions bordering upon the Pacific Ocean and Behring Sea, at Behring's Island, and at remote localities upon the shores of Kamschatka and the Aleutian Islands. The Spanish explorers recognized the sea-cow by the technical name of *Manati;* they were known to the French as *Lamentin.* From Müller, of the Royal Academy of Petersburgh, we quote the following:

"One would think its similitude with a cow must be very great. But this likeness consists in nothing else than the snout, which probably they saw first and perhaps alone, for it has neither horns nor straight ears; no feet, nor anything resembling a cow.

"It is an animal like a seal, only incomparably larger; has two fins on the fore part of the body wherewith it swims. Between them are seen two teats — in the female — for suckling its young ones, this disposition of the parts being somewhat like the human, especially since the mother makes use of the fins to hold her young ones close to the teats. This is the reason for the Spanish name *manati,* the handed animal; for the Spaniards compared the fins to the hands of men.

"*Lamentin* it was first called by the French, because it does not cry loud but in a manner whines and sighs.

"When swimming in the sea one part of its back commonly stands out of the water, which is said to appear like a boat overset floating on the sea.

"Some of these animals have been caught which, from the snout to the point of the tail, were from three to four fathoms long, and weighing two hundred poods, or eight thousand pounds.

"They only approach the coast to eat sea-grass, which grows on the shore or is thrown out by the sea. The young ones, that weighed twelve hundred pounds and upwards, remained sometimes, at low tide, on the dry land between the rocks, which afforded a fine opportunity for killing them. But the old ones, which were more cautious, went off at the right time with the ebb, and could be caught no otherwise than with harpoons fixed to long ropes. This animal was seen as well in the winter as in the summer time."

Another, a Russian writer on the natural history of Kamschatka, states that "The most remarkable sea-animal is the *Manati,* or sea-cow. This animal never comes out upon the shore, but always lives in the water. Its skin is black like the bark of an old oak, and so hard that one can scarcely cut it with an ax. Its head in proportion to its body is small, and falls off from the neck to the snout, which is so much bent that the mouth seems to lie below. Towards the end of the snout the skin is white and rough, with white whiskers about nine inches long. The nostrils are near the end of the snout, and in length and breadth about an inch and a half. They are double, and within are rough and hairy. Its eyes are black, and placed almost in the middle and nearly in a line with the nostrils. They are no larger than the sheep's eyes, which is certainly remarkable in such a monstrous creature. It has no eyebrows nor eyelashes, and its ears are only small openings. Its neck is not easily discovered, the head and body being so nearly joined. However, there are some vertebræ proper, for turning the head upon, which it actually does, particularly when it feeds, hanging its head like a cow. Its body is round like that of a seal, being thicker about the navel, and growing smaller towards the head and tail. The tail is thick, but a little towards the end it something resembles the head of a whale, and somewhat the fins of a fish. Its paws, which are under its neck, are about twenty-one inches long. With them he both swims

and crawls, and by them he takes hold of the rocks, to which he sometimes fastens himself so strongly that when he is dragged loose with hooks he will leave the skin of his paws behind. It is observed that these paws are sometimes divided in two like the hoof of a cow, but this does not seem to be common, only accidental.

"The females have two teats upon their breasts. These animals go in droves in calm weather, near the mouths of rivers, and though the dams oblige their young always to swim before them, yet the rest of the herd cover them on all sides, so that they are constantly in the middle of the drove.

"In the time of flood they come so near the shore that one may strike them with a club or spear. When they are hurt they swim off to sea, but presently return. They live in families, one near another; and a family consists of a male, female, some half grown, and one small calf. Hence it appears that every male has a female.

"They appear to be extremely gluttonous, eating so constantly without regard to their own safety that one may go among them in boats. and choose which he pleases to carry off. The half of their body — that is, their back and sides — is always above water, upon which flocks of crows pick the lice out of their skins. They do not feed upon every herb; but first upon sea cabbage, which has a leaf resembling savoys; secondly, upon cabbage resembling a club; thirdly, upon cabbage resembling thongs, and fourthly, upon a waved kind of cabbage. And wherever they have been, though but for one day, heaps of roots and stalks are thrown out upon the shore. When they have eaten their fill they lie asleep upon their backs. As soon as the ebb begins they return to the sea, fearing to be left upon the shore.

"In the winter time they are frequently crushed by the ice against the rocks and thrown out upon the beach. This happens during a storm, when the wind is upon the shore. At this season they are so lean that one may count all their ribs and vertebræ.

"They are caught with great iron hooks something like the fluke of a small anchor. The hook is carried by a strong man in a boat, with three or four rowers. When they come among the herd he strikes into one of them. Thirty men who are left on the shore, and hold one end of the rope which is fastened to the hook, draw the *manati* towards the land, and in the meantime those that are in the boat stab and cut it till it dies. I once saw [says the writer] some of the fishers cut off the flesh from the creature while it was alive, which all the while struck the water with its paws with such force that the skin was torn off them; but at last it expired. When one of them is struck, and struggles to clear himself of the hook, those of the herd that are nearest to him come to his assistance; some overturn the boat by getting under it, while others lay themselves upon the rope as if they would break it, and others endeavor to strike out the hook with their tail, which sometimes succeeds."

"The love that is sometimes exhibited between the male and female is extraordinary, for after the male has used all methods to assist and secure the female, he follows her, even dead, to the very shore; and has been observed, sometimes, even after two or three days, to remain by the dead body."

"This animal cannot be said to low, but rather brays hard, which is particularly observable when it is wounded. It cannot be said how sharp their sight is, or how distinct their hearing, but both sources seem to be very weak. There is[1] such a plenty of *manati* in Behring's Island, that it is sufficient to maintain all the people of Kamschatka. The flesh, though it takes a long time to boil, tastes

[1] He writes in the year 1730.

well, and is something like beef. The fat of the young resembles pork, and the lean is like veal."

Another of the old writers mentions that the "Kamschatka manati" is the same kind of animal as that found by Captain Dampier in the rivers of South America. We beg leave, however, to add, that perhaps it would be more proper to state that the animal in question, though of the same general character, was at least a different variety, incident to a torrid zone, differing to this extent from the other.

C. M. Scammon.

SYMPATHY.

O FRIEND, comes there no moment to thy life
When thy tired spirit doth forget her strife,
The strife that living is; thy care and grief,
Thou knowest not why, forgot a season brief?
The ancient, thirsty longing of thy soul
Almost assuaged in some benign control?
Believe me, then, that moment thou breath'dst free,
I bore thy hurt, I was so close to thee.

Maybe at midnight, when the great stars brood,
And field, and grove, and mountain solitude,
All, all sleep calm, thy lonely spirit then
Forgets one hour the stings and taunts of men;
Forgets her wounds, lets slip the sordid cares
Of long, long years, consoled for what life bears.
Then wast thou not alone: my breast it was
Whereon thou lean'dst, and gave the great world pause.

M. L. Wakeman.



POVERTY AND CHARITY IN SAN FRANCISCO. II.

In a previous paper I tried to give some estimate of what is the extent of poverty in San Francisco. Now as to the organized means existing here for its relief.

I have spoken of the sixty-odd benevolent associations of the city. These are not nearly all intended for the dispensing of charity; some of them, like the Women's Exchange, give nothing but the benefit of some time and business organization to enable others to work to more advantage; or, as in the Young Men's Christian Association and the Women's Unions, to supply certain social and educational influences to those most in need of them. The Society for Home Education, or the Chautauqua, might about as well be called a charity as these institutions in some part of their functions. They unite their merely helpful and social functions, however, with those of relief, and it is not easy to draw the line where one ends and the other begins. I shall not try to do so here.

But before I speak of the work of these organizations, I must stop to call attention to the fact that they by no means carry alone all the work of relieving misfortune. Indeed, they should rather be merely supplementary in this work, and should have in a community like this only the care of exceptional cases, for which our ordinary social machinery has somehow failed to provide. For I have said that outside of a few foreigners there seems to be no fixed poor class here, only cases of destitution due to passing misfortune. And the amount of provision in this city for temporary misfortune, through mutual insurance associations, is quite surprising. There are the trades-unions in the first place, – eighty-two of them, with a total membership of nearly 20,000. They all exact monthly dues, usually of fifty cents, and this should make an income of $8000 or $9000 a month,—for they report to the labor bureau more than 85 per cent of their members at work, in a season not better, so far as I know, than the average,—and most of this should be available for insurance for members out of work or ill. But considering that $48,400 of this is reported as paid out in support of four strikes during a single year (1886), the latest for which the Labor Bureau has statistics, besides a large amount not reported in the ten other strikes of the year, it will be seen that the union must have little enough left for the case of illness. Indeed, when one finds that besides paying out certainly as much as $50,000 to members on strike during 1886 and losing their dues for the time, the unions also sacrificed $145,000 in wages during these strikes, one questions whether they are to be regarded as lessening poverty at all. For of the fourteen strikes of that year, only three, and these among the smallest ones, were voluntary; the strikers in the others were ordered out by the labor organizations, and were in nine of the eleven cases unsuccessful. The workers in charities with whom I talked of this did not regard the unions as any help at all to them, and in some cases denounced them sharply as causes of poverty. It is a subject for an essay or a volume by itself, and I shall not dwell on it here, but go on to another class of institutions, the mutual "benevolent" societies.

There are some sixty of these enumerated in the directory. They shade all the way from mere insurance companies to semi-charitable institutions. The Masons and Oddfellows are the best known of them. Many have a double function, that of "mutual benevolence,"

—*i. e.*, the guarantee to any member in good standing that he will be looked out for in case of misfortune,—and that of charity, which takes care of poor who have any special claim on the society, by virtue of previous standing in it, of nationality, of calling, or so forth. Putting the gratuitous charity one side, it is evident that no member in regular standing in any of these societies need come to distress under temporary misfortune; and I am told that the habit of belonging to them is extremely prevalent here, extending to even quite poor men, especially among the Hebrews; and where the social and ceremonial element in them is not large, the membership is in no wise costly in time or money. I found that the most experienced charity workers thought well of them as provisions against want.

Besides the various Ancient and Knightly orders,—of which there are fifteen or sixteen, with sometimes nearly forty "lodges" or "groves," or whatever the subdivisions may be,—there are half a dozen plain business "mutual and benevolent" societies, two or three temperance orders on the same plan, several based on trades or professions, and a long list founded on nationality. The cosmopolitan make up of our city is curiously illustrated by this list: about a dozen Hebrew societies, the six Chinese companies, several German, Italian, Austrian, and French, besides British, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Canadian, Netherlandish, Norwegian, Swedish, Scandinavian, Swiss, Portuguese, Polish, Slavonic-Illyric, and Servian-Montenegrin.

I cannot venture any conjecture as to the total membership of all these orders and associations, but it must be very considerable. Where they publish reports of their membership it is rarely given at less than one hundred, two hundred and fifty being a more usual figure, and one, two, and three thousand occasional.

There is another class of institutions that must always be taken into account in any talk of poverty and charity; that is, the churches.

The synagogues need not be spoken of here, because all relief of poverty the Hebrews treat as a purely lay matter, the synagogues being for worship and instruction, not for benevolent work. And the Catholics, having their great charitable orders, depute relief of poverty to them. The Protestant churches, having no such regular apparatus of relief on the one hand, nor, on the other, any such strong race-bond that they can leave the whole matter to lay effort, accept a tacit responsibility on the part of each church to provide at least for its own membership. This is not a matter of charity, but of mutual obligation; and though there exist no definite regulations on the subject, I think I am safe in saying that no member in any of these churches is allowed ever to come to want with the knowledge of his fellow-members, or need ever appeal to any outside charity for alms. In some matters of permanent provision for certain cases, such charities as orphan asylums or old people's homes are doubtless appealed to by churches in behalf of their own members; and on the other hand, there is a great deal of general almsgiving by them, outside their membership. I shall speak afterwards of their work in charity and benevolence, over and above their recognized obligation to their own membership: here I wish only to point out that a considerable number of the poor of every city are practically taken out of the care of the charities by their claim upon their own churches.

There are seventy-eight churches in the city, exclusive of the twenty-three Catholic parishes and seven Hebrew congregations. The total membership of these we could not learn. There is no statement of it anywhere, save in the census of 1880, now nearly ten years old. We found the membership of twenty-eight different churches by direct inquiry. These twenty-eight ranged from

a membership of fifteen to seven hundred and sixty, and had altogether over six thousand members; but I do not know that one could base any sort of estimate as to the membership of the other fifty churches on this.

To take up now the subject of the churches regarded as among the charitable institutions of the city. We sent to each one a circular of which the following is the main substance:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, 1888.

DEAR SIR:

The Pacific Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and the OVERLAND MONTHLY are co-operating in the preparation of a report on the charitable work now done in San Francisco. Will you kindly inform us of the work done by your church in the relief of poverty? As some guide, we suggest a few points on which we especially desire information; but we shall be grateful for any additional information that suggests itself.

I. We wish to get an approximate statement of the annual expenditure upon charities in this city, and as an item toward this, the expenditure of your church in this way during the last year.

II. We should like to know the *method* pursued — whether by the church as an organization, through any officer, by associated organizations, as guilds, sewing circles, or so forth, or informally, by individual members. Is any record kept of relief given?

III. Is the charitable work of your church confined to the relief of its own poor, or general in its nature? What precaution have you against overlapping with the charities of other churches? What extent of poverty do you find, and due to what causes? Have you any record of the classes who chiefly call upon you for charity — whether old or young, native or foreign? And could you give us the number of cases relieved, and from how many families?

We are desirous of making our report a complete statement of the poverty existing in San Francisco, the means of relief, and the need of more, such as may be serviceable not only to the proposed Associated Charities of our own city, and to all interested in charitable work here, but may remain a standard authority for reference in libraries and charitable associations elsewhere.

We received only twenty answers, although the circulars were accompanied with stamped and directed envelopes. Of course it is the experience of all inquiries that people are not good about answering circulars, and we were not surprised at the meagre response. However, churches have as a class an especially bad name with charity people for indifference or reluctance about co-operating in inquiries and organization. The projectors of the Associated Charities had complained already of the difficulty they found in getting response from them; and I heard it spoken of from the platform during the recent charity conference. They are, I judge, a little suspicious of system and method, afraid that Christian spontaneity may be diminished; and probably the less disposed to value organization because the charities of a church are rarely in the hands of its business men, but of the clergy and women, who, while energetic and competent enough, have not the bent toward organized combination acquired in the constant handling of large affairs. In every city of whose charities I know anything, except San Francisco, a few of the clergy are among the leaders in charity organization, and invaluable; indeed, I believe such movements are very apt to originate with one or two clergymen or church groups; but the majority of the churches are slow to co-operate.

Not one here is in what the Associated Charities consider full working affiliation with them, and scarcely more than half a dozen work with the organization at all. I have been told that one difficulty in affiliation is that the plan of charity organization includes reporting all cases helped to the central bureau, there to be kept on record for reference, for the better detection of fraud; and the churches object to exposing, even to the officers of a bureau, the needs of their own people. This is surely a proper reluctance: there should be no more need of members of the same church reporting help given each other than of kindred doing so. But help given outside their own membership need not be a matter for any such reticence. Indeed, cases have been known in which persons have joined more than one church at the same

time, for the sake of obtaining alms,—a device which would be perfectly safe as long as there was no comparing notes, but would fall to the ground the instant the two churches sent the name and address in to a central bureau; and the case of the Baltimore woman detected by the Associated Charities, who had her baby baptized in seven churches as a basis for a sevenfold appeal for help, is familiar to all readers of charity literature. So far as risks of this sort may arise within the actual membership of a church, they must probably be taken without help from outside.

But this reluctance toward the Associated Charities is not the only sign of indifference to the new scientific spirit in charity. The clergy of the city were most inadequately represented in the attendance on the Conference of Charities; I was told that in answer to a comment on this, one of the Eastern delegates answered that he was "used to that." But the situation must be more marked here than elsewhere, for some of the leading men among the Eastern experts were clergymen. In Oakland, I understand, the churches and clergy are the source and the life of the Associated Charities.

Of the twenty churches that answered our inquiry, the majority gave clear and direct answers, all of which gave a pretty fair general idea, at least, of what the church was doing, and with about how much system; most of the answers were brief and approximate, several quite full and exact, and one, from Rev. Charles L. Miel, Rector of St. Peter's Church, a model of methodical statement. This letter alone answered all our questions *seriatim*, and, as it covers a good deal that is common to the whole Episcopal denomination, I give most of it. The answer to our first question, was given in exact figures. To our second Mr. Miel answered:

1. Our method is two fold:

By canon law of the Episcopal church the rector of a parish is entitled to the alms contributed at each celebration of the Holy Communion, which alms are to be distributed by him among the needy and worthy as he sees fit. Such distribution is a factor in the amount of cash charity already specified.

2. The balance has been expended through a church and parish association known as a guild. This guild is governed by a council comprising the presidents of its several chapters, the rector of the parish, and a physician.

Applications for relief are laid before this body, discussed, and acted upon. Record is made of the action had in each case in the minutes of the guild year. Apr. 1st, a yearly report is rendered by the Secretary and Treasurer severally.

3. So far as it is possible it is sought not to give *pecuniary aid*. The reasons for this are, first,—that we ourselves are very poor. Second,—that money is seldom necessary. Third,—that it encourages a spirit of dependence akin to idleness: and fourth,—that (some applicants aided being unworthy) it attracts a small army of unworthy claimants.

4. Therefore, much of our aid is given in clothing, provisions, medicines, etc. So far as possible we keep account of these things, but in many cases, as in the case of clothing for example, this is impossible, as we receive gifts of cast-off clothing, provisions, etc., which we keep on hand for use. The greater part of our charity is thus administered. The cash is given mostly for house rent, lodging, meals, railway fare, etc.

5. Of course we are often victimized. That is the experience of all associations, I think. For some time past, however, we have followed rigidly the rule to aid no one, unless the applicant could show some satisfactory evidence of being who and what he professed to be. This rule was necessary not only for our own protection, but also as a matter of justice to those who were at once needy and worthy.

6. In addition, my parish, with all other parishes in the diocese, contributes at stated periods, set by canon law, to the general charities of the diocese, viz:—the Old Ladies' Home, St. Luke's Hospital, the Church Orphanage, etc. But these being general and not parochial charities, I make no count of them.

To our third question:

1. Our aid is given first to members of our own church, but is not restricted to them. I dare say from recollection that the proportion is one-half.

2. We have no precaution against "overlapping the charities of other churches," other than investigation, which can rarely be as full as it should be, on account of the number of applicants and the limited time at our disposal. To investigate faithfully all our applications would occupy two or three people continually.

3. We find a good deal of poverty. Most of our

applicants come from without our parish . . . but most of our relief is given within its limits.

The main causes of poverty in the order of their frequency we have found to be as follows:

1. Sickness.
2. Domestic infelicity, generally due to drunkenness.
3. Shiftlessness or idleness.
4. Inability to obtain employment. This mainly on the part of new arrivals in the State, who generally reach its limits with only enough money to keep them a few days.
5. Death of the sole or main support of the family.

4. Of the *classes* who apply to us for aid we have no record. On this head, however, I can safely say that our applicants are in at least three-fourths of the cases of foreign birth, and that the majority of them are *men* of middle age, say from 25 to 45 years. It is rarely that a person under 18 years asks our aid, and in only one case did a child apply in person.

Approximate figures follow of the number of individuals and families relieved. About three times these numbers were rejected, either as unworthy or as having more direct claims elsewhere.

In conclusion, permit me to assure you of the pleasure it gives me to know that steps are taking toward a more general and equable distribution of the burden of charitable ministration. That burden I am sure can be wisely borne only by faithful, systematic, and co-operative effort. Such effort has always been a duty and is now become a necessity. It is a duty and a necessity to those who fortunately are in the category of givers, and to those who unfortunately are in the category of receivers.

No other church work of which we received report approaches this in system. Three other churches gave us exact figures, and seven approximate ones; the rest answered that they could not say, or that no record was kept. In answer to our question as to method of relieving poverty, five besides St. Peter's answered that it was done by the church officially, through its regular officers or committees; four more, that volunteer societies of ladies managed the matter; and four that it was done informally by individuals or knots, who saw to it that no one connected with the church should really suffer, or need to apply to any charity. It was usually added, that besides this, individual members of the church had their private charities, or worked in connection with some of the general charities. The method of collecting money for purposes of relief was sometimes by specified church collections, and as often by the ladies' societies, through sewing circles, bazaars, and so on. This is now and then supplemented by personal solicitation from well-to-do members, and in one case this solicitation was the only source of supplies. Half a dozen letters did not answer this question at all. Several said that much of the help was in the form of food or clothing, to which no cash value was attached, and of which no record was kept.

One answer I quote nearly entire:

The little charitable work that we do directly . . . is of such a desultory, unsystematic, helter-skelter, hop-skip-and-jump character, performed only *pro re nata*, and that but partially, as to be of no value to you by way of *data*, except as helping to show the want of system in such matters, and the necessity of a central bureau of information, like the contemplated Society of Associated Charities, to collect and dispense knowledge concerning them. As it now is, we prefer to refer all applicants to the Benevolent Association, Number 20 Webb Street, knowing from a twenty-five years' acquaintance with the Secretary, Mr. Beeching, that every case so referred will be thoroughly investigated, and attended to as fully as the funds of the Association will permit.

To our question as to whether the church relieved its own poor only, a dozen answered: all of these that their own poor were always cared for, and most of them that after this first claim was met outside applicants were helped. A representative of the Unitarian church wrote: "Not over one-third of it is for our own church people"; and the pastor of the Bethany Congregational Church, "We aid more outside the church than inside." No one else spoke of the point directly, but I should gather from the wording that this was usually the case. In the case of foreign churches, the out-

side help is confined to their own nationality. No letter spoke of any precaution against overlapping of relief, and several said expressly that there was none. But one spoke of finding much poverty, and several said they found little real and deserving need, though a good deal of begging and shiftlessness. One German pastor wrote: "We find that there are a great many people, men and women, begging from house to house, who are habitual drunkards, who are too lazy, (on account of intoxicating drink,) to work for their living; such we refuse to give anything, unless to satisfy their hunger." Only a few letters made any answer as to the causes of the poverty met, but those that did placed drunkenness first, except in one case old age, and in another sickness.

One letter, which gave us no data, I was yet expressly requested, by a call from the writer, to print, and I promised to do so, exactly as it stood. It is as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 22d, 1888.

Dr Sir: Your favor of the 20 inst. was duly received, and contents noted and in reply would state that we as Bible Christians believe in as well as adhere to the teachings of Christ regarding charity contained in the newtestament Scriptures Mathew 6th Chapter, 1st 2d 3d, and 4th verses as follows: "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them: otherwise, ye have no reward of your father which is in heaven, Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men, Verily, I say unto you they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth, That thine alms may be in secret: and thy father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly." We also invite your attention to the saings of Christ contained in Mathew 7th chapter 22d and 23d verses, as follows "Many will say to me in that day, Lord Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works; and then will I profess unto them I never knew you; depart from me ye that work iniquity." All of which Bible Christians believe.

Yours truly
BIBLE CHRISTIAN.

The church aid societies and guilds, usually conducted by women, are in several cases large, and active, and well organized, and count somewhat among the charities of the city as independent organizations, not merely as adjuncts of their church. The Episcopal denomination supports besides, an old ladies' home, a hospital and an orphanage; the Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians, missions among the Chinese and Japanese, whose object is in part charitable, as well as religious; and the First Congregational church a free kindergarten. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations are outgrowths and adjuncts of the churches, and require that their officers and most of their voting members shall be members of the evangelical churches. There are in the East Episcopal sisterhoods, approximating the Catholic in dress and rule, but not bound by irrevocable vows. There is no order of the sort here, but three sisters of one of them, Bishop Huntington's order of deaconesses, are in this city, working in more or less isolated ways, pending the organization of their order here. One of these conducts independently a small refuge for women, which receives a fraction of its support from the denomination here, but most of it from private sources. Even in the not avowedly religious benevolent associations, the majority of managers and workers are church people, and the religious tone is sometimes quite marked.

The Catholic charities are chiefly, as I have said, in the hands of their charitable orders: the St. Mary's Hospital, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Females, a Magdalen Asylum, and the "Mater Misericordiæ," (a girls' home,) in charge of the Sisters of Mercy; the Catholic Orphan Asylum and St. Joseph's Infant Asylum, in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The regular charge of Sisters of Mercy, as defined to us by the Mother Superior, is to visit the sick at home; while Sisters of Charity care for the

sick in hospitals, and for children. But the station of the Sisters of Mercy in this city is at the hospital, while the Sisters of Charity have a station elsewhere. There are also some lay societies for charitable purposes,— all, of course, subject to the guidance and approval of the Church, but not part of its regular organization. The most important is the local branch of the St. Vincent de Paul, and next the St. Joseph's Union, which conducts a boys' aid society, the "Youths' Directory." There is a lay order of "Sisters of St. Ann," or "Little Sisters of the Poor," or "Sisters of the Holy Family," (all these names were given us,) who take care of two or three day homes for children, and visit among the poor. There is a Francesca Society, a ladies' sewing society, like those of the Protestant churches, connected with the parish of St. Ignatius; it has over two hundred members, and is one of the strongest societies of the sort in the city. In all Catholic churches are poor-boxes, whose weekly contents go to the poor. None of these Catholic charities are limited to the relief of Catholics; in practice, of course, it is chiefly Catholics that apply; and those who have properly a nearer claim on some Protestant church or charity would naturally be turned over thereto. The like conditions hold in most of the Protestant charities.

The Hebrews support an orphan asylum and five societies for general relief, three of which are conducted by women. It seems to be the opinion of all who know about them that the Hebrew charities of the city are the most liberally, energetically, and completely carried out of any. Their reports are the most compact and clear that we examined, and we found any piece of information we asked more ready, in shape, and at hand for all inquirers, than anywhere else. One gets the impression of abundance of money, entire confidence in the management of it, interest and active work on the part of business men, sharp business method in administration. In addition to this liberality among themselves, the names of leading Hebrews of the city appear in the lists of contributors to all general charities, and even to such a distinctively Christian one as the Young Men's Christian Association; and I was told that they always respond to private appeals in cases not properly within the scope of any established benevolence,— such as a promising voice to be trained. Toby Rosenthal, when he returned a successful artist to San Francisco, told his former fellow-citizens that it was thus he obtained his art education; it would never have been known unless he had chosen to tell it.

I understand that the benefits of most of the Hebrew charities are nominally restricted to those of their own race; but that in fact no questions are asked, and as long as the applicant's religion remains unannounced it is assumed that it is in harmony with the constitution of the society; "and when any man comes in and begins, 'Help me for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ!' I know he is an impostor anyway," said Mr. Eloesser.

Besides the three groups of charities connected with religious divisions, — Protestant, Catholic, and Hebrew, — there are some fifteen based on nationality, — the Chinese six companies, and British, Danish, Scandinavian, German, French, Scotch, and Swiss societies. There are the extensive free kindergarten systems in four associations, thirty-three schools in all. There are the municipal charities,—the city hospital, almshouse, and inebriate asylum. And there remain some twenty isolated institutions of various sorts, supported each in its own way, and not always even aware of each other's existence.

I have in this paper enumerated the different agencies of benevolent work, rather than described the works themselves. That I shall hope to do more specifically next month.

M. W. Shinn.

A TALE OF THE INCREDIBLE.

XI.

"WHERE did you find that?" Paul enquired, by a violent effort putting aside any outward appearance of astonishment, and with as cool demeanor as he could assume, taking her hand in his, so that he might more closely examine the ring.

"We stopped for a few hours at Caserta on our way up," Florence said. "We wandered a short distance from the inn, and came to where some men were digging in a clay bank. While we looked on, one of them with a blow of his pick uncovered two or three trinkets, and tried to sell them to us. Father said they were a fraud — nothing antique about them — and that he had seen the men go in advance to the clay bank and there wait for us, not having been working before. So we did not buy anything from them. But one of them brought me this ring, which he said he had dug up last week. Somehow it impressed me a little differently, and as real. When I put it on my finger, it gave me a sort of thrill, as though there were some antique property connected with it, different from what I would find in anything of modern manufacture. Do I make myself understood?"

"Partly, — that is, I can see that somehow the ring affects you. All the more reason," Paul continued, with an affectation of jesting, but none the less feeling somewhat disturbed at heart, "that you should be careful how you wear it, so that it shall not, through its mystic properties, get the dominion over you."

"You are laughing at me, I see. Of course an old ring could not have any effect upon — and now that the novelty of it is over — will you let me give it to you, for your collection of curiosities?"

"No, no; least of all that!" he cried, starting back, as though afraid that she might force the gift upon him. For at the instant he thought, as in a flash, that if the ring really had the power once attributed to it of evoking love, and the beautiful Marcia — spirit, or shade, or whatever she might be — should be reaching out after it and seeking with its discovery to lure away its holder, what might be the effect upon himself, were he its possessor? For already he seemed to be beginning to distrust himself and his fortitude. And how base to allow Florence innocently to put into his hands the instrument that might become potent for her own unhappiness. "No, keep it. Even if you do not wear it yourself, at least do not put it into my power to do so."

"I don't understand you, Paul. But I must take it that you have not yet recovered from your delusions, and for a while, before I have fairly taken you in hand, will say queer things," she responded, with a slight laugh that was evidently disturbed and forced. "Well, come tonight — or tomorrow."

Once more he shook hands with her, and so returned to his studio; struggling in vain to unravel the mystery, as so often already during that day he had failed with all the enigmas that had clustered around him. And of course he could only do as before, — give up the matter in despair, and try to think no more about it, leaving the possible solution to time.

This he found he could more easily do, as it was no longer forced upon him. For from that day Florence no longer wore the ring, feeling either superstí-

tiously set against it by his unreasoning warning, or possibly merely wishing no longer to disturb him with the sight of it. And so after a while he felt partially able to dismiss it from his mind, and with tolerable equanimity go on with his duties of the day.

These were mainly to show Rome to Florence. Each day, at a stated time, Paul called for her at the hotel, and with red book in hand sallied forth to run the usual course over the ruins and historical remains. That, in some respects, this was an old story to him, and not altogether enlivening, was to be expected; but not at every moment was he in the guise and occupation of a mere *commissionaire*. There were times when they could turn lightly from their study to other scenes. It could need only a few moments to look upon the ruins of Caracella's Baths and read about them from their guide books; how easy then to forget them, and sitting upon the slope of mingled grass and masonry, look away across Rome and over the seas,and again seem to see the river-homestead and discuss the recollections that it evoked. Or upon the broad terrace of the capitol, how natural it was after a little while for the bronze sentries to fade away from the sight, and give space to other shapes —living shapes, it seemed, which were not historic in their character or stately in their attitude, but which brought with them an interest from personal knowledge and affection that the whole magnificent line of Cæsars could not present. What were the stone statues of the nymphs and goddesses of the past to Florence, sitting close beside him, with her golden hair floating over his shoulder, and her earnest eyes gazing up into his?

Mingled with all this was Paul's other duty of the day — the practice of his art. It must never be suffered that this should lapse, more especially as he could see that Florence was becoming each day more impatient to look at what he had already achieved. What, too, was the subject? A Roman girl, did he say? How was she dressed, and with what appearance? Light hair, might it be? And with that Paul could see a half smiling glance at her own curls, as though perhaps the Roman girl were being portrayed in her likeness, so that at last she might be confronted with the finished picture as a pleasant surprise to herself, and a satisfactory explanation of the long delay in exhibiting it to her. Dark complexioned and with black hair, rather? Yes — of course; how otherwise could an Italian maid be painted? Yet there seemed a trifle of disappointment in Florence's tone, as she agreed to the necessity of this.

But how then had Paul secured the face he wanted? Did he evolve it from his own imagination? Or had he found some beautiful model who could furnish him with all the requisites that his art demanded? No living model, did he say? With that Florence's face cleared a little from its gloom; a loving heart can be somewhat jealous even of a hired model, seeing that they are not seldom very beautiful. If then there were no model in this case,—why then of course—

Yet Paul could see that Florence was no more satisfied than before at the delay in showing her the painting, and inviting, as was most justly due to her, some suggestion for its improvement or approval of its excellence, as either might seem fitting. Yes, he must labor on, and as soon as possible achieve his triumph, and so end this unsatisfactory trifling with her.

Daily, therefore, when not with Florence, he sat in his studio, and made such fair progress as he could upon the picture. It seemed strange to him, at first, how little time he had to tarry for Marcia to appear. It was as though there were some instinct in her mind telling her that he was waiting for her; —perhaps, he sometimes thought, and certainly not in any easy spirit, she was

always with him, and so of course realized the proper moment at which to manifest herself. He did not know how that might be; he never learned. All he knew was, that when he placed himself before his easel, and had turned it this way or that to catch the proper light, and had arranged his implements conveniently around him, upon looking up he then always saw Marcia sitting quietly and silently in the carved chair. How or at what moment she had entered, or whether she had entered at all, — this too, he never knew, nor cared to ask. It was enough for him that she was there, her beauty at the disposal of his art, and as he began to realize, her companionship bringing pleasure to his soul.

Always the same,— sitting in a half reclining position, her hands lightly crossed before her, her eyes cast reflectively down, her heavy clusters of hair drooping like rich festoons across her shoulders. How delicately the rich yet somewhat subdued color of her costume, relieved here and there with antique gems, contrasted with the crimson velvet of the great chair. And always, it seemed to Paul, that one bright ray of sunlight shot glimmering into the window and across to her, even as though it had been waiting her coming, and tinged one side of her cheek with a golden gleam that gave a richer, softer shade to whatever was more hidden from its light. For a moment he would sit in silence and gaze at her; then at his first word, and as if until then she had been holding aloof from his greeting, her eyes would be slowly lifted to meet his, and a pleasant welcome would seem to come from them — unstinted and generous — the welcome, as it were, of one trusting soul to another.

After all, Paul did not advance rapidly in his task. He would sit for many moments gazing upon her. It was in his thoughts that he was merely studying his art, seeking with earnest contemplation to evoke some new expression from her, which he might transfer to his canvas, catching and preserving it before it might forever flicker away. At least he might note down a passing line or shadow, giving new beauty of expression to something that he had already portrayed. And so, once in a while he imagined that he did; though it was merely a dot or shadow here and there not to be detected probably by any other person, and in effect not noticeable even to himself after a day or two, but at the time seeming full of artistic thought and suggestion.

All that time, too, they spoke but little. It was in Paul's mind sometimes to question her about her present state, yet he dared not do so. He felt that there must be matters between them that were too sacred to be touched upon. If,as occasionally happened, his thoughts seemed to wander away in such direction, with intent to give her an opportunity to disclose what might not be forbidden her, he met no encouragement to perseverance. Let it be understood that there were mysteries into which he must not pry. No word of reproof from her told him that, yet her lowered gaze and her silence,—these were sufficient to make him comprehend that he must not further transgress, and so called him to himself.

Nor did they speak at any length about the past of this world. Concerning all that, perhaps she really knew very little. What conception could she, a child of the household brought up in innocence and seclusion, be able to have realized from the turmoil and confusion of active life that had surged around her, yet almost all the while outside her sphere of observation? There had been merely one important incident of her life,— her waiting for the coming of the Duke Pergola, — and about that Paul's exploration had already told him more than she knew. And so as to other events of those days,— she had never, even in

her close neighborhood to them, learned half as much as he had found out for himself from old musty chronicles.

What then was there for them to do? And how did they employ that single hour each day given up to art? Paul could scarcely tell. There seemed nothing done at all, and yet the time did not pass heavily, but rather fled away on wings, passing away almost as it had begun, and leaving no trace of labor behind it. A line here, and the shadow there, as has been said; and at all other moments gazing into her eyes, with vain pretence of gaining inspiration in his task.

Sometimes, too, wondering—and gradually the wonder began to grow — why and with what thought she gazed at him. His art could really be nothing to her. It must be far from his mind to believe that, for the better success of his enterprise and the perpetuity of her portrayed beauty, she could, after the custom of mere professional models, be striving to gain intensity of expression. That of course could not be. And daily Paul found himself more and constantly looking stealthily into the depths of her dark, lustrous eyes, to read their meaning if he could, and determine why sometimes they fastened themselves so earnestly upon him with such a sottened and tremulous gaze. It was the gentle, confiding look of friendship, — so much he knew. But sometimes, in what seemed a wild flight of fancy, he began to ask himself whether —

When did it come about? And how can one hope to give himself any answer to the question? How can one ever draw the exact line where half the changes of life occur? When does sickness pass into health, or despondency give place to perfect serenity? We awake all at once to the realization that the blood courses more vigorously through the veins, or that there is a sense of pleasure in the heart where formerly there was pain; but at what moment did the favorable alteration come? So now, all at once, Paul was aroused as from a listless, confusing dream to the startling realization that there was a change steadily going on in himself, and that, if he did not take heed, he should become false to all that he had held so dear.

It had been a very pleasant thing for him to wander at will with Florence about the old ruins of Rome and through its galleries, and search out the treasures of the churches. He had been accustomed to go early to their place of meeting, and protract the enjoyment until the latest moment. If, then, he tore himself away to seek his studio, it was with real enthusiasm for his art, and that he might sooner complete his masterpiece, and bring Florence before it in hope of gaining her approval of it. And yet, how or when or with what slow progression he could not realize, it had happened that little by little the process of studying old Rome was becoming tame and even wearisome to him. That continual study of the red-covered guide books, and that attempted admiration of mediæval art, — were these after all worth the labor spent in them? And was one ruin so much more interesting than another of the same period, that they should care to see them all? How did one sarcophagus greatly differ from another, or why should they care what diverse features the Roman emperors bore upon their busts, so long as they were not of their time, and could not influence their destinies?

Gradually Paul found his interest in these things becoming weaker, and in his strolls with Florence a wish growing within him that they should not last too long. More rapidly yet, perhaps, he began to long for the approach of that precious hour in his studio, when he could sit with his brush idly poised in his hand, sometimes never even turning it, while in dreamy mood he gazed into Marcia's eyes, as silently and thoughtfully looking back into his.

Then came great incentives to the out-door life, for the Carnival began, one of the wildest, merriest of the century, and known for many years after as the most successful of those saturnalia within the memory of Rome: the air was so bland and the skies so unusually bright, and for some unexplained reason, the temper of the people, that year, so exceptionally attuned to careless excesses of merriment.

Florence had a window looking out upon the Corso, and here Paul was free to come, and at her side put off whatever sedateness he might have, and with fifty thousand others become a frolicsome child, caring for nothing but flowers and confetti. Could he not there enjoy his life at her side? For a day he did so, then grew morbid and almost surly in his temper, with the longing after something that was not there; and so at last he rebelled.

"It is an old story to me, this carnival," he said. "It wearies me, — this madness, this foolishness of the populace. And there is my picture all the while waiting —"

"Ah! that picture."

There was a tone of bitterness in her words, running through them like a thread, but she said nothing more. Perhaps the day had gone by in which she could remonstrate or ask his confidence.

He felt this afterwards, but not at the time.

"It is a brighter sunlight than usual today, Florence. I must not lose advantage of it. And there is a new expression I must put into my figure,— something that last night I dreamed about, and which if I do not now seize upon it will prove evanescent, as many times before, — and Rodman Glenn will be here to amuse you. With whom can I better leave you than with my dearest friend? And so —"

And so he left her, — nor, as he gave way to his fascination, returned that day nor yet the next. What cared he for the outside sunshine or the crowds of maskers,—the wondrous line of flower-decked equipages,— the races,— the maddening hurly-burly of gathered Rome? Let it all pass by unheeded — a foolish fashion, noisily carried on to the aggravation of all reasoning beings, — a pagan relic that should have no countenance from wise men like himself. The sooner it were all past, the better; he would have none of it. To him, far better the half darkened studio, with the one beautiful occupant of the great carved chair sitting silently before him,— the slender ray of sunlight gliding through the torn curtain, and hastening to its joyful mission of brightening up that one soft cheek into pleasant contrast with the other still resting in shadow. Better to gaze upon those liquid eyes silently speaking so much that the tongue might not dare to utter, than to look upon the merry expressions of thousands of faces turned joyously up to the sunlight of the Corso.

And as Paul gazed, it seemed to him as though a thousand thoughts and fantasies were evolved, bewildering his brain, yet all leading up to one conclusion. Marcia's gentle, almost loving, smile as she lifted her eyes to his, — a pensive smile, yet to his eager mind speaking so much — he could not still the heart-throb that it brought to him. And the serpent ring glittering upon the delicate hand that reposed motionless upon the velvet arm of the chair,—should he not learn more about that, now that he knew where was the duplicate token? Was there any way whereby he might yet find out the mystery of it?

The young Duke Pergola should have brought to her its duplicate. If he had done so, would it have proved that there really was some mysterious influence in the charm, sufficient to have compelled her into trusting love for him? To be sure, she was supposed to have still retained the ability to decide for herself whether to accept the Duke or not; yet for all that, might it not be that there

was some influence in the token potential enough to have prevailed over any attempted reticence upon her part? And the two lovers then going down through life harmoniously together,— would not the influence of the ring have extended further? Not only in this world, but also in the unknown world beyond,— would not the charm have continued to bind their souls together closely for all eternity?

And further than all this, if the young Duke dying without meeting her had chanced to have the token buried with him, instead of gaming it away during his life-time, — would it not have still maintained its charm over both, so that beyond the grave they might have met in love, even as had been purposed in this life? More than all that, — Paul reflected, roused by the gathering intensity of his thoughts into newer flights of wild imagination perhaps not altogether unreal,— if any one in the Duke's stead had come into possession of the ring, dying with it upon his hand, might not its destiny have still prevailed in his favor, so that thenceforth —

Ah! those were strange questionings, indeed, that Paul found himself revolving. It would be hard to think that any one should so helplessly be left to the aimless drifting of fate, as to suppose that even an alien holder of the ring — and yet if it were all in the control of fate, even that drifting might be determined, and not left to chance alone. Might not he into whose possession it was destined to come be brought at the proper time to the place where he should receive the token, and being so ordered thither, prove to be the one who most properly should hold Marcia's happiness in his keeping?

It seemed that at that moment something in Paul's thoughts almost inadvertently stole into open expression, and left her to conjecture in part their tendency; at least, to give her a suspicion that he was revolving some mystery, and looking to her for a solution of it. For an instant her eyes met his, as in questioning of his meaning; then seeming to gain a glimpse of it, she responded:

"You think, perhaps, that coming whence I do I should know everything. But must there not be much in every condition of our being that we can only learn slowly and with patient diligence, even as here? Ah! there are hidden mysteries everywhere, I suppose. We cannot anywhere find out everything at once. Let us then speak no longer about it. There can never be a time when it is proper to indulge in speculation about things that do not bring their own solution with them. We can only wait. Whatever we are meant to learn will be made clear to us in the end: must it not be so?"

But all the same to Paul had now come the trial of his constancy, — the crisis of his fate. Let the mysteries of the other world await the proper time for their development; but when that time came, let him have his portion in them. Why should he longer cling to the things of earth, when behind the veil was to be found so much that could engage his affections and control his happiness for all eternity?

It chanced that at that moment Marcia raised her eyes again, and gazed into his; and it seemed as though he could even then read more than mere pardon for his indiscretion. Let him accept it as the harbinger and promise of future love, and hasten to gather in its fruition. Constancy in early love is right, he knew; yet when the happiness of eternity is concerned, certainly there must be a point at which one should be able to break away from any earthly ties, and look only to those that fate, for ages perhaps, has been weaving for him.

Marcia was still gazing fixedly at him, and with what seemed to him an unquestioned earnest of affection. Let him at last give up the useless struggle, and throw himself unreservedly and with

passion at her feet. He could not clasp her in his arms,—he could not even lift her hand to his lips. But he could pour out burning thoughts to her,—and if she bade him hope, why then a life-time would not be too long to wait for the realization of the happiness that another world might offer.

With that he stretched forth his hands pleadingly, and approached her. But at the instant was heard the step of some one ascending the stairs outside; and when he looked again, Marcia had left him.

XII.

It was Rodman Glenn who climbed the stairs, and coming into the studio held out his hand in pleasant greeting.

"I am here," — he said, — "perhaps I may say that I have been sent, if I might so interpret the wishes of others, who sometimes show me by their feelings what they do not otherwise express, — to ask you why you do not sally forth and enjoy the Carnival with us. This and tomorrow will be the closing days, and the fun is fast thickening. Somehow the balcony seems empty without you, and I know that your cousin wonders a little at your absence. Why did you slip away so slyly last time? You see, I have taken the responsibility upon myself to try and coax you back."

"But my picture—"

"Can it not wait a day or two? Must the colors fade if you leave them alone for a little while?"

"They will not fade," Paul said, "but the inspiration may."

"Ah, I do not believe in such inspiration. If your conceptions are worth anything at all, they will surely keep. And now that I look again at your work, I can see that you no longer need any inspiration. Certainly your task is well and satisfactorily finished."

He placed himself in front, and for a minute silently studied the picture. Paul did not undertake to prevent him. Rodman had seen it once or twice before, and in its less completed state; Paul was willing now to have his judgment upon it, since it had progressed so far towards completion.

"When I last saw this painting," Rodman said at length, and he spoke slowly and with careful utterance, as pronouncing a deliberate and studied opinion, "I told you, I remember, that you lacked only one thing — a model. The picture was then all it should be in form, feature, and attitude, but it was wanting in that special individual character that can only be gained from the study of a living face."

"But as yet I have had no living model, Rodman."

"No?" and Paul could see that he seemed very much surprised. "Do you know that I can scarcely believe you? Not that you would keep from me the truth; but I cannot help believing that somewhere, not through design nor in your own studio, you must unconsciously have carried away with you an expression that has chanced to strike you in some one you have met, and so, unwittingly, have produced a copy of it here. For, look you! It is hard to be obliged to believe in any limitation of genius, but nothing is more certain than that the best of us cannot invent a new expression. There are thousands of styles of features, and of course, from their different arrangements, nature makes up myriads of faces. Even if some of these may now and then chance to look alike, they are all found to differ when we come to know them well. In fact, there seems scarcely a face on earth with a human soul behind it that does not have a character of its own, by which we can tell it from all other faces. But there has never been any painter, perhaps, who can take different features and combine them so as to invent a new expression or character for them. Great artists have portrayed their wives or mistresses when desiring individuality,

or if too indolent to do that, have reproduced certain types which we all know, and can ourselves almost as well reproduce at will. That is all they can do, however; that seems to be the fixed limit of their power. But you —"

"Well, Rodman?"

"You have given here a face that is beautiful, and yet different from any that I have ever met with. I can read in it sweetness and affection, — mystery and passion,—studied reserve, yet capacity for open confidence, — numberless expressions, it seems to me, and each more plainly coming to the surface the longer I study it. And yet you tell me that —"

"That I have had no living model. Is it not enough for me to say so?"

He found himself speaking sharply, almost roughly; he had never done so with Rodman before. He could see that Rodman started, and seemed somewhat confused and hurt. Yet Paul did not try to amend his speech. For there had come upon him a sudden surprise that overwhelmed him as with an electric stroke, and in a flash, as it were, changed his whole nature. As Rodman stretched forth his hand towards the picture, in illustration of his idea, Paul had seen upon his little finger the missing Monleffi token, — the same one, doubtless, that Florence had shown a few days before.

How had Rodman come by it? Certainly Florence must have given it to him, — there could be no question about that. But under what circumstances? Paul had made her acquainted with him, and had not been in the least troubled that, in proportion as he himself had neglected her, his friend had been more and more thrown into her society. Had Rodman been all the while false in his friendship, and craftily undermining her affections?

Yet it would not have been falsity, for Paul had never told him the story of his love for her. That was to be a secret, to be confessed to no one until the time came when all the world might know it. But was it any less the fault of Florence that she should have yielded and become untrue to the one, and given to the other that mystic ring, most likely as a pledge of her new love?

Or on the other hand, was there actually some subtle quality in the trinket which neither Rodman nor she could resist, drawing them near to each other as long as she wore it, just as in the olden days it should have drawn Marcia with affection to the young Duke Pergola, if they had chanced to meet? And why had Paul not possessed the forethought to comprehend the matter aright, and when he first saw the ring to have accepted it from her? She had offered it without even a hint from him, and had he then taken it, perhaps all might have been well.

What though at the time he thought that it would have been dishonorable to have availed himself of her generosity? Better a thousand times that wrong, than that he should suffer injury from Rodman. Let him now repair the error, if possible, and obtain the ring, — and, if needful, not prove too scrupulous in the manner of doing so.

He saw that Rodman, after his first moment of surprise, was looking at him with an enquiring gaze. Paul felt that his own expression was not re-assuring, but he tried at once to compose it into a more friendly appearance. For he knew that if he ever were to obtain that ring, he must dissemble, and so he endeavored to cover his face with a false smile. It was not easy to do so at once, with that sudden hate or at least distrust springing into his heart; and he was too well aware, all the while, that his smile would be recognized as deceitful. It could scarcely be that Rodman, who could see so many different traits of character in the painting, should now fail in reading his face.

For a moment Rodman seemed to

scrutinize the other keenly, then turned slowly away. He did not appear to be angry, but only surprised; perhaps, after all, his searching criticism was at fault, and he gave Paul credit for more of the old friendly feeling that yet remained, and thought only that his long seclusion might, unconsciously to him, be making him unlike himself, yet the true self remaining unchanged, if one could only get at it. But all that for another time. Now Rodman turned slowly towards the door. Certainly he must leave for the present; it were not worth while to linger longer in any attempt to persuade Paul to come out from his reticence and be himself again.

Yet as Paul accompanied him to the stairs, Rodman ventured upon one parting tender of the old affection, and standing for a moment at the top step, put his arm lightly around his friend.

"Then you will not come, Paul?"

Paul did not answer. What if at that instant Rodman could have read his mind? What were those murderous promptings that surged wildly within him?

Paul must obtain that ring; had he the strength to take it by force? Alas, no. Rodman was certainly the more powerful of the two.

But what if, by a sudden, unanticipated movement, Paul were to throw himself wholly upon him? It would be easy to cast him headlong to the end of the long stairway, — there could be nothing to break the fall, — he would be taken up senseless, if not dead, from the bottom, — it would be considered an accident that he had so fatally failed in his footing, — meanwhile before they carried him away, Paul could easily slip the ring from his lifeless hand.

This was the sudden prompting to evil; but Paul had not gone so far, yet, that it should overcome him. Horror-stricken at the thought of that close temptation to crime, he shrank away, — repulsing Rodman's last manifestation of friendship, and rudely throwing his arm from him. Then without tarrying for other words, or turning to look into the other's face, Paul fled into his studio and closed the door.

In another moment, with the opportunity for solitary reflection, it seemed not only as though a better state of mind came over him, but also as though a veil of deception were drawn away, letting him see himself in all his soul's deformity, and so look into the abyss of crime he had so narrowly escaped. He could scarcely explain how that passion for violence so suddenly gave place to remorse. It was perhaps because never before had he been so nearly tempted to his own destruction,—and in realizing it, it seemed that there must be some evil influence pressing him, which now he must fly from, or be forever lost.

Was it the Monleffi token, with its terrible, mysterious power? What else could it be? Never before had he been so perilously beset. He would then avoid the ring from that moment and all things connected with it. No force or persuasion should any longer attract him towards it.

And she who wore its counterpart and came to him each day with her sweet smile upon her lips and the lovelight in her eyes; might she not after all be a demon spirit sent upon the earth to engulf him with her glamor to his destruction? Such things had been before. He would no longer have any thought about her, either. Her very picture he would break to pieces, and so possibly break the spell that was woven over him.

No, he could not do that. Let the picture live; it was too beautiful that he should now destroy it, and had cost him too much labor. But he would turn it to the wall, and not look again upon it until its magic influence should have passed away.

So at once he did; and it seemed that already he breathed more freely now that it was put out of sight. And he would

see Florence and endeavor to regain her love. It might not yet be too late. When she learned his repentance for all the neglect he had shown towards her, surely she would then come to him once more. Else how little could her love for him have been at the first, when most strongly she had professed it?

Chance at that moment seemed to aid him. He heard steps again coming up from below, and then voices. There was certainly Florence's low musical voice, and in answer to it her father's somewhat gruff tones. The next moment they had entered the studio; Florence with a faltering, undecided step, as not knowing whether she should have allowed herself to be there at all; her father with firm tread, as one who had come with business intent.

"Not that I have concluded to order a painting," he said, with a laugh. "I leave that for those who understand such things better. And I do not doubt that after a while they will come, as often as you may wish for them. But, Paul, we are here to tell you that in three days we must leave Rome."

"Is it not sudden, sir?"

"Somewhat,—in fact, very much so. My letters this morning,—a disturbance in stocks and all that. And so I expect I shall be better at home than here. And I have come to ask if you will not go with us? It need only be for a visit, if you wish to return here. But it would do you good, I think. I am told that you are getting morbid, and somewhat changed with hard work and solitude, and certainly the rest for a few months will freshen you up and do you good."

It seemed a happy thought. Why should not Paul follow it out? Even a few weeks of rest and relaxation might do him a world of good, in clearing away strange fancies from his brain, and withdrawing him from unreal and ghostly fascinations.

He looked towards Florence, to see how she might chime in with the idea. If she were to unite her persuasions with her father, then the thing would be as good as done. It would show that she had forgiven him,—was still true to him, indeed, else she would not desire his company homeward.

But she said not a word, sitting with her face bent down and her gaze fixed upon the carpet, as though she had not heard. Paul realized then that he had offended her too deeply to be so easily forgiven. And he ran over in his mind as never before the whole story of his slighting conduct to her,—the days when he had left her alone upon the feeble and often transparent excuse of absorbtion in his art, and the days when, though with her, he had treated her with an inattention growing more and more marked, often not listening to her when she spoke, and scarcely for an hour at a time bestowing upon her one gentle, loving word. It had now been so long going on from bad to worse, as gradually his thoughts were becoming turned towards a new affection,—how could he now hope that Florence would ever forgive him?

"I will think over what you say," he answered, "meanwhile it is growing dark and you must stay here and dine with me."

"Here, Paul? I do not see how?"

"It is because you have not yet learned what we can do in Rome at a moment's notice."

He rang the bell, and, when the old concierge appeared, hastily scribbled his directions and sent him down again. In a few moments servants arrived from a neighboring *trattoria*, laid covers upon the table, then retired, and soon reappeared with a pleasant little dinner of a simple character. There were meats and pastry and fruits,—flowers too, and wax candles in a large candelabrum to shed a soft light upon the repast.

Then they drew up; and over a glass of wine, Florence's father detailed anew his plans for returning home, and his

wish that Paul should accompany him. There seemed at one time to be something significant in the persistency with which he urged this. Was he at length aware of Paul's attachment to Florence? And had he become so far consenting to it, that in giving up in part the more practical aims of his life he could have determined to encourage Paul to woo her, trusting that in spite of his peculiar ambitions there were qualities in him that could make her happy? Even too, though as yet Paul might have shown little promise of excellence in the profession which he had chosen, and which certainly seemed to Florence's father a waste of life? But if so, why at least did he not ask Paul to exhibit to him whatever he might already have done?

Paul forgot for the moment that so far he had refused to display his only work, and certainly Florence with any respect for herself could no longer ask it. There it stood, not many feet away, but with its face to the wall, and Florence sat seemingly unheeding and without curiosity, silent and reserved, her face lowered, her expression unmoved, scarcely heeding what was said, immersed only in her own sad thoughts.

The silence became at last painful, for there can be silence even when one person is speaking, if others remain unmoved and apparently unsympathetic and unheeding. Then there came relief for all at once: in the hall outside the door a merry waltz broke forth from violin, flute, and clarionet. It was a little band of musicians that had stolen upstairs, and now began their not unpleasing impromptu concert, with the hope of a few pauls at the end. Paul had not ordered them; but perhaps they had seen a brighter light than usual in his window, and had noticed the waiters from the *trattoria* bringing in the covered dishes, and so had judged that somewhere in the building a little company of guests was assembled, and might be pleased for a few minutes to listen to the music.

Now the merry outbreak of the waltz for the instant put an end to the dull apathy and gloom of the dinner. It was always in Paul's disposition when in distress of any kind, to look for relief in some violent excitable change. And he arose from the table with almost gleeful rebound of spirits.

"Let us dance," he said, and in a moment Florence and he were whirling about the room, in and among the chairs and around the easel, at times even shaking the picture leaning at one side with face to the wall. After his manner he found himself endeavoring to cheer his spirits with more violent, impulsive action than usual; but Florence, though dancing correctly, seemed to do so languidly and without animation. It was not in her nature to seek restoration of her equanimity by putting on a temporary appearance of gayety; rather must she bring her disquietude closely to her heart, and let it there die out lingeringly. And so, after a short while the dance came to an end; it could not hope to last, indeed, when one party to it was counterfeiting a false glee, and the other simply dragging herself around, weighed down with the oppressive consciousness of injury and unhappiness.

"We will go out on the balcony," Paul said, and throwing over her shoulders a piece of mediæval velvet embroidery, — the nearest thing that came handy, — he opened the large side window, and they stepped outside. There was room for two chairs, and he placed them. Side by side they sat, looking out from between the climbing roses upon a scene that could not elsewhere be surpassed for its quiet, spirit-composing beauty. Rome at their feet, its nearest streets spread out before them distinctly as a map; the distant portions of the city mingled of course in a certain confusion becoming more intricate as it stretched further away, but all the same making its more salient lines clearly defined, with well known landmarks. The course of the Via Babuino and then the Corso,

— at the right the Piazzo del Popolo, — on the left, yet almost in front, the Piazza de Spagna, — in the far distance the great circle of Castle St. Angelo and the dome of St. Peters. There was a half-moon, — not enough to throw the city into undue distinctness, and so perhaps spoil that pleasant air of mystery that, in the shadowy light, enveloped everything as with a cloud, yet sufficient all the same to shed a kindly gleam upon the Tiber, changing its yellow surface into silver, and brightening as well the many domes and pinnacles that here and there were projected into full sight. The city seemed gayer with lights than usual, for the Carnival did not with every one end at sundown, and was continued through the evening and half the night, perhaps, with festive observances. Gay groups crowded into the streets, and every little while parties of three or four could be seen crossing the nearest piazzas, some still in their fanciful costumes, or at least in white dominoes, loitering along arm in arm, and singing merry carnival songs as they went by, and so turned at last into various courts and streets, and passed out of their sight. These were pleasant songs indeed, and though perhaps not always well given, lost with the distance whatever of discord they might have had, and rose to the listener's ears in undeniably sweet accord. Mirth and frolic everywhere,— music and dancing, — song and feast,— why should all the world around and below them be gay, and they only sad and heart-hungry?

They were alone and free from danger of interruption, for Florence's father still sat at the table sipping his wine and seemingly inclined to fall asleep, — certainly not missing the others in the least. It was an hour and a scene predisposing to the quieting of troubled spirits. Why not seize the opportunity to become reconciled to Florence, — to ask her forgiveness for past neglect, to utter the single word which Paul knew would be sufficient to bring her affection back to him, — then to clasp her for a moment to his heart, and feel that they were both at peace again?

For the instant he thought no longer about Rodman and what might be his rival claims; he knew from the way in which Florence sat silently and pensively gazing out upon the scene, that her thoughts were with himself and the past with which they were connected. He could not tell how it was, indeed, but though she uttered not a word, nor turned towards him, nor even moved, he felt that her spirit for revelation was akin to his, and that the opportunity for peace between them had arrived.

If he had needed incentive it came all at once from behind them. The little band of musicians in the hall outside had ceased from their gay waltz tune; perhaps, though they could not see inside, they knew from the cessation of feet flying through the measure that they were no longer dancing. A snatch of opera followed. Then, — it seemed indeed as though some subtle instinct had given to the musicians a perception of their longings,— there came a low sad strain that was familiar to them both, something that Florence had been wont to sing to him beneath the willow tree; a song that with its very first note brought back to them the whole living past, — a little melody of the Spanish. In a moment Rome seemed to have vanished, — there should be no real separation any longer between Florence and himself. Paul moved his hand towards hers,— he thought her own hand moved slightly, not towards his, but still with ready responsiveness to accept the warm pressure of his offered greeting. And then he paused.

A shadow flickered across his sight — only for a moment and then disappeared. It came merely from a passing draft moving the window curtain, and even at the time he knew it for such. But even with that knowledge, it had its

effect upon him. He was in such a nervous state of doubt and apprehension, that it seemed as though nothing could happen without having some influence upon him. A mere agitation of the window curtain, indeed; but what did that flickering shadow suggest? How did he know what eyes might now be fixed upon him from equally indistinct and evanescent shadowings of another character? What reason could there be why Marcia in some impalpable presence might not now be watching him? He had so far seen her only under one form, yet here surely was her haunt, in which she could appear or disappear it would seem at her will. When not before his eyes, did she still lurk near him? Were all his actions visible to her, and even his thoughts known? He could not tell, but none the less did the suggestion seem a vital one to him, and fatal to any energy or action upon his part.

For the instant he did not dare to move, — scarcely to breathe. Surely this could be no place or time for him to offer a return of his waning affection to Florence, and ask to re-illume it beneath the warmth of her forgiveness, to clasp her again in his arms and breathe new vows of love, when all the while at his very side, perhaps, one who an hour before had been on the very verge of listening to an irresistible outburst of passionate pleading from him might be looking on and rebuking his inconsistency. He must wait; and after a moment of silent suspense he withdrew his hand, and spoke lightly about some trifle that he cared nothing for.

"It is cold," murmured Florence, drawing the tapestry more closely around her, and rising, "It is not good to sit outside. The evening air is treacherous. I think that I will go in."

"So soon?" Paul said, and then her father seeing her approach aroused and prepared to go home.

"A very pleasant evening," he said. "And good music it was, too, though I must confess that I know little about it. And so you will go with us, Paul?"

"I do not know. I will think about it," — and at this time he knew that there was no use in looking to Florence for inspiration or suggestion. "Yes, I will be able to tell you tomorrow."

Then they left him, and he threw himself almost heart-broken upon his lounge. How had he mismanaged and thrown away his opportunity? Here had been ample occasion spread out before him to redeem himself, to claim the forgiveness that he knew would be freely accorded, and so restore to himself the privilege of walking again in the pleasant path of his first love. And now, somehow, fate had worked so miserably against him that he seemed further from that path than ever.

XIII.

THAT night Paul slept little, tumbling and tossing the while upon his lounge; catching at times a few minutes of unconsciousness, then awakening to the realization that morning had not yet come, and that if he did not sleep again he must toss perhaps for hours before he could arouse and go out. At last, however, the early tokens of dawn began to steal into his studio, different objects around him coming slowly into sight, at first with ghostly indistinctness and then gradually gaining form and outline; and so the day began.

There was no movement of any one around him; the whole building remained silent as at midnight. Even in the streets there was little sound, for it was too early for shops to open or residents to be about, and only here and there could be noted any evidences of life. A cart now and then passing below with almost muffled sound, bringing new flowers or provisions to the carnival booths standing in the streets — that was all. But Paul arose and made his toilet — he had not undressed for the

night — and then slipped out of the room, and with something of guilty stealth, as though he had committed a crime and was flying from the scene of it, stole softly down the stairs and into the street. He was restless; and knowing that he could no longer make even a pretense of sleep, did not care to stay. If he had properly analyzed his feelings, it would have been to become aware that he did not dare to stay, lest with the return of light the beautiful apparition that in the evening he had feared to see would come back in all its bewitching loveliness to tempt him to new indiscretions of passion.

So he wandered off, finding the air cool and the way almost deserted. He did not know where to go, nor how to pass the time which must elapse before the city should become so fully awakened as to furnish sufficient attractions to occupy his mind. For the while, he stepped into a *caffè* and spent an hour lingering over his breakfast. Then coming out he found that matters were beginning to be more lively. The shops had opened, the lower order of inhabitants were already passing by to their occupations, and a few enterprising tourists were on foot making the most of the day. In the cross streets leading to the Corso, and more especially in the Via Condotti, a throng had already collected, and the sound of many voices went up in a continued hum, for here were the stands where flowers and *confetti* were sold for the carnival, and these were now being prettily arranged in readiness for the opening of the gay scene.

For a while Paul wandered listlessly from booth to booth, finding more occupation than could have been expected in examining them, since one was so much like the other; then becoming wearied of this he struck into the Corso, and so towards the older portion of the city, working along the line of the Corso, which was decked as it had been for days, every balcony with its colored hangings, and here and there flowers. As yet no one sat there, for it would still be two hours before the real occupations of the day began.

After a while, pursuing almost the same route as a few days before, after his interview with the Count Garnetto, Paul saw the Colosseum towering before him. He crept beneath one of the arches and entered the arena. There was now no monk saying his prayers at the different stations; there was no one present except himself.

He climbed up into one of the lower lines where of old patricians had sat and watched the games. He was now the only spectator, and for the moment tried to reproduce the former scenes, but in vain. Perhaps his brain had been kept too much upon the strain to be capable of any unnecessary exertion; perhaps the practical matters of fact surrounding him had deadened his imaginative faculties. He could no longer see dead Romans rising from their dust to hold intercourse with their descendants: he could only remember that somehow he had quarreled with Florence, and must repair the breach as soon as possible.

While he sat there and pondered, Florence herself came upon the scene. She did not see him, for he was ensconced behind a ragged edge of broken wall, and at sight of her he found himself instinctively shrinking further out of sight. She was strolling along across the arena and was not alone. Her father was with her, and it was evident that in this quiet morning walk they were taking their last leave of Rome, before setting out for their own land.

Paul thought that she seemed somewhat taciturn; it was a fact that her father was apparently doing all the talking, and it seemed as though she scarcely listened. Were her thoughts as well as Paul's turned upon their estrangement? Had she been alone he would have descended, and in that bright, open sunlight, free from the influences that upon

the last evening had clung about him, would have endeavored to plead his cause and beg for reconciliation. But at the least he could follow her, and find some moment when her father might be turned aside so as not to interrupt them. It might be that then, even a single word would be sufficient to reunite them, in their present mood of common unhappiness.

He watched the two pass slowly across the arena and out at the further entrance; then descended. When he had gained the outside, he found that they had disappeared; but in a few moments he saw them slowly walking on, about a hundred yards in front of him. He followed for nearly an hour at a safe distance, until, after a long circuit, they crossed the Ponte St. Angelo, and pursued their way to St. Peter's. Here they entered, and here Paul still followed them, letting a few minutes elapse, so that he might not appear purposely to have pursued them, but rather to have come upon them accidentally.

For a moment chance seemed to have favored him. Florence had seated herself upon one of the benches along the shrine of St. Peter, while her father had wandered away, and was standing in front of the monument to the tenth Leo. His back was turned towards Paul; and he, assuming as nonchalant an air as he could drew near to Florence, and affecting some surprise at seeing her, also sat down. And he said:

"And also I am very glad to meet you, Florence. Last night —"

"What about last night?" — and he thought her words were very cold. And yet he knew, as well, that he deserved cool treatment.

"Last night, Florence, I think there must have been some evil influence upon me, I was scarcely myself."

"Have you been yourself for many days, Paul? Or rather, may it not be that you have at last become yourself as never before, finding your mind stripped of some illusion that —"

"No illusion at all, Florence. I am coming back to my former knowledge of the truth. Can you not hear me? If you will patiently let me explain —"

It was Rodman Glenn who at that moment came forward and interrupted them. Paul was angry, but of course must not show it, for Rodman had merely like himself strayed incidentally into the place, seeing Florence in the distance; nor, of course, how could he know how serious was the conversation interrupted. But the interruption was enough for the present to ruin all hope of explanation, and so, with ill-disguised awkwardness, Paul joined in the greeting she gave his friend, and after a moment slipped away.

Had he not done all that he could? Was not fate buffeting him from whatever quarter he turned? Could he go anywhere and not find Florence surrounded by those who unwittingly but none the less disastrously would be hindering their reconciliation? There came upon him the thought that he would no longer resist, but would accept his destiny of ill fortune, and let himself drift whithersoever the tide might take him. Nay, — this should not be, from such a simple rebuff as that; and yet, he felt his strength for individual purpose somewhat weakened all the same, and his temper becoming more attuned than ever before to apathetic surrender.

A hand fell lightly upon his shoulder. He turned and saw one of his artist friends, with whom he had at one time been somewhat intimate, but whom, from his increasing habit of seclusion, he had not met for many weeks past.

"We want you, Paul," was the greeting. "You are to take the place of one who has fallen out of our ranks. And for the rest of this day you are no longer a man, but a flower — a marigold, I believe."

He led Paul unresistingly through a low arch and into a court, where stood a long four-horse van, ready to start upon its day's duty. Around it were ten or

twelve of Paul's old acquaintances, in dominoes, and each with a cap upon his head fashioned in representation of a flower. These, made of different colored muslins, were not beautiful when examined closely, but Paul remembered having seen the van passing in the line of carriages each day; and that, looking down upon it from the balcony, he had been somewhat impressed with the artistic excellence of the display. Each man wore a different flower, — his, made of red and yellow fabric, was not the least pleasing; the whole, seen from the second story windows, formed a very accurate representation of a flower bed.

In his mood of the moment he was not disinclined to take the vacant place offered him; in fact, he was most willing to let himself drift hither and thither, and there seemed scarcely any pursuit in which he would not have engaged with alacrity. He climbed therefore into his place, and in a few moments they had joined the line of carriages, and were slowly riding up and down the Corso.

With his mind so well attuned for pastime, Paul became carried away with the novelty of the scene into a spirit of cheerfulness which almost immediately ripened into wild exhilaration. During certain hours of the past few days he had tranquilly observed the revels of the carnival from above, but had not until this moment been of it. He was now a factor in the gay scene, a portion of the grand movement whose purpose was unbridled joy and festivity for the entertainment of the whole city, — one of the many who now passed to and fro, inviting the scrutiny of a stationary crowd. Were they holding their own among the many candidates for popular approval? Did their floral display elicit the plaudits to which its artistic merits entitled it?

The spirit of rivalry almost at once took possession of him, and with it an uncontrollable frenzied idea that he could not too thoroughly make himself a vital portion of the scene. He must throw away present care as well as future apprehensions. If there were any particles of gloom still lurking in his nature, he must throw them out. Let the past bury the past, — why should its disturbing influence any longer constrain him? This was a day to be given to enjoyment, and such, after all, was the real philosophy of life, — to get all the pleasure possible out of its passing hours. The early poets had all, in some manner or other, sung the *carpe diem* hymn of life, and wisely had enjoyed its pleasures as they had flown by. The poets were dead, and their gayety had not saved them from the grave; but would it have been any different with them in the end if they had refused the enjoyments of life, and spent their days in mournfully gazing upon the inevitable doom of death and perhaps annihilation? Go to! They had the true good of all things while it lasted; it was after all the real and only satisfactory solution of the great problem of existence.

"This is indeed the only proper method of life," Paul cried out, "to walk in its flowery paths, enjoying its pleasures while one may, and not secluding one's self in toiling for the fame that may not come, and may prove worthless when attained."

"Right!" they all said, and with cheery words of their own gave further expression to the sentiment. But he noticed even then that two or three of them looked askant at him with a kind of quiet wonderment, not understanding how one who had kept himself so long strangely aloof from almost all companionship should now break out into a contrary state of mind, and surpass all the others in the vehemence with which he extolled the policy of seizing the enjoyments of the passing moment.

As Paul spoke they were slowly drawing near the balcony where sometimes

he had sat with Florence, and thence looked down upon this very carload of animated flowers as it went up and down in the long procession. He saw that Florence was there as usual — her father upon one side and Rodman Glenn upon the other. And he said to himself that he would now put all his fortunes to the test of a blind chance,— letting himself drift more aimlessly into the stream than ever, and so see whither the fates would carry him. He had floated so far adverse to every urging of himself towards a different course ; let him now risk all upon a single trial and be satisfied with it. He would throw to Florence a bouquet, she could not recognize him behind his wire mask ; if she received the flowers it would be as coming from a stranger ; her air, her manner, perhaps even her expression in accepting them might indicate her frame of mind, and he would attach it to his own fortunes as a premonition of the future.

There were men and boys along the edge of the carriage way, selling bouquets. He purchased one, and as they passed flung it up towards her balcony.

Had he not trusted too much to fate, and must he now accept its divination ? He had hoped for the best,— a smile of acknowledgement, even to himself as a stranger. He had chosen a moment when Florence seemed to be looking down into their van, and most surely would see his motion and respond to it. But as he threw the flowers she chanced to glance aside, and they would have fallen into the street had not Rodman caught them. It was he who presented them to her, and it was to him that she gave her answering smile, not noticing that they had been for her from the first, and that he had merely saved them for her from loss.

Yes, to Rodman was the pleasant smile. Paul thought that he could have slain the other where he stood. He had not known until that moment how dearly he had based his hopes of a favoring issue upon that chance he had set for himself. He held his teeth close together with rage, and plunged his hands deep into his pockets, that he might better clench them unperceived.

Doing so, his right hand struck a small, hard object. He drew it forth, and found that it was the Monleffi ring that he had last seen Rodman wearing. At the instant it seemed as though there was something supernatural in its possession being thus forced upon him. Yesterday he had been almost ready to commit violence for the sake of obtaining it. And lo ! here it was nestling quietly in his pocket, and through no agency of his own. In a moment the true solution of the matter came to him. Rodman had been wearing the ring the day before ; and when, at his departure, he had thrown his arm over Paul's shoulders the ring had fallen from his finger and into Paul's pocket unperceived. The one had lost, and the other had gained it, and through a very commonplace piece of carelessness.

But all the same he would accept it as an offering from the fates. Did they not control the world through apparently the most ordinary machinery ? What was an omen derived from the throwing of a bunch of commonplace flowers, to this singular transfer to him of the mediæval token, bearing concealed in its substance such supernatural influences ? It was now his own, and he would accept the judgment as final. Let it lead him where it would,— let it give him the love of this or that person as it might chance ; he would not struggle longer.

"Look," he said, drawing the ring upon his finger, and extending it towards the nearest of his companions. "What do you make of it ?"

"A ring,— a quaint devise,— what is there to it ?"

"Merely a quaint devise ? So I thought at first, until I learned further about it. Should I tell you the whole story ? You could not believe it if I did. A ring, you

say? No, — a charm, — a love token from the past, — something that will attract and carry with it the love of any person with whom—" Then he stopped. He saw upon the faces around him wonderment that he should speak so strangely, and in one or two faces an expression of silent sarcasm. Did he mean what he spoke, they seemed to say, or was he merely repeating some idle jest, to test their credulity? He had evidently gone too far, and was in danger of being carried to the point of betraying himself; and he bit his lip.

"So says the tradition," he added; "let him believe it who can."

"And that?"

"Some day I may tell you about it. It is too long a story for now."

Then he sank back; and moved with momentary spirit of prudence, lest he might expose himself too openly, for a while attempted to remain silent. But as the wondering and somewhat supercilious looks of his companions relaxed and they became as usual, accepting, as was natural, the theory that he had merely come into possession of some antique trinket, and for sport was inventing a story about it, again he felt the irrepressible exhilaration of spirits prevailing over him. Too sedulously, perhaps, he had restrained himself; but with all that surrounding loud and vivacious conversation tempting him, he must surely again join in and take his part. No longer to speak about the ring, — he was too prudent for that; but upon every other subject that came up he grew almost at once gay and hilarious in manner, and almost reckless in opinion.

The old story that had already been talked about, — the necessity of a rest for the soul, and that every one should find some realization of the pleasures and distractions of life, — this became again their topic. Why, after all, must one labor for fame, that at best is as ashes to the palate? Let the world go round with a joyous rebound in every heart, and the power to every one of tasting all pleasures to the full. as they may present themselves. Too long already in his blindness he had stood aloof; the future should tell a different story about him.

This voice grew constantly louder, at times almost overpowering the speech of those around him; — sometimes compelling others to silence, so that he remained the only speaker. He laughed continually, and with slight temptation would have sung, had he been able to remember any Anacreontic song that would have properly expressed his opinions. Yet, in the midst of all, he could again see that there were some who, as before, seemed to have lapsed into a kind of pity for him, and distrust of his next proceeding, and who looked wonderingly at him, not understanding how such an outburst of wild merriment could ever come from one known to be habitually so sedate and reserved.

The Senza Mocola, then. For a while they had turned off into the side streets, but at the signal again entered the Corso, now, since the evening had fallen, brilliantly lighted up with great clusters of gas jets. There was once more the moving procession of carriages, and the balconies filled with spectators; but in other respects the scene was somewhat changed as the populace, now abandoning their *confetti* for a more direct sport, surged around the wheels and essayed to climb inside, and deftly tore the lighted tapers from their upstretched hands.

In all that throng there was no one gayer and more uproarious than Paul, — none more filled with the wild exhilaration of the constant perception that life was made to be enjoyed, and that all ambition was merely a fraud upon existence, so long as it was suffered to tempt the soul from grasping to the full all passing pleasures. He would have had that scene last for the whole night, and not have tired of it.

But this could not be. It was not

like the entertainment of the daytime,— something to be enjoyed with zest at passing moments, retired from when weary, then taken up again with spirits refreshed. It was a wilder scene, to be more rapturously embraced and carried through with eager transport, and that once let go could not be regained,— a sparkling phantasmogoria that must run its course with brilliancy yet rapidly, leaving on the mind merely a confused conception of something that might really have been only a dream, and had never happened at all,— then fading away, not gradually but all at once, as with the sudden re-awakening to some previous everyday existence.

Soon, therefore, as though it were the falling of a curtain, the carriages again turned off into the side streets, the lights were put out, and the turbulent crowd ceased from outcry and melted away. All became as it had been before, the participants in the scene well satisfied that the play was over,— Paul, perhaps, the only one as yet unappeased with sport.

"To the opera-ball,— and after that, farewell to the carnival. Can you go with us, Paul?"

"To a thousand balls," he exclaimed.

In a moment they were on their way thither, and in a side room donned such garments of festivity or disguise as were required. If during the interim of preparation Paul's wild exhilaration had somewhat abated, so that, with nothing further offering he might have become himself again and gone his way upon rational purpose bent, that effect was lost as soon as he entered the great circle of the theatre and became one among the thousands of gay spirits there assembled.

It could not have been otherwise with him, perhaps. The dazzling lights,— the grand orchestra dispensing sweet music, soft and tumultuous at stated intervals,— the moving mass of gay costumes, and the gathered uproar of cheerful, laughing voices,— all this proved an irresistible magnetism to him, a new incentive to an overflow of uproarious gayety. Why should he not laugh with all the others? Why should he not laugh louder than they,— he who for so many weeks had scarcely smiled, but had let all his natural vivacity remain clouded and quiescent beneath the increasing alienation of this world, and the premonitions of the awful mysteries of the next?

The boxes were crowded with festive lookers-on, in plain dress or in costumes, as the case might be. Upon the floor of the parquet, now raised to the level of the stage, were the dancers, and along the border and beneath the line of the boxes stood others motionlessly gazing, or plunging forward to take their part among the mass of dancers, as the spirit of the moment might impel them.

For a time Paul stood very quiet in this outer line, content to remain a mere spectator. He believed that he did not care to dance; and though at times one after another of his companions left the circle of spectators, and plunging forward to seek partners whirled once or twice around the floor and then returned to his place, he made no attempt to be of them. None the less, however, did his whole frame thrill with the maddening excitement of the scene, though for a while it seemed as though, even if he wished to dance, there was no partner for him. There were none of his companions who did not here and there recognize friends among the moving mass, — fair damsels of almost every degree willing at a beck or nod to lend themselves for a measure; but how should he who had lived so long apart know any one at all?

But suddenly there passed in front of him a face that without being familiar to him seemed in the likeness of somebody that he had seen before. It was evidently the face of a native girl from the Trastevere, and in her quaint costume, representative of the mediæval

period, there was something very picturesque as well as attractive about her. Beautiful, too, in face and figure; how seldom, indeed, outside of Rome can one see those dark lustrous eyes, those sparkling teeth, those thick, clustering locks, those full, sloping shoulders, and withal that general grace of attitude and movement?

For an instant Paul gazed at her wonderingly. It seemed to him that at some not very distant period he must have seen her; then it flashed across him as a chance likeness to some one else. And in a moment more he fixed it upon Marcia.

Not that he felt that there was any identity between the two; the mysteries that surrounded him did not reach to that extent. But there were the same combinations of dark hair and eyes, and a certain magnetic attractiveness of expression, certainly increased by the picturesque costume which for that carnival occasion the girl had adopted; and it was very easy for Paul to carry his imagination three centuries back, and picture her waiting at some castle porch for a lover who, in her case, would have been certain to appear. He gazed for an instant fixedly at her, drawn towards her in spite of himself by this accidental conception of similarity; and catching her eye he saw that she was longing for a dance. At once he became seized with the infection of all those about him, and approaching threw his arm around her.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before — that we are old friends," he murmured half apologetically for a liberty that under the circumstances of the place needed no apology at all.

"Yes, Signor; it must be so, I suppose," she answered.

In her mind there was no carrying herself back to the middle ages; she was an artist-model, most likely, and thought that perhaps she might often have met him, might even have stood for him at an engagement, and among the multiplicity of others have forgotten it.

With that they went whirling around the great arena in a lively waltz,— atoms in the broad circle of dancers who spun around in one direction, no two seeming to act through any independent volition, but as though each were a portion of a uniform movement, like dry leaves caught up and carried almost unresisting in the eddy of a tempest. Once, twice, three times; then perhaps Paul should have bidden farewell to his partner, and the momentary excitement at an end, have relinquished her to others. But now the newly aroused spirit of revelry held him as an insanity, forbidding cessation until their strength might fail and onward motion be no longer possible. With that softly moulded form in his arms, that beautiful head resting upon his shoulder, and those dark eyes gazing bewitchingly into his own, why should he now stop? It was all only a portion of the new lesson he was beginning so rapturously to learn, that the pleasures of life must not merely be sipped but drained to the latest dregs as well.

Once, twice, three times again. And now Paul saw, standing close to the edge of the circle and within the line of spectators, his cousin Florence and Rodman Glenn. At each round that he made in the dance his dress almost brushed against them. He noticed that at first Florence's expression was one of amazement rather than of disapprobation. It was a strange thing to her that such a quiet and undemonstrative person as himself should so suddenly have broken out into what with him was an eccentricity; as for the dance, it was a pardonable feature of the situation, in which others were indulging, and for that occasion needed no reproof.

But as they persevered Paul could see that her expression changed into one of alarm, almost, that he should continue for so long upon the floor, and expose himself to the comments of others. What meant this giddy whirl of almost half an hour, giving rise to the suspicion that the attraction was not merely in the

nature of a passing excitement, but in the partner, as an object of real passion? What meant the form held every moment in a tighter embrace, and the upward gaze of the dark liquid eyes constantly less guardedly restrained, and the onward motion growing ever faster and freer? But now Paul did not care what Florence might say or think. Had she not already that day repulsed him? He would show her that his mind as well as hers could simulate freedom, even if it felt it not; that there were other resources in life than her affection, now seemingly withdrawn from him, and perhaps transferred to another.

At last the giddy circuit ceased, but only because their strength was spent. Then certain of Paul's friends, who, as well as Florence, had been gazing at him with increasing alarm, approached to take him away with them. They had each danced a little, but none of them with that conspicuously wild abandonment of manner, turning a passing pleasure almost into a public scandal. So they would have drawn him one side with them, and might quietly have done so, had it not chanced that Rodman Glenn also came near to assist them.

"Will you come with me, Paul?"

"And why should I go with you?" was the hoarse answer.

Rodman started and turned pale. Perhaps for the moment he had forgotten that the day before Paul had acted repellantly towards him, or it might be that he had considered it merely a spleen of the moment, meaning nothing. But now it must be evident to him that there was more continuous resentment in Paul about some fancied wrong than he had supposed, and for an instant he remained silent and perplexed.

"At least you will go with me to your cousin Florence?" he then said. "She would like —"

"To see me, you would say? And yet why? Are you not sufficient for her, — will your insinuating —"

"For God's sake, stop! And speak lower, Paul. Do you want all the theatre to hear your vaporing? What it all means, or what possesses you, I do not know. Another day for that. But now —"

"I will not stop! And why should I care who may hear?" Paul cried in anger, stretching out his arm at full length. Was it merely in gesticulation? Or would he have ended with a blow? It would have been hard to tell, though it is certain that as Paul held out his arm he felt his fist clenching, and it may be in his excitement he might have done anything. But Rodman, — a more powerful man than he, — caught him by the wrist, and held him motionless as in a vice; for an instant he gazed wonderingly at the clenched hand, then a new expression gathered upon his face. His look became fixed upon the Monleffi ring which Paul still wore. Conflicting thoughts spoke in his face as he recognized the trinket. Then came certainty, — suspicion, — contempt; and with that, he flung Paul's arm from him and turned away. And Paul, at the last parting glance, dropped at once from his high excitement almost into the depths of cringing abasement, as he read the other's thoughts, did not try to follow him, but with his head sunk upon his breast staggered out of the theatre and into the open air outside.

XIV.

The cold air somewhat revived him, yet not entirely. He felt for a moment scarcely able to stand without tottering; yet it seemed that he was gradually coming into a more collected train of thought. But still he felt weak and faint, and his thoughts, if more rational, even added to his misery, as showing him more vividly than before the madness of his recent conduct. There could now only one thing be left for him, — to hurry away from that scene of wild confusion and return to his own place; there in solitude to review his course and if possible plan

out some method of regaining confidence and re-establishing himself in the favor of those he had so deeply offended.

He beckoned up a carriage. But when it came and he would have sprung in, it seemed as though his strength was scarcely sufficient for the slight effort of climbing up the two steps, and for a moment he hung irresolute outside. Then he chanced to see the Count Garnetto standing near, and spoke to him.

"We have met before ; may I ask that you will help me?" he said almost pleadingly. "I am ill, I think. I can scarcely climb these few steps alone."

The Count glanced keenly at him, and saw at once that his condition was one of serious weakness and perhaps even of actual illness. As a man of gentle instincts the Count could not disregard the call, however little might be his acquaintance with him. At once he gave his arm, and assisted Paul into the carriage ; then, instead of leaving, he added to the courtesy by taking his seat beside him.

"For I fear," he said, "that you are too ill to go alone. Let me know where you would be driven, and I will accompany you.

Paul gave the direction, and in silence they drove off. It did not take many minutes to reach their destination. There the Count aided Paul to alight, and seeing that he seemed scarcely as yet himself, accompanied him up the winding stairs to his very door.

Then he would have retired, but with as much persuasion as he could employ, Paul urged him to come inside and rest. "It is only an artist's studio," he said,— "a poor place compared with your own, to which only a few days ago you invited me. And yet, there may be something worthy of your curiosity."

He lighted a lamp, letting a faint glow fall around the place,— in the insufficiency of the light showing scarcely more than the outline of the place, and a ghost-like representation of the few articles standing around or hanging against the wall. A poor display, compared with what the Count could have spread out before him ; and yet in a moment Paul found himself seized with a strange eagerness to invite attention to what little he had, not so much in any actual spirit of courtesy, perhaps, as with the desire to compete, even at a disadvantage, with the Count's display of curiosities and treasure.

"A few poor relics, Count Garnetto, — tapestries and furniture of no great account, such as a poor artist may gather about him for advancement in his profession. And here,"— for at that moment Paul saw his painting still leaning with its face to the wall, and was suddenly seized with the desire to exhibit it, remembering that the Count had what might be called the counterpart of it,— " here is my only work of the year, the portrait of Marcia Monleffi. Do you recognize her?"

"I do not know how, or where there can be found any portrait of Marcia, who, though she may live in chronicle must always —"

"Ha! and you forget that you yourself have a marble bust of her?"

"I know well that I have an unknown bust, which you have conjectured, though I know not with what authority, to be—"

"There can be no conjecture at all about it, Count. For here, as you see, is the presentment of her, as like as painting can be to statuary."

"I see,— though somewhat indistinctly in this pale light, I must observe,— what purports to be the likeness of a beautiful woman, Yet how you could learn who she may be, in any way —"

"You ask me how?" and with that Paul found himself suddenly, through some spirit of opposition, becoming worked into a frenzy, losing his self control, and parting with all discretion, knowing the while that it was his duty to exercise forbearance, if only to protect himself from ridicule ; and yet finding it

impossible to use any restraint against the temptation to betray himself that came sweeping across his mind like a torrent, and tearing away every apparent evidence of actual sanity. "What, Count Garnetto, if I had really painted the picture from life? What if the fair Marcia had herself come to me, so that her features might be rescued from oblivion?"

"I do not understand you, Signor."

"No? After all, it may not be easy, and perhaps I should not ask it," and Paul laughed almost derisively, as though at his ignorance. "But such things might happen, is it not so? We have a theory, some of us," he continued recurring to his old fancy, "that you Romans sometimes enjoy visits from your ancestors, telling you in their protecting judgment what you should do in certain great emergencies, and that you take good care not to let the knowledge of it come to us, who are strangers and outside the pale. But might not some such thing happen, once in a long while, to one of us, for some especial purpose, as when now the beautiful Marcia comes to me, so that I may portray her?"

The Count gazed fixedly at him, at first with a startled expression, and then with a great effort controlling himself, but unable to divest his face of its expression of doubt as to the other's sanity. To the very end, indeed, with that great reticence that marks so many of his race, he endeavored to turn from all discussion of the subject, and now only studied how to take his leave in quietness and dignity.

"I cannot now enter into any such matters," he said. "It would surely be useless, and you must be aware that it is very late. If, therefore, you will permit me to wish you a —"

"But surely, Count," and Paul felt the fever of insane discussion rising higher and higher each moment in his brain, "you cannot but be aware that there are mysteries around us that at present we cannot fathom, but that none the less are real. Would you receive proof that I have some warrant for what I say? Look! the missing Monleffi token, here upon my hand! And what must it portend?"

"I know not, Signor, that it portends anything. You have the lost ring, I plainly see. I had supposed that it never could be found; but I was wrong. You have found it; I do not ask when or where. Perhaps it concerns me not. So let it remain."

"And yet it may concern you, all the same, Count. Did you not tell me a few days ago that your line was connected with that of the Monleffi. How strangely things come about in this world, do they not? Here is this ring, which is said to have the singular gift of compelling love. The young Duke Pergola was entrusted with it, and gambled it away, and so he lost his love forever. Now I hold it for my own; and who shall say that the fair Marcia has not come to me in obedience to its summons? Or who shall say that, if so I choose to have it, she will not remain my own for all eternity to come? You say that it is nothing to you. Are you certain of that? You and I can see very little of each other in this world. Diversities of class and nationality are too strong for that. But in some future sphere, with Marcia bound to me through all eternity, — were I to keep this ring, I say, and so continue my control over her, I should meet you as of her kin —"

"Allow me, Signor, to take my leave." And now at last Paul could see upon his face the flush of indignation with difficulty restrained. "It is getting late, as I have already said, and tomorrow you may feel better disposed for calm reflection." He turned and left the studio.

For a moment Paul stood silent and listened to his retreating footsteps, — then, as the frenzy left him, he threw himself upon a lounge and buried his face in the pillow. What had he said and done? O merciful heavens! What

cruel fate was upon him, ever urging him to thoughts and actions of injury to himself, and insult to others? Must it not be that to the very last day of his life, in his review of the occurences of this dreadful day, one of his most bitter repentances that he had so grievously affronted a kind and courteous gentleman, who had come with such consideration to his assistance? Yes, he saw it all now. He had let his better nature go adrift, and had treated the other with a discourtesy for which there could never be any pardon. Even were he to hasten after him and humble himself in apology, there could be nothing from him in return other than mere hollow expressions of civility. Nothing that Paul could henceforth say or do would remove the ill impression that he had already produced; henceforth, wherever they met, the Count and he would be as strangers to each other, and he the one to steal away out of sight as the one in the wrong.

For the moment Paul shed tears of mortification. After a while, however, he fell asleep, and enjoyed a dreamless slumber until morning. He slept late, for it was already nine when he awoke. A pleasant breeze came in through the open window, and the birds were singing outside. There was no other sound indeed, for the while, even of traffic in the streets; but after a few minutes a church bell near by struck up its solemn salutation to the day, and then another, and still a third afar off. Then Paul remembered that it was the first day of Lent, and that the Carnival festivities were over, and that all the world of Rome was putting on its sackcloth and ashes.

As he stood for the moment and looked out from his window, he was struck with the quietness and composure of the scene. Even the few hucksters shuffled along with decorous air, and there were no mountain *pillarari* who would now have ventured to tune up their pigskin pipes against the enforced authority of the Church.

Anon came the shuffling of sandled feet, heard plainly from the street below, and mingled with the low droning of a hundred chanting voices; and a procession of brothers of the Misericordi could be seen slowly passing around the nearest corner, and so into a church hard by. Were they going to inter the corpse of some deceased member of their organization, now in front of the altar already awaiting their ministrations? Or, were they merely upon some penitential service bent? And Paul sighed, as he thought how willingly he would have donned their costume, and fallen into their ranks to unite in their penitence, if only he could feel that it would prove effectual for the composure of his troubled heart.

Then, following a slight rap, the door slowly opened behind him, and he saw that Rodman Glenn had entered. At first, Paul made some motion as of holding himself upon defence: with what purpose had Rodman come? Then he saw that his visitor's expression was quiet and unaggressive, even sad and uncertain, as of one coming to another with soothing purpose, yet scarcely knowing how he might be received; and when Rodman spoke, it was with a voice soft and conciliating in tone.

"Tell me all about it, Paul. What has been the matter?"

Paul felt almost ready to burst into tears, — in fact, scarcely restrained himself from doing so.

"The ring," he said, for that first of anything else was on his mind for explanation. "It came to me accidentally; I did not know it at the time. You should surely believe that of me."

"Yes, I know, Paul. In fact, I have since remembered that it was on my hand when I took leave of you two days ago, and it must have fallen off. Don't think for a moment longer about that, for certainly I do not. But there is the other matter you hinted about, — your cousin Florence. You seemed to think that I was trying to gain her affections,

— to draw her away from you. She is a noble woman; but who am I that I should seek to win her? Who indeed am I, that I should ask for the love of anybody, — I with my means scarcely sufficient for myself, my unauspicious future, my erratic Bohemian tendencies? It is enough that when I meet a brave, honest-hearted girl, who sees enough in me to let herself make of me a friend, I can dare to accept her companionship without dreaming of anything more. And she gave me the ring, — it was when we were talking about antiquities and symbols, — and she offered it to me not as a gift of love, or even as tempting me to any thoughts of preference for her, but only as a trifle for my study. Was there any harm that I accepted it? Would it be a harm that I was inclined to wear it, and hold it dearer than she meant, though only after all as the proof of such friendship as can seldom come to me, the social waif that I am? Ah, Paul, there is nothing that I would have left undone or altered in my conduct, so innocent of guile it has been, even if all along I had known the well concealed secret of your love for her."

"Yes, yes; I know that it must be so. Forgive it all."

"It is gone already from my mind, Paul, — it is as though it had never happened. But now tell me more, and let me know how all this has happened, and how these things have so ripened into mischief in you, and what strange influences have come over you, to change you so greatly from what you were."

Then Paul told him all as well as he could, though necessarily in a somewhat confused and disconnected style. He could see that at times Rodman seemed a little bewildered, though not interrupting, lest he should put him out by destroying the continuity of the story, and that once in a while he drew some wrong conclusion in filling a blank, which Paul in turn did not pause to correct, fearing himself to lose the thread of what he was saying. Through all, however, Rodman appeared to follow the story with tolerable exactness; but Paul saw that he did not in the least believe it, but rather looked upon it as some unhealthy figment of the brain, engendered by too much seclusion and morbid study of the unreal and traditionary. Even the painting to which Paul pointed in corroboration of the story did not convince him. That, also, must be one of the results of the disorder.

"You said yourself that the face has character, and that this could not have been without some one to sit for it," Paul said. "How, then" —

"I do not know how, Paul. Let us not talk about that now. But will you do what your uncle asks you, and go home with him for a few months? Only a few months, if you will; and I will venture to say that among new and fresher scenes and away from the stale, unhealthy suggestions of this decaying old Rome — "

"Yes, I will go," Paul said. "That is, if they still ask me. Perhaps after last night they will not. And, Rodman, I want you to take your ring again."

"No, no," said Rodman. "At least, not now. For you see that you have attached some queer superstition to it, and until that wears off — "

"O, Rodman, I fear to wear it. There seems a doom connected with it."

"And that feeling is the very reason you must not give the ring up. Wear it at least for a week to come, and then you can return it. As a prized gift from your cousin I will ask for it again, some time; but now I would prefer that you should keep it a little longer, until, by usage and lack of incident connected with it, you have assured yourself that it is after all a mere piece of mediæval ornamentation, and your morbid feeling about it passes away. And so, Paul, good-bye for a few hours. Later, perhaps, I will come again and help you get ready for your journey."

He was gone the next moment, slip-

ping away before Paul could expostulate further, however much he would have liked to do it, so full was his mind still of its saddening and foreboding influences. Then he dozed a little upon the lounge,— he must surely have done so, for when he opened his eyes again, it was nearly two o'clock. A light step had startled him, and he saw Florence standing there.

He sprang at once into a sitting posture, and with some anxiety scanned her face, as he had that of Rodman; fearing, as in his case, to find anger or at least contempt in its expression. But though her face showed sadness, there was a pleasant smile looking through, and she held out her hand with warm welcome.

"Was it wrong for me to come, Paul? I suppose I should have done otherwise and sent for you to come to me, rather. But I heard that you were ill, — and — and I brought father with me. He is below, — I told him that I must see you alone."

"Who told you that I was ill? And with what complaint did he say?"

"It was Rodman Glenn; but he did not tell me much, only that he thought you had had morbid thoughts troubling you, and might need cheering up a little. What is it all about, Paul? You can confess to me, — can you not?"

"It is a long story, Florence, and I do not know that I can tell it so that you could understand me. Nor am I at this moment certain how much of it I can believe myself. There is so much about it that is queer and strange. But after all, the story itself matters little. When I think about how I have acted to you, — that is the main thing. The story then goes far off — I can scarcely remember it as anything at all in comparison. Florence, how can you ever forgive me?"

"For what, Paul? For being a little cross at times?"

"You are very kind. Even if I thought you could look upon it in such a charitable light, I do not see how I can forgive myself. I do not think that I have ever entirely lost you from my mind or my love; and yet there have been times when another face has come between us, for the moment somehow dimming the memory of your own, so that I began really to imagine that I did not care for you as much as before. It did not last long; I think it will never happen so again. And yet I must confess it all to you now, or else how can we ever again be as we were? See, — there is the face that has made me so false."

"That, Paul? And that is the picture which you were working upon and would not show to me? Yes, it is very beautiful; but yet I must not be jealous of it. Have I not read that painters have always been ready to fall in love with their own creations? And yet it has never made them less faithful to those who had a right to claim their love, did it? And so you grew into a love for that, and thought you cared for me no longer?"

"Ah, if that were all. But yet, Florence, it really seems to me now that my straying away from you was not for as long as a while ago I might have thought it. With you now present, all the happy past comes back; and perhaps I did not wander off at all, except for a moment or two of doubt in my own self. At least, even when I appeared most unkind to you, I was most true. Do you recall how, two evenings ago, we sat upon the balcony and were so silent? You must have thought then that I did not care for you, and yet at that very moment I was loving you the most. I was struggling to throw away those sombre influences that had so lately distressed me, and somehow prevented all expression of what I felt. My manner seemed cold to you, I know, and so you left me. Had you waited a minute longer, perhaps the right words would have come to me, and all would have been well. But you could not tell that, could you? And afterwards,

at the Carnival when I seemed most gay, I think I was most utterly miserable. You did not recognize me in the drive, for I was disguised. I was a marigold, and I threw you up some flowers. You did not see them; but Rodman caught them and gave them to you, and you thanked him. That made me very angry. And at the ball, when I was most reckless, I was all the while more unhappy than I had ever been before, and felt still more jealous of Rodman as he stood beside you. It would have needed only a smile from you to bring me to your side; but instead of that you looked disapprovingly at me, and Rodman came up and acted as though he would dictate to me; and so again I became angry. You must forgive it all, Florence. It shall never happen again."

"I forgive it all freely and thoroughly. And I will never speak of it again. I see now how it all happened. You have labored too hard and long in your studies, refusing all companionship and neglecting any opportunity for relaxation. That is what they all say — and I know that it must be true. But Paul — "

"Well, Florence?"

"This is not all that I came here to say"; and she paused for a moment as in uncertainty of expression; then continued hesitatingly: "You will hear with patience what I am going to tell you, will you not? It has not come from anything that has happened now, but has been in my thoughts to say for many months past. I would have written it to you, but that we were coming where I could see you; and I would have said it before, only somehow there has been no such fair opportunity as now. Was it not a wrong thing, Paul, this engagement we made?"

"Surely you do not mean — "

"No wrong to you, indeed. Only hear me. Was it right that we should have done this thing in secret, betraying the confidence placed in us by one who was entitled to so much open candor, at least from myself? We were to keep it secret until the time came when you had succeeded in the world, and then we could avow it; would it not have been better to hold our thoughts unexpressed,— you see I do not make any pretense of not having had feelings of affection for you, and have waited until we could tell them openly and with the approval of others? It has been a wicked thing, Paul, and has troubled my conscience through all. There was only the excuse that two years ago we were mere boy and girl together, and did not realize the wrong we were doing."

"But, Florence,—"

"Yes, let us now give it up; that is what I have wished to say,— that there may no longer be any compact of the kind between us. Do not misunderstand me. I have not changed,— there is no one that I have seen that I prefer to you. I would not release myself, except that I would have you free, so that if the time ever came when you could renew the subject you could do so, not as confirming any secret pledge, but coming forward openly as others might come. Go home with us, now: and tearing away these old ruins from your mind, shake away your vague imaginings and become yourself again, as I know you will when again among the familiar scenes of our own land. You will take your picture with you, and if it is not yet finished,— though I do not see what is lacking in it,— you will finish it there. I know that it will bring you great fame. And you will paint other pictures, for I know that you must have laid up much material. And throughout all you will be free; and should you meanwhile find any other one to love I will not complain; for I will know that you could not help it, but that it was in your destiny to do so."

"And you, Florence?"

"Ah, Paul, can I say more than I have? I make you free, so that perhaps in the end you can come back without any

more reproach of unworthy concealment upon our souls. For myself I ask nothing, except that I may not now be called upon to utter things that I should not say. Let us be simply dear cousins once more, and keep our more tender thoughts, if we have any, in our hearts, until we may tell them to the world. If in the future you should so succeed that my father would approve of you, and should then wish — but here, too, I must stop, or I shall be saying what would be a new promise to you. I have told you enough already, have I not? Should any man ask for more?"

"You are an angel, Florence," he cried, seizing her hand and pressing his lips to it.

"Not an angel, Paul. Let me be nothing more than a mere mortal in your eyes. I think that there has already been too much from the other world mingling in our destinies; has there not?"

She smiled, a little knowingly, Paul thought. It gave him a suspicion that Rodman might have told her more about him than she had yet admitted, or that perhaps from his rambling narration she had guessed more than he had intended. And then bending over, Florence pressed a kiss upon his forehead, and glided quickly out of the room.

XV.

When Florence left him a great quiet fell over Paul's soul. Except for his singular conduct towards the Count Garnetto, for which in some measure he might hope to atone at a future day, he began to feel at peace with the world. Rodman Glenn had forgiven him, and Florence had looked charitably upon his misdeeds, and, with what he now saw was a very proper reservation, had restored her favor to him. He began almost to look upon the past with their eyes,— to believe that his old troubles had arisen from too rigid seclusion and close dwelling upon one occupation,— that all else was a tissue of fancies which under the different treatment of relaxation and change of scene would disappear forever from his mind, bearing no trace except perhaps the reviving influence of the new condition of freshness and serenity.

At once he began to put his things in order for his journey homeward. It was not difficult to do. A few instructions to the concierge, a page or two of more ample written details to some person of business faculty, and all would be done. Some of his furniture could be sold,— other portions stored to await his order, since he might some day return to Rome or require them in the end to be sent to him. A letter to his landlord relinquishing the apartment after the requisite time, and his clothing packed away in his trunk; that was all. His studies and sketches he would take home with him, to be there elaborated and worked out: and the picture of Marcia,— what should he do with that?

He stood for a while in front of it, pondering. Should he let it follow him home, or should he leave it behind, as a finished fancy piece, to run its chance of a purchaser for something, it mattered little how much, at the hands of a dealer? Or should he not rather tear it from its frame and rend it into strips, and so annihilate it as something that had cast an almost fatal spell upon him, and might yet, were he not prudent, return to plague him.

But it would be hard for him, after all, to erase from his life the result of so much thought and toil. Let the picture go for what others might see in it,— a mere creation of fancy. There was good in it, and it might make some reputation for him. Why should he sacrifice the chance of that advantage, through dread of a mere chimera? And what injury could the picture further do to him, now that his mind had become cleared of its phantasms, and able once more to see things in their proper commonplace light?

For he was feeling gay and buoyant

as a schoolboy. Trouble seemed to have rolled from him as rain from a roof-tree; never again, surely, could he be brought under the old influences. Already the gloomy associations of old Rome had become dissipated. He saw no longer its dark, narrow streets, with their memories of the cruel past, and thought no more about its terrible traditions of crime and outrage, seeming from all quarters to be still extending themselves into the present and demanding imitation. A fresher feeling had already come over him. He thought about the homeward voyage; and the smell of the salt waves came to his nostrils almost with intoxication, and he saw the outline of the ocean horizon, and his long narrowed mind appeared to expand itself into space as though a portion of the scene. The pleasant, bright, open homes of his native land grouped themselves before him, and he saw once more the broad white gateway where he had been wont to linger with Florence through the summer evenings, and the willow drooping over the seat beside the pond; and the sweet odor of the new-made hay and of those old fashioned flowers that he had not seen for so long came to him like a charm bringing life and restoration. Why did men ever leave their homes,—such dearly precious homes as those, at least,—to pass their days in dreary contemplation of the mouldering old ages of the past?

When evening came, his work was done. He was to start in the morning. He gave one long gaze at his studio now practically empty,—a farewell gaze, as it were. He might never after tomorrow see it again; at least, however, he might carry away with him a pleasant memory of it, as of a place which for two years had been a tranquil retreat. That certainly might be permitted. And then, as the darkness settled around him, he stole downstairs and into the street, to take his farewell look at outside Rome as well.

It was night; but the moon was up, and though only half full, shed down a faint light, making the route distinguishable, and slightly brightening the wider streets. Through these for a while he strolled, noticing, almost in a spirit of reminiscence, now, the most salient features of those well known ways, as something to photograph still more clearly upon his mind and so carry away with him. Then, as so long had been his custom, he turned into the narrower streets, and gave himself up to devious, uncertain wanderings through them;—and after that, as so often had happened before, followed the way widening towards a broader path, and so emerging at last again into the region of partial moonlight, stood once more in front of Trevi Fountain.

Once more at that gray stone brink that bordered the fountain basin; and there standing, Paul listened again to the soft lull of the water dropping melodiously from the shells of the battered old sea-gods. How strangely fate always drew him to that place! No matter in which direction he might make his evening wanderings, there would always come the time when the way widened before him, and the moonlit piazza leading up to the fountain spread out in front. And yet, he scarcely knew more than in some general way where the Trevi Fountain had its place; and if in the daylight he had purposely sought for it, he might have spent hours in the search and not have found it. Yet here it was, once more.

Well, he must certainly bid farewell to it, as to other familiar objects. But should he do so with any hope of ever returning to it? With that distaste of Rome and all its sad and evil memories and associations fastening upon him, should there be any portion of it whatever which he should ever desire to revisit? Yet heretofore he had never failed to drink the fountain's water, and must again do so, if only for friendship's sake. It was a foolish rite,—a super-

stition, — it could mean nothing, and was merely a form that should not be omitted to the loss of sentiment. For that last time, let it be so. And lifting a little water in the hollow of his hand, he drank, threw back the few scattered drops that still clung to his fingers, and gazed around.

It should have been a source of wonder to him, one would think, that then, seeing Marcia sitting upon the coping a few feet off, as when first she had appeared to him, he felt so little surprise. Certainly he did not start, nor give any sudden exclamation. It must be that there are occasions in the mind when it is prepared for any change, however startling, and when as with electric power and in a flash its whole constitution is transformed into something of a widely different character. And perhaps Paul's mind had never really departed from its olden condition, but had had its few past moments of revivification as a phase that did not belong to it, — something that was the mere accident of the hour and could not last, but at a word or glance must vanish and give place to its normal condition. He only knew that at the instant his longing for the freshness and restoring influences of his native home seemed to vanish as though they were a dream from which he had suddenly been awakened; and back into his heart of hearts he welcomed the old Rome of crime, and gloom, and ruin and tradition; and dearest of all places to him once more became that battered stone brink that surrounded the Trevi waters; and most natural of all things that could ever happen to him it was to see sweet Marcia sitting near in all her accustomed grace and beauty.

"You have come — " he said.

"I have come to say farewell," was the response. "I must go from here to whence I came. I have told you always — you must recall it — that my stay here could be for a very little while. It was my desire to revisit the earth — how or why the feeling came upon me I cannot say — and so I was permitted for a short while. It is all over now, and it remains only to say farewell to you."

"And yet — not farewell forever? Surely you do not intend that wrong to me?"

"Why is it a wrong to you? And why not forever? There are some things that must be, you know. Why they are ordered so we cannot tell; it is only for us not to question them, and to submit."

"You ask why it cannot be forever?" Paul said. "Because eternity is long; and it surely cannot happen but that, even ages hence perhaps, but certainly at some time, all who have met here must meet and know each other again."

"And yet, alas! what can even eternity accomplish to defeat influences that from the beginning must be arrayed against any other destiny than that of constant separation?"

"And on the other hand, what malign influence of space or condition can prevail against what should be able to overpower them all, — the power of love? The never-ending longing of one soul for another, — the constant straining against any compulsion that could keep two hearts apart, — the destiny that from the beginning of time has foreordained one person for another, — can there be any formal rule of being anywhere that can ever set these influences aside?"

"But ah!" she said, and he knew that as she gazed down into the fountain basin it was with longing regret that something she considered insurmountable could not have been ordered otherwise, — "how can we be certain that there has ever been any such destiny decreed for anyone? Surely not for us, — can you so think it?"

"If not for us, Marcia, for whom? Does not every circumstance of the past few weeks point the story that for ourselves, if never before for anyone else, there has been and still remains an allotted destiny of love?"

And now he found himself speaking boldly — very boldly, indeed. With each word, as he gazed earnestly at her, the old influences resumed their power over him. He had begun in argument against her belief that they could never meet again, — and now he found himself opposing every possibility that they should ever part, unless it might be for the mere limit of a single earthly life. Looking into her eyes, and seeing there how kindly she seemed moved towards him, despite her belief that they must part forever, he knew now what was the actual feeling of his heart, — that it must ever beat for her alone; that no other love, earthly or otherwise, could ever satisfy it; that at last all self-deceit and misconstruction were swept away from his mind, and his true destiny exposed unerringly to him. Let the past go. However he may so far have deluded himself, his path was now plain, indeed. Here alone must be his pleading for affection, and by the result of that hour he must live or die.

"Can you not see, as written with a magic pen, how everything has conspired to aid our love? Look! this alone, were all else wanting,—the missing ring that brings the gift of love with it, — should prove sufficient for us."

"I see — the ring that was thought to have been lost. I do not know how it comes to you; perhaps it was a mere chance and amounts to nothing. How, after all, could we know that it is more than a fabled charm, or that its influence was ever more than a mere dream, a superstition belonging to ages that were not as wise as we have become?"

"Ah, believe it not. It must surely be very real, that wealth of love which lurks in these mystic characters. I have heard you say that whatever its influence, it would have been in your power, if you so decided, to resist it. Do not believe it. If the young Duke Pergola had reached your presence, bearing the ring, you would not have been able to withhold your love from him. It would not have been because he was young, and beautiful, and gallant, but because it had been destined that the charm of the ring should prevail and make you his forever. Was it not that you should be left no choice in the matter, that the young Duke was not allowed to come to you, nor even present the token, but dying with it in his possession it might still carry its influence into your newer existence? The Duke died — I might tell you how, but that now the manner of his death cannot affect the result which fate has so cunningly worked out. Before dying he had parted with the ring, and we cannot follow it after that, except as we know that for centuries it must have passed away from any known ownership. But at length the time came in which its destiny should be accomplished. You have told me that you did not know why the desire to return to the earth came so suddenly upon you. It is one of those mysteries of the other world which can never be known, you think. But was it not that you were needed here to aid the working out of your fate? The very day you came the ring was disinterred from the earth where it had remained hidden for so many centuries. The knowledge of that resurrection did not come to you, yet none the less did it stir your nature to action. You did not appear before any of those who found the token, or either of the two who for a little while after held it; yet with a keen presentiment for which even now you cannot account, you were led hither to meet the one who was destined to obtain the ring and hold it forever, as the token of the affection he should look for from your heart. Is not this so, Marcia?"

"How can I tell? It may be so, and yet it may be a mere wild imagining. Ah, let us speak no longer about that, but let me say farewell and so leave you."

"No, no, you must not leave, until I have your promise. Here I give up all earthly love, — all ambition, — all com-

panionship even,— and will surrender my life to the sole object of awaiting your return to me. I will still wear the ring, and will live and die with it in my keeping. No power shall tear it from me. And from this moment — this henceforth shall be my life, sweet Marcia," he said; and he felt himself not speaking in mere conjecture, but in the spirit of prophesy, so clearly did the future seem to unroll itself out before him.

"I will go from here, but not to leave Rome. Never again shall I leave it, until the time comes for me to once more meet you. They will be angry,— those who expected me to go with them; and it may be they will despise me: but what will I care for that? It can only be for a year or two, and then they will become weary of waiting in vain for my coming, and so will forget me. I will have few friends here; how can any one have friendship whose mind must ever be abstracted from all the common incidents of earth, and filled only with one great passion,— the hope of soon meeting his love again? I will no longer cherish ambition: how could it concern me to grovel among earthly aims, when there should be merely the steadfast looking forward to the great joy of one day seeing you once more? I will only sit and gaze upon your picture, and sometimes perhaps will add a line or shadow to it, as I think it may better recall to me some familiar expression that I had hitherto failed to catch. So possibly I may grow old and gray with long waiting, for no one can calculate his length of life; but what are the most weary years here, so long as in the end they must pass away, and give place to an eternity of bliss? And when the end is at hand, I shall surely know it. With my last failing strength, I will creep down to Trevi's waters as to a sacred shrine; and here holding out my ring for recognition, — if any recognition be needed,— will await your coming, looking in confidence for your smile of love. Shall it not be so?"

"I know not,— O, I cannot tell," she murmured; and rising made as though she would move away. "What, after all, must I answer?"

"Answer nothing if you do not care to do so,— or rather say not a word, but let your answer be seen in your sweet face. Can I not read it there, as well as though it were spoken by word of mouth? See! I am dwelling upon your features, — am studying every line, for a favorable response to my appeal. Let only the love-light come into your eyes and the pleasant smile upon your lips, and so — so I shall feel satisfied that you have realized how surely Fate has given us to each other, and that when the destined hour comes, you will return to me again."

Slowly and lingeringly she began to move away, and for the moment with her face turned aside, so that Paul could not see her features. There was a single instant when black despair began to fill his heart. Had he really deceived himself? Still with her face averted she passed with a gliding step past the familiar basin — then towards the projection of neighboring buildings, behind which, unless he should take courage to follow her, she would be lost. For the instant he did pursue, yet timorously; holding his arms towards her in sllent supplication.

Then she paused, and turning slowly, let her glance fall full upon him. He waited for speech, but there came none. There was no sound to be heard in any direction, except the soft tinkle of the fountain, and if she had uttered a word, he would have heard it. It seemed as though she were wishing for the power to speak, yet could not.

But words were not now needed. By the faint light of the moon he could read a pleasant brightness of assent in her eyes, and her lips, though they could not speak, were parted with a sweet smile that could mean nothing else than trusting and expectant love. And so, passing slowly out of his sight, she left him alone, but with his heart satisfied and at rest.

Leonard Kip.

A CHAPTER OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY.

THE early period of California, within the scope of the present century, down to the American possession, was not without its troubles and vexations, so far as the government of the Province itself was concerned, in point of government by Mexico; and from the declaration at Monterey, November 6th, 1836, by the chief men of the Province, that "California is free!" This was the severance of the ligature which bound California to Mexico, and proclaimed her virtual independence. But it was declaration with incomplete fulfillment, for Mexico still continued supervisory control, and appointed governors. Pio Pico was the last of the line of governors of Spanish name and family. California had already excited the cupidity of France, and subsequently of England, each of these nations manifesting desire to possess the long line of territory upon the northern Pacific coast which was embraced in Alta and Baja California, from the Oregon boundary to Cape St. Lucas. The bays and harbors and great coast lines were coveted, as the possession would be invaluable in the grasp of empire to command the north Pacific ocean, and the shores of the American continent.

In 1837, France declared war against Mexico, and Santa Cruz was bombarded by French vessels of war. The United States government at that time appeared to give small heed to the Monroe doctrine. The ultimate purpose of Louis Philippe, King of France, was foreshadowed in the official journals of Paris, in the boast that the French flag would float over California before a treaty of peace should be signed. In California, this boastful declaration was answered in true spirit of patriotism. General Mariano de Guadalupe Vallejo was at the time *Commandante Militar* — the military commander of California. From his headquarters in Sonoma, June 12, 1839, he issued proclamation, defying France, and to rouse the inhabitants to measures of defence. Governor Alvarado was unequal to the occasion. He hesitated, and was indisposed to accept the responsibility of Vallejo's action. General Vallejo urged the foundation of a military establishment at Santa Rosa. It was a grand project, but it was not favorably viewed by Alvarado. The treaty of peace between France and Mexico, later, in 1839, ended the designs of the French king.

The attention of England next became attracted to the commanding position of California upon the Pacific. Diplomacy and secret efforts were practised to bring British designs into accomplishment. The war between the United States and Mexico, precipitated by the hostile declarations of Mexico in 1845, upon the annexation of Texas to the United States, and the subsequent action of General Taylor in moving his camp from Brownsville across the Rio Grande to Matamoras, hastened the action of the British Government with regard to California. A British war-ship was dispatched to the coast of California, with secret orders in relation to possession of the country, but the timely and determined action of the government at Washington in the despatch of orders to Commodore Sloat, then in command of the Pacific squadron on the coast of California, put an effectual stop to the designs of England.

There was suspicion of these designs at Washington. Facts had reached President Polk and his cabinet, and others high in authority, which were convincing as to the purpose of the British Government to obtain foothold in Cali-

fornia. The Oregon boundary question was not then settled, and England hoped to make good her claim to the territory north of the Columbia river. The occupation of California by the troops under General Kearny and the naval force under Commodore Stockton precluded the hopes and designs of the British Government. These found favor, however, with some of the leading Californians of Spanish blood. The conquest of Texas by Americans, the annexation of that country by the United States, and the hostile feelings therefrom engendered in Mexico, had corresponding effect in California. Many Americans had emigrated to the Province, and their settlement in it was viewed with manifest displeasure. Every year from 1839 until 1846 this immigration had increased. Conspicuous among these adventurers were John Bidwell, Josiah Belden and John A. Sutter. Governor Alvarado was inimical to this immigration from the United States, and, fearful of the consequences, he wrote to the government at the city of Mexico concerning it, and warned them to beware of another Texan trouble. General Vallejo held to different opinion regarding the Americans. In a convention at Monterey of the foremost men of the Province, in which the policy and the future of California were earnestly discussed, he took strong ground in favor of an alliance with the United States, and made a thrilling, persuasive, eloquent, and masterly speech in vindication of his views. Some of the members of the most noted Spanish families of the Province were impregnated with the feeling of hostility to the United States, and preferred an alliance with England, even to the establishment of a British protectorate. Vallejo resolutely combatted this sentiment, and declared his predilection for the United States.

The war with Mexico caused excitement throughout the United States commingled with approval upon the one side, with strong condemnation upon the other side. In New England it was generally animadverted upon in scathing terms by leading Whigs and the Whig press. James Russell Lowell, under the sobriquet of Hosea Biglow, caustically satirized it. Alluding to the Massachusetts regiment raised by Caleb Cushing — the only regiment organized in New England — he expressed the stinging line: "Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder." Dr. Wm. Ellery Channing, the great preacher, had declaimed against the annexation of Texas, as a provocative to a war with Mexico. Martin Van Buren, ex-President, wrote a strong letter against annexation, in 1844, to similar effect. John Forsyth of Georgia, Secretary of State under Van Buren, likewise opposed the annexation of Texas, as a cause for war with Mexico. Daniel Webster had declared against annexation and war with Mexico. And after the war had been waged for more than a year, Henry Clay made his noted speech against further prosecution of hostilities, at Lexington, Kentucky, November 13, 1847. In Congress, Tom Corwin, famous orator of Ohio, made his memorable speech, in which he proclaimed the sentiment that, "were he a Mexican, he would welcome the American invaders with bloody hands to hospitable graves!" The dominant Whig sentiment of the Northern States was opposed to the war. Many of the followers of Van Buren also opposed it. John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State under John Tyler, had strenuously favored annexation. South Carolina enthusiastically supported the war with Mexico. The Southern States took similar side. General Gaines of the U. S. Army, in command of the Gulf military department, vigorously prepared for the invasion of Mexico. He was relieved by the government at Washington, and General Taylor placed in command of the troops first ordered to the Mexican frontier. General Scott was given supreme command, and subse-

quently secured the peace that ensued.

New York was divided in sentiment upon the war issue, but the Democratic administration of Polk, supported by the state administration of Governor Silas Wright, made the war spirit prevalent, and a regiment was speedily raised and proceeded to Mexico. The government determined to send a regiment to California, to be in readiness for action. Commodore Sloat, in command of the Pacific squadron, was ordered to take station at Monterey, and Commodore Stockton was dispatched with full orders to assume command. General Kearny was ordered to lead troops across the country and act in concert with Stockton. The regiment of California volunteers, with Colonel Jonathan D. Stevenson in chief command, was despatched in three ships, by way of Cape Horn, to serve in accordance with superior orders. These movements caused commotion in other quarters. The Mormon troubles in Missouri, and the subsequent forced removal of that people from Nauvoo, Illinois, and their emigration to the territory beyond the Rocky Mountains, which resulted in the settlement of Salt Lake City, had singular effect in shaping important national affairs at Washington and in California. Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church, was an American. Likewise was his successor, Brigham Young, the founder of Salt Lake city, and of Mormonism in Utah. The controlling leaders of the faith were American citizens, but some of them were of English nativity and inimical to the United States. There was a Mormon congregation in New York City. Sam Brannan, a native of Maine, a printer by occupation, had joined the Mormon Church, and was raised to the dignity of a Mormon Elder. He published in New York City a weekly organ of the church called *The Prophet*. Early in January, 1846, soon after hostile demonstrations clearly foreshadowed the war which followed with Mexico, appeared an announcement of a projected expedition of Mormons for the Pacific coast, either to California or to Oregon. Sam Brannan had charge of the movement. He met difficulty in securing a vessel, but at length managed to charter the ship Brooklyn for the expedition. With more than three hundred passengers, men, women and children, upwards of two hundred of whom were Mormons, the Brooklyn set sail, February 4, 1846, for California. Brannan brought with him his printing press, type and material.

At Washington, the rumor had obtained credence that the Mormon expedition was intended for other purposes than a peaceful Mormon settlement upon the Pacific. It was ascertained that Brannan had made purchases of arms and ammunition. Rumors were whispered that behind the project were British emissaries, and also that a forced occupation was contemplated in the interest of the British government. The dispatch of a British war-ship, under command of a British naval officer of high rank, for California, was an apparent confirmation of the rumors.

Amos Kendall was at that time residing in Washington. He had been Postmaster General under Jackson, and during Van Buren's presidency; a member, with F. P. Blair, of the noted "Kitchen Cabinet" of Jackson through the period of nullification, and the contest with Nick Biddle's Bank of the United States; and was regarded as one of the most able and sagacious politicians of the age, profound in the diplomacy of parties, a master of finesse, and a forcible as well as most persuasive writer. Kendall had retired from active public life, but as the close friend of Jackson, after whom Polk was termed by his ardent admirers "Young Hickory," he was taken into the confidence of the administration, and exercised great power at the White House and in Congress. On intimate relations with Kendall, and one

of his useful aids, was A. G. Benson, of Benson & Co., with whom Brannan had important confidential relations. Benson's was the catspaw with which Amos Kendall saved his own hand from the fire in raking out chestnuts. The Mormon expedition at that particular juncture, when the occupation of California engrossed the attention of the administration, was a matter to be investigated and scrutinizingly watched. Benson was the trusted agent; Kendall, with the President and his confidential advisers of the Cabinet, directed the transactions. That Brannan was much exercised over the matter is evidenced by a letter which he dispatched to Brigham Young from New York, January 12, 1846, to this effect.

"I declare to all that we are not going to California, but to Oregon, and that my information is official. Kendall has also learned that we have chartered the ship Brooklyn, and that Mormons are going out in her; and it is thought she will be searched for arms, and if found, they will be taken from us; and if not, an order will be sent to Commodore Stockton on the Pacific to search our vessel before we land. Kendall will be in the city next Thursday again, and then an effort will be made to bring about a reconciliation. I will make you acquainted with the result before I leave."

The reconciliation referred to by Brannan has been represented by high Mormon authority as a "division of the spoils among the political chiefs, between the government and the Mormons." Whatever was its secret character, it is manifest that any "unpleasantness" was obviated. The Brooklyn was not searched in New York; Commodore Stockton ordered no search when the ship arrived in San Francisco. She had put into Honolulu on the voyage, but no arms were landed there. Any that there might have been on board were permitted free landing in Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was then called. Sam Brannan soon after made a trip overland, eastward, to meet Brigham Young and the Mormon emigrants to Salt Lake, but nothing known to history, beyond immaterial interchange of views and conditions, occurred.

These are sequel and episode to Brannan's venture to California, which in themselves constitute matter for the hasty reviewer of events, and supply material for the faithful historian who shall eventually put in print the accurate details relative to the American occupation of California, and to the possession of Utah Territory by the Mormons. Sam Brannan was more of an adventurer, as the word was interpreted in the earlier periods of American history, than he himself ever imagined, perhaps; than those most intimate with him and with the early history of California, dating from the American occupation, were cognizant of. Much light will be cast upon the events of the period by the publication of Sam Brannan's letter to Brigham Young, and the determination of Brigham and his Mormon council, as it officially appears in the history of Salt Lake City, by Edward W. Tullidge, publisher and proprietor of the Star Printing Company, Salt Lake, 1886, by authority. Mr. Tullidge supplies, from Mormon official records, the appended letter, addressed to Brigham Young, from New York City, January 26, 1846:

I haste to lay before your honorable body the result of my movements since I wrote you last, which was from this city, stating some of my discoveries in relation to the contemplated movements of the general government in opposition to our removal.

I had an interview with Amos Kendall, in company with Mr. [A. G.] Benson [& Co.], which resulted in a compromise, the conditions of which you will learn by reading the contract between them and us, which I will forward by this mail. I shall also leave a copy of the same with Elder Appleby, who was present when it was signed. Kendall is now our friend, and will use his influence in our behalf, in connection with twenty-five of the most prominent demagogues in the country. You will be permitted to pass out of the States unmolested. Their counsel is to go well armed, but keep them well secreted from the rabble.

I shall select the most suitable spot on the Bay of

San Francisco for the location of a commercial city. When I sail, which will be next Saturday, at one o'clock, I shall hoist a flag with "Oregon" on it.

Immediately on the reception of this letter, you must write to Mr. A. G. Benson, and let him know whether you are willing to coincide with the contract I have made on deliverance. I am aware it is a covenant with death, but we know that God is able to break it, and will do it. The Children of Israel, in their escape from Egypt, had to make covenants for their safety, and leave it for God to break them; and the Prophet has said, "As it was then, so it shall be in the last days" And I have been led by a remarkable train of circumstances to say, amen; and I hope you will do the same.

Mr. Benson thinks the Twelve should leave and get out of the country first, and avoid being arrested if it is a possible thing; but if you are arrested, you will find a staunch friend in him, and you will find friends, and that a host, to deliver you from their hands. If any of you are arrested, don't be tried west of the Alleghany Mountains; in the East you will find friends that you little think of.

It is the prayer of the Saints in the East night and day for your safety, and it is mine first in the morning and last in the evening.

I must now bring my letter to a close. Mr. Benson's address is No. 39 South street, and the sooner you can give him an answer the better it will be for us. He will spend one month in Washington to sustain you, and he will do it, no mistake. But everything must be kept silent as death on our part, names of parties in particular.

I now commit this sheet to post, praying that Israel's God may prevent it from falling into the hands of wicked men. You will hear from me again on the day of sailing, if it is the Lord's will, amen.

Yours truly, a friend and brother in God's Kingdom,

S. BRANNAN.

The response to this letter of Sam Brannan's, as shown by Mormon records in Salt Lake City, is as follows, without exact date or signature:

Samuel Brannan urged upon the Council the signing of the document. The Council considered the subject, and concluded that as our trust was in God, and that as we looked to Him for protection, we would not sign any such unjust and oppressive agreement. This was a plan of political demagogues to rob the Latter-day Saints of millions, and compel them to submit to it by threats of Federal bayonets.

Sam Brannan returned to Yerba Buena — the San Francisco of the ensuing year, 1847, and there began the publication of the *California Star*, the first newspaper published in California north of Monterey, at that time the colonial capital. The following year, upon the discovery of gold, he retired from newspaper enterprise to engage in merchandising and trading, occupations more suited to his enterprising and active nature. He still maintained his standing in the Mormon church. A large number of the faith found rich diggings in the district upon the lower part of the American river, near the present site of Folsom, then called Mormon Island, and there took claims. Every month Brannan visited the miners, and made collections from them, as though they worked upon private property of his own, and they owed the charges he put upon them. Finding that the mines were free in every other part of California, at length one of the Mormon Island miners investigated the matter. He asked of the Military Governor by what authority Brannan collected the charges. He was informed, substantially, that so long as the miners of Mormon Island submitted to Sam Brannan's demand for pay, exactly that long it behooved them to pay, but there was actually no other authority beyond demand and submission in the collection. After that, Brannan made no demand. He had for months, however, reaped lucrative reward from his "demand." In somewhat similar manner he made his financial capacity effectively known as an elder of the Mormon church, and one of the "saints" to the Mormon hierarchy, in relation to Mormon funds on deposit in one of the Sacramento banks of the early period. It was an occasion in which he manifested his shrewdness in transacting business, and it will suffice to remark that neither the Bank nor Sam Brannan had pecuniary cause to regret the placing of the Mormon fund. Sam Brannan was perhaps impressed with the comforting sentiment of Dan Marble, concerning an American citizen abroad, par-

aphrased to suit the occasion — that one Mormon "saint" is just as good as another, and "a blanked sight better." At all events, his chosen "saint," himself, made the satisfying clean-up. Brigham Young never missed it, and there was no reclaim.

Affairs eventuated happily. California was secured to American possession, despite the antagonism of Mexican Governors and prominent Californians of Spanish line who preferred British domination. Alvarado and Micheltorena enjoyed their respective terms, and left the position in better remembrance of the people than had the domineering Chico or Guitierrez. Castro became placated, and Pio Pico filled the office with Castilian dignity and grace. General Vallejo was gratified in his choice of dominion of the Province, emerged into a State of the Federal Union,—the first of the States of the Pacific, now increased to parallel New England in the reckoning; and the desert land of the chroniclers of the early period exists to witness the glory of California, first in agriculture, first in fruits and wines and semi-tropical products, excelling all in rapid accumulation of wealth, in rich mineral treasures, in enterprise and substantial worth, and ranking with the foremost in everything that constitutes a State.

Sam Brannan has taken place in the caravan of the innumerable of mankind since the earth was peopled. The enduring testimony of his time and works are still conspicuous in the Golden City he helped to found — in stately buildings and landmarks which are mementoes. He amassed wealth, and encountered the vicissitudes of opposing Fortune. He succumbed to the unkindly Fates, and sought repose, not refuge, in Mexico, whose Juarez he had greatly aided in the crisis when aid was as existence. In that sister republic he resigned his life to the inevitable, and his ashes rest in the peace which is hallowed in the sanctuaries of every civilized people. His name is indelibly inscribed upon the tablets which record the deeds and preserve the memories of the Pioneers of California, and of the Argonauts of the nineteenth century Golden Fleece. He made a chapter in the American settlement of San Francisco, and in imperishable, accurate history, it will hold appropriate place.

James O'Meara.



THE EARLY RAIN.

THE splashing rain is on the pane,
The Autumn winds go by;
With whirling leaves they pelt the eaves,
And mock the frowning sky.

The trees make moan in undertone,
And shudder in the blast;
Low at their feet, all incomplete,
Their summer crowns are cast.

They bow and bend, nor comprehend
Kind Nature's mystery;
While brown and bare, upon the air,
Their boughs beat wistfully.

So, over one whose days were done
Too soon for life's completeness,
Our tears like rain fell in our pain,
And summer lost its sweetness.

O Nature! teach our hearts to reach
The height of all thy knowing;
How wondrous change and process strange,
Are needful to our growing.

How none of all the leaves that fall,
Will lie disused and molded;
Tho' slow and still thou work thy will,
Is life in death enfolded.

Clara G. Dolliver.



GROWING UP WITH DAKOTA.

John Bremer had come all the way from Germany to Dakota with the purpose of growing up with the country. As a preliminary to that interesting inverse evolution — for when he turned a cold shoulder upon the "Vaterland" he was already well on his way towards the grand climacteric, and he would never see forty again until his next incarnation — he pre-empted a land claim of one hundred and sixty acres in a crook of the upper Missouri, and incipient civilization as represented in him began to stretch itself lengthwise and broadwise so as to come up with the height and other dimensions of his expectations.

After reading the mendaciously high-flown prospectuses of the Dakota land agents, scattered broadcast the world over as enticing, delusive baits for unwary immigrants of all nationalities, his anticipations of forthcoming prosperity and wealth were almost as boundless as the vast surface of the broad, gently undulating plain on which he had elected his new domicile.

As he gazed on the beautiful carpet of natural grasses, buffalo, gramma, and blue-stem, stretching away in a vista confined only by the cloudless horizon, variegated by the coloring of greenest hue and bloom of the many flowers peculiar to the prairies, his mind was filled with that admiration of the grandeur of nature one experiences when upon the ocean or in the presence of mighty mountains, and his soul rejoiced at the pleasing prospect his imagination unrolled before him when his horny, industrious hands should have improved upon nature by adding the profits of his toil to primeval beauty.

His claim stood about midway between Fort Sully and Fort Bennett; the first agglomeration of nondescript buildings being situated on one side of the Missouri River, and the last, a fac simile of the other, on the further shore some seven miles above. Its surface, like that of the country extending all around as far as the eye could see, was free from rocky deposits, and trees, and brush, and he could turn his furrow from one end to the other with never a deflection for stump or stone.

His plan of operations was a combination of farming and poultering — a chicken coop surrounded by a "truck" garden. While he raised vegetables the hens would lay and hatch away, and the chickens would grow "all by themselves" as he expressed their genesis in his vernacular.

A market was handy at either hand, for the soldiers at Sully were as fond of vegetables as those at Bennett were of eggs, and between the two both ends would meet, and Dame Fortune would be cooped up midway like the chickens, and through their means, for him to do with her as he pleased. And as his bright fancy painted her smiling benignantly at him in the near distance, he joyfully rubbed the cuticle of his nose with that of his forefinger, and smiled back at the hopeful image as hard as he could with a confident wink.

It was a well concocted plan — *Deo volente* — the only flaw in it being that John was a little too ready to count his chickens before they were hatched, and that the materials of his air-castles, in which he was to drink Milwaukee beer *ad libitum* on the proceeds of his scheme, were cemented together in a sort of Alnaschar process which deprived them of cohesion, owing to his ignorance of Nature's ways and means in a country

which she had bent in the twig to grow up to her will in the tree long before John Bremer had made up his mind to come over and grow up with it.

He went to work with a will, and very soon had a wire fence surrounding quite a large lot in the midst of his claim, in the center of which he constructed a structure of the composite order of western architecture known among the Dakota "rustlers" as a sod and mud shanty. Its furniture consisted of a bank, a table, and a couple of benches, which he made out of empty dry goods packing boxes purchased from the post trader at Sully for little or nothing; and with the portrait of his father hung against the wall in the most conspicuous place of its sole apartment, it presented quite a cosy appearance for the abode of a settler in the wilderness.

The portrait, — an oil daub surrounded by a gorgeous gilt frame, — was the only object of German art that Bremer had brought with him from abroad, and it was the apple of his eye. It represented an old gentleman in the full uniform of the Prussian army, with a pleasant smile upon his lips, and great, wide open, staring eyes, which followed Bremer wherever he went about the room as with the twofold purpose of encouraging him in his endeavor to acquire honest wealth in the land of his adoption, and of keeping an eye on him to see that he did not trip on the way, through some obliquity of moral vision apt to generate in new countries, in order to make the dollars multiply faster.

Bremer was as fond of the counterfeit presentment of the author of his being as he had been of the living original. Every once in a while he would quit his work in the field, to refresh himself with a tin cup full of cold water and a look at the inside of his new home, and every time he came in he would nod smilingly and wink slyly at the eyes with the confidential remark, "We're getting on, old man,— you just wait awhile and see — plenty of beer by and by, and everything else we want!"

He expended what little money he had brought with him in the purchase of roosters and hens and the necessary garden seeds, and his claim began to move onward with great strides in the broad and productive pathway of advancing civilization across the northwestern part of the American Continent. Next to the eggs and chickens, he depended upon his onion crop to coin the thalers in the early future. He had read in some old German book that the onion not only contained considerable nutriment, but that it had valuable medicinal properties, being most useful in counteracting the bad effects of sedentary life.

Now, throughout the Dakota winter, the life of the officers and soldiers at both Bennett and Sully was nothing if not sedentary, for their time was principally passed in hugging red hot stoves to keep themselves from freezing to death. He had been told by people who knew all about it, that during that period their greatest physical exertions consisted in regular alternate twisting of their bodies to the right and left in coming to succesive right abouts, when one side was half cooked and the other half frozen. Let them one and all,— the German, Swede, and Norwegian, blue-coated upholders of the American flag especially,— become thoroughly convinced that the onion was a preventative and an antidote for nearly all the ills arising from too much sitting down, and he will hardly be able to raise *Zwiebeln* enough to supply the demand; and to make assurance doubly sure he devoted a whole acre to their cultivation.

As to the *Kohl*, he knew how fond his countrymen were of sauerkraut; and as he understood that the whilom subjects of the Kaiser were so numerous in the American army that the officer of the day at Sully generally visited his sentries

with a German dictionary under his arm so as to be sure that they understood their instructions properly, he devoted another acre to the different varieties of the cabbage, and rows of *Spargel Kohl*, *Sprossen Kohl*, *Kopf Kohl*, and all the other *Kohls*, male and female, alternated in parallel and complicated lines that would have rejoiced the heart of Euclid had he been permitted to visit Dakota in spirit.

His *Wasser* and *Zucker Melonen saaten* — water and musk melon seeds — had been selected with judgment and care, with special reference to the soil in which he intended to plant them and the climate under whose conditions he expected them to grow. In a country so well adapted to the breeding and raising of rattlesnakes as Southern Dakota, affinities must sway as elsewhere, and his nook on the *Plateau du Coteau du Missouri*, as the old Canadian *voyageurs* and *courreurs des bois* called it, was so plentifully sown with the variety of water melon known in commerce as the Gypsy or Georgia Rattlesnake, that if one out of every ten ever reached maturity he would have enough on hand to create an epidemic of cholera-morbus sufficiently strong to effectually prevent the territory ever becoming a State of the Union for want of the required population.

As long as the moisture of the winter snows remained in the ground and defied evaporation, everything grew to a perfection emulating that of the wild prairie flowers. His garden was a patch quilt of many colors, pleasing to the eye and joyful to the soul a mile away, while the chickens multiplied like maggots in a cheese, and the dollars and cents began to fly away from Sully and Bennett to congregate and roost midway between the two, beneath the humble mud roof of John Bremer, who stowed them carefully away for the Milwaukee brewers and other future uses.

As the spring time waned away the weather became exceedingly warm, so much so as to become almost unbearable, and the parched land dried up and cracked and gaped under the burning influence of the "Chinook" wind, that remnant of the Japanese current which, blowing through the mountain passes of Montana and distributed by the great valley of the Missouri, scorches every thing in its way, and makes a Southern Dakota summer day a miniature Hades.

One by one the sweet wild flowers drooped, and then they died in masses, and Bremer's varied assortment of vegetables followed their example and met the same fate. The short, curly, natural grasses, whose light and dark green intermixed coloring had been so pleasant to the eye, became yellow and yellower, and dried up, not only above but beneath the surface of the soil, — for in the prairie fires that sprang up all around, the fire remained burning in the roots for days after the onward rushing flames had passed over them.

The scorching wind affected the chickens as well as the plants, for like them they drooped one by one and disappeared by the dozen under the combined effects of the burning heat and the determined efforts of the coyotes, wild cats, and other vermin infecting the Missouri bottoms, which banded together in a sort of "know nothing" league to prevent the aliens from obtaining a foothold in the domain of the original possessors of the soil.

Day by day the drought increased, becoming fiercer and fiercer as the summer went on, and Bremer fell on his knees, and cried and prayed for rain, as those that came and went before him did in the old Syrian days.

One afternoon, as he was hoeing in his garden, he noticed a dark cloud rising in the northwest. Thank heavens! his prayers had been heard, and rain was coming at last!

As he gazed on the welcome sign of forthcoming relief, he perceived another dark, smoky-looking cloud, extending

slowly around the horizon from southeast to southwest, and moving rapidly toward the northwest cloud. As the two clouds came together with a rush, they formed a central dark spot or core, darker than the dark clouds surrounding it, out of which a light, woolly looking cloud of very narrow dimensions began to descend towards the earth. During its formation it twisted about like a rope, and while twisting it would dart downwards at times in a spasmodic manner, then draw itself upward more slowly, each time descending lower and lower, until it struck the earth, when it again bounded upwards like a rubber ball.

Bremer was astonished. In the old country he had never seen such queer doings as were going on in the sky above him.

The erratic bounding cloud now assumed the form of a huge funnel, advancing in kangaroo jumps in his direction, and the dark, heavy clouds from which it depended moved backwards and forwards on either side as the funnel lengthened or contracted. As it moved onward, and its speed increased, it became darker and darker, until it reached the somber hue of the matrix from which it had generated.

It came on, boiling, twisting, and drawing itself up and down like an enormous black snake hung by its head and writhing in agony, but with a distinct, gyratory movement, speeding irresistibly onward with a whirling motion. To Bremer, the whole thing resembled a monster elephant suspended in the sky, picking up peanuts here and there on the ground with its huge trunk, and throwing them up into his capacious mouth, while moving straight forward towards him with gradually increasing velocity.

As the cloud approached, a light rain descended; then it began to grow darker, and large hail stones pattered and rebounded on the ground. All at once, out of the darkness, which had become intense, an immense flash of lightning zig-zagged through the clouds, followed by a terrific clap of thunder, which shook the world all around him to its very foundations, and brought him to his knees, and changed his astonishment into irrepressible fear.

Afar off he heard a loud, sucking noise, as if a Niagara of waters was rushing into a partial vacuum, and the roar increased as it came nearer, until it was like a thousand railway trains coming towards him at full speed. Then he felt himself sucked up into a vortex, which whirled him from right to left in the jaws of the cyclone with a velocity that first made him gasp, and then took his breath almost completely away.

At times he felt himself away up in the air, and then dashed violently to the ground, still whirling around a pivotal point, to which he was chained by a resistless force. Finally his endurance gave way, and he died for the time being.

When he recovered his consciousness, just as the sun was setting in a sky as blue and serene as if it had never known a storm, he found himself stretched at full length in a dry gulch, which he had never seen before. His clothes were stripped from his body, which was bedaubed with gumbo mud from head to foot, and so sore all over that he could hardly rise and put one foot before the other.

Following the gulch in its downward course, groaning and moaning at every step, he soon came to the Missouri river, into which he waded to wash off the mud all over him. He finally accomplished this, after much difficulty,— for he felt as if all his bones had been boiled into jelly. When he got rid of the mud, — which clung to him with gumbo tenacity, — he found the skin underneath discolored from head to foot, for the entire surface of his body was ecchymosed with bruises. He had been so severely dashed about by the whirlwind that the

flesh was nearly black with the settling of the blood in the tissues of the skin.

He lay down exhausted on the river bank and slept until daylight, and the cool of the morning woke him up, when he ascended one of the river bluffs to take his bearings. He found himself about four miles from home, towards which he turned his weary footsteps.

When he reached the spot hallowed by his toil he had to rub his eyes in order to convince himself that he was not dreaming. Nothing remained standing. Dwelling-house and chicken-coop, such as they were, had disappeared, and Dame Fortune had flown to parts unknown, taking the remaining chickens and the portrait of his beloved father, as well as the stowed-away dollars, along with her, after sweeping the surface of his garden as clean as with a new broom.

During the day a team with several soldiers passed near him on its way from Bennett to Sully. He managed to overtake it,— much to the surprise of the soldiers, who, from his appearance, took him for Robinson Crusoe without his furs. Borrowing a blouse from one and a pair of trouser overalls from another, he made his entry into the post in tolerable form, and here he remained to recuperate for further efforts in his pursuit of fortune.

It was too late in the season for him to begin his venture over again that year, but he soon had his house rebuilt and refurnished in the same style as before, with a few additions in the shape of a second hand bedstead, bureau, and washstand, presented to him by one of the officers at Sully on being ordered away to a new post. He supported himself by hunting and fishing, selling his surplus game of cottontail and jackass rabbits, ducks, and prairie chickens, and Missouri mudcats, to both garrisons as he happened to be near one or the other.

One day while gunning in Little Bend, a Missouri river bottom some fifteen miles above his home, noted for its abundant game, he perceived a dull-colored object, which looked like a wild-cat, crouching between the forks of a cottonwood tree, and watching him with wide-open, glittering eyes.

At the sight of one of the destroyers of his once happy and prosperous chicken family, his rage became almost ungovernable. Warily crawling within shooting distance he took careful aim between the eyes, and blazed away with both barrels. Down came the wild-cat, turning one somersault after another in its fall until it reached the ground, where it lay still, as dead as a door-nail.

Bremer ran to pick it up, but as he stooped to do so he recoiled horror-struck. The supposed cat was the portrait of his father, carried away by the cyclone until it lodged in the forks of the tree ; and the parricidal double shot of the beloved son had put out forever both the eyes of the more than beloved father.

This was harder to bear than all his preceding losses, and he came very near smashing his gun against the tree. He carried the portrait to the river and washed it carefully. The gilt of the frame was all gone, but the face and the uniform were recognizable.

Such as it had become, Bremer carried it back lovingly to his lonely home and hung it up as before ; but — *Gott in himmel !*— the great staring eyes that had followed John about so fondly and perseveringly were gone forever. If they had been closed only it would have been bearable, but the two empty holes of the paternal windows of the soul were heartbreaking to gaze at — they looked at Bremer reproachfully, like yawning graves of the once had been.

Winter came on, and the deep snow housed him thoroughly for a while. The thermometer has low, depressing fits, at times, in that section of the United States, despite the exhilarating air, and often falls despondingly away down below zero.

Bremer did not feel the cold very much when the air was windless and calm, but when rude Boreas puffed out his cheeks in deep inhaling breaths, and expelled the wintry air in long exhalations, it was far otherwise, and buffalo overcoats were desirable commodities.

One morning he woke up chilled through and through. A roar came from the outside which reminded him somewhat of that of the cyclone, but which, compared to it, was infinitessimal. He got up, replenished the fire, and looked out.

A strong wind, keen as a piercing knife and intensely cold, was blowing from the northwest, swirling the dry, powdered snow in bewildering whirlpools, each and every crystal cutting like the teeth of a revolving circular saw as they came in contact with the skin. Gradually the wind veered until it came in furious blasts, gusts, and whirlwinds from all points of the compass, filling the air with eddying columns of blinding snow, and the cold became more and more intense. A *tourmente de neige* was raging all around him, and he was in the midst of a Dakota blizzard, cut off completely for the time being from the rest of the world, with no one but himself and Providence to rely upon.

Had necessity compelled him to go one hundred yards from his house he never would have been able to find it again unless tied to it with a rope, and even then his return would have been problematical. All that he could do was to use all available means to keep himself from freezing to death. Unfortunately his supply of fuel, consisting of cottonwood drift brought on his back from the river bottoms a few days before, was rather scant, and must of necessity be carefully husbanded.

As the supply became less and less the cold grew more benumbing — and finally the wood was completely used up. The benches and table went into the fire next, and the bureau, washstand and bedstead followed in succession. The only remaining thing in the house that could be burned was the maimed portrait of his father, but he would have died half a dozen times over before he would have attempted to evolve caloric out of his departed ancestor, and add a St. Lawrence martyrdom to the other vicissitudes that the respected and respectable author of his being had already encountered in the new world.

The blizzard lasted three days; another would have seen the improvised fuel exhausted and Bremer frozen stiff, like every live thing he had regathered around him as a nucleus for his next year's operations, and hundreds of unfortunate human beings who died, frozen to death, in that terrible winter storm, which raged far more mildly over Bremer's claim than it did in other parts of the territory.

When the weather recovered its equilibrium he came into Fort Sully, with the purpose of going temporarily into some business with less risks from the elements and the fauna of Dakota; but he had by no means given up his plan of cooping up Fortune with roosters and hens, and feeding her with vegetables of his own, raising despite her shabby treatment of his first efforts at wooing her.

He would let her rest just long enough for him to earn money in some way or other sufficient to purchase a new stock of breeding fowls and seeds, and the necessary farming implements, and not one moment longer.

With this object in view he hired an old building from the post trader, and opened a restaurant for wayfarers and teamsters hauling supplies to Bennett through Sully; and with the assistance of Mrs. Kleinmuller, a fat widow, not at all fair and over forty, a countrywoman of his, whom he engaged as his housekeeper, he tried to turn an honest penny by dishing out oyster stews and the like to the soldiers of the post who could

afford an occasional change of Uncle Sam's bill of fare at their own expense, in addition to the revenues of the transient travel.

German thrift had taught him the trade of watchmaker in his youth as a good thing to fall back on in case of need in after life, and he fitted up a room in the restaurant as a repairing shop for the Yankee clocks and Waterbury watches so extensively patronized by the soldiers out West, which kept continually falling out of order with far more regularity than they kept the post time — despite Bremer's conscientious efforts to the contrary.

Mrs. Kleinmuller made an excellent adjunct. She was economical and efficient, although somewhat inclined to boss everything about her — John Bremer not excepted. He soon found himself in leading strings, with a dim suspicion that the kind, sidelong glances of his housekeeper at his manly form indicated a latent design on her part to eventually secure him as a successor to the departed Kleinmuller — who, from all accounts, had not had a bad time of it at all. Such a result, however, did not enter into his plans. He had no objection to marrying — far from it, for he thought that it was about time that he should choose if he desired to perpetuate the Bremer patronymic in the Dakota wilds — but he preferred a green apple to the ripened fruit, and Mrs Kleinmuller was no longer green.

Thinking over the matter he was struck, all of a sudden, with the bright idea of making it conducive to the furtherance of his schemes. With three hundred — or say five hundred — dollars cash in hand to help him along in his agricultural experiments, he thought that he could see his way to competence despite cyclones and coyotes, wild-cats and lynxes.

Matrimony, taken in any way, was a venture, and the lightning of wedded happiness might strike him even if he went it blind, as in a game of poker. Sully County, Dakota, had not been settled long enough to produce apples, green or ripe, of the kind he would have liked, but they grew in useless profusion in other parts of the United States; Massachusetts, for instance, where he understood the females beat the males in the proportion of two to one, while in Dakota it was just the other way. He came to a conclusion without further ado, and at once wrote an advertisement, which he mailed to a Boston newspaper, for the kind of wife he wanted, and the requisite amount of cash she would be expected to bring with her, to increase the wealth of the Territory soon to become a State.

The result of his calculations was not disappointing. In the course of time he received answers to his advertisement from several Eastern spinsters, tired of single blessedness in civilization, and willing to help along the forthcoming new State. Two of these were accompanied by photographs.

One represented a large, massive woman of middle age, tolerably good looking, and with an any-way-to-get-along air about her which promised well for Dakota; and the other a thin person with a blue-stocking air, who looked as if she had lived to years of discretion on Boston baked beans and an occasional dish of green persimmons.

Bremer needed no Paris to decide between the two. He was as good a judge of cattle as Paris was of women, and he selected his Helen on the same principle that he would have bought a steer — by weight; a rule that worked both ways in the case of the heavy woman, for she had five hundred dollars in the pocket of her apron, while the thin one had only half that amount to increase her lighter avoirdupois. Accordingly, John Bremer wrote to her to come on at once, while he tried to express to the other as delicately as he could in his mixed ungrammatical English and roundabout German his "declined with thanks."

In the meantime the cyclone season

was coming around once more, and he had a wholesome dread of another such visitation. He had realized by actual experience that the only safe place to be in when in the track of the tornado was as deep underground as one could possibly get, and he bethought himself of taking precautions.

He had a dim suspicion that a cellar existed somewhere under his restaurant, but he had found no trace of it so far. Mrs. Kleinmuller did not allow any one but herself to root around her kitchen and dining room; and as by this time his dread of her was almost equal to that he entertained for cyclones, his investigations had not been pushed with that persistence that might have insured success.

One fine morning she took the stage for Pierre, a small town about twenty-five miles off, where some kind of business would keep her at least three days; and Bremer took advantage of her absence to thoroughly overhaul the house in search of its cellar, and make it available as a retreat the next time his aerial elephant came along picking up peanuts on the way. He started on his exploring tour armed with an ax, with which he unavailingly pounded the floors of every room he came to.

He came at last upon a narrow, cell-like closet next to the kitchen, fitted with shelves at the back and on both sides, which his housekeeper used as a pantry. At the first stroke of the ax upon its floor a reverberating echo came back, which convinced him that some sort of a cavity existed underneath, and he at once began to tear up the floor.

He was surprised to see how much better this particular flooring was than any other in the house. The boards were tongued and grooved, and fitted nicely into one another, and as if two thicknesses were not enough, long strips of tin were nailed over the connections in order to make it as tight as possible and leave neither crack nor gap.

Sure enough, as he wrenched off the whole concern he discovered a small staircase leading down into a capacious cellar, or rather hole in the ground, for it was neither lined nor ceiled, some eight feet in depth and extending under the whole length and breadth of the kitchen. It was littered with rubbish and débris of former occupancy, which showed that it had been much used at some time or other.

He proceeded to clean it out at once. In doing so he noticed numerous small holes in the earthen walls, as if pegs of different sizes had been driven in there for some purpose, and then taken out again. The cellar had been closed up for so long that the air in it was almost mephitic, and came near asphyxiating Bremer as he descended into it; but he discerned a small window under the kitchen sill, which had been boarded up on the inside and banked up with earth on the outside, and by removing the planking and earth and taking out the sash, he made an opening through which light and pure air were admitted.

He next took the solid pantry door off its hinges and hung in its place an open latticed one, through which a current of hot air came into the cellar from the kitchen and passed out through the window-opening after drying the cellar, and keeping it warm and pleasant.

When he got through he was so tickled at the ingenuity of his plan and its good results, that he determined to say nothing about the matter to Mrs. Kleinmuller on her return, but to give her an agreeable surprise by letting her find out all about it herself.

The day after she came back Bremer was sitting in his small repairing shop, hard at work on a refractory clock and waiting for the dinnner bell, when he heard a shriek and a crash coming from between the dining room and the kitchen. Jumping up and running to the spot he reached it just in time to see Mrs. Kleinmuller flying out of the back yard

gate as fast as her feet could carry her, with her skirts streaming in the wind behind her. The floor was covered with the broken pieces of the dishes and plates that had contained his dinner; and as he stooped to pick them up he was startled and frightened half to death by the warning rattle of a large rattlesnake coiled within a few feet of his hand, and glaring at him with dark malignant eyes.

In a twinkling Bremer was following Mrs, Kleinmuller as hard as he could; but before he reached the gate his courage came back, and he returned with a long pole, with which he killed the snake, and threw it into the yard.

He rather liked practical jokes when not against himself, and the thought struck him to play one on his housekeeper. He got a piece of well worn rope of the proper size and color, and coiled it up in a corner in the shape of a snake about to strike.

Just as he got through Mrs. Kleinmuller came in panting at the front door, after running all around the house and the yard, with: "Mr. Bremer! O Mr. Bremer! Get your gun quick, there is a big rattlesnake trying to get into the kitchen, and it scared me so that I dropped all the dishes!"

"Why, Mrs. Kleinmuller," replied Bremer, trying to appear astonished, "who ever heard of snakes coming out this early in the season?"

"I don't care for the season" said Mrs. Kleinmuller impatiently, "the snake is there all the same, and you'll hear anything you want in and out of season in Dakota. You had better get your gun and kill it before it bites somebody, and drives all our customers away."

Bremer got up, took his cane, and they both proceeded to the spot where his snakeship was supposed to be.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Kleinmuller triumphantly, pointing at the coil of rope in the dark corner and falling back behind Bremer, "look at it — it's all ready to strike!"

"That?" replied Bremer, peering at the object investigatingly,— "that's no snake — it's a piece of rope," and he gave it a punch with his stick.

Quick as a flash a terrific rattle broke upon the air, and the coil of rope made a dart at the cane,— which Bremer dropped at once, and both he and Mrs. Kleinmuller went flying in different directions, the housekeeper for the back gate and Bremer for the inside of the house and his gun.

He shot the snake, wondering how the thing had come back to life and to the house again so soon after he had, as he thought, so effectually disposed of it with the pole. He remembered, however, that in Germany the snakes never died until after sunset, no matter what struck them or at what time, and he threw this one out in the yard, intending to chop it to pieces so as to make it harmless at least until the sun went down.

When he came back with his ax he was very much surprised to find two dead snakes lying side by side. They were mates — husband and wife — and death and John Bremer only had put them asunder.

Things quieted down finally in the Bremer household. Mrs. Kleinmuller went about her business of cooking another dinner, and John resumed his tinkering on the Yankee clocks; but during the remaining part of the day, especially towards evening, they went about the house as if walking on eggs.

Late that night, as Bremer was reading in bed the *Staats Zeitung*, to which he was a regular subscriber, he heard a muffled, dragging sound on the floor near him, and on looking over his shoulder in its direction he was horror-struck at seeing an enormous rattler within a foot of his head, looking at him with its head raised, as if daring him to get up out of bed.

All the dares in the world could not have gotten him to move in any way just then. He was paralyzed with fear.

He stared into the snake's small, piercing black eyes, and the eyes stared back into his own with a horrible, unwinking persistency, which held him spellbound in a kind of fascinating horror absolutely awful to experience. One after another, all the stories of snake charming he had read in the course of his existence came back to him with a vividness that froze his heartstrings, and made his face as livid as that of a corpse. He was chained to the bed on his back as with the incubus of a nightmare, but the consciousness that it was a horrible reality and not a dream increased the horror a thousand fold.

He would have given everything in the world, had it been his to give away, to be able to shriek, but he was unable to gasp — almost to breathe. In his brain, the only remaining living organ in his system, he felt himself dying, and he wished that it was over and done with, for death would have been a blessed relief. And still, through it all, the brilliant diamond eyes of the reptile pierced into his own with a flint-like, steely glare, as inevitable as fate. If the eyelids would only droop for an instant, — the head only turn for a moment, — so that he might break the mesmeric, magnetic spell which united the stares of the man and the snake, and made them one, he might be released — but the *crotalus* remained facing him with its fixed, relentless gaze, as immovable as death.

Outside, the night was calm, and not a sound broke the awful stillness of the air. Inside, his night lamp, standing on a low, empty box at the head of his bed, which consisted simply of a mattress on the floor covered with blankets, illuminated the room with a dim light strong enough to make any object in it plainly visible, but the greater part, concentrated by the lamp shade, was thrown downwards on Bremer's head and the snake within striking distance of it.

All at once he became conscious of an indescribable odor somewhat resembling musk, permeating the air of the room, and growing stronger by degrees. A sweet languor, which became more and more delicious as the smell grew stronger, succeeded the horror, and gradually overpowered his only remaining activity, — that of his brain, — and he felt as if slowly dropping away into a balmy sleep. His condition, just then, is hard to describe. His consciousness appeared to be lulled merely, and not obliterated, and remained almost as vivid as before ; the eyes strained into each other as before, but the feeling of antagonism had passed away, and was replaced by a peculiar sensation, — as if both beings, man and snake, were being melted together and absorbed into one.

Meanwhile, another sense was released from its paralysis. Out of the stillness he heard, as if coming from afar, a slight scratching sound on the pillow on which his head was resting, and a little mouse running here and there over it, with its nose drawn down as if in search of food, came athwart the influence that crossed from eyes to eyes. Instantly, all his senses were released and alert — but the power to move was still wanting, despite the strong will urging it on.

The concentrated gleam coming from the eyes of the snake divided itself into two smaller and less powerful gleams coming out of each eye, one of which focused on the mouse and the other on the man. The mouse gave a little squeak, as of pain, and stopped short in its tracks, with its head stretched towards the snake, like a hunting dog pointing at game. Its little body, agitated at first with slight tremors, and then with convulsive tremblings, slowly advanced toward the snake, and then rapidly retreated, repeating this over and over, each time coming a little nearer.

Then for the first time since Bremer's eyes rested on it the snake made a slight motion. The head which had remained raised like a crest all along lowered it-

self almost to a level with the floor, and the upper and lower jaws of the reptile distended slowly until they stretched wide open, and displayed four long, slightly crooked, sharply pointed fangs, two above and two below, which doubled back invariably upon themselves as if on hinges, leaving a smooth opening to the throat. The little mouse still kept on advancing and retreating, as if impelled, or rather drawn, by a power it was trying with all its might to resist, but unavailingly; and the wide-open jaws, out of which came a sickening effluvium, loomed nearer and nearer to it.

Finally the mouse without any visible agency was drawn into the open jaws, which closed at once upon it with a snap that caused the eye-lids, or the film-like membrane that acted as such, to close or an instant over the eyes.

Instantly, with a scream, half relief, half fear, John Bremer sprang to his feet with a powerful jerk, and bounded to the other side of the room.

The snake, quick as thought, coiled itself and sprung its rattle; but Bremer's gun was already in his hands, and taking a quick aim at the coil, while avoiding the eyes, he pulled the trigger and blew the reptile into smithereens.

All his remaining energies must have been expended in his violent effort to get away from the horrible proximity in which he had been held so long, for as the smoke of his gun cleared away and he saw the snake lying dead on the floor he fell exhausted into a chair as if about to faint. His chest was oppressed as with a heavy weight, and lancinating pains shot across his temples.

In a short time a violent nausea relieved him, and he got up to look at the snake. It belonged to the darker and most dangerous species of the family of *Crotalus horridus*. It was four feet long and as thick as his arm, or thicker, and it must have been a pioneer of the wilderness, for a slight furzy growth covered the joints and scales, and it carried twenty-one rattles and a button.

Bremer picked it up with a long handled shovel and threw it outside the house, and then he sat down once more to think the matter over. He now understood the philosophy of the double flooring and the additional tin lining over the cellar stairs, as well as the planked and banked-up window and all the rest of the business. The cellar was simply a rattlesnake den! His plan of warming and ventilating it had worked to a marvel, for the kitchen heat descending into the cellar through his ingeniously contrived latticed door had by degrees awakened the still hibernating snakes in the "peg" holes in the walls; and thinking that spring had come and that they were late, they had invaded the house without further loss of time; and the Lord alone knew how many more might be wandering over it or coiled up in out-of-the-way corners.

Bremer made up his mind, cyclone or no cyclone, to close up the cellar again, even tighter than before, at the first opportunity during the day; and then he filled his pipe, picked up his *Staats Zeitung*, and began reading it again at the place he had left off when he discovered the snake, and he sat up and read until broad daylight for fear of another coming across him if he lay down to sleep again.

While waiting for his breakfast, still sitting and reading, he fell into a doze, out of which he was abruptly aroused by a shriek and a rebounding crash, which brought him to his feet. His thoughts naturally reverted to his wonderful cellar, and he made a rush for it to see if it had not something to do with the disturbance.

It had, sure enough. Mrs. Kleinmuller, while preparing breakast, had required something from the pantry; and opening the latticed door, — at which she wondered, — she had stepped into it, and missing the floor away she went down the cellar stairs with shriek after shriek, bounding and rebounding from one step to the other until she reached the bot-

tom, where she lay groaning and moaning all in a heap.

Bremer rushed down and picked her up as quickly and tenderly as he could, for he felt quite remorseful at his share in her mishap, and began to soothe her.

"O my dear Mrs. Kleinmuller, are you badly hurt? Did you break anything? Let me help you up and send for the post surgeon — dear me, dear me, what a fall, and all through my fault!"

Mrs. Kleinmuller was coming around slowly, but quite fast enough to realize that she was lying in the arms of John, with her head resting against his heart, and she answered never a word. Just as John was most soothing in his efforts to make her feel better, he heard a voice above him asking:

"What 's the matter, Bremer?"

And looking up, with Mrs. Kleinmuller in his arms, he saw the sergeant of the guard, who had come for his breakfast, standing at the top of the stairs apparently much interested in Bremer's praiseworthy endeavors to revive his housekeeper.

"I am trying to bring up Mrs. Kleinmuller, who fell down the cellar stairs," replied Bremer, "come down and help me?"

"Go and tell that to the marines," answered the Sergeant with a sly wink, as he turned upon his heel towards the dining room, without paying any attention to Bremer's request for help; which, however, was not needed, for Mrs. Kleinmuller just then gave herself a shake, and with John's help re-ascended the stairs in a more dignified manner than she descended them, and went back to her kitchen and her breakfast.

Bremer's birthday happened soon afterwards, and he was very much surprised to receive a large box by express. Opening it, he was still more surprised to find in it the portrait of his father enclosed in as fine a gilt frame as Chicago could produce. And how well the old gentleman looked in it! He had been rejuvenated as well as renovated, and his eyes—a bright new pair—smiled at his son enquiringly, as if asking,

"How have you been, my boy, since I saw you last in Little Bend? Well, I hope, and prospering, and growing with the country — Nicht wahr, gelt?"

John was so pleased as he gazed back into the eyes that tears of joy came in his own; and his emotion was contagious, for Mrs. Kleinmuller, who stood by, began to sniff and catch her breath, while she handled her apron in a suggestive manner.

Bremer looked at her for a moment, and a ray of light crossed his understanding.

"Did you do this, Mrs. Kleinmuller?" he asked.

"I did," replied the housekeeper without circumlocution, and she broke down.

John in his gratitude threw both his arms around her neck and kissed her,— just as that everlasting sergeant of the guard, who was always turning up when he was not wanted, came in at the door with a knowing smile on his face for his customary oyster stew.

One fine morning, not long after this, the incoming stage drove up and stopped in front of the restaurant, and two ladies stepped out of it. One was fat and the other thin, and they both asked for Mr. John Bremer.

The heavy one was his Eastern betrothed, with her five hundred dollars; the other his "respectfully declined," who had construed his mongrel English and German rejection into a pressing invitation to come as quick as she could to join him.

Bremer, in duty bound as a model landlord, received them both with courtesy and affability; but when he ascertained the object of their visit — for the photographs had rather flattered them — and the scrape his blundering English had got him into, he found himself between the two in such Caudine Forks as he had never been in before, and how

to get out of them was more than he knew. He seriously entertained for a while the idea of giving up Dakota, and making, with both his brides, a straight line for Utah; but from all accounts polygamy was on its last legs in Mormondom, and he would be in as bad a fix in one place as in the other.

Finally, as a last resort, he bethought himself to ask Mrs. Kleinmuller for her advice in the matter, and see if she could not bring him out with a whole skin from between the two horns of the dilemma. She had lots of experience in things of all kinds, and having been a married woman she knew all the ins and outs of the business. So he went to her, and made a clear breast of it all.

Mrs. Kleinmuller could hardly believe her ears and made him repeat the whole thing twice over. "Do you mean to tell me, John Bremer," she sternly asked with her arms akimbo, and staring straight into his eyes, "that those two hussies came all the way from Massachusetts to marry you, and that you wrote to ask them to do so?"

"Not to both of them," answered Bremer deprecatingly; "to the fat one only!"

"Fat!" scornfully repeated Mrs. Kleinmuller with a downward glance at her handsome bust and well rounded bare arms. "And would you — *mit deinem alten guten Deutschen blute* — with your good old German blood — marry a Yankee woman?"

"I don't care so much about the woman as I do about the money," replied Bremer, still exculpatingly.

"What money?" inquired Mrs. Kleinmuller, more and more astonished.

And Bremer had to repeat his story over again, with its pecuniary consideration and inducement. When he got through it for the third time he thought it about time that the matter should be decided one way or the other, for there was no telling what the other two women might do in the meantime, and he came out with its gist:

"Now which one of the two, Mrs. Kleinmuller, do you think I had better marry?"

"Neither," promptly and decisively replied Mrs. Kleinmuller in a very decided manner, with a stamp of her foot on the floor; "neither, for you'll marry *me*, John Bremer!"

"*You*," exclaimed Bremer, who was so much astonished that his mouth remained wide open —

"Yes, *me* —" repeated Mrs. Kleinmuller, "and I'll make you a better wife than both of them put together."

"But —"

"But me no buts, John," impatiently interrupted Mrs. Kleinmuller, "I would rather you would marry me willingly; if you don't — why, there are lawyers in Pierre, and the sergeant of the guard can be made to go there and testify."

Lawyers! — sergeant of the guard! — *Donner und blitzen* — what did the woman mean? — And he began to think with corrugated brows.

When he next opened his mouth it was to give a low whistle and grin from ear to ear, with a sly wink at Mrs. Kleinmuller, who grinned back at him in the same manner with a responding wink, and they both looked so funny in doing so that they joined in a burst of irrepressible laughter.

"I see," said Bremer, still chuckling after recovering his breath; "I'm gone up, but I'd rather do it willingly, Paulina; but it is hard to lose the five hundred dollars."

"Never mind the five hundred dollars, John," replied Mrs. Kleinmuller patting him on the back; "I have fifteen hundred in the First National Bank of Pierre, and there's my bank book to prove it!"

Bremer came within an ace of falling on the broad of his back. Fifteen hundred dollars! Why he could buy a whole county in Dakota with that amount in cash just then; and here he had been hunting Fortune, through the United States mail, away off in Massachusetts, while she was sitting on his doorstep,—

when not engaged in cooking his meals! Things did not come around that way in the old country — they moved in grooves, not by jumps.

But the other two women who had come so far just to please him, how was he to get rid of them? "Eh! — answer me that, Mrs. Kleinmuller?" — and the corners of his mouth turned a somersault, and stretched themselves away down.

"Never mind the others," answered Mrs. Kleinmuller, "I'll attend to them" — which she did.

She refunded the amount they had expended in coming, and promised to pay their way back if they felt like doing so. In the meantime, she invited them to remain as her guests and look around, and she treated them to the best the country afforded—which was not much. Before three weeks had passed over their heads, she had married the fat one to the sergeant of the guard and the thin one to his brother, and they were growing up with the country, and helping it along the best way they could.

Mrs. Kleinmuller, or Mrs. Bremer, rather, for she did not allow the grass to grow under her feet, and John and she became one within a month, — was certainly good at marrying, and she evidently knew all about it, as Bremer had surmised when he asked her advice.

Between her thrift and her husband's well digested plans Fortune stood no chance, for the claim and the restaurant were kept going both at the same time, and the clock and watch tinkering came in between whiles. When the fickle goddess with her spinning wheel was not on the claim to spur John Bremer on, she was sure to be sitting near the kitchen stove at the restaurant, smiling at his wife cooking oyster stews and baking pumpkin pies; and whenever the paymaster visited Sully and Bennett to pay off the troops, he was simply a packmule for the Bremers, for nearly all the greenbacks he brought found their way back to the Pierre National Bank after having passed through Mrs. Bremer's hands.

"Bremer's ranch" is known all over South Dakota as one of the most productive in the new State, for John knows all about the peculiarities of the Dakotan climate, and he dovetails them together in order to make them pay. One good year carries him over two bad ones, and when the claim is behind time the restaurant is sure to be ahead of it, while the Yankee clocks and watches help to balance it.

The coyotes and wild cats give his chicken coop a wide berth, for they know by experience that it is surrounded with steel traps dangerous to fool with, let alone the poisoned baits scattered all around.

To a lover of filial affection there is not a pleasanter sight in the whole world than Bremer, after his day's work is done, standing with his long-stemmed German pipe in one hand and a glass of Milwaukee beer in the other, in front of the portrait of his father, drinking the health of the eyes which gaze back at him so fondly and approvingly.

"*Gesundheit, Vater!*—here's to you, old man — may we live long together and keep on prospering. We're getting on, as I told you we would — thanks be to the good God above, and to you and the good *frau* here below" — and he continues as he nods toward the two youngsters, just then turning the house upside down in their frolics, as if calling the *Grossvater's* attention to them—"*und die kleinen Buben, auch* — the little fellows too — they are *Amerikaner* with good old German blood; they'll grow up with their country and help it along, and they wont be "know nothings" either, or I am much mistaken!"

And he swallows his beer and sits down contentedly — rain or shine, calm or storm — for he has a good conscience and the best cyclone cellar in the two Dakotas.

A. G. Tassin.

THE FATE OF A JOKE.

SEVERAL young people who, during the spring term of 1882, attended a Normal School in this State, may remember, and several who were not students may also remember. There were a Normal graduate, three seniors, a middle A, a high school girl, and four young men. One of the young men was, however, one of the three seniors. The young man without whom the joke could not have been knew nothing about it.

The girls were:

Inez Plane, the graduate, visiting her old boarding place, plump, rosy-cheeked, pretty, and engaged to be married; Kittie Patrick, senior, also engaged, small, dark, bright, and somewhat given to love affairs; Maud Forrester, senior, slender, dark blonde, lovely, not engaged but might have been; Rachel Barrett, middle A, dark, tall, and pretty when in good color, but far too pale the spring of which I write, not engaged, but had been, and her lover just dead; Elsie Forrester, high school girl, sixteen, spoiled, stylish, proud of appearances, and in love with one of her teachers.

The young men were:

Harry Boardman, senior, engaged to Inez, small, handsome, witty, his name is on the list of Normal botanical contributors; Cyrenus Harrison, engaged to Kittie, large, handsome, rich, son of a leading politician; a post office clerk whose name need not be given; and the young man that was the center of the joke.

The girls all lived together in a charming little house owned and presided over by Mrs. Forrester, the mother of Maud and Elsie. Mrs. Forrester was a very young looking woman to have grown-up children. She was a loving and lenient guardian, and the girls studied, and, it must be confessed, occasionally romped, and felt "at home." They were generally pretty good.

Harry used to call on Inez every day after school, and on Friday evenings, — that evening being free from study, — would return for a gas-light call. When Harry called the girls were not always good. Maud, and Elsie, and Kittie would often stand near the windows and pretend to be listening; or else step boldly and unexpectedly into the parlor, only to retreat in burlesque confusion. Sometimes they wandered up and down the hall, hanging about each others' necks with love-lorn sighing. Frequently they quoted Byron, or talked about the moon.

Cyrenus took Kittie driving pretty often, and his bay team whirled that couple out of sight of teasing eyes. But Cyrenus and Kittie were not engaged in real earnest, and consequently were invulnerable. Their engagement was for "fun," and to evade strict Normal rules, — rules that forbade a girl driving with a young man not brother, cousin, or future husband. Elsie used to toss her little head when Cyrenus appeared, and say she would n't go with a young man three years younger than herself, (which would, indeed, have been only thirteen). It is a fact, three years on the hither side is a greater drawback when the girl is twenty or younger, than when she is twenty-five. But Cyrenus looked considerably over eighteen, and acted up to his looks, so his age was all right.

Maud knew how to receive compliments, and to smile at all teasing; and Elsie had become quite at ease under fire about her teacher; but Rachel was beyond their reach. She had come to them a stranger, and had given them no opportunity to tease. She was extremely quiet and irresponsive. This was noticed and commented on by all.

To Elsie, Rachel's indifference was like a tangible gauntlet thrown in the

face of their delightful home and fun, and she picked the gauntlet up in a hurry. She was very young in her knowledge of life, and she set herself to show that however indifferent Rachel might be, she scorned her indifference.

Elsie was very near to rudeness before Rachel noticed. When she did notice she smiled a little contemptuously to herself and considered. As a result her thoughtless indifference became studied, and Elsie's exasperation increased.

It suited Rachel's mood to ask over and over the names of familiar streets, and the way to the post office and various stores, and the names of trees, and of people who were passing and repassing daily, and to seem to forget for lack of interest. Sometimes she yawned over the best of Elsie's school stories, or picked up a book, or looked a doubtful surprise.

One evening, after a somewhat questionable tale from Elsie, (which had been listened to with laughter by the other girls and careless unconcern by Rachel,) Elsie continued, "Why that 's nothing, is it girls? But I don't suppose Rachel has ever lived anywhere but on a farm, and nothing has ever happened to her. Has it?" she asked, turning to Rachel with the air of Experience stooping for a moment to be genial to Verdancy.

Rachel was leaning back in a large rocker, and her quick sigh and smile and the deep look she bent on them all were perhaps half natural and half assumed. The girls brightened up. "Tell us, do," they cried, and Elsie added, "Yes, do. I'd love to hear about the country."

After this Rachel occasionally talked for them, and for Elsie's benefit colored with very brilliant rose and threw in very high lights.

One evening Elsie said, "You talk as if you had had such lovely times; I should think if there 's anything in it we might see some signs of it here."

"Here?" exclaimed Rachel elevating her brows.

The tone and the expression was too much for Elsie. "There has n't anyone looked at you or tried to go with you since you 've been here," she cried spitefully. "Not one, and I don't wonder either. Not a soul has ever looked at you."

"Well, I 'm just pining to know who there is to look," said Rachel with a gentle smile.

The other girls laughed, but Elsie's face flushed.

"O, I suppose you would n't go with Harry Boardman?" she sneered. (Inez was not with the girls but in the parlor with Harry.) "And you would n't be seen with Cyrenus? I 'd be ashamed trying to get another girl's lover away, sitting out on the steps with Cyrenus for an hour this morning, and Kittie mending and could n't go out. And you would n't go with Harry for anything, now would you? You would n't be seen with Harry Boardman, would you?"

Rachel laughed. "Harry would n't come up to my ear," she said.

"Well, if I don't tell! O, if I don't tell Harry! And if I don't tell Cyrenus! Think you could go with either of them? Why Cyrenus was just laughing at you this morning. He was just laughing. They are both laughing," and unable to wring a sign of feeling from Rachel, Elsie flung herself out of the room to hide angry tears.

It is likely Elsie told something, for Inez grew somewhat stiff toward Rachel, and Harry made up in dignity all he lacked in inches. But Kittie did n't care, having heard it all; and Cyrenus the next day leaned in on Rachel's window sill, and with some boyishness and altogether the air of a gentleman, said, "Well, I don't care if you did say it. You 've got such a sweet way with you a fellow can't help liking you."

Rachel never tried to aggravate any one but Elsie. But the calm and the quietness with which she always ignored any little attempts at raillery ruffled the

girls in spite of themselves, till they were all banded together, as it were, to get a laugh on Rachel somehow or some way. The opportunity came on the first of April, which fell on Saturday in 1882, and the girls were ready to make the most of it.

The evening before the first, Mrs. Forrester had Elsie in her room, fitting some simple gown, Rachel went to bed early, Inez was with Harry in the parlor, and Maud and Kittie apparently looking over lessons, though it was not a lesson evening. They were in reality deep in plans for a practical joke. The incident that gave them the idea was not yet a day old. Friday, that very morning, the Normal students had been treated to a sample of the elocutionary powers of a young and somewhat airy professor. How well or ill he appeared is not for these pages; but all had comments to make. And what did Rachel think?

Rachel had seen him before.

And where and when?

He once had classes in elocution at Rachel's native village.

And Rachel knew him? Then Rachel must tell about it.

Rachel said there was very little to tell, but she looked at Elsie as though she might tell a great deal if she chose.

This is what Maud and Kitty did. They wrote a little note to Rachel and signed the Professor's name to it, and took Inez and Elsie into their confidence before they slept.

Promptly at the stroke of two P. M., on Saturday, April 1st, 1882, Maud went over to the Normal School building to see if there was any mail for the group of girls at her home. Sometimes it was one girl, sometimes another, or two or three, perhaps, who made the little pilgrimage; but Maud went alone on this day, and returning delivered letters, papers, packages. Rachel had a letter. It was in an unfamiliar hand, and after the fashion of people she scanned the address curiously before opening the envelope.

It was with an unmistakable start of surprise and flushing cheeks that she read the name signed, and then the contents. This is the letter:

My Dear Miss Barrett:

It was my unexpected pleasure to recognize your charming face in the audience which greeted me this morning. It is in anticipation of much joy that I ask permission to call upon you on Sunday afternoon, next. Silence giving consent, I will be most happy to renew our former delightful acquaintance.

With assurances of sincere admiration,

I am, respectfully,

Lee Stone Challoner.

3-31-'82.

"Heavens!" thought Rachel. "He can't come, he must n't. O he shan't!" And little cold shivers ran through her at the thought of the girls. Her vivid imagination pictured them. She could hear their suppressed laughter, and see them wandering up and down the hall.

She glanced up at them from her letter a little dazed. Watching them for a moment, she wondered what was going on. Inez was preternaturally grave; Maud was apparently searching for something on the floor, with a very red face; Kittie was laughing immoderately; and Elsie with wide open eyes and twitching lips was staring astonishment at Kittie. What a gay set they were, and how awful it would be to have the professor call before them all. She could not permit it. She must answer the note immediately. There should be no "silence giving consent."

And then she fell to wondering how she should word an answer, and thought over the young man's note, and seemed to see him as she had first seen him tracing beautiful characters on a blackboard in the school-room at home, — for he had been writing-master as well as elocutionist when Rachel knew him. Then he appeared to her at church socials and picnics, at dances and on the beach, and again as she had seen him the previous

morning. His letter, safely crushed in one hand and hidden in her pocket, stood out in lines of fire. She seemed to re-read it. And how strange it looked. Why, that was not a writing master's hand! And in a flash Rachel remembered the day, and realized what the girls had done.

Now indeed she turned hot and cold. Ah, those girls!

She seemed to see herself preparing to meet the young man, and the girls watchful and curious. She could hear their laughter, and later, Elsie's derisive merriment. Her cheeks burned, and she pitied herself for the embarrassment she could not have helped feeling under the circumstances. It was certainly cruel, and resting her cheek in her hand she looked out to the street almost ready to cry.

Resentment soon followed her tearful mood. The girls were in and out of the room, and unusually merry. They asked after a while who her letter was from, and Elsie asked her why her cheeks were so red. Rachel put them off with evasive answers and occasional sighs. She was resolved to get even, but her plan of action came to her slowly. The first thing, however, seemed to be to take the letter seriously.

Whenever she sighed the girls were almost overcome with laughter. Every laugh was like a goad urging Rachel to retaliate, and every sigh was an added point to the joke. And really it was a very good joke. The girls were having more fun than had been anticipated.

Presently Mrs. Forrester looked in at the door, and Rachel jumped up with a sudden thought, following her to a quiet corner she explained. "I 've received a letter from the professor. It 's all a joke. The girls wrote it, but they don't know I know they wrote it. Now you must help me to punish them. It 's — it 's awful. He asks to call, and the girls are laughing to think how I will act. They are having a little too much fun." She was going to make believe to answer the letter and to mail the answer, and so frighten the girls; and she wished to have Mrs. Forrester give her "good advice" about it. They must let the girls hear what was said, but make believe they did not wish them to hear.

Mrs. Forrester entered into the spirit of the plan, and asssumed a worried look. She walked from one room to another, and Rachel followed her about with anxious face. The girls, eager to know what was going on, "happened" along the hall, or under a window, or in the shadow of a door. When one of them was safely hidden Mrs. Forrester or Rachel would say something for the listening ears. When one of them appeared in sight the remarks were extremely practical.

Mrs. Forrester and Rachel had a good deal of quiet sport watching them. But the girls were having too good a time to be observant. They had to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and to "almost die" for half an hour or more.

For instance, Mrs. Forrester said solemnly, "Now if it were one of my own daughters, (and they heard a smothered giggle under the window,) "I should certainly say no at once." But one of the girls stalking primly past the window would hear Mrs. Forrester with a flurried change of manner explain: "Yes, I always set yeast in earthenware," and pausing out of sight would catch something like this: "There is plenty of time after graduation to receive attention. *Plenty.*"

Or perhaps one of them with painfully sedate features looked in at the door for a continuance of the bread receipt, and a moment later the group heard Rachel in apparent privacy confess in awed tones, "He writes as if he — *admired* me."

O dear! O dear! such rushing garments then!

This went on with variations till Rachel retired to her room to write the letter. She drew a table into sight from

the window, spread her writing materials, and leaned thoughtfully on her elbows with her eyes on the ceiling and her pen handle in her mouth.

The girls came walking leisurely by and then back and forth glancing in. They stifled laughter with handkerchiefs, and nibbled stems of sorrel thereby to give an excuse for contorted faces. They asked Rachel whom she was writing to, and would n't she come out with them. They whirled each other around and around in ecstatic waltzing, or retired behind a corner when laughter was too imminent.

Then the supper bell rang; but Rachel said "No, she could n't eat any supper," and the others went off in a gale.

After a while Inez came back looking as pretty as a peach. She leaned in at the window — her manner and voice and eyes saying as plainly as words could say, "I am as sorry as I can be, but don't be angry." The words she did say were, "O Miss Barrett, I must tell you — "

But Rachel interrupted with a laugh. "I know. I 've known since half an hour after I read the letter."

Inez was a picture of astonishment. She blushed a little and laughed a little. "Was all that with Mrs. Forrester put on? Does Mrs. Forrester know?"

After a little laughing confusion Inez told of what was going on at the supper table. The girls had concluded that the joke had gone far enough, and asked Mrs. Forrester to tell Rachel. But no, Mrs. Forrester would have nothing to do with it. She was indignant and surprised. Her girls had done what might place them in the hands of the law. She had them crying and frightened, and they begged Inez to see what she could do about stopping Rachel from sending a letter. The girls were thinking that perhaps they might all go down to the office together, and that one might stand next the box and taking the letter ostensibly to mail could retain it.

"And that would end it all, I suppose?" said Rachel. "No, I 'll frighten them a little. I 'll go out before they leave the supper table. You have all had your laugh; now let me have mine. But don't you tell."

"Indeed, indeed, I won't tell," said Inez. "We all were dreadfully naughty, — it *was* mean."

"Tell them I seem bent on writing," laughed Rachel, catching up hat and wrap, and the two parted.

Rachel had to find entrance to the house later by way of the back gate and kitchen door. She was being too eagerly watched for at the usual avenues.

Mrs. Forrester came to her almost immediately. "Never let my girls know I had a hand in this," she admonished Rachel, "or they will never know when to trust me. But they needed a severe punishment," she added, "and they have certainly had it."

Then she told of the consternation when they found Rachel's room empty, and of their tears and anxiety. Kittie had immediately started for the post office, and Maud white and anxious was watching for Rachel's return; Elsie was on her mother's bed crying; and Inez and Harry in the parlor laughing.

Then lest she should be found with Rachel, Mrs. Forrester returned with sober features to the sitting room.

Left to herself and the gathering darkness Rachel soon fell asleep in her chair. She was wakened by violent rapping on her door. "For heaven's sake, Rachel," cried Kittie bursting in, "tell the truth now if you never did before. Did you go to that post office and mail a letter tonight? And if you did, whatever possessed you?"

Rachel by this time had lit the gas. "O, I don't know," she said drowsily. "I 've written letters and mailed them."

"Well I mean tonight, and to that horrid professor. Here I 've been all over town hunting for you and I 'm almost distracted. That letter was all a joke, and I should have thought you

might have known it. And I've had to tell the post office clerk, and then he had to take me in at the back of the boxes to look for your letter." Pausing a moment for breath she continued, "He's promised to keep back all the professor's letters till Monday, and I'm to go early before school and see if your writing is among them. Now I want to know if it is. I'm almost distracted over my own troubles, [something towering between two or more of her numerous admirers,] and you stand there and won't tell a word."

"Yes, I will. O yes, I'll tell," said Rachel softly, for she saw by Kittie's pale cheeks and tearful eyes that she was really suffering. "But it's only because you are in trouble, or I would n't tell a word. Not a word. And you need n't let Maud and Elsie know."

But Maud and Elsie did hear of it some way that evening, though not, as their red eyes attested, very early.

Maud said to Rachel the next morning, "Well, I've learned a lesson," and her eyes looked very sweet and tender as she held out her hand and the two kissed each other.

Elsie asked distantly (and trying to fain ignorance of the real outcome,) why Rachel could n't have kept her word to Inez and waited for all to go together to the post office.

"O, I did n't care to have you all suspect whom my letter was from by seeing whom my letter was to," was Rachel's answer with a tilt of the head.

And that was all that was said, but the girls were very good to each other ever after,— that is, till they were parted by vacation.

F. Borneo.





SLEEP AFTER GREAT SORROW.

And now my heart thy grievous sorrow own,
It shall not be reproved to hurt thee more,
Nor shall a kindness wound thee to the core,
Thy sorrow is thy right to bear alone.
They do not know, they only feign at grief,
Who tell thee patience can command relief.

The curtain falls responsive to my prayer,
While softly steal attending steps away.
The door by Silence kept will gently stay
The jarring sounds that wander through the air;
The day will wane and dusky night be near
Unknown or noted in my chamber here.

Thou need s't no longer fear to feel thy grief
But lift its cumbrous weight with freer sighs,
Restraint is gone. Ask of these pitying eyes
To loose their pearly streams for thy relief.
Exhaustion then at last a calm will send,
That kindness does not bring, nor reason lend.—

The utmost we can bear looks toward relief,
And weariness of flesh is nature's right
To stay the pulse and dull the mental sight,
Thus making truce to hold the arms of grief,—
While Sorrow broods and counts her pains anew
To will each unborn day its portion due.—

Meanwhile dear Silence, ministering angel, there
Bends inward, leading from the shadows deep,
Long-robed and calm, her soul's sweet sister, Sleep;
Whose white arms folding shed upon the air
Some balmy power, that stills this heaving breast,
And calms these tossing hands that strive to rest.

She comes and waits, her still face bending low,
Her eyelids laden with the breath of flowers
Plucked long ago in faint-remembered hours,
Whose scattered petals from her draperies flow.
Dim odorous shadows bind her brow and hair,
Loosening soft clouds upon the heavy air,—

Which, falling so, upon my eyes are cast.
Light fluttering kisses on my cheek and hand
Seem wafted through the dark from Memory's land,
The land my heart flees to — the dear,— dead — Past.

From long dark halls attendants slowly creep,
And meeting, whispering, say, "Thank God, asleep!"

Lillian H. Shuey.





SPECTRES ON THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

In the summer of 1873 I was thirty years of age, — in perfect health, and of steady nerve. I was no believer in the uncanny — hardly in the supernatural — and had always pooh-poohed at tales of ghosts, phantoms, and visions of all sorts. But at the time mentioned above the experience I am about to relate put my intellect and sensibility to test in such a manner as to make me sparing thenceforward of ridicule, and forced me to find a place in credence for the possibility of apparition.

It is unnecessary to explain how I came to be traveling in the far West without companions, except for horse, and dog, and gun. Following the general route of the old overland trail, I camped one night in the edge of a considerable forest, and at a point from which I could look forth over a broad, open plain.

It was already after sundown. The good horse was picketed, and having provided a supper for myself and the dog from a rabbit which my gun had brought down an hour or two earlier, I disposed things for the night, and, as the stars came out, lay down to sleep, comfortably rolled in a blanket.

It was probably in the small hours of night that I awoke and rose to a sitting posture. The moon was climbing the eastern sky, with not a feather of cloud in her course, and every object stood forth as clearly as in the day.

But it was not for me to contemplate in quietude the rare beauty of the night. In almost the first moment of consciousness my eyes fell upon a slowly moving object in the distance. It was one of those canvas-covered wagons, the "prairie schooners" so familiar in the early days of overland travel to California.

It was approaching almost directly toward me, and my curiosity was at once aroused. Why anyone should be traveling thus, and so late at night, I could not imagine. The movement was heavy, as if the horses were jaded, and the man who walked by their side had a weary step.

Twenty minutes passed, the vehicle approaching nearer and nearer. Still on it came, until, when about thirty yards from me it suddenly stopped, and the man looking about seemed to be considering the wisdom of making camp.

At this point I suddenly realized that the approach of the wagon had been utterly noiseless. Not a chuck of the wheels, not the sound of a step, either of horses or man. And furthermore there was no indication that I had been discovered, although I should have been as visible to this man as he to me. What

could this mean? Was I dreaming? No, I was never more awake. Was this hallucination? No, for the dog, who had been aroused by my movement in awakening, now turned his head in the direction of the new arrival, and uttered a low growl. I laid my hand on him to keep him quiet.

The man now stood by the forward wheel, looking in at the opening of the canvas top, and though I heard no voice, I imagined that he was speaking to some one within. A woman's head appeared, and after a glance around gave a nod of assent, and the man proceeded to unharness the horses and turn them loose to graze. Then after a moment, in which he seemed to be anxiously surveying the trail over which they had come, he helped the woman to alight.

And now their movements greatly puzzled me. Walking to and fro, they seemed to be searching for some particular spot of ground. As I said above, I had selected my camping ground in the outer edge of a forest. They were moving about therefore amid mingled shadows and moonbeams, but every motion was visible. Finally the woman pointed to a space between two young trees, and the man after looking at it for a moment went to the rear end of the wagon and brought forth a spade. With the edge of this implement, he marked off a rectangular space about five feet by two, and began to dig. All this, let it be remembered, was in absolute silence. Here were apparently living beings, actively engaged, and not more than a hundred feet away, and yet no sound was borne to me on the quiet air.

By this time my curiosity had turned to marvel. Here was a contradiction of common sense! I could not believe that what I saw was real; these beings must be apparitions. And yet here by my side was the dog, as alert as I, and trembling with an impulse to investigate, while obedient to my hand of restraint.

The digging proceeded, and the soil being soft, some five feet of depth was soon reached, and then the man threw out the spade upon the ground. The woman, meanwhile, had been plucking branches of evergreen, bringing them in armfuls and throwing them beside the — "the grave," I thought. And now, with utmost care and patience, the whole cavity was lined with these sprigs of evergreen, held in place by twigs thrust into the banks on either side.

This done, the man sprang out. The two surveyed their work for a moment, and then, after gazing once more as if in anxiety over the route by which they had come, they approached the wagon. Having rolled up the canvas on one side, they lifted out a small mattress, depositing it upon a blanket which they had spread upon the ground.

This mattress was not without its burden. The beams of the full moon enabled me to see thereon a slight form — that of a little girl who had scarcely lived out three years. The pretty white hands were folded over the breast. Long golden curls fell on either side upon the pillow. The face, which I could see with astonishing clearness, was wonderfully beautiful in its aspect of innocence, and bore a life-like smile, as if in answer to the radiant queen of the sky, who seemed to be smiling too, as she looked steadfastly down upon the living and the dead.

The mother forthwith proceeded to arrange the spreads upon the child, tucking them and smoothing them down, as if she were only putting her little one to bed, although while I heard no sob nor any expression of grief, I could see that her breast was heaving with sorrow and her face was visited by tears.

The two now knelt on either side, kissing their darling many times, and weeping over her, though trying apparently to comfort one another in their mutual wretchedness, if perchance there might come in their hearts a calm like that with which the moon was still sending down her beams to illumine the tearful scene.

Then laying hold of the blanket they carried their darling to the grave, and by the aid of the bridle reins let the precious burden down into the place which they had so carefully prepared. Green boughs were scattered over her, until they covered the beautiful form many inches deep, and then the clods were gently replaced, and a little mound was heaped, and the child transferred from her mother's bosom was sleeping at last in the bosom of that greater mother — Earth. The two sad mourners knelt again beside the grave, and seemed to to be engaged in prayer, lifting their faces now and then to the sky, as if in its infinite clear depths they saw the future hopes.

All this — though I still thought it unreal — had awakened in me the keenest interest and sympathy. But my attention was now suddenly diverted to a line of figures in the distance, somewhat beyond the spot where I had seen the wagon when I first awoke. These were horsemen, who came sweeping on at a rapid pace, as if engaged in eager pursuit. From the manner in which they rode I knew that they were Indians. Ah! I saw it all now, and understood why these spectral visitors had so often looked back, apprehensively in the direction from which they had approached. These pilgrims across the plains had seen signs of savages, and had used the night to push on beyond their reach, if haply they might bury their dead in peace and find safety for themselves. But the foe had discovered their trail and followed them, bent on massacre.

I laid my hand instinctively on the rifle under the edge of my blanket, that I might join in a defense, and was about to cry out in warning of the danger that I saw approaching, but instantly bethought myself that this was unreality, a mere vision, calling for no practical action, and I might better let these shadows work out their tragedy to the end. I again restrained the dog, who seemed agitated, whether because he saw what I was seeing, or out of sympathy with my emotion — I knew not which.

The two at the grave seemed unconscious of the threatened danger until their enemies were within a hundred yards, when the man sprang up and lifted the woman also to her feet. They turned toward the wagon, as if to gain its shelter and secure weapons for defense. It was too late. I saw flashes of fire, and also a flight of arrows, still without a sound, however, to break the calm of night.

Both the man and the woman staggered as if wounded. They stopped and turned face to face, throwing their arms about each other, as if realizing that this was their last embrace. Another volley, and, still clinging to each other in the agony of death, they fell together upon the grave of their child.

The Indians are not long in completing their work. Then catching the horses and harnessing them into the wagon they hastened away, as though themselves in fear of pursuit. I watched them until they disappeared, and then was alone with my thoughts and the brilliant night.

I realized that I had seen a vision, and though I turned myself resolutely to rest, my sleep for the remainder of the night was fitful and disturbed. When finally I awakened again, the sun had risen, and under the influence of that great dispeller of illusions, and in spite of the vividness of the night's experience, I began to think that after all I might have been only dreaming; especially when I saw that the space where I had seen the burial and the tragedy that followed was not open and clear, but overgrown with brush and young trees.

Nevertheless, yielding to a curiosity of which I was meanwhile almost ashamed, I soon made my way into the bushes. Parting these with my hands as I went forward and scanning the ground closely, I shortly experienced a new shock of

surprise. For there, in the exact spot marked by the night scene, *was a little mound, and over it the remains of two skeletons.*

And now for a retrospective fact which gave to this weird experience of the night a personal significance. While I was yet a lad in my teens, my brother, twenty years older, had taken his young wife and only child, and set out to cross the plains in pursuit of fortune. The mails had brought home tidings of the progress of their journey, up to a certain point. Beyond this all trace was lost, and we had never heard of them again.

I have not been able to account satisfactorily for what I have related. Was this an indubitable information, vouchsafed to me from another world as to the fate of my relatives? If so, why was it reserved for this time and place? Was it impossible that I should have this vision elsewhere? And if this is the case, then why? Had Nature photographed these tragic scenes, and preserved their reflection, to reproduce them for an eye that was fitted by some occult law of sympathy to behold? Let the savants answer if they can — I cannot.

Edward B. Payne.

THE YEAR'S VERSE. I.

THE year 1889 has not added as much that is permanent and noteworthy to people's shelves of poetry as 1888; nor has it cumbered them with as numerous an assortment of feeble verses. Early in the year its two most important books of poetry were published: the poems of Emma Lazurus,[1] and Ivan Panin's translation of the poems of Pushkin.[2]

Even to those who had a strong impression of Miss Lazarus from her magazine work, there is something surprising in these two volumes. Perhaps their most striking quality is their intelligence. They are in no way wanting in musical sense, and are full of feeling; but even in these qualities there is the unmistakable, impalpable effect of intelligence. It is not the musical rhythm struck by the accident of an unlettered native gift; it is not the kind of feeling possible to a person in whom the mind is not interfused through the heart, and the heart through the mind. The fine sense of language, the unfailing "tact" in words, as her biographer calls it, testify to her mental quality, no less than the subjects of the verse.

The Jewish poems are apart, the second volume being given to them. The first volume contains lyrical and dramatic studies. A brief biographical notice is prefixed to it, in the best of taste, giving the reader as much as he has a right, for the present, to know of the quiet, earnest, scholarly girl, the friend and disciple of Emerson; and later of the ardent Jewess, suddenly aroused in late youth to the sorrows of her people, spending herself with pure passion and unembittered indignation for their sake. She died while still in early middle life.

Emma Lazarus was not a great poet. Her poetry deserves the name: it is fine not merely for the sake of its depth of feeling and high intelligence, but also for the lighter things that go to make up what we call the poetic quality; yet it has not so much of that subtle beauty of word and moving force that they alone would carry it, apart from the thought, as some poems are carried. It is not

[1] Poems of Emma Lazarus. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] The Poems of Pushkin. Translated by Ivan Panin. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1888.

even in thought, poetry of the first rank: but few women in this country have written as memorably. She is an impressive figure in our literature, and destined to be seen larger, rather than smaller, there, as time goes on.

> — And gaze, as one who is not satisfied
> With gazing, at the large, bright, breathing sea.

> The mystic winged and flickering butterfly,
> A human soul.

> The sane, white day
> Blesses the hilltops, and the sun is near.
> All misty phantoms slowly roll away. —

These are fine and rare phrases, such as many small poets strain after today, but few achieve; and with Miss Lazarus they are not strained after, but come as easily as speech. "The sane, white day," — the phrase is as intelligent as it is sensitive. Here are a few stanzas that give the quality of her lyrics well:

> Gray earth, gray mist, gray sky:
> Through vapors hurrying by,
> Larger than wont, on high
> Floats the horned, yellow moon.
> Chill airs are faintly stirred,
> And far away is heard,
> Of some fresh wakened bird
> The querulous, shrill tune.
>
> The dark mist hides the face
> Of the dim land: no trace
> Of rock or river's place
> In the thick air is drawn;
> But dripping grass smells sweet,
> And rustling branches meet,
> And sounding waters greet
> The slow, sure, sacred dawn.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Does not the morn break thus,
> Swift, bright, victorious,
> With new skies cleared for us,
> Over the soul storm-tost?
> Her night was long and deep,
> Strange visions vexed her sleep,
> Strange sorrows bade her weep:
> Her faith in dawn was lost.
>
> No halt, no rest for her,
> The immortal wanderer
> From sphere to higher sphere,
> Toward the pure source of day.
> The new light shames her fears,
> Her faithlessness, her tears,
> As the new sun appears
> To light her godlike way.

From the Jewish poems, it is hard to quote adequately. There are not many compactly eloquent stanzas: the fire and dignity of the poems grows with a cumulative force on the reader. The appeal to Carmen Sylva for the Jews of Roumania, is penetrating:

> Genius and sorrow both have set
> Their diadems above the gold —
> A Queen three-fold!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> She who beside an infant's bier
> Long since resigned all hope to hear
> The sacred name of "Mother" bless
> Her childlessness,
> Now from a people's sole acclaim
> Receives the heart-vibrating name,
> And "Mother, Mother, Mother!" fills
> The echoing hills.
>
> Yet who is he who pines apart,
> Estranged from that maternal heart?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O Mother, Poet, Queen, in one!
> Pity and save — he is thy son.
> For poet David's sake, the king
> Of all who sing;
> For thine own people's sake who share
> His law, his truth, his praise, his prayer;
> For his sake who was sacrificed
> His brother — Christ!

The translator of Pushkin tells us he has translated him "literally word for word, line for line." Of course this has not produced English poetry; but, says Panin, "music, and rhythm, and harmony, are indeed fine things, but truth is finer still." He comes very near justifying himself by setting side by side a stanza from his translation and the same from a metrical translation in Blackwood's:

> LITERAL: — The moment wondrous I remember
> Thou before me didst appear,
> Like a flashing apparition,
> Like a spirit of beauty pure.

METRICAL: — Yes, I remember well our meeting,
When first thou dawnedst on my sight,
Like some fair phantom past me fleeting,
Some nymph of purity and light.

This translator is extremely quaint, but he is no fool. He says that Pushkin was "first of all a feeler with an Æolian attachment"; which is far from being a meaningless figure, even though one smiles at it. He says he translates Pushkin, not to add even a masterpiece to the too enormous amount of reading we have now; but because the best English writers have the grave defect of being too wordy, and Pushkin will set them a good example. They load their verse with figures: Shelley's "Cloud," for instance. He refers us by way of comparison to Pushkin's "Cloud":

O last cloud of the scattered storm,
Alone thou sailest along the azure clear;
Alone thou bringest the shadow sombre,
Alone thou marrest the joyful day.

Thou but recently hadst encircled the sky
When sternly the lightning was winding about thee;
Thou gavest forth mysterious thunder,
With rain hast watered the parched earth.

Enough! Hie thyself: thy time hath passed:
Earth is refreshed; the storm hath fled;
And the breeze, fondling the trees' leaves,
Forth thee chases from the quieted heavens!

We shall not venture to pass much criticism on the poems, in their quaint and curious English. A good deal of beauty is visible through it, a good deal of feeling, and much sensibility to nature's aspects; not any especial power or originality of thought. The Russians seem to love in Pushkin a tender and keen expression of moods, of pensive moments, of experiences not unusual or profound. This illustrates the tone well:

Not ye regret I, of spring my years,
In dreams gone by of hopeless love;
Not ye regret I, O mysteries of nights,
By songstress passionate celebrated;

Not ye regret I, O my faithless friends,
Nor crowns of feasts nor cups of circle,
Nor ye regret I, O traitresses young —
To pleasures melancholy strange am I.

But where are, O moments tender
Of young my hopes, of heartfelt peace?
The former heat and grace of inspiration?
Come again, O ye, of spring my years!

Next to Miss Lazarus and the translation of Pushkin, we must place Mrs. Piatt's *The Witch in the Glass*.[1] It had been a long time since we had heard from Mrs. Piatt before this volume came out; but the graceful, pathetic touch, the unmistakable idiosyncracies, usually, —not always,—stopping pleasantly short of mannerisms, remain unchanged. The name of the book is explained on the first page:

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

"Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!"

This is pretty and spontaneous, and there are other pretty and spontaneous poems between the pink wild roses of the covers. But there is nothing there like the half-dozen earlier poems that people remember Mrs. Piatt by.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell follows his second book of poems rather promptly with a third, *The Cup of Youth and other Poems*,[2] — a volume of thoughtful and manly verse, not deficient in those qualities that have made his former books valued, yet to our mind not containing anything as good as the best in them. There is the sense of beauty, the upright thought, the fine ear for words and quiet but pleasant melody, seldom

[1] The Witch in the Glass. By Sarah M. B. Piatt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889

[2] The Cup of Youth and other Poems, By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

rising to what is properly lyric, but at its most quotable when it does. Indeed, to the present reviewer, Dr. Mitchell is never as likable as in bits like these:

Sing sweet, sing sweet, my violin, sing;
Sing all thy best,— sing sweet, sing sweet;
Gay welcomes fling more swift to bring
The cadence of her loitering feet.
Sing strong along thy bounding wires,
A song shall throng with youth's desires.

The peace which is past understanding:
Ethereal, viewless, and solemn,
Mysterious gift of the evening,
A love-dew that comes, how we know not,
And freshens all life, how we wist not;
Till down to the paling horizon
Are poured the night shadows, while ever
The huge, striving bulk of the steamer
Hurls on through the dark and the ocean.

One more volume we must speak of here,— Mr. Scollard's second pretty collection. Published in even daintier form than "With Reed and Lyre," *Old and New World Lyrics*[1] contains more serious and ambitious verse, and shows growth in the poetic art and mastery of its methods, — yet at the same time shows again the limitations of this pleasant young verse writer. Mr. Scollard has much taste and tact in subject and in manner; his versifying is perfect, his perception of what he wishes to do as nice as possible. His verse is the flower of a high poetic cultivation. But it never absolutely sings or lives, — or only in a line, a touch, here and there. This, perhaps is the most vital thing in the book:

[1] Old and New World Lyrics. By Clinton Scollard. New York: F. A. Stokes & Bro. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

In Solitude.

Sometimes at lonely dead of night,
Weird sounds assail the ear,
And in our hearts is cold of fright
To think a ghost is near.

Why should we feel swift through us thrill
A sense of awe and dread?
It is the living work us ill,
And not the peaceful dead.

Yet on the whole Mr. Scollard is at the best in "impressions," — graceful pictures of the face and mood of this or that place among his wanderings, from Monterey to Damascus. Several of these pictures, belonging to the Pacific region, our readers already know from the pages of the Overland.

ETC.

The complete and easy success of the new ballot law in Massachusetts, adds a postscript to our comments of last month, upon some hitches,—real or imaginary,— in its smoothness of working in Montana. We said that it was inconceivable there could be any serious awkwardness in carrying out the system, except for illiterate voters. Massachusetts has no illiterate voters, (save for an insignificant handful of veterans surviving from the period before the educational restriction), and the only difficulty in the machinery of secret voting by official ballots disappears. In Connecticut the same would be true.

There is much that is of more than ecclesiastical or theological interest in the controversies of three church councils of this year, — the national assemblies of the Presbyterians and Episcopalians, and of the Congregational missionary board. There is an interesting analogy in the sort of questions that agitated all three. The Episcopalians discussed revision of the prayer-book, and impromptu prayer; the Congregationalists came to the very verge of discord over the old grievance of the missionary's board's holding to a more conservative theology than the Congregational body as a whole does; and, most notable of all, the Presbyterians, — in their deliberate fashion, — decided to consider whether to discuss the revision of their articles of faith. The Episcopalians put aside the request of the radicals for more impromptu methods of worship, and made only trifling provisions

for more flexibility in ritual; yet the warmth in the discussion showed that there was a considerable element in the church opposed to its conservatism. The Congregationalist difficulty has been discussed in these pages already. It turns on the fact that the board which has charge of sending out missionaries, is practically self-perpetuating, and has thus preserved an orthodoxy from which the councils of the churches have somewhat moved away; and it has a particular antipathy to the doctrine of "probation after death" (known as the "Andover hypothesis"), which the churches have treated as a harmless and permissible speculation. Few of them have any belief in it, but a large minority resent intensely its proscription by the missionary board, as the enforcement of a stricter theological standard than the churches sanction, and an infringement, so far as missionaries are concerned, of the liberty of private speculation given other Congregational clergymen. The conservatives have the situation in their own hands through the self-perpetuating powers of the board; yet they did in fact yield ground considerably under mere pressure of opinion, to which this denomination is very amenable. The Presbyterians have now submitted to the discussion of the presbyteries,— their lowest governing councils,— the revision of those passages in their articles that put the Calvinistic doctrines of election and foreordination most uncompromisingly. It shows the peculiar stability and conservatism of this church that they have retained thus long, without revolts, or schisms, or even very serious discussion, the passages in question, which no church council within the past hundred years would have dreamed of originating.

In all these stirrings of various shades of radical feeling within the churches, in such phenomena as Archdeacon Farrar's recent article, it is impossible not to see a steady movement toward simpler standards of theology in the evangelical churches. A great system such as they constitute is necessarily conservative: it must move like a glacier, not like a river. It is necessary to its stability, its dignity, its weight with the consciences of men, that it should never be convicted of having run after novel errors. As Archdeacon Farrar points out, it is scarcely less humiliating to have gained the name of always fighting new truth. The ridiculous light into which a body is put that has protested, and denounced, and called the sacred names of religion to witness against something which proved to be a step of progress in civilization, is a terrible detriment to its moral force. A dignified suspense of opinion, then, the archdeacon urges, is the right attitude of the church toward novel opinion,— the only one that may not cause it humiliation hereafter. But such a suspense is less possible the more specifically a creed hedges about a religious body with minutiae of belief, which may at any moment come into conflict with unforeseen developments in human understanding. In view of this, the visible movement toward reducing to broader elements the doctrines that shall be insisted upon in creeds, foreshadows a possible future increase in the already mighty weight of the churches in the purely ethical affairs of society, together with a cordial self-limitation in the extent of their power as arbiters of opinion.

Editor Overland Monthly:

The author of "Sheridan's First Fight" in your October number has made a mistake as to the fate of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe. He was not killed in '58 by the Snake Indians. Steptoe had a repulse in that campaign known as "Steptoe's defeat." Steptoe was at that time Major of the Ninth Infantry, and Brevet Lieutenant Colonel. He was promoted Lieutenant Colonel 10th Infantry, and resigned from the service Nov. 1st, 1861.

Alfred Morton,
Captain 9th Infantry.

Fort Huachuca, A. T.
Nov. 8th, 1889.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Holiday Books.

No more pretty and ingenious device for a gift book of texts and sentiments has come to our eyes than that of the *Log-Book Notes through Life*.[1] Its large pages of cardboard paper are decorated with pleasing nautical studies,— sails, spars, ropes, knots, — with distant flying vessels, bits of wave or shore, kelp, sea-gulls, and so on, all in softly shade grays, giving more the effect of an etching than of ordinary black and white work. The work seems to be either lithographing of some sort, or one of the newer photogravures, which imitate so closely the appearance of monochrome water-color washes. Interspersed with these studies are verses and sentiments, all of a devout cast, and all decoratively wrought, either in knotted ropes or with more or less close suggestions of seaweed. Of course, such devices might be made very crude, but these are very

[1] Log-Book Notes through Life. By Elizabeth N. Little. New York: White & Allen. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

prettily drawn, with a real air of sea and breeze about them, and are altogether pleasing. A good deal of the text is more well-meant in sentiment than inspiring in a literary way, but there are fine bits, such as,

> Lord, ere we go we trust our all to thee—
> Thy sea is mighty, and our boats are small;

and Emerson's, "Never strike sail to a fear.—Come into port greatly, or sail with God the seas." There is a sort of progression throughout, from "The sail at sunrise daily outward bound," to the returning sails under moon and stars, nearing the harbor lights.

The Rainbow Calendar,[1] a sort of calendar book, with a page for every day in the year, differs from most other calendars in being selected from everybody's writings, instead of from those of a single author. It has no special arrangement, but the tone that is intended to run through it is that of hope and courage against a background of trial,—distinct on one side from the tone of mere hopefulness and courageousness, on the other from that of consolation. Thus we see, as we turn the pages over, such fragments of perpetual strength as Clough's "Say not the struggle naught availeth,"—

> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent flooding in the main;

or Longfellow's "Santa Teresa's Bookmark,"—

> Let nothing disturb thee,
> Nothing affright thee;
> All things are passing;
> God never changeth.

Other extracts are mere bits of shrewdness, often quite as helpful practically; as this from Carmen Sylva: "It is better to have a doctor for a father confessor than a priest; you tell the priest that you detest mankind; he tells you that you are not a Christian. The doctor gives you some quinine, and behold you love everybody. You tell the priest that you are tired of life; the priest answers, 'Suicide is a crime.' You tell the doctor the same thing, and he gives you a stimulant; then you begin to love life very much." A good many more are merely jokes, put in apparently for the sake of making blue people laugh when they chance to come on them in their calendar. *Columbia the Gem of the Ocean*[2] illustrates the familiar song with a great many bits of American landscape, in colors, and with monochrome designs, chiefly symbolic. We cannot say that either the colors or the symbolism strike us as good—"May the service united ne'er sever," for instance, illustrated with a monochrome Cupid sitting on the clouds—but it makes a showy book. The music is given after the words.

Under the head of holiday books, too, should be mentioned two illustrated poems, *The Wooing of Grandmother Grey*[3] and *Legend Laymone*,[4] since in both the verse exists for the sake of the illustrations, rather than the illustrations for the sake of the verse. Both are attractively illustrated, with a good deal of photogravure work. The drawings in *The Wooing of Grandmother Grey* are by Charles Copeland: those in *Legend Laymone* are all by different artists, William Hamilton Gibson leading off. *The Wooing of Grandmother Grey* is a sort of reminiscent monologue of the grandmother on Christmas eve,—

> "I was thinkin', Jabez," said Grandmother Grey,
> "How it all was so long ago,
> When you lived with your father miles away,
> And the ground was covered with heaps of snow.
>
> "Then Christmas was very different, you know.
> I was young, and fair to see,
> And, Jabez, you did n't mind rain or snow
> When you came a-courtin' me."

The verse, it will be seen, is not more than a fair vehicle for a bit of the homely and tender sentiment to which Christmas time is dedicated, and which is by tacit consent free, at that season, from depreciatory measuring by critical standards. The pictures are of the good, yet not excellent, sort of character and landscape drawings to which we are accustomed at the holiday times,—a little perfunctory, yet delicately done, and reproduced and printed with every possible advantage of mechanical art and luxurious thick paper. In *Legend Laymone* the illustrations are more elaborate and the text slenderer. It is a story of California Indians and Padre Junipero, told in a curious little metre, pleasant at its best,—as of the moon:

> Old sorcerers studied its phases by night,
> Through changes
> And ranges
> Of magical light.

But it halts a good deal in some places. The photogravures are beautiful,—of the best, etching-like sort, which we do not see in the magazines because, we understand, they cannot be worked in a page with text, on the regular presses. Besides the ten full-page photogravures, there are profuse decorations interspersed through the text, in the more familiar mezzotint process common to mag-

[1] The Rainbow Calendar. Compiled by Kate Sanborn. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. By David T. Shaw. Profusely illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

[3] The Wooing of Grandmother Grey. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[4] Legend Laymone. By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1890.

azines. These are reproduced either from photographs of clay or plaster modelings, or from some sort of painting imitating these, — probably from the photographs, as the title page says they are "modeled" by John J. Boyle. They represent the Indians of the text in various conventionalized poses, and are interesting and ingenious, but hardly beautiful.

Some one laments that we must always have holiday "novelties," and that the season carries off the most trivial literature under cover of a little decoration; while really good books are unsalable, once they cease to be new. But this does not apply to the case of standard books, even in the old editions: no doubt volumes and sets of Shakspere, and Tennyson, and Dickens, and George Eliot, and Emerson, are constantly given as holiday presents. When there is added to this constant demand the stimulus of new and beautiful editions, it would seem as if the best literature must hold its own pretty well against the ephemeral: the desire of novelty and of luxury is gratified, and at the same time the gift is one that can be offered to the most fastidious literary taste. More attractive, to our mind, than even the beautifully decorated and illustrated editions of some familiar classical poem or sketch, are those that depend upon perfection of type and make-up, and compact convenience of form; for they are more readable. They usually, too, select *small* classics, such as are most easily lost to popular acquaintance amid their surroundings of old-fashioned books familiar only to men who live a good deal in their libraries. We have seen no more beautiful set of such small classics than the half-dozen published under the rather trite series name of *Literary Gems*.[1] Each tiny volume, bound in dark red leather, and printed in the clearest of type, on paper not glossy, but of a grateful dullness in tone, is in a separate box, yet there is no needless expense in accessories. At the same time, a new series of those most satisfying publications, the *Riverside Aldines*,[2] is begun, and three volumes have reached us. They have a somewhat less holiday air, and one may have any one of them without fearing to "break the set," but they are all the more perfect in their way for that.

Two American Statesmen.

It was, perhaps, merely a coincidence that the volumes devoted to Franklin and Washington in the American statesmen series appeared almost simultaneously, but if so, it was a happy conicidence. There is something appropriate in this association of the two men who not only hold the most prominent position in the popular mind as the most significant characters of the revolutionary period, but whose services as American statesmen had one common characteristic. Franklin and Washington, among all the leaders of that day, were most conspicuously the early advocates of union, and did more than others to promote the movement towards nationality in its earliest stages. With Franklin it was perhaps natural that the necessity for nationality should early present itself. Passing the greater part of the troubled years that preceded the Revolution outside of the country, where he represented not one colony alone, but in a great measure upheld the cause and defended the interests of all; enjoying the advantages of being a spectator in the stupendous events that were taking place in the colonies, and being therefore free from the passing jealousies and antagonisms, yet feeling deeply the mighty significance of all that was occurring; having forced upon him continually the weakness resulting from the lack of harmonious and concerted action — surrounded by such forces, it was inevitable that the movement toward nationality should find an early and earnest advocate in him. With Washington, on the other hand, the influences were different. Throughout the whole struggle preceding the revolution, as well as during the war, he was in the thick of events, and was thus deprived of the advantage of perspective that Franklin enjoyed. It was due rather to his breadth of mental grasp, reinforced by the fact that his position as commander-in-chief placed him between the two contending forces — colonial and continental — that clashed throughout the years of the war, and after peace had been gained, threatened to destroy all the advantages that had been won on the battlefield.

Mr. Morse in his work[3] is confronted immediately by the many-sided character of his subject. Dr. Franklin, the scientist and the philosopher, is a different character from Mr. Franklin, the statesman and diplomatist; and back of both of these characters is the figure of Benjamin Franklin, the self-made man at which Americans love to point as an example of what is noblest and best in the possibilities of the American character. Mr. Morse has, however, simplified his task wisely by remembering that Franklin the statesman is his subject, and he has clearly separated this phase of his life, resisting the temptation to present the other phases. In doing this, there is of necessity much comment on the events happening in Europe during those years of struggle for the independence of the colonies. And it is to be doubted whether the character has lost from the omissions, when we see his services to the cause of

[1] Literary Gems: Poe's The Gold-Bug; Brown's Rab and His Friends; Drake's The Culprit Fay; Curtis's Our Best Society; Arnold's Sweetness and Light; Goldsmith's The Good-Natured Man. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[2] The Gray Champion, etc. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Walden. Vols. I and II. By Henry Thoreau. *Ibid.*

[3] Benjamin Franklin. By John T. Morse, Jr. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Publishers. Boston and New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

freedom thus thrown into prominence. Single-handed and unaided, surrounded by adverse, even hostile forces, tempted in all ways calculated to satisfy the ambition and cupidity of a man less strong, he presents a very striking figure. Those in the colonies had the advantage of the sympathy and co-operation of others working with the same aim, but he stands alone and undismayed. Mr. Morse justly calls him the diplomat of the Revolutionary period, and an interesting account of the vicissitudes of early American diplomacy is given.

The broader view of the statesman is presented by Mr. Lodge in his life of Washington.[1] Instead of confining himself to a consideration of the political services of Washington, he has aimed rather to overthrow the Washington of tradition, and to present Washington the man. There is what would be unnecessary attention given to the myths of Weems and the Weemites, had not these fairy tales taken such a hold upon the popular mind. There is a very gratifying attempt on the part of later biographers of Washington to clear his memory of these stories that have for a generation or two surrounded him with an artificial and unhuman halo; and Mr. Lodge's is not the least successful of these attempts. Washington in these pages is presented to us as the well-to-do country gentleman, who takes pleasure in the successful management of his estate, who rides to hounds and enjoys it, who looks always toward his domestic life with a yearning destined never to be fully satisfied, and yet with a strong interest in the affairs of his country, that will not permit him to withdraw from some participation in them, and that draws him forth from his seclusion to take the place of a leader when necessity requires. This desire to present the human Washington has compelled the expansion of the work into two volumes in order not to slight the labors as a statesman, and it has tended to throw this latter phase of his character somewhat in the background. But this can be overlooked more easily than can the somewhat partisan tone of the comments on some of the leading statesmen in the latter part of the book.

California Fruits [2]

In this book Mr. E. J. Wickson has made a very valuable contribution to the literature of this branch of horticulture. There is at present no book covering the same ground, for Eastern books are of little value as guides in this State, where climate, soils and even the same varieties and the needs of the market are so different, to say nothing of many of our best varieties of fruits which are either California seedlings or come to us from the Orient, or from sub-tropical regions, and are unknown in the East. *California Fruits* treats of almost all the subjects on which it is necessary to have knowledge for the successful and profitable growth of fruits: of "Climate,' according to the main divisions into coast, valley, and mountain, which are so important, and so little known or understood by many even of Californians, while they are perfectly incomprehensible to the Easterner; of "Soils" with the careful statistics of the State University Agricultural Department; of "Preparation of Land," "Growth of Trees," "Budding, Grafting, etc.," "Varieties of Orchard Fruits," "Grapes," "Semi-tropical Fruits," "Nuts," "Small Fruits," and so on. A chapter on "Markets and Transportation," giving a classification of varieties suitable for the various uses to which fruit is put in near or distant markets, fresh, dried, or canned, would have been of immense value to the would-be planter, and it seems to us that the work is incomplete without more on this subject than is given.

Indeed, the point of view of the book is that of a horticultural editor, rather than that of a fruit-grower. To the fruit-grower the dollars and cents are the primary consideration. He is interested in new varieties, but he is cautious about putting in many trees until he knows something pretty definite about them and their status in his locality, and for the purposes that he intends his fruit. The editor on the other hand is something like the botanist, to whom an absolutely new weed is a great acquisition; he is apt to think that notes on any new variety are very valuable, and to give undue weight and space to what the originator may say. The originator is, of course, the person most ready to speak and write about the kinds he has brought to notice, but is very seldom as good a judge as some one who has no personal interest, either of money or pride, at stake. Mr. Wickson is no more open to this criticism than other compilers of such books, — indeed, he is in some ways less so, for he is very careful to give his authority, so that to the old fruit-grower who knows pretty thoroughly the *personnel* of his fellows throughout the State, it is easy to tell which statements are to be taken with a grain of salt, and which are "gospel truth." But to the new-comer and the city man it is not so simple a matter.

Mr. Wickson's position has been for many years past one of exceptional advantage for the collection of material for this work, and he has brought together a great fund of information in a handy shape for reference; and although he distinctly disclaims any originality in the material, there is not a fruit-grower in the State who will not find much valuable information in it, nowhere else to be had so conveniently and accessibly.

The Beginnings of New England.

In this book we have John Fiske again in his excellent capacity as historian, wherein he is accepted

[1] George Washington. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Publishers. Boston and New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] California Fruits and How to Grow Them. By Edward J. Wickson, A. M. Dewey & Co: San Francisco. 1889.

as more interesting than most novelists by even general readers who are at all interested in the subject. And it seems as if anyone that cared for any reading involving the least use of the mental faculties ought to read this volume from beginning to end with unfailing pleasure.

The charm of the author's style is such that he is able to take up subjects that are anything but popular, and yet his readers are led along in a skillful and systematic way, so that in the end they have a very scholarly view of the subject or period treated. It was the same in his scientific books; they were congenial and suggestive to scholars; have never, so far as we know, been charged with any superficiality, and yet have been delightfully acceptable to any intelligent mind without special preparation for the subject. The only thing we have ever heard criticized in them from the specialist's standpoint is that they state doctrines less tentatively than the man of science would,—sifting out from conflicting views the one most probable and of most general acceptance among those qualified to know, and presenting it simply with little indication given the reader of the minor hesitations and controversies that may still beset it. This is perhaps scarcely a defect in a popular writer. And in history John Fiske is more on his own ground — charming scientific and philosophic essayist as he has been — than in science; here he is to a great extent a man of original research.

The chapter [1] on "The Roman and English Idea" is very laudatory of the Anglo-Saxon. It shows the gradual displacement of all older ideas of government and of the rights of man by the English one of popular suffrage, and no power except from the free will of the people. This was very different from even the most liberal of other methods, where the suffrage of either the priests, or at best the most prominent personages, was as far as they dreamed of going. The growth and spread of Calvinism he regards a great power in this respect, for Calvin taught that "all men were equal in the sight of God," hence one man, because he was called king or duke, was not by any means thereby given power to oppress other men.

The exodus to Holland was for the sake of freedom, and was mainly from the east Anglian counties, the part of England that was always most impatient of restriction of liberty. Here, around the ancient monastery of Ely, Robin Hood and his merry men preferred to live for years, hunted as outlaws, rather than submit to what they deemed tyranny, and they had the sympathy of the region, too. This country was the stronghold of Lollardry, and was noted as the most heretical corner of England.

The class that these people who founded New England belonged to was the Yeomanry,—a class that scarcely exist in England now,—is most nearly represented in type by the upper-middle class. They were used to a good deal of consideration at home, for the side that the "Yeomanry of England" chose to espouse was sure to win in the end, and they had learned to do their own thinking and say their say regardless of priests, king, or pope. When they found that liberty was not to be had in England, they left their well loved homes, and risked life and all in a wild and far region, to found a new England where they might worship as they believed right.

From the first they resisted all attempts of England at dictation, and succeeded to a most astonishing degree in maintaining almost complete autonomy, partly by ignoring unpleasant demands, and partly by simply refusing to do as they were bid, but mainly because of the various complications of home politics, and because the colonies had always strong friends about the court.

Mr. Fiske makes a very interesting point in regard to the persecuting spirit of early times, *i. e.*, that it is largely due to the very evident need of uniformity of belief in weak communities, that they may present a solid front to their enemies. This was in part the reason of intolerance in the New England colonies, but also it was because they had come across the seas, and made a commonwealth on virgin soil expressly to have a place all their own, where they could worship in their own way; they did not recognize a right in any one to follow them thither and interfere with their purpose. It was not as if they and the intruders had been on common footing, in the land of their nativity. The logic has much justice, and it is probable that even in these tolerant days a party of people who had with immense labor hewed a home out of a wilderness for a special purpose would make things reasonably unpleasant for any who followed afterward and interfered. But it makes against the theory, that the faction to which these same men belonged at home in England had been advocating repression of dissent, and it was as much from the Presbyterian as the prelatical party that the earlier colonists, at Plymouth, had suffered there.

The Houghton-Mifflin Thackeray.

It is a good sign when a great publishing house makes a leading card of the publishing of a new edition of Thackeray. The edition now being issued by the Riverside Press [2] will take its rank with the standard editions. Viewed simply in its external features, counted as "books that should be in every gentleman's library," it is quite satisfactory. It is to be in twenty-two volumes (eighteen already issued) of rather more than the usual octavo size. The

[1] The Beginnings of New England. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] The Complete Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Vols. XXIII. Illustrated Library Edition, with introductory notes, setting forth the history of the several works. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

type, paper, and presswork, all of the usual excellence of the Riverside work,— and that means quite good enough for human nature's daily food. The illustrations are the same that Thackeray chose, most of them his own work, and reproduced anew by some mechanical process. The result in some cases is not so good as could have been desired, the lines being thickened up so much in the process as to blur the expressions, but in most of the pictures there is no such defect. The shape and proportions of the volumes and the binding show the trained and artistic judgment of the skilled bookmaker, and in these matters Houghton, Mifflin, & Company have few dangerous rivals.

The edition, it is promised, is to be more complete than any yet published, the last two volumes being entirely new to editions of Thackeray's works.

As a frontispiece to Volume I of *Vanity Fair*, the first volume of the set, there is a fine steel engraving of Thackeray that will be dear to the hearts of all lovers of the kindly old man,— a class of persons, be it thankfully mentioned, large and growing larger, and likely to be still further extended by the present edition. The price, one dollar and a half per volume, is not large for the work, and many readers that have looked and longed for a good set of Thackeray, not beyond the slender purse, will be gratified.

So much for the external features of this edition of Thackeray and his work, more will be said when the edition is complete.

Fiction Translations.

The most important fiction translation at hand is Tolstoï's *War and Peace*[1] in the Crowell edition. It makes two volumes, aggregating 1583 pages, in the pleasing type, paper, and binding of the other issues of the series. Mr. Dole has translated directly from the Russian, and with evident carefulness in preserving the Russian coloring. He has added glossaries of names and of places mentioned. The book was reviewed in the OVERLAND for October, '86, in a translation through the French.

A re-reading in the new dress, with the freedom in skipping that a re-reading allows, fixes more firmly the belief that *War and Peace* is one of the half dozen great historical novels, and in some very important respects is first among them all. This feeling of the greatness of the book, of its absolute fidelity to Russian life, of its finality in historical judgments,—so strong that a double translating did not greatly weaken it,—proves the wonderful force of the original. It is easy to find fault with it. Its length makes it a weariness of the flesh to the most stalwart reader. The philosophical chapters at the end are hard sayings that few can bear. The translator says in the preface that the novel is full of incongruities, that Tolstoï "is as willing to adopt an anachronism as a mediæval painter." He complains that no historian could reconstruct the battle of Austerlitz from Tolstoï's narrative, and so denies Tolstoï a place among the realists. But these fault-finders rather betray their own limitations than those of Tolstoï. It is long, but the writer has known a sixteen-year-old girl to read it through without faltering The philosophical chapters are heavy, but the thinker must reckon with their argument, whether he agree with the position taken or not, and so large a craft as *War and Peace* may properly carry a ballast that would sink a lesser ship. And Mr. Dole must have a peculiar idea of realism. Tolstoï gives the experiences of some of his characters at Austerlitz, and Mr. Dole expects the result to be such that a history of the battle could be written from it. Let Mr. Dole ask two or three of his friends who have been in any large battle, to tell him their narratives of what they saw and did. Then let him try to make a complete and congruous story of the battle from the materials thus collected, and it is probable that he will find realism in Tolstoï's treatment of Austerlitz.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" series is published a volume of short stories translated by Parke Godwin and William P. Prentice from the German of Heinrich Zschökke.[2] They are charming little stories, widely differing in their tone, from the playful humor of "The Broken Pitcher," to the nightmare of "Walpurgis Night." There is a biographical notice of the author by Parke Godwin. The book is a worthy addition to this favorite series.

We make mention also of *Ovind*,[3] a pleasingly simple and easy translation of some of Björnstjerne Bjornson's earlier work, full of delightfully idyllic pictures of rural Norway.

Doctor Allen has done good work in translating the folk lore stories of the Koreans, to give an idea of the civilization of that strange people.[4] Nothing probably could have been more effective. Many stories are strangely familiar. Fortunatus's purse, and the tale of Bancis and Philemon, find their counterpart in "The Enchanted Wine Jug." It must be admitted that the Korean legend is the richest of the three, and is filled with delightful humor in the part played by the cat and the dog. The story gives the origin of the enmity between them, and tells why the cat spits and swells up his tail in anger when he sees a dog. Brother Rabbit also figures in the stories in his familiar rôle of outwitting the other beasts.

[1] War and Peace. By Count Lyof N. Tolstoï. Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. Four vols. in two. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 1889.

[2] Tales by Heinrich Zschökke. Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

[3] Ovind. A story of Country Life in Norway. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated by Sivert and Elizabeth Hjerleid. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

[4] Korean Tales. Translated from Korean Folk Lore by H. N. Allen, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by the J. Dewing Company.



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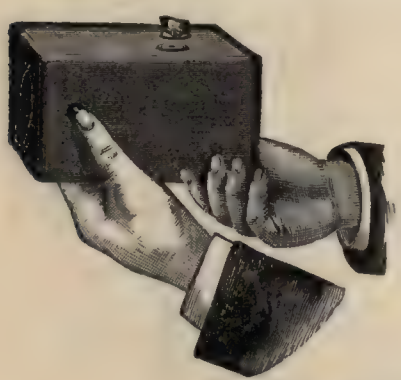
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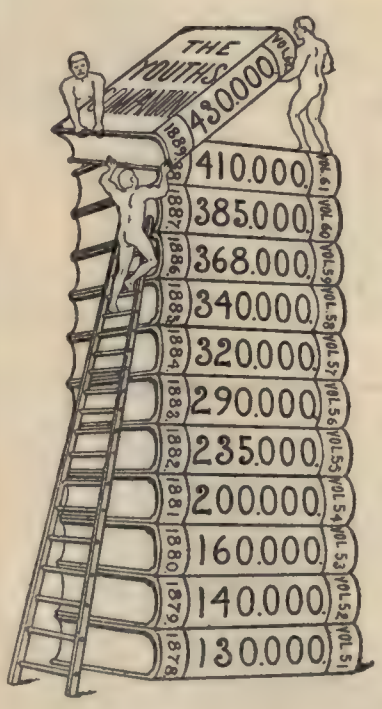
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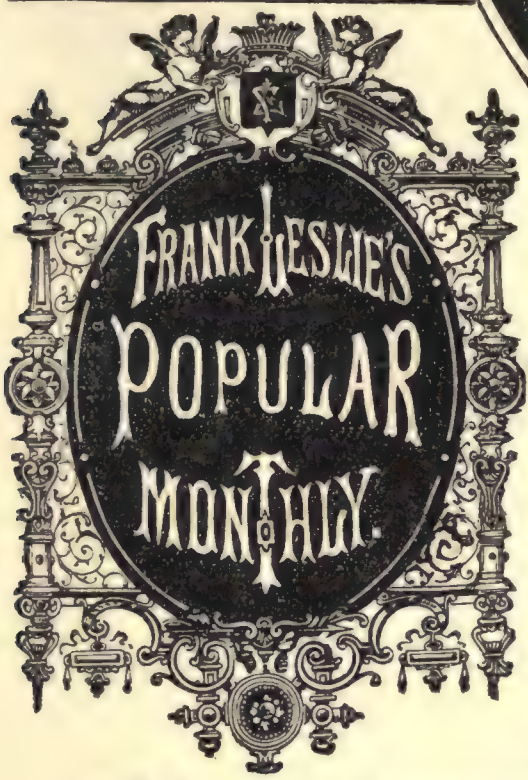
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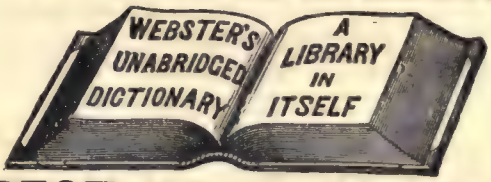
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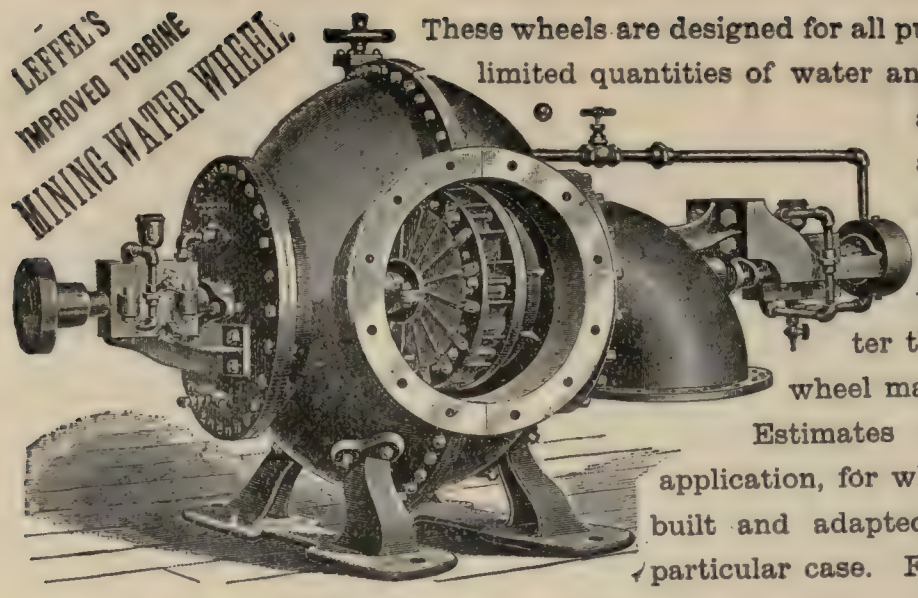


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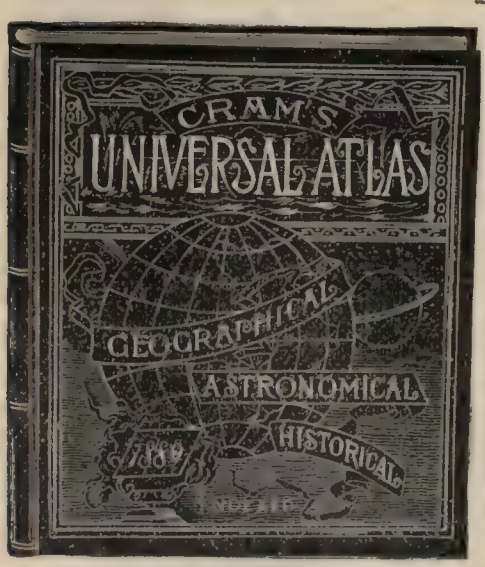
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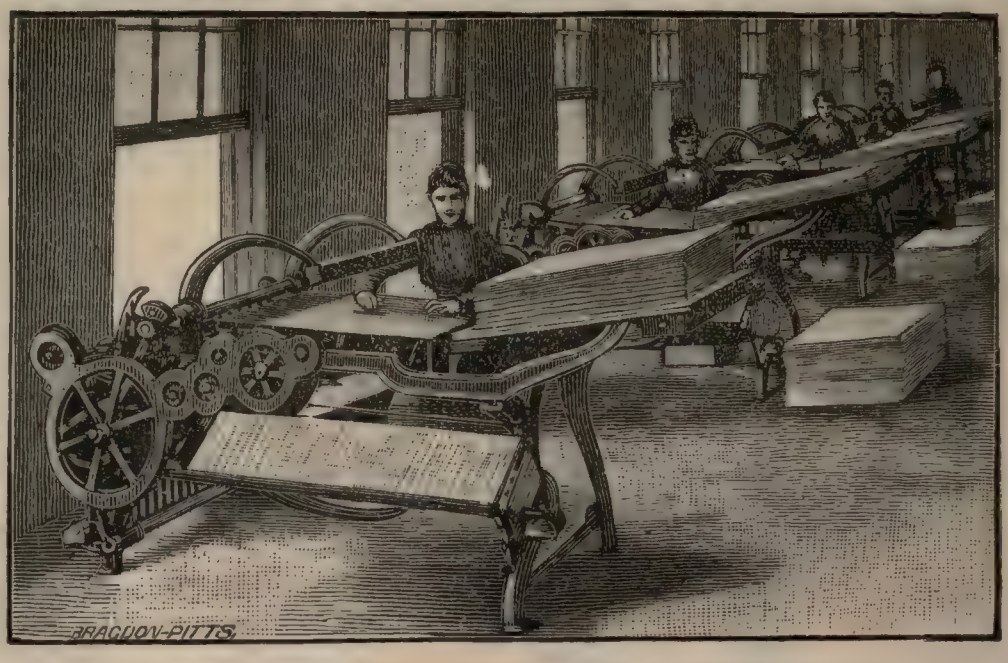
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